

STRIKING EXPERIMENTS

at the request of the
Local Government Board for Ireland.

The body-building power of Bovril proved to be equal to from 10 to 20 times the weight of the Bovril taken.

"The results of the experiments conducted at the request of the Local Government Board for Ireland during the past year, in the School of Physiology, Trinity College, Dublin, as to the nutritive value of Bovril, and communicated to the British Association at Sheffield (The Times) report, September 28th, have created considerable interest amongst the Medical Profession."

"In order to secure a decisive result, the tests were carried out on dogs because, owing to the easier control of the diet and the absence of disturbing influences, mental and physical, much more exact results can be obtained on animals than on human beings. The dogs were first brought to a constant weight on dried dog biscuit mixed with known quantities of water. Bovril from 2 1/2 to 7 1/2 grammes was then added to the food, with the result

"that the weight of the animals went up as much as 50 to 100 grammes, or in round numbers, 10 to 20 times the weight of the Bovril given."

"Afterwards Bovril was discontinued, and the animals returned to the original weight. Consequently, the weight of the hard-boiled white bread which they had eaten from 8 to 10 times as much as that of the latter had to be given to obtain the same increase in weight, or, taking the average, 10 to 20 times as much food, as was given to obtain the same effect."

"In several of the experiments there was a retention of reserve nitrogen, and in all an increased utilization of other foods."

"It was therefore concluded that Bovril had both a direct and an indirect nutritive value, the latter, by causing a more complete digestion and a less rejection of the other food given."

BOVRIL

The Second Marriage.

Respected as a widow, comfortable in circumstances, and with a daughter to engage her affections, Mrs. Woodley might have passed the remainder of her existence in happiness. But how frequently do women perill and lose all by a second marriage! Such was the case with Mrs. Woodley; to the astonishment of everybody, she threw herself away on a man almost unknown in the district—a person of no fortune, of mean habits, and altogether unworthy of accepting as a husband. Silas Thorndyke, to whom she thus committed her happiness, had for a short time acted as bailiff on the farm; and no sooner did he feel himself master, than his subserviency was changed to selfish indifference, and that gradually assumed a coarser character. He discovered that the property, by the will of Mr. Woodley, was secured against every chance of casualty to the use and enjoyment of his wife, that it not only did not pass by marriage to the new bridegroom, but she was unable to alienate or divest herself of any portion of it during life. She could, however, dispose of it by will; but in the event of her dying intestate, the whole descended to her daughter, Mary Woodley.

Incredibly savage was Thorndyke when he made that discovery; and bitter and incessant were the indignities to which he subjected his unfortunate wife, for the avowed purpose of forcing her to make a will entirely in his favor, and of course disinheriting her daughter. These persecutions failed of their object. An unexpected, quiet, passive, but unconquerable resistance, was opposed by her, in all other things, cowed and submissive woman, to this demand of her domineering husband. Her failing health—formerly neglected and tenderly cherished as she had ever been—the casual brutality of her husband soon told up-

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on the unhappy creature—warned her that Mary would soon be an orphan, and that upon her firmness it depended whether the child of him to whose memory she had been, so fatally for herself, unfaithful, should be cast homeless and penniless upon the world, or inherit the wealth to which by every principle of right and equity, she was entitled. Come what may, this trust at least should not, she mentally resolved, be betrayed or paltered with. Every imaginable expedient to vanquish her resolution was restored to. Thorndyke picked a quarrel with Ward her father, who had lived at Dale Farm since the "morning" of her marriage with Woodley, and the old gentleman was compelled to leave, and take up his abode with a distant and somewhat needy relative, Next Edward Wilford, the only son of a neighboring and prosperous farmer, who had been betrothed to Mary Woodley several months before her father's death, was brutally insulted and forbidden the house. All, however, failed to shake the mother's resolution; and at length, finding all

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his efforts fruitless, Thorndyke appeared to yield to the point, and upon this subject at least caused to harness his unfortunate victim.

Frequent private conferences were now held between Thorndyke, his two daughters, and Elizabeth Wareing—a woman approaching middle-age, whom, under specious pretence that Mrs. Thorndyke's increasing ailments rendered the services of an experienced matron indispensable he had lately installed at the farm. It was quite evident to both the mother and daughter that a much greater degree of intimacy subsisted between the master and housekeeper than their relative positions warranted; and from some expressions heedlessly dropped by the woman, they suspected them to have once been on terms of confidential intimacy. Thorndyke, should have mentioned, was not a native of these parts; he had answered Mr. Woodley's advertisement for a bailiff, and his testimonials appearing satisfactory, he had been somewhat precipitately engaged. A young man calling himself Edward Wareing the son of Elizabeth Wareing and said to be engaged in an attorney's office at Liverpool, was also a not unfrequent visitor at Dale Farm; and once he had the insolent presumption to address a note to Mary Woodley, formally tendering his hand and fortune! This, however, did not suit Mr. Thorndyke's views, and Mr. Edward Wareing was very effectually

rebuked and silenced by his proposed father-in-law.

Mrs. Thorndyke's health rapidly declined. The woman Wareing, touched possibly by sympathy or remorse, exhibited considerable tenderness and compassion towards the invalid, made her nourishing drinks and administered the medicine prescribed by the village practitioner—who, after much delay and pooh, poohing by Thorndyke had been called in—with her own hands. About three weeks previous to Mrs. Thorndyke's death a sort of reconciliation was patched up through her instrumentality between the husband and wife; and an unwonted expression of kindness and compassion, real or simulated, sat upon Thorndyke's features every time he approached the dying woman.

The sands of life ebbed swiftly with Mrs. Thorndyke. Enfolded in the gentle but deadly embrace with which consumption seizes its victims she wasted rapidly away; and, most perplexing symptoms of all, violent recoilings and nausea, especially after taking her medicine—which, according to Davis, the village surgeon, was invariably of a sedative character—aggravated and confirmed the fatal disease which was hurrying her to the tomb.

Not once during this last illness could Mary Woodley, by chance or stratagem, obtain a moment's private interview with her mother, until a few minutes before her decease. Until then, under one pretence or another, either Elizabeth Wareing, one of Thorndyke's daughters, or Thorndyke himself, was always present in the sick chamber. It was evening; darkness had for some time fallen; no light had yet been taken into the dying woman's apartment; and the pale starlight which faintly illumined the room served, as Mary Woodley softly approached on tiptoe to the bedside of her, as she supposed, sleeping parent, but to deepen by defining the shadows thrown by the full, heavy hangings, and the old massive furniture. Gently, and with a beating heart, Mary Woodley drew back the

Worst Case Of Eczema

Cure only came when doctors gave up and DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT was used.

Mrs. Wm. Miller, St. Catherine's, Ont. writes:—"My daughter Mary, when six months old, contracted eczema and for three years the disease baffled all treatment. Her case was one of the worst that had ever come under my notice and she apparently suffered what no man could ever describe. I had tried many different doctors attend her all to no purpose. Finally I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment and to my surprise she immediately began to improve and was completely cured of that long-standing disease. That was four years ago when we lived at Cornwall, Ont. and as not a symptom has shown itself since, the cure must be permanent."

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bed-curtain nearest the window. The feeble, uncertain light shone upon the countenance, distinct in its moral paleness, of her parent; the eyes recognized her, and a glance of infinite tenderness gleamed for an instant in the rapidly-darkening orbs. The right arm essayed to lift itself, as for one last, last embrace. Vainly! Love, love only, was strong, stronger than death, in the expiring mother's heart, and the arm fell feebly back on the bedclothes. Mary Woodley bent down in eager grief, for she felt instinctively that the bitter hour at last was come. Their lips met, and the last accents of the mother murmured, "Beloved Mary, I—I have been true to you—no will—no—"

A slight tremor shook her frame; the spirit that looked in love from the windows of the eyes departed on its heavenward journey, and the unconscious shell only of what had once been her mother remained in the sobbing daughter's arms.

I will not deny that this narrative, which I feel I have but coldly and feebly rendered from its earnest, tearful tenderness, as related by Mary Woodley, affected me considerably—case-hardened, as to use an old bar-pun, we barristers are supposed to be; nor will the reader be surprised to hear that suspicions, graver even than those which pointed to tergiversity, were evoked by the sad history. Much musing upon the strange circumstances thus disclosed, and profoundly cogitative on the best mode of action to be pursued, the "small hours," the first of them at least, surprised me in my arm-chair. I started up, and hastened to bed, well knowing from experience that a sleepless vigil is a wretched preparative for a morning of severe exertion, whether of mind or body.

I was betimes in court the next morning, and Mr. Barnes, proud as a peacock of figuring as an attorney in an important civil suit, was soon at my side. The case had excited more interest than I had supposed, and the court was very early filled. Mary Woodley and her grandfather soon arrived; and a murmur of commiseration ran through the auditory as they took their seats by the side of Barnes. There was a strong bar arrayed against us, and Mr. Silas Thorndyke, I noticed, was extremely busy and important with whisperings and suggestions to his solicitor and counsel—received, of course, as such meaningless familiarities usually are with barely civil indifference.

Twelve common jurors were called and sworn well and truly to try the issue, and I arose amidst breathless silence to address them. I at once frankly stated the circumstances under which the brief had come into my hands, and observed that, for lack of advised preparation, the plaintiff's case failed on that day, a second trial, under favor of the court above, would, I doubt not, at no distant period of time reverse the possibly at present unfavorable decision. "My learned friends on the other side," I continued, "smile at this qualified admission of mine; let them do so. If they apparently establish to-day the validity of a will which strips an only child of the inheritance bequeathed by her father, they will, I tell them emphatically, have obtained but a temporary triumph for a person who—if I, if you gentlemen of the jury, are to believe the case intended to be set up as a bar to the plaintiff's claim—has succeeded by the greatest brutality, the most atrocious devices, in bending the mind of the deceased Mrs. Thorndyke to his selfish purposes. My learned friend need not interrupt me; I shall pursue these observations for the present no further—merely adding that I, that his lordship, that you gentlemen of the jury, will require of him the strictest proof—proof clear as light—that the instrument upon which he relies to defeat the equitable, the righteous claim of the young and amiable person by my side, is genuine, and not, as I verily believe,—I looked, as I spoke, full in the face of Thorndyke—"forged."

"My lord," exclaimed the opposing counsel, "this is insufferable."

His lordship, however, did not interpose; and I went on to relate, in the most telling manner of which I was capable, the history of the deceased Mrs. Thorndyke's first and second marriages; the harmony and happiness of the first—the wretchedness and cruelty which characterized the second. I narrated also the dire words of Mrs. Thorndyke to her daughter, though repeatedly interrupted by the defendant's counsel, who manifested great indignation that a statement unassailable of legal proof should be addressed to the court and jury. My address concluded, I put in James Woodley's will; and, as the opposing counsel did not dispute its validity, nor require proof of Mary Woodley's identity, I intimated that the plaintiff's case was closed.

To be continued.

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