

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



"It makes me feel badly to think I can't repay you in some way," said the woman who was receiving the favor, "can't you possibly think of something I can do for you?"

"Don't know as I can," responded the brisk little woman who was bestowing the favor, "so suppose you do it for someone else."

I think all favors, all kindnesses, all helps in life ought to be treated that way.

Very, very often one cannot hope to repay one's benefactor. But I don't think that inability relieves one from the moral obligation to keep the credit and debit sides of one's kindness account with a balance on the right side by "passing it on."

If you do this, I firmly believe that in the great clearing house of kindness the original benefactor will somehow receive his own again.

That wouldn't be any more wonderful than your receiving the money in New York on a check from a bank in San Francisco and the New York bank being safely reimbursed, would it? And, just think, man is managing that business, and God the other.

I know a man whose brother many years ago advanced the money to send him to college. He planned to pay it back, but before he finished his course his brother died. Instead of bewailing himself that he could never pay that kindness back, he "passed it on." That is, as soon as he got on his feet financially, he gave the same sum of money his own education had cost to another ambitious young man who lacked the funds for the education he craved. And when

that boy would have repaid the money, he was told to keep it until he found another ambitious young man who stood in need of it.

And now the fund of that big brother has sent five men to college. I can never repay the newspaper man who gave me my first foothold in the newspaper profession; who explained and advised, and smoothed away difficulties that might have proven absolutely insurmountable without his surpassing kindness.

He is far above any ability of mine to help him.

But I can help some other beginner, and I consider it just as much my obligation to help any of the inexperienced folk who come into my path as it would be to help him if he needed it.

I think it would be a splendid condition of affairs if every time any of us received a kindness of any sort we felt uneasy until we had "passed it on."

What you gave might not always be of the same kind or size as what you received, of course, but just what you had to give.

If your richer neighbor, for instance, takes you out motoring, why not let that be a reminder for you to send your poorer neighbor some fruit?

Or, if your rich cousin invites you on a yachting trip, why not let that become an obligation to you to invite your poorer cousin to enjoy what is as much a luxury to her as the yachting trip is to you—a week at your summer cottage.

If a kindness to you is shown, 'Tis not meant for you alone.

Pass it on. Let it dry another's tears. Let it travel down the years Till in Heaven it appears.

Pass it on.

Ruth Cameron

STOMACH LIVER LUNGS

Each of the chief organs of the body is a link in the Chain of Life. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, the body no stronger than its weakest organ. If there is weakness of stomach, liver or lungs, there is a weak link in the chain of life which may snap at any time. Often this so-called "weakness" is caused by lack of nutrition, the result of weakness or disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases and weaknesses of the stomach and its allied organs are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When the weak or diseased stomach is cured, diseases of other organs which stem remote from the stomach but which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, are cured also.

The strong man has a strong stomach. Take the above recommended "Discovery" and you may have a strong stomach and a strong body.

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Fads and Fashions.

Dog collars, whether a simple band of velvet fastened with a more or less elaborate buckle or made up of strands of pearls, coral, or jet, are exceedingly smart.

The selvedge, not only of wool, plays a conspicuous role in dress-making. Some of the new materials have wide ribbon edges of the same or contrasting color.

A piece of old Chantilly lace which is too much broken for ordinary use can have the figures cut out and applied on a chiffon gown, thus making it very elaborate.

A simple finish for a black gown may be nothing more than a narrow band of coral attached to the low round neck with a fagoting stitch. Smiliar bands trim the sleeves.

There are two kinds of hampers offered to those who care much about the very new things in style. One is made of ivory, the other of Irish lace flowers. The former is expensive, the latter is not.

Handbags, and purses, too, are made of linen to match the suit with which they are carried. Generally, though not always, they are braided, embroidered or embellished with other handwork.

Very pretty afternoon gowns are made of the sheer batiste, which comes in the most fascinating shades

this year. This material, too, is used for princess slips, worn under the white lingerie gown.

One of the features of the present season is the little tunic of voile, marquisette or chiffon cloth made for wear over the gown of tulle or tulle, and above all, over the frock of lingerie persuasion.

Silk Flowers, made so exactly that it is difficult to tell them from the original models, are used for fastenings at the neck in place of the conventional pin. These are especially modish with the collarless afternoon gown.

One of the newest ideas in trimming is the use of overlapping buttons to finish skirts and coats. The buttons are put on one above the other so that their rims overlap each other and make a continuous line.

The brass nettings for the top of bows, originally called pansy bows, are to be had in sizes to fit almost any receptacle for flowers. Fancy brass holders are found in the shops, too, for vases of white or green glass.

The peach basket hat is still with us; the mob cap is dominant; the sweeping cavalier is seen everywhere; the bell-shaped morning hat is in evidence, and the modified director bonnet is considered among the best choices.

Ribbons of every variety, seemingly, are called upon to contribute to the season's fashions. Especially popular are the warp prints for girdles and sashes at the present time, and there is still a later trend in the use of plain and velvet ribbons for the same purpose.

One Pill

It is impossible to be well, simply impossible, if the bowels are constipated. Waste products, poisonous substances, must be removed from the body at least once each day, or there will be trouble. The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one pill at bedtime. All vegetables.

LARACY'S have just received direct from the manufacturers per "Dronning Maud," from Antwerp, Tumblers, Glasses, Decanters, Goblets and Fancy Glassware. Selling at our usual low prices at LARACY'S 245 and 247 Water Street, opposite Post Office, May 14, 1910.

THIS CURES NASAL CATARRH.

You have fulness of the head, headaches, difficulty in hearing, stuffed nostrils, droppings from the throat, hawking cough; you ought to know you have Catarrh. It is poisoning your whole system. Catarrh begins as a cold; repeated colds inflame more deeply the air passages. By-and-by it extends deeper, far down into the lungs, then you have bronchitis. These inflamed surfaces secrete germ-laden mucus. If swallowed it pollutes the whole system and destroys health. Stomach dosing for catarrh always fails, so do washes, snuffs, ointments. The only remedy that will do you good is Catarrh-ozone. Catarrh-ozone is a fragrant healing compound that destroys germs. When you inhale Catarrh-ozone into the lungs from the Catarrh-ozone inhaler little drops of healing are carried to the remotest part of the breathing apparatus. Wherever Catarrh-ozone goes it first destroys the germs, but its healing action goes right on until the tissues are made whole. Then congestion ceases, the formation of mucus ceases, hawking and spitting ceases, and of course droppings into the throat that poison the whole system cease. You get well. You see Catarrh-ozone removes the cause at once. Don't you think it is the right way to cure Catarrh? Can you think of any other way that would be as good? Complete outfit, \$1.00, hard rubber inhaler with sufficient liquid to last three months. Trial size 25c.

Be Careful.

Never believe those scientifics, with the ponderous sounding phrase. Especially when they tell us of the Stars; Of leafy vales in Venus, canals within the moon, Or messages now reaching us from Mars.

They told us of the comet, its measurement, its weight; Take heed, M. J. O'Mara, of this tale— They said that we'd be pulverized or stunned by earthquake shocks, Or driven from our orbit by a gale.

But the inoffensive comet passed us, as the "member" glides By "loyal, staunch constituent," who wrote "I'm coming into town to interview you, mister man. 'Bout that grinding-stone you promised for my vote."

They told us we'd have brilliant meteors flashing through the air, And showers of radiant fragments from the same; That rivals of Aurora would monopolize the vault Of heaven with their gorgeousness of flame.

So we waited long to see it, but were disappointed sore, 'Halley's ragged tramp of heaven was outdone In points unique, and fearsome pyrotechnical display, By Hanley's march for Morris when he won.

So I've come to the conclusion that those scientifics chaps, In this and many other things are green, Or else it isn't science that their giving us at all But "copy" for the paying magazine.

It was colorless, the passing of this much-moaned traveller. Why, "Teddy" bent it hollow every day, He's "bunting in" to everything and all upon the road;

But what was Halley's out for? Who can say? If it had to hit up Torphy's in its headlong, mad career, Some people could aver that it was sent

To strike the cross-roads squarely in the jib, and wreck the Inn, When generations drank their "peppermint"

Yes, we wait those scientifics to proclaim another freak, "Seeking through space for planets to destroy, With flaming sword and pendant—a fiery child of war— A restless Alexander of the sky."

We shall point them, with derision, back to Halley's shoddy, glim, And if they've got no better goods to vend We'll chuck them from this earth of ours Into the "space" they love And live without their "isms" to the end.

SUNNY JIM.

LARACY'S have just received direct from the manufacturers per "Dronning Maud," from Antwerp, Tumblers, Glasses, Decanters, Goblets and Fancy Glassware. Selling at our usual low prices at LARACY'S 245 and 247 Water Street, opposite Post Office, May 14, 1910.



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THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER IV.

NOR LOVE, NOR RICHES STAND BETWEEN.

(Continued.)

"MOTHER!" pleaded the girl, gently.

With a sigh, as if yielding to the soothing influences of the world, the woman dropped back again, and clasped her hands, but the movement of the fingers told of the nervous restlessness within.

"You played to-night, Hilda?" she said, presently.

"Yes, mother," was the reply; and, as she spoke, Hilda's head dropped, and she stifled a sigh.

"It was a good sign—the people, were they pleased, as usual?" "I think so, mother."

"You think so!" was the almost querulous response. "Do you not know? At your age, I should not have hesitated over such a question. What is it they tell me in the house here? That the whole city is in a furor over you. Is it true?"

Hilda sank back, resting on her left hand, her right lying listlessly in her lap, a wistful, sorrowful sadness in her face.

"The theatre is always full; the people receive me very kindly, mother."

The old woman turned her head so that she might see the dowdier face. "Why do you speak with such dissatisfaction?" she said, in her weak voice. "Is there one girl out of a hundred who would not joyfully change places with you—you, Hilda, Fane the great actress? You may be rich, famous, honoured—? She stopped suddenly, for down the pale

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College St., Toronto, Gentlemen, It gives me pleasure to write recommending your Dr. Bovel's Herb and Gum Salve. For years I was troubled with piles. My doctor did what he could to relieve me from time to time, and finally ordered me to go to the hospital for an operation. This I did not do, but as a last resort tried your remedy and am glad to say that after using four boxes am completely cured. You have my sincere thanks. Make any use you like of this letter.

Yours truly,
W. KILLNER.

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ly; 'he lives! Hilda, I lied to you! He lives!'

With a low cry, the great actress hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, mother, do not—do not deceive me! My father—"

"Hush!" said the woman, with a gesture, pointing a shaking finger to the wall. "See, he shakes his head and smiles! He disowns you, as he disowned me. You have no claim on him, he says, for she who bore you and trusted him was deceived, betrayed, deserted and left to starve!"

Pausing, perplexed, struggling with a horrible dread, Hilda clung to the thin arm and forced it down.

"Mother—mother! Think! Look at me! What do these wild words mean? Oh, they are not—they can not be true!"

"Deceived and deserted—the plaything for an hour!" murmured the woman, hoarsely, staring at the phantom of her fevered brain. "Yes, it is true! Shame to him that left my child nameless and disowned, an object at which the lowest may wag their tongues and point the finger of scorn!"

With one great cry, that seemed to come from a heart rent in twain, the girl sprang to her feet, and in all her loveliness and grace confronted her mother.

The cry—the sudden, passionate movement—recalled the wandering brain. With a shudder, the woman fell back in the chair, and hid her face in her hands. Raising her heavy eyes to the white face above her, she motioned to the girl to come nearer.

"Have—have I told you, Hilda?" she asked, faintly.

Hilda bent her head still lower. With a shiver, the mother drew her shawl round her, with a heavy sigh. "You have no word of blame for me, Hilda?"

The girl shook her head slowly. "Not one word? Child, you bear with me to the last, as you have borne all through the long years—unrepining, unreproachful. Heaven bless you, my child! Perhaps—perhaps—she faltered, weakly—"it would have been better to have carried my secret to the grave."

With one word, the girl stopped her. "No!"

"No, you are right—you are right. One life alone cannot repay the foul wrong he wrought against me. The woman he betrayed dies, but her child, and his, remains to remember and repay. Hilda, I am dying—dying, fast! Do not speak—not yet! Your voice goes to my heart; I cannot bear it! In its agony I hear the footsteps of all the cruel years that have gone by—Hilda, you will not forget me? We two have faced the world alone; you will not forget the years of misery, of poverty and privation, of wretchedness, which we have borne—you will wait and watch for the hour of vengeance, as I have watched? Promise me that—promise me that!"

The hollow eyes gleamed with a spasmodic fire, the thin fingers sought and feebly clutched the burning hands that leaned upon the chair. "I promise!" came the low, heavily breathed response.

"Swear," said the dying woman's hollow voice; "swear that nothing, neither love, nor riches, nor life itself, shall stand in the path to your revenge! If at any time your resolution should grow faint and lukewarm, look back upon the years we have spent—look upon the night when the mother who bore you lay dying before her time, killed by one man's treachery; think of her wandering with her babe—yourself, yourself—at her breast, homeless and starving, deserted by the man who had robbed her of all that womanhood holds dear!—think of yourself, nameless and degraded among your kind! Think of all this, and keep

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With the use of this medicine, I soon found relief. I followed up this treatment for six months and was then quite free from rheumatism. While using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I also used Dr. Chase's Backache Plaster when so stiff that I could scarcely bend. They always found the weak spot and gave relief while the internal treatment was bringing about a thorough cure."

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alive the curse which, from the time it fell from these wrung lips, had borne its fruit for him. Yes! she gasped, her hands clinching passionately. It has borne its fruit—unknown to you: I have watched it work, year by year, falling upon him and his—him and his!"

Exhausted by her passion, she fell back, gasping for breath, but before the girl could rise she regained something of her feebler strength and went on:

"Hilda, one week—one week—remember!—after he had left me to face the world with a broken heart, he, your father, married. He had sown his wild oats—ah, Heaven! that sowing which bears so bitter a harvest for poor me alone! He had left the past behind him, and was to settle down, respectable and respected, with his newly made wife to help him to happiness and peace. But the curse worked! Before two years had passed he had driven her from his home and slain his dearest friend. She was guiltless—guiltless as the child she bore with her in her flight. The greater his punishment; just Heaven had worked out its vengeance—the deserted—deserted! He loved her, Hilda, and when the truth came home to him he went to seek her and bring back the second woman whose life he had wrecked and ruined, but I was before him. I—I found her, a weak, broken-hearted creature, clinging to his child as I clung to mine. With a plausible story, I persuaded her that his vengeance, and not his remorse, was pursuing her, and she fled. Mark that, Hilda! Mistress and wife were equals—wanderers, outcasts, both, while he—he sat eating his proud heart away at home."

White and breathless, the girl crouched at her mother's feet, drinking in the awful story, every word of which burned into her young heart.

"Years passed," continued the weak voice, "and I found her again, living as I lived, under an assumed name, keeping from her child, as I kept from mine, the story of her life. Pitiless, I forced her to fly, and once more snatched her from his grasp. Death did the rest. She died—died suddenly, leaving the girl ignorant of her story, ignorant of her real name, homeless and helpless."

To be continued.

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