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for years, for their every requirement, why should not you use it? Try it next wash day, and if you do not find it better than any other soap you have ever used, your grocer will refund your money. Sunlight Soap washes equally well with hard or soft water. No scrubbing, no boiling.

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HER SENSE OF JUSTICE

"Brother Abner was buried just a month ago today," remarked Ezra Willets, helping himself to a huge slice of ham, "an court sets in November, so I reckon we'd as well file our claim to his estate."

Mrs. Martha Adams, his eldest sister, a grim, harsh-looking woman, nodded. "I reckon we might as well," she assented.

Lucy Willets, the youngest and only unmarried member of the family, looked up from the bread she was buttering for her small nephew, in indignant surprise.

"But you know brother Abner meant for his wife to have everything," she protested. "You've heard him say so a hundred times, and you know he intended making a will, leaving all his property to her."

"He'd got to a done it, then," said Ezra. "Anyway, she'll get her third. We can't touch that."

"She ought to have it all," cried Lucy, angrily. "She has worked so hard to help him pay for the farm, and neither you or Martha need it."

"I feel that I owe it to my children to take all that's coming to me," said Martha Adams.

"I ain't rich enough to give up my rights," said Ezra, stubbornly.

Lucy's brown eyes flashed. "You're neither of you the least shadow of a right to Abner's property," she cried. "At any rate she won't be robbed of the part that I could claim, for I shall sign it over to her."

"I'd think you'd want suthin' to fall back on, when you get old, so as not to be a burden on your folks," observed her waspish little sister-in-law.

Lucy, the meek, gave her a scorching glance. "If you think I don't earn my board doing the work for your whole family, I can easily get another place," she declared with some spirit.

"You know me and Ezra don't call to be a burden on your folks," replied her sister-in-law, hastily. "You've no call to snap me up."

Then the family convulsion ended, and the next day, Lucy reluctantly informed her brother Abner's widow that Ezra and Martha intended claiming a share in Abner's estate.

"I dunno as they've any right to it," said the limp little widow. "I worked just as hard as Abner did. Taint as if he had it when I married him. I wish new we had children. Taint right, it's like pickin' my pocket."

"I know it isn't right," said Lucy, but you shall have the part that I could claim."

"I'm much obliged," said the widow, tearfully. "But Abner meant that I should have it all."

"I know he did," replied poor Lucy, "but it's all I can do. It's better than nothing at all."

"Yes," said her sister-in-law, meekly, "I suppose it is."

The news that the two well-to-do members of the Willets family meant to claim a share in their brother's estate, while Lucy an unpaid, unappreciated slave in her brother Ezra's household, refused her share, formed for a time the sole topic of conversation in the village.

"I call it mighty self-denial in a girl that's wearin' an old brown cashmere that's been turned three times fur her Sunday best," said Mrs. Kelslow, when she told the young minister the story at the tea-table, "but she says she ain't got no right to Abner's property and she won't touch a cent of it. She's the only poor one in the Willets family, too."

"She certainly has a most commendable sense of justice," remarked the Rev. David Spencer, "although she is only doing what she believes to be right." And the next Sunday he for the first time gave her more than a passing glance.

"What a brave, upright little creature she must be," he thought, and then, in the very midst of his discourse he noticed that her bright brown hair waved prettily over her smooth forehead, that her eyes were big and brown and that her cheeks were faintly pink; then he even admired the neatness of the three-turned brown cashmere.

"She deserves a word of encouragement," he told himself, during the singing of the last hymn, and then—

walked home with her after church. Thus, at the age of twenty-eight, Lucy's "sense of justice" won for her her first sweetheart.

A few days before the fall court convened the Willets received written notices from Lawyer Coburn to appear at his office in the afternoon of the following day. Greatly mystified by the summons, they repaired to his office to find their brother's widow, Miss Squire Howells and Israel Sparks there before them.

"We'd like to know why you sent for us," said Mrs. Howells, crying the assembled company with much disfavor. We'd no thought of compromise."

"It was necessary for you to be present at the reading of this document," replied Lawyer Coburn curtly, and he read the following written notice:

"I, Abner Willets, bequeath to my wife, Julia Page Willets, my entire property, real and personal, to be hers unconditionally, and I furthermore appoint said Julia Page Willets executor of said property, without bond."

Witnessed by Simeon Howells and Israel Sparks.

"I have omitted the legal verbiage," said Lawyer Coburn, breaking the silence, "but such is the substance of your brother's will. It leaves his widow in undisturbed possession."

"Why inarnation did you keep still till now?" demanded Ezra Willets, wrathfully.

"At Abner's request," replied Lawyer Coburn. "A request made in the presence of his wife and these gentlemen, and to this the aforenamed gentlemen chuckled a gleeful assent. Neither Ezra nor Martha were believed in the community."

"I was suthin' of a joker in his way," remarked Israel Sparks.

"But with fill' papers an' our retainin' fee an' suthin' fur we thought Julia meant to fight our claims—we're out mor'n a hundred dollars apiece, Marthy an' me," sputtered Ezra.

"Abner meant it all for your good. He said it would be a lesson to you," remarked the widow.

Lucy kissed her sister-in-law affectionately. "I'm so glad for you, Julia," she whispered.

"I knowed you'd be," answered Julia, "for you're no ways covetous."

That same evening the disgruntled household of Ezra Willets received another crushing blow. Lucy announced her engagement to the Rev. David Spencer. They were to be married immediately. Mrs. Ezra Willets gave way to tears. "I'd think you'd have a little feelin' fur me," she sobbed. "Your pore brother Ezra'll have to pay out \$12 a month to some girl, an' then she won't be the milkin'."

"Do you know what first led me to admire you?" said the Rev. David Spencer during their first breakfast together. "It was the stand you took about your brother Abner's property. Your strong sense of justice first attracted me, then—afterward—"

"Well, then—afterward—," repeated Lucy, smiling across the table at him. "What then?"

"Afterward I learned to love you for your own sweet self," replied the Rev. David.

"And five years later, when Abner Willets' widow died, after willing her entire estate to Lucy, the reverend gentleman experienced delightful thrills of satisfaction as he reflected upon the wisdom of his choice."

LIFE ON THE RAIL IS A HARD ONE

C. P. R. Engineer's Experience With
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Brought Back His Strength
When He Could Neither
Rest Nor Sleep

Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 11.—(Special.)—Mr. Ben Rafferty, the well-known C. P. R. engineer, whose home is at 115 Maple street, is one Winnipeg man who swears by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Long hours on the engine and the mental strain broke down my constitution," Mr. Rafferty says. "My back gave out entirely. Terrible, sharp, cutting pains followed one another, till I felt I was being sliced away piece-meal. I would come in tired to death from a run. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get. Finally I had to lay off work."

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the first night after taking them I slept soundly. In three days I threw away the belt I have worn for years. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

How to Read.

"Men have curiously different notions on the subject of reading, and almost all the literary men have had something to say on the subject," said an observant man. "Emerson laid down three rules. He said: First, do not read a book that is not a year old, secondly, never read any but books that are good; third, never read any book but what you like. But it is not likely that many persons can follow these rules. It is quite impossible to observe anything

By setting the liver right Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills positively overcome these symptoms and bring about a thorough and lasting cure.

It is a common mistake to dose the stomach and overlook the liver—the real cause of such troubles.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are made to act directly on the liver because the liver really controls the digestive organs as well as influences the kidneys and bowels.

By the use of this great family medicine you cleanse and purify the organs of digestion and excretion, and ensure a natural, healthful working of these organs.

Make a test of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and you will find a cure for indigestion, biliousness and constipation and remove the cause of much ill-temper and unhappiness of life.

Symptoms
Coated Tongue.
Headache and Indigestion
Sour Stomach.
Muddy Complexion.
Wind in the Stomach.
Feelings of Weight and Oppression.
Smothering Sensations in the Chest.
Pains Under Left Shoulder Blade.
Drowsiness After Meals.
Despondency, Bad Temper
Biliousness, Constipation.

The flow of bile to the intestines being cut off, the food is delayed in the canal, and fermentation instead of digestion takes place.

The result is sour stomach, flatulency, feelings of weight and oppression, smothering sensations in the chest, dizziness, loss of appetite, drowsiness after meals, despondency and bad temper.

The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box. Remember that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only actual cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

Why a Torpid Liver Makes the Temper Bad

The Real Cause of Indigestion, Biliousness and Constipation Due to Inactivity of the Liver—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a Great Liver Regulator.

"Oh, it's his liver is bad," you say when you find a person cross and disagreeable without apparent cause.

This is a common saying which is founded on scientific facts.

The liver, when in health, filters bile from the blood—where it is poison—and pours it into the intestines—where it is necessary to digestion and a proper working of the bowels.

Once the liver becomes torpid and sluggish in action the "bile poison" is left in the blood, where it causes biliousness, jaundice and headache.

The flow of bile to the intestines being cut off, the food is delayed in the canal, and fermentation instead of digestion takes place.

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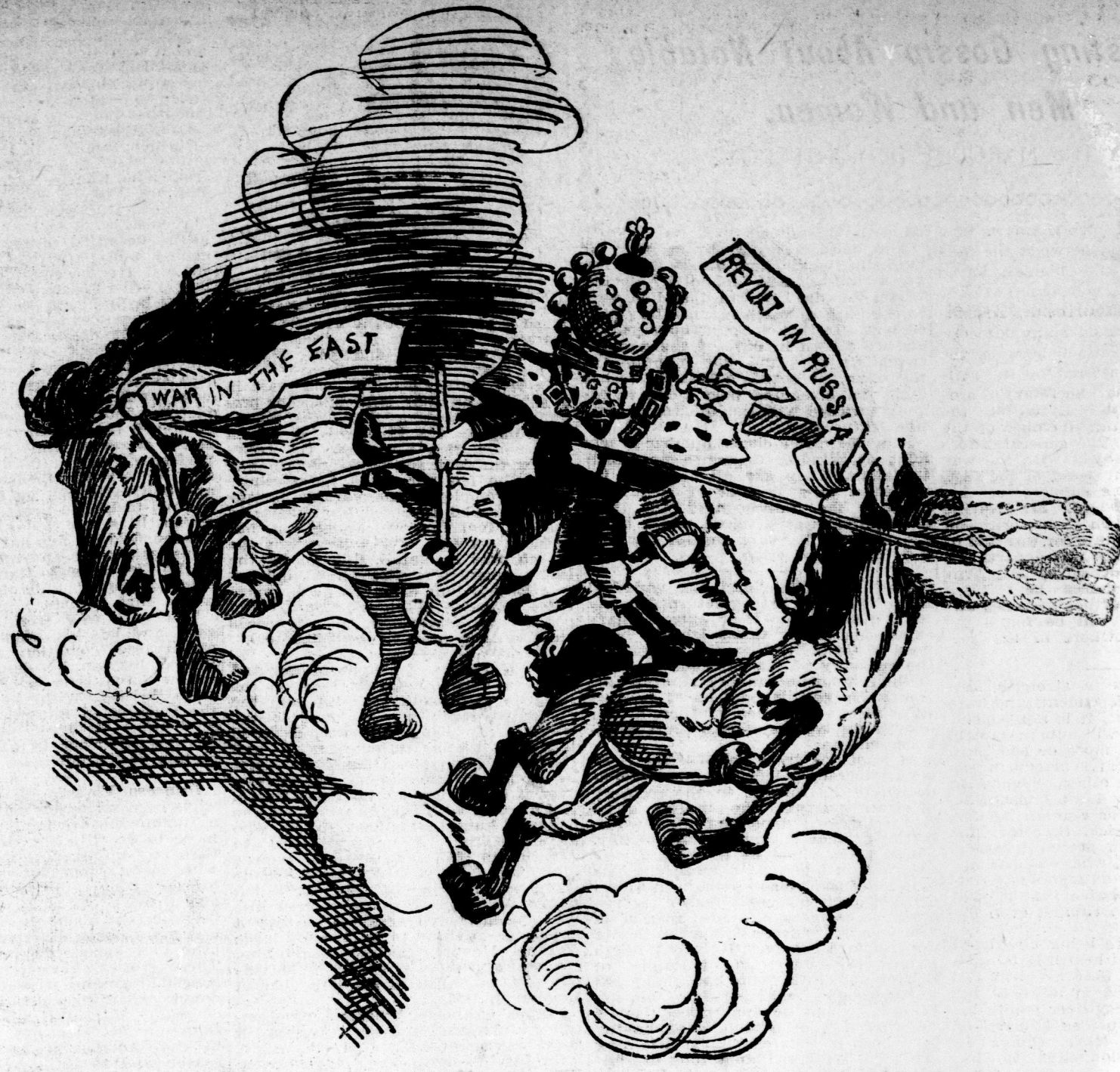
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How Long Can He Ride Them Both?

A BROKEN IDOL.

Of all the tales that are told of Lady Emily, some of which I, one of her slaves (and, incidentally, her brother), have written down, there is none that shows more plainly the greatness of her heart and the nobility of her character, than that which tells of her kind forbearance and sacrifice of her own wishes when the poetic soul of her cousin, Sir Anthony Ashburton, was laid with the sorrow of a broken idol and a bitter awakening from a dream of love.

"I can only excuse the length of this sentence by the fact that it was dictated by Lady Emily herself; also, I am wholly in accord with some of its statements. But she takes a large interest in these memoirs."

It happened one afternoon late in the autumn. The roses in the garden were dead, and the leaves littered the sodden grass. Lady Emily was pressing her nose gently against the window pane, and had sighed twice.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, looking up from the book I was mending.

"The matter," cried my sister, pointing to the landscape. "The abomination of desolation!"

"I have written a poem," began Anthony, looking up from the book I was mending.

"Rather late for a visitor," said I, adding: "She knows how to walk, by Jove!"

"Eh—what—walk?" exclaimed Anthony, joining us quickly. Then, as he caught sight of the strange figure, he gripped my arm and gasped:

"It's—it's—her!"

"Who's coming here?" he cried again. "It doesn't seem quite nice," said Emily, gravely.

"But—," gasped Anthony. "Did you give her your address?" I asked, speaking coldly.

"Oh, Tony," cried Emily. "She must be awfully fond of you to come like this. But I can't let her see you."

"It is certainly not the usual course," I agreed. "It is, in fact, putting the best before the worst."

Tony maintained a dignified silence, and presently the girl passed out of sight behind the house. An expectant hush fell on us. We waited for the announcement of a visitor.

"How could she?" burst out Anthony. "Lady Emily and I slowly shook our heads at the same time in the village, still there came no tap at the door; no visitor was announced. At last suspense became unbearable, and Emily rang the bell."

"Has a lady called, Buffles?" she inquired when the slave of the bell appeared.

"No, my lady," said Buffles. "The mystery deepened."

"But we saw a lady coming up the drive," I exclaimed.

"Oh!" and here intelligence irradiated the face of Buffles, so that we scarcely knew it. "Just now, my lord."

"Yes, a few minutes ago," I answered. "That was Polly Peaches, my lord."

"Who?" cried Anthony. "The new housemaid, sir. She came from London this morning, but has been visiting her aunt in the village, sir."

A chilling silence fell on us. The room grew very dark, and the light from the window, the great black cloud covered the sky and rain was falling.

"Thank you, Buffles, is all," I heard my sister say. "No, we won't have the lamps lit."

The door closed, and I knew that Buffles, having broken a poet's heart, had departed. Then came a voice from the fireplace:

"I suppose you are going to laugh at me—and tell everyone I did not reply. Perhaps only I could tell the greatness of the sacrifice she was struggling to perform. Then she spoke."

"No, Tony, I'll never mention it again. Never!"

So Lady Emily tells me.—The Sketch.

ful—"Look through this," I suggested, holding out my book. You'll find here all the adjectives ever invented, and some quite new ones."

"Be quiet, Johnnie," said Emily, sternly, scandalized at the note in her brother's eye.

"I was walking from Kirby this morning, and overtook her. I never saw any one walk like her, and her face—I just turned my head, you know—"

"We know," said Emily, encouragingly. "Oh, it was just—just perfect."

"How was she dressed?" asked my sister.

"In black, and a big black hat. Nothing grand, but very neat and dainty, you know."

I had joined the couple at the window, and we stood in silence, gazing at the landscape. The bare, gaunt branches of the trees were outlined on a dull red sky, and from the setting sun a great black cloud stretched slowly across the heavens, as if a mighty hand were being thrust out over the earth, to fall suddenly and crush it in a giant's grip. The gloom and desolation were of death; the great black hand darkened the earth, seeming as if at any moment it might fall.

Emily suggested the gas. She said the air was just what she needed.

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So Lady Emily tells me.—The Sketch.

Ashma.

You've tried almost everything for it, haven't you? And we presume you are also discouraged. Now what do you think of our idea of breathing it right up to the diseased part? It looks reasonable, doesn't it? And it's successful too.

When you inhale Vapo-Cresolene your breathing becomes easy, the wheezing ceases, and you drop to sleep. For croup and whooping-cough it's a quick cure.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including a bottle of Cresolene, complete \$1.50. Send for free illustrated booklet. Goodbye to that trip to the dye house—dye at home with Maypole.

Dye to any Color

At Home!

"Maypole" is a cake of soap that washes and dyes at one operation. Not an old-fashioned dirty, messy powder dye. It gives brilliant, fast colors—dyes anything—dyes to any color or shade. Goodbye to that trip to the dye house—dye at home with Maypole.

Maypole Soap

Made in England but sold everywhere. 10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

Baby's First Lesson

Nestlé's Food

has stood the most exacting tests of several generations. It is so easily assimilated that the most delicate baby thrives on it. Made only of pure cow's milk, and needs only water to prepare it for use.

Let us send you, free of charge, a sample package of Nestlé's Food containing sufficient for eight full meals.

Send us a postal card.

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NESTLÉ'S FOOD

has stood the most exacting tests of several generations. It is so easily assimilated that the most delicate baby thrives on it. Made only of pure cow's milk, and needs only water to prepare it for use.

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NESTLÉ'S FOOD

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated
COUGHS,
COLDS,
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A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.
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A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.
Sold by all Druggists.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
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