

Miss Tabitha's Last Chance.

(Will S. Gidley in Home Magazine.)

Miss Tabitha Toodles, aroused from her beauty sleep by some strange sound or mysterious warning at the dead hour of midnight, sat up in bed, with her heart in her mouth, and listened intently. "There is somebody downstairs; I can hear 'em prowlin' round," she whispered to herself in awe-struck tones; "and— and 'most likely it's a house-breaker come to rob me! But I mustn't forget that he's a man. Even if he is a burglar, I must remember that and treat him accordingly!"

Forty-five scorching summers and the same number of cold, bilizard-laden winters had passed over Miss Tabitha's head, for 15 years of her life she had lived there alone, and during all that time, before retiring at night, she had looked under her maiden couch in search of a burglar—a man—but found him not.

"You'll be that one was coming here way at last?" "It won't do to have him catch me in this rig," she continued, "I'm a woman, and I've got company in the house, no matter who or what he is, I might as well get up and dress and see to it that I'm not in any kind of a lookin' man. He is and how he got in? Through the pantry window, 'most like. I sometimes forgit 'bout lockin' it."

Tossing aside the bed covering, she slipped softly to the floor, lit a lamp, and hurriedly but silently changed her nightgown for a more suitable for the occasion; but her every-thing gingham, by the way, which lay on a chair beside the bed, she carefully selected from the closet in which she kept her Sunday finery.

"I don't want no man, even if he is a burglar, seen' me in an old dress that I've been workin' in all the week. I guess I'd better fix up my hair some, too. I'm awful sorry I didn't put it up in curl, 'cause I went to bed, then I could take 'em off and it would be just right. I always look better with my hair frizzed. It is too late to do it now, and my hair doesn't look very bad, anyway. The gray ones don't seem to show at all, and my hair is so thick, I'll get 'em to notice 'em. I'll just slick it up a little and put on my nicest pompadour comb, and then I guess I'll be ready to go down and there'll be no better."

Shifting the lamp to her left hand and grasping the broom in the other, she boldly but silently approached the door of the dining room, in which apartment of the midnight prowler was apparently at work.

Cautionally pushing open the door, the well-oiled hinges of which gave forth no warning creak, she glided noiselessly into the room, and found that her suspicions in regard to her caller were correct. A bull's-eye lantern was resting on a chair at the further end of the china-closet, and the proprietor of the lantern, with bag by his side, was industriously ransacking the closet drawers and shelves and adding to his collection such articles as happened to strike his fancy. His back was turned and his mind evidently pre-occupied with the task before him that he was oblivious to all other matters.

open the door. An undisturbed bed and open window told part of the story, and the following brief message, penciled on a dirty sheet of paper, and left lying on the bureau, told the rest of it: "to the lady of the House."

PARIS' LADY LAWYERS.

Their Gowns, Their Manners, and Especially Their Practice, Conspicuously Ancient Order of Barristers.

From the London Telegraph. Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin has been beaten by another lady lawyer. Although she was the first Frenchwoman by a long way to take her legal degree, she is still the only Doctor of Law in France, she has been displaced by a rival in the coup d'etat of the law.

"I haven't decided about that yet," said Miss Toodles, calmly seating herself in front of her mirror, and looking in squarely in the eyes, while her right hand toyed with the pistol. "I can tell better what is best to do, but why I'm talking matters over with you and found out what your name is? I can't be calling you Mr. Burglar all the time."

"My name's Jones—William Henry Jones—but my friends generally call me Bill."

"Never tried to?" echoed Miss Toodles in a general astonishment. "Do you mean to say you have never been in love; never felt the need of a wife; or sort of a woman for a housewife, and do your own cooking and darning and mending for you? Jest look me in the eye, Mr. Jones, and tell me the truth."

"What would I do with a wife if I had one?" demanded Burglar Jones, gloomily. "I ain't got no home or any place to keep her."

A look of tender pity came into Miss Tabitha's eyes. "In that case I feel sorry for you, Mr. Jones. My heart actually bleeds for you. It does indeed," she declared, earnestly. "No home, no wife, nobody to love and care for you. No wonder you go around and burgle and steal things to pass away the time! I don't know as I blame you a mite, but I hate to think of your being a burglar all your life, even if you have been sort of a good fellow."

from a medical defence union, with the following objects: First, to support and protect the character and interests of medical practitioners in the Dominion of Canada; secondly, to promote honorable practice, and to suppress or prosecute unauthorised practitioners; thirdly, to advise and defend or assist in defending members of the union in cases where proceedings involving questions of professional principle or otherwise are brought against them; fourthly, to originate and support (so far as is legal) legislative measures likely to benefit the medical profession, and to oppose all measures calculated to injure it, and for these purposes to petition parliament and take such other steps and proceedings as may be deemed expedient, and lastly, to acquire the necessary legal powers for these objects.

The officers pro tem. are: President, Dr. Brown, Richmond; first vice-president, Dr. Stevenson, Vancouver; second vice-president, Dr. Rioux, Sherbrooke; secretary-treasurer, Dr. W. Russell Thomas, Lennoxville; assistant secretary, Dr. Gauthier, Sherbrooke; council, Mrs. Smith, Fregau and Lamy, Sherbrooke, being the present officers of the St. Francis Medical Association.

The union is now endeavoring to gain the support of the medical profession of Canada, and is being approached to secure a Dominion incorporation for it, and overtures are being made for the admission of doctors of every province at a small annual fee.

RETAIL QUOTATIONS. Market Price of Provisions Prepared for Use of the Housewife. The price of beef is slightly on the advance owing to wet weather for the last few weeks. Pork is plentiful. There have been no shipments of M.P. If there were any for sale they would fetch 40 cents per pound. There is very little corn in the market, but winter fruit is plentiful, with the exception of apples, which are scarce.

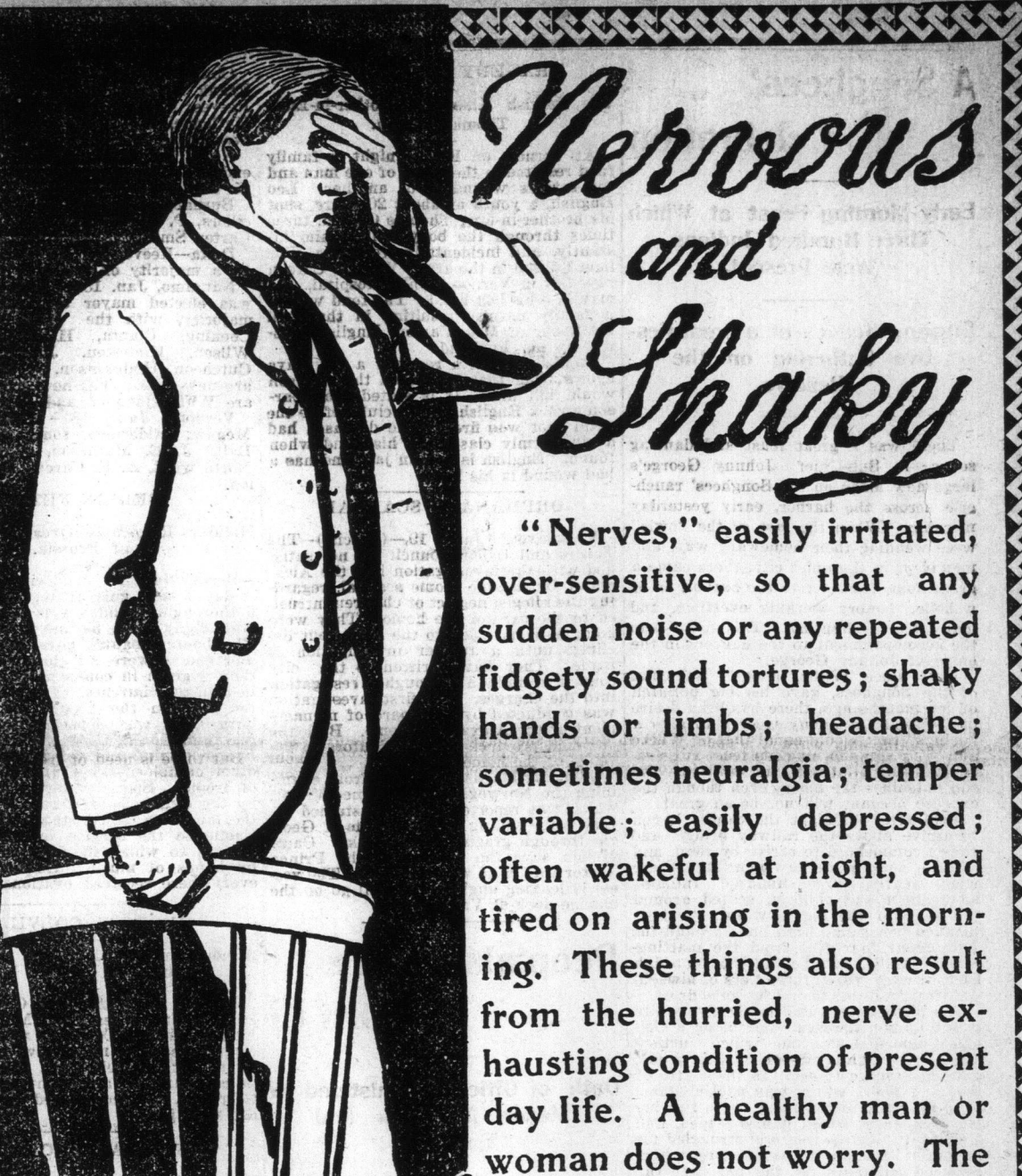
Flour—Deliver's Hungarian, per 100 lbs. 5.75; Lake of the Woods, per 100 lbs. 5.75; Best Family, per 100 lbs. 5.75; Calagary, Hungarian, per 100 lbs. 5.75; Premier, per 100 lbs. 5.75; XXX Eatschky, per 100 lbs. 5.60.

Grain—Wheat, per ton 28.00; Corn (whole), per ton 28.00; Corn (cracked), per ton 28.00; Oats, per ton 28.00; Barley, per 100 lbs. 4.00; Rolled oats (B. & K.), per sack 30.

Feed—Hay (dried), per ton 14.00; Straw, per bale 5.00; Middlings, per ton 20.00; Bran, per ton 20.00; Ground Feed, per ton 28.00.

Vegetable—Potatoes, sweet, per 100 lbs. 1.25; Do. (Asheforth), per 100 lbs. 1.25; Cabbages, per 100 lbs. 1.25; Cauliflowers, per 100 lbs. 1.25; Onions, per 100 lbs. 1.25; Lettuce, per head 1.25; Turnips, per 100 lbs. 1.25.

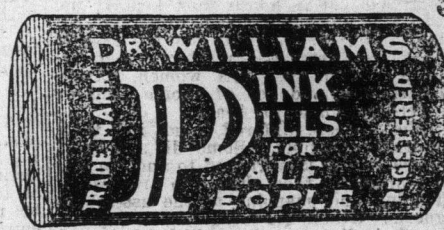
Fish—Salmon (smoked), per lb. 20; Salmon (fresh), per lb. 10; Shrimps, per 100 lbs. 10; Cod, per 100 lbs. 10; Herring, per 100 lbs. 10; Flounder, per 100 lbs. 10; Blotter, per 100 lbs. 10; Kingfish, per 100 lbs. 10; Oysters, Olympia, per pint 50.



"Nerves," easily irritated, over-sensitive, so that any sudden noise or any repeated fidgety sound tortures; shaky hands or limbs; headache; sometimes neuralgia; temper variable; easily depressed; often wakeful at night, and tired on arising in the morning. These things also result from the hurried, nerve exhausting condition of present day life. A healthy man or woman does not worry. The cure is to remove the cause. The cause is nervous exhaustion---the cure is to tone up the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are an immediate, unmistakable nerve food and nerve tonic. They healthfully stimulate the nerves and keep them stimulated. They cure the worried, jaded mind and temper through the nerves; give strength to the weak and aching back; fill tired, dejected, overworked men and women with cheerfulness, new ambition, and serviceable, work-producing energy. The first box proves it, but the first and every box must look just like this—



or you will get one of the "something elses" that some dealers sell people whom they think it safe to impose upon. "Something else" never cured anyone; Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands---some of them your neighbors, who won't mind telling you so if you ask them.

PROOF OF CURE.

Mr. Ambrose Major, Williamstown, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to health after suffering for months from extreme nervousness. The least sound would startle me; I was subject to headaches and easily irritated. My constitution was naturally strong and I at first ignored the trouble, thinking I would soon be all right. This was a mistake, for instead of getting better, I became worse and had to take to my bed. Only those who have been afflicted with nervous troubles can tell how much suffering they cause, and my condition was almost indescribable. I was attended for some time by a doctor, but found no improvement. Then a friend suggested Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a few boxes. After I had used the second box there was much improvement in my condition, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I was again enjoying good health. I naturally think no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for nerve troubles.

If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will be sent by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

stores with me when you feel so bad. Did you bring some quinine wine with you?" "Yes," he replied, in a tired tone, "but the stuff seems to make me feel even worse, and I am in hopes that if I go to bed and have a good night's rest my nerves will get around among the stores with you to-morrow, as we intended, and—"

"Now, my dear, you shall do nothing of the sort," she interrupted. "You shall go right to bed, and I shall fix you up with four or five nice hot toddies, and you shall read the magazines until you get sleepy, and to-morrow morning you'll be all right again. If you still feel bad the day after, if you still feel bad, you shall stay around home in your smoking jacket and slippers and take it easy. Of course, it is an awful disappointment to me that you shall not be able to help me to do the Christmas shopping, but it is simply unavoidable. I'll get my sister to accompany me, and I shall have no trouble at all about the presents."

Whereupon she put him to bed and made toddies for him, and filed his pipe for him, and made top notch little soups