

# Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 10 cents. All drug stores. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

# Hood's Pills

**Thin Folds and Ruffles.**

"What a pity Miss So and So will wear so many ruffles on her gown," said an observing man in the world. "It accentuates the fact that she is rather thin, and her mother should be to bring out by graceful folds and softer trimmings those curves of the figure that are a woman's great attraction."

"You may do that," said the young woman, "but I believe she ought to know the mistake she makes." "You say you are a lady listening," she said. "I am going to tell her." At that moment the young lady in question joined the two people discussing her, and as she seated herself, looked with pride at her much-trimmed dress, that had ruffles from the waist line to the bottom of it, and was rather heavy, too, since there was exactly upon it fifty yards of white muslin ruffling.

Her expression somewhat changed, however, when her lady friend remarked: "We were just saying that you made a mistake by wearing so many ruffles; it produces an effect of angles instead of the curves that make natural and charming the feminine figure."

"But," she exclaimed, "I shall not be so very thin, and these ruffles add to my size."

"There is where you are mistaken," replied the gentleman. "Many thin women make that mistake. They wear a weight of a hundred and ten pounds, and look rounder than you do, and her gown is simply fashioned, but quite as dressy as yours with all its ruffles, and if you are five minutes late, she will decline dinner and refuse to be comforted."

"I wonder whether the duchess would be too much shocked if I went with it," she said, almost to herself. "Yes, I suppose so, but I shall walk up and down the hall from six to eight, and if you are five minutes late, she will decline dinner and refuse to be comforted."

"I suppose the lawyer will come down with me," he said. "To see the papers signed and the present at the wedding. Nothing can be done without a lawyer. Thank Heaven! we shall get rid of them and everything else presently. You will take care of yourself, dearest?"

"She turned up her face to him with a smile and tried to laugh, though her eyes were dim with a vague trouble, and a sadness deeper than such a short separation should occasion."

"Yes, I will take care of myself," she responded as lightly as she could, "but it will seem rather strange; you see, I am so used to having some one to take care of me, and she stilled a sigh. "You have spoiled me, Wolfe!"

"Don't catch cold," he said, as anxiously as if he were warning her against catching scarlet fever. "The nights are chilly, and you are so careless about wraps. I shall not be there to snatch up shawls and antimacassars to put round you, but I suppose somebody else will. There's one thing, he added, with a smile, "that comforts me."

"Tell me what it is?" she said.

"Well, now that you are so carelessly about wraps, let me not to flirt. But you don't flirt, sweetheart, do you?"

"I will promise not to flirt," she said, drawing a little closer to him. "I shall find it difficult to be ordinarily civil. I'm afraid! Ah, I wish you were just coming back instead of going away. But you're coming back never to leave you again; to be by your side till death do us part!" he responded, in a low and almost a solemn voice.

They were silent a moment, and then the duchess was passed, and then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Good-bye, my love, my darling!" he said, and his voice grew hoarse and almost broken.

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**Your New Visiting Cards.**

Styles in visiting cards and note paper almost seem to change with the seasons. The latest card has not changed in size, but is neither the very thick board of long ago nor the recent very thin material; it is of moderate thickness, and has her curves. It is growing in popularity every day, and promises to oust the script, which has held its own so long. It is rather larger and heavier style is still good form. Addresses are put either in the lower left or lower right hand corner.

## COLLECT SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

AND COMPETE FOR THE

12 STEARNS' BICYCLES and 27 GOLD WATCHES

WHICH ARE GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH

Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to L. EVER BROS., Limited, 23 Scott-St., Toronto



**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE, STRAWBERRY**

**CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY.**

And all other COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults.

PRICE, 25c. Beware of Imitations.



He shook his head. "I can not tell you," he replied. "I ask you to trust me, and I must ask you to do so still. Rest assured that I shall not fail. I would confide in you if I could, Lady Ruth, but it is impossible for me to do so. You have seen her?"

"Yes."

He took two or three paces. "We must be careful. No a word must be said, not a sign made, to arouse her suspicions. A false step at this crisis would ruin our plans."

"Say your own," she retorted. "Remember, I know nothing."

"It is better that you should not," he said, significantly. "When the blow falls you can say with truth that you were ignorant of the cause." She smiled up at him.

"Carry out your object, and I shall be quite satisfied," she responded.

**CHAPTER XXIX.**

Constance did not come down until just before lunch, and met with an affectionate welcome.

"Quite a beautiful part of the business of this wedding," said the duke, gallantly. "Gad! if I had my way, I wouldn't give you away at all."

Rawson Fenton, who had been walking round the grounds, came in as they were taking their seats at the table, and went up to her.

Constance gave him her hand, with a few cold words of greeting, and his manner was a perfect study of polite respect and friendliness.

He took a seat at some distance from her, and as she was getting terribly bored, he seemed in a very light humor, and joined in the conversation with a humorous sprightliness which caused a great deal of laughter.

"I suppose you will be going to the wedding every week, you know?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "as sure as a man can feel. I address a big meeting to-morrow night. Will you come over, duke?"

"No, by George!" said his grace. "I shall stop at home and save myself up for the next day. I don't go to a wedding every week, you know!"

The gentlemen left the table directly lunch was over to walk round the farm and the garden. The duke and Constance included Constance in his bow of farewell.

Her spirits rose at his departure, and as she was carried off by Lady Ruth to see the bridemaids' dresses, her laugh rang out musically.

There would be no more trouble with Rawson Fenton, and she was free to-morrow she would be Wolfe's wife, and safe from any further persecution. It was evident, she thought, by his manner, that he had at last given up his mind to forget her, and now all was well.

The day passed, and Constance fell asleep that night counting the hours to Wolfe's return—fell asleep to dream of him. When she awoke in the morning the sky was overcast, and the clouds were in an agony of apprehension for the weather on the morrow.

"It should rain! I shall cry, my dear," she said, solemnly.

"And I shall cry in any case," said Lady Ruth. "I always do at a wedding."

"It will be too awful to have to walk from the church to the porch under umbrellas," remarked Lady Kate, pouring tea. "One can't very well wear waterproofs at a wedding."

A chorus of horror greeted this remark, but Constance smiled unmoved.

"Constance is all that is good and clever and admirable," she said; "and Wolfe is the luckiest man in the world. Lunch was got through rather hurriedly, for, as is always the case, there were several things to be done, little important touches to be given to the arrangements, and Constance went up to her own room, where Mary, the maid, was arranging the last piece of lace, and making the final preparations.

"I'd wait till he reached the house. After all, it is not far," said Constance, mechanically.

"Well, now I'll go and send your maid," remarked Lady Ruth. "You will come and see our dresses presently; they look so much better by daylight. It will be a lovely wedding. I'm sure, and you will be the prettiest bride we have had in the family for many years. You haven't given me a kiss yet; has Wolfe left me a tiny one?"

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"Do you care to go for a turn?" continued Lady Ruth; "you are not busy, are you?"

"No," said Constance; "I am doing nothing, and have been doing nothing all afternoon. Mary will not let me go to help her."

"Then come into the garden, Maud!" exclaimed Lady Ruth, with a laugh that sounded rather forced. "We will not stay long, only a few minutes; but it really is very nice out there."

Constance rose, and fetched her outdoor things from the next room.

"I see you have everything packed," said Lady Ruth.

"Yes, I think so," assented Constance. "Mary has been very busy all day."

"Ah, well! It is only a few hours now, my dear," laughed Lady Ruth. "I do hope it will be a fine day. It has cleared up during the afternoon. Are you ready?" she asked, glancing at her watch with a suppressed impatience.

"Quite," said Constance, as she came out of the other room. "Did you say it had cleared up? Why, it is raining a little!"

"Only a very little," said Lady Ruth, with almost feverish eagerness. "It will not hurt us; we are neither of us likely to melt with a few drops of rain; besides, it is scarcely anything to speak of."

"Oh, I am not afraid," responded Constance, with a laugh.

They went down the stairs, Lady Ruth talking as she went, and passed out on to the terrace.

"Let us go toward the shrubbery," she said. "There is no wind there, and it is quite warm and sheltered."

He smiled, and assented. Constance, wondering a little at Lady Ruth's persistence, they went toward the shrubbery, which ran from east to west, and completely hid the broad, evenly gravelled walk from the many windows of the great house.

"I hate being shut up all day," said Lady Ruth, "and as I am getting terribly bored, I suppose you will not come back to England until the summer has quite set in?"

"I think not," replied Constance, dreamily, for the words called up the happy prospect before her.

"I hope you and Wolfe will have a good time," said Lady Ruth. "I have often wanted to winter in Italy, and oh, dear!" She stopped short, with a gesture of annoyance.

"What is the matter?" asked Constance, awakening from her dream.

"Why, I have done such a stupid thing! I wrote a letter to papa, and forgot to put it in the letter-box; and the man is just starting with it."

"Let us go back at once," said Constance.

"No, no! I will go back. I left it on the table in the drawing-room. I can run in a moment or two. Don't you come, it is so nice out here. Go on to the arbor and wait for me. I shall be two minutes, at the outside."

"Very well," said Constance, and Lady Ruth ran off.

She did not go further than the house, but she stopped—stopped pausing, as if she had run a mile; and leaning against the stone coping, looked toward the shrubbery, her face white with excitement and suspense.

Constance walked along slowly and reached the arbor. She had not intended to go in, but as it began to rain she entered for shelter.

"Constance," she said, and she saw Rawson Fenton standing before her.

She started, and turned to leave at once, but, unseen by her, he had glided between her and the door, and stood facing her.

"Do not be alarmed," he said, and his voice sounded cold and strained, as if he were trying to keep it under control. "Why should you fly from me, as if I were something to be feared?"

"Let me pass, Mr. Fenton," she exclaimed, haughtily, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Please wait," he said. "I have wished to see you; I have something to say to you."

"You can have nothing to say to me," she said, quietly. "I do not wish to remain. Stand aside, if you please."

"He stood immovable."

"You have no right to address me by my Christian name, Mr. Fenton," she broke in upon him with an indignant flush. "I do not wish to let you listen to you. Once more let me pass."

"Not yet," he returned, his voice low and hard. "If, when you have heard that I have to say, you still desire to leave me, I will let you go, but—"

"Do you mean that you will keep me by force?" she demanded, amazed at his audacity.

"By force of reason and argument—yes," he said.

"You planned this?" she exclaimed, as there suddenly flashed through her mind the pains Lady Ruth had taken to get her into the arbor, and the use by which she had been induced to enter the arbor. "You planned this, and Lady Ruth was your accomplice?"

He smiled as if it were not worth while to deny it.

"Do not be angry," he said slowly; "all is fair in love and war. Yes, I arranged this interview, and Lady Ruth was good enough to assist me."

Constance drew herself to her full height.

"It was worthy of you both," she said; "but you can not force me to remain. Stand aside at once—at once!"

He heaved against the opening and folded his arms.

"If you are wise you will remain for the few moments I ask, for my sake and your own."

"There was something in the tone, rather than the words, that struck a chill to Constance's heart.

"Say what you have to say quickly," she said, haughtily. "You do not need me to tell you that I shall not regard anything you may say."

"I think you will," he retorted, quietly. "You know me well enough to be sure that I should not have forced this interview upon you unless for strong reasons. I am not a man to waste my opportunities recklessly. Constance, I have serious news for you."

She turned her face from him with a proud, indignant indifference and contempt.

"I were to have been married to-morrow—"

"Were to have been! She did not move, but her lips wreathed with a smile of scorn. "Were to have been!"

**ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.**

**WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.**

Old and New World Events of Interest. Chronologically Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Rosa Bonheur has been made an honorary associate of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome.

English suicides take naturally to hanging. A woman at Teignmouth has added variety to this method by hanging herself on her own front door knocker.

Singers at the Berlin Opera are not allowed to ride on bicycles to the theatre, as Count Hochberg, intendant of the opera has forbidden the practice.

Venerable Brook Deedes, Archdeacon of Loxbury, at the recent Anglican conference led every one who saw him to ask: "Who is that Bishop with those spectacles?"

Black, blue, and red ink used in German public schools has been found to contain microbes. When scientifically developed, it proved fatal to mice within four days.

Garibaldi's tomb in the island of Capri was visited by the Prince of Naples, who was well received by the inhabitants of the island.

One old lady in England boasts of having in her collection of the Royal Jubilee show as well as the Royal Queen Victoria. She is Mrs. Blunt, mother of the Bishop of Hull, now 95 years of age.

Though the Grenadier guards have been ordered to Gibraltar, they will leave their breakins and uniforms behind, helmets and a special uniform for foreign service having been ordered for them.

France may have a Cabinet crisis before long, as the employees in 100 franc each from the outgoing and incoming Ministers think that the Ministry administration is staying in power too long.

A midwife at Stolpe, near Berlin, celebrated the 6,000th occasion on which her services had been required by inducing the child into the world, and they afterwards formed a torchlight procession and marched through the town.

Some queer law is being made in England. Mr. Justice Kennedy has just decided that a wife may sue her husband for a good match, even if she is as beautiful as Miss Graham.

M. Eugenio Georff, the founder of the Sofia University, who died recently, bequeathed 20,000,000 francs to the country's treasury, to be applied for a technical school to be established in the institution.

Trustees have been appointed for the Wallace collection recently bequeathed to the British nation. Among them are Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Malet, late Ambassador to Germany, Sir J. Stirling Maxwell, and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. Parliament has just voted \$100,000,000 francs to fit up the Hertford House to hold the collection.

President Faure's bid is troubling the French Republic. He is not content with the British title, but wishes all over the world to be called Emperor. He insists on having a Latin counterpart, and has a private train, and asks for one at the same time. It cost the town of Valence 6,000 francs to fit up the bath on the occasion of the President's reception.

A madman struck the chalice from the hands of the priest celebrating mass in the Sacre Coeur at Montmartre at the moment of the elevation of the host, shattering it on the altar steps, and the priest, who was an old man, fell from the shoulder and hit the man between the eyes, knocking him senseless. The priest was taken to the hospital, and the man was captured.

At Bostrudan, near Rennes, the parish priest informed the congregation recently that he was going to take a holiday in order to do penance for his sins. He then worked for three days breaking stones on the public highways after celebrating mass at 4 o'clock in the morning, living on bread and water during the whole period. He was captured by holding a thanksgiving service for which his parishioners showed their appreciation by the shouts of "Hail, hail, set by treating him to a square meal."

Calzador, a French aeronaut whose name suggests that he comes from the land of Iartaria of Tarascon, reports that he met with a strange adventure in a recent ascent from Annecy in Savoy. Feeling that the balloon was being pulled violently, he looked out and was amazed to see a gigantic eagle climbing, with extended wings, down the ropes toward the car. Here it remained, taring fixedly at M. Calzador, till the balloon near the ground an hour afterward when it was frightened away by the shouts of a crowd of peasants.

J. R. Cooper, the South African journalist and champion pugilist, has died himself. He was the son of a respectable Edinburgh solicitor, and after graduating from St. Andrew's University took to a life of adventure. He was first a sailor, then joined the New Zealand constabulary, became an amateur champion boxer of the island, and later enlisted in the irregular forces in South Africa. In 1881 he fought Wolf Bendoff, whom Barney Barnato had brought out for the championship of South Africa at the time of the Boer war. He defeated him in twenty-six rounds. The stakes, \$2,500, were then the largest ever put up for a prize fight. Cooper wrote a novel called "Mixed Humanity," of which 15,000 copies were sold. He was 43 years of age.

Lord Walsley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, has publicly announced that "the meteor flag of England" will never again be carried into battle, to land fights at least. In preference, he said, "in future it will be the mad and a crime to order any man to carry colors into action. You

To be Continued

## Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough. A book which will tell you more on the subject sent free on request.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50 cts. and \$1.00 sizes.

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## An Advertisement

This is an advertisement which tells the truth about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

**PEOPLE WHO SUFFER** from sleeplessness, dizziness, shortness of breath, smothering feeling, palpitation of the heart, pains through the breast and heart, anxious, morbid condition of the mind, groundless fears of coming danger, anemia or impoverished blood, after effects of a gripe, general debility, etc., should try these pills.

**TRY THESE PILLS** as they cure these complaints. Every box is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded through the party for whom the pills were purchased, and we authorize them to do so on the strength of the above statement. This offer is limited to the first box used by each person. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.

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