

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great, alterative and tonic **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Which has cured thousands.

Shadow and Sunlight

CHAPTER IX.

No doubt that if you had told the man who, long years ago, built the Wheatheaf for the accommodation of the barges and riverside men, who at that distant period were the inn's best and almost only customers, that a period would arrive when the quaint little tavern, with its gable end and lattice windows, its low-ceilinged rooms and wide fireplaces, would have become a place of fashionable resort—that instead of barges and such like simple folk, the great people of aristocratic London would eat dainty dinners in the humble parlor, and sleep in the tiny, low-roofed bedrooms—I say if the original proprietor of the Wheatheaf had hearkened to the prophecy, he would have scoffed at it as a wild and improbable dream. But the prophecy if ever it was uttered, has been fulfilled—the dream has proved a reality. No longer does the rough barge and long-booted lighterman sit around the open fireplace; it is open no longer, but fitted with a kitchen with all the latest improvements, at which from morning to night during the summer season an experienced cook concocts delicacies for the new patrons of the weather-beaten inn.

The parlor has been transformed into a tastefully and appropriately decorated dining-room, and the bedrooms are replete with most of the luxuries which a modern civilization has given birth to.

And yet an antique, old world flavor still clings to the Wheatheaf, and is doubtless its greatest charm for its present patrons, who, weary of the polished inanities of fashionable club and drawing-room life, run down by river and rail, find in the old inn the present in the past.

"Thank heaven," says Lady Carton, "there are no swallow-tailed waiters here. I am so sick and tired of the white-tied imbeciles with their noiseless pumps and pasty countenances. I wonder where they get these pretty girls from?"

Dinner is over, though the dessert—as complete and well chosen as even the Star and Garter could provide—still remains on the table. An expression of contented complacency rests on Lady Carton's face and is more or less reflected by the rest. Champagne—Heidsieck's Dry Monopole—is palpably conspicuous. There is much laughter, for which probably the unassuming Heidsieck may account—laughter which runs not inharmoniously with music, for the Wheatheaf boast a piano—a grand piano—and the Guardsman is singing now the bells song out of "Les Cloches," with a brist and emphatic flourish of the piano.

"Where are you two going?" says Lady Carton. "Take care of the night air, Madge."

Madge laughs. It is as balmily as the summer day at Nice.

"And don't forget the time we start. We have to catch a train, remember. Are you going to drive the drag, Lord Lashwood?"

"No, no, no," she says to the marquises, who proposes. "It is all very well for you young people, but what would Sir Robert say if he heard of it?"

The marquises grins.

"Besides, I am here to keep order, and I must do my duty, must I not, Madge?"

"I GAINED FIFTEEN POUNDS!"

And Was Cured of Nervous Exhaustion, Indigestion, and Heart Trouble by Ferrozone.

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Lord Lashwood?" and she taps his lordship on the arm. He needs something more than a tap to attract his attention. He is still seated at the head of the table, but he has turned to his chair, so that his broad back is presented to the major part of the guests, and he is bending over his neighbor.

It is, need one say it—Madge. Yes, Madge is here—here by his side once more. Each, unknown to the other, has said that it shall be for the last time.

For the last few days Madge has learned much, too much for entire trust in Lord Lashwood. Only this once will she allow herself to be happy in his society—only this once listen to the deep music of his voice, feel the dark gray eyes fixed on her with that look she has grown to know so well, and prize so dearly.

And as it is to be the last time Madge is enjoying it to the full. Never in her life has she been so happy as today, for it has been without a cloud, perhaps it is the happiness shining through her face, and dancing in her eyes that makes her look more beautiful in his eyes than she has done yet. Be it what it may, it seems as if he cannot have too much of it. All the dinner, though, his glances have scarcely been off her; to her and almost her alone, have treasured words in the deep voice been addressed.

Courteous and attractive to all, as has been his wont, it is to her that the nameless, indescribable manner in which a man shows his devotion, has been paid.

For her, and her alone, has he brought down the little bouquet of delicate hybrids which lies beside her plate, and his hand, and his alone, has filled her glass.

Such attention, so rare from Lord Lashwood, had in general received due notice, and Madge, when she raises her eyes, meets hard, curious and envious looks from some of her sex, but she heads—cares for none of them. The evening, her last happy day, shall be without alloy.

"Dance," he says, at the third tap. "Oh, if you like, and the landlady does not object. You won't? Very well. I don't mind."

"No, I know," said Lady Carton. "You don't mind which way it is, in the least." Then, in a low voice, she adds:

"Take care Lord Lashwood; you are turning the head of my little school-girl!"

"Do you think so?" he says, in an under-tone, and with a sharp glance at Madge's noble, beautiful face.

"Yes," retorts Lady Carton reprovingly. "Let her alone; she is only a girl."

He smiles, and looks round the room. The pretty girls whom Lady Carton admires have brought in tea and coffee, and some of the men are lighting their cigarettes and strolling out on to the velvet lawn, which leads down to the river, that gleams like silver in the moonlight.

"Miss Madge has too wise a head to be turned by my nonsense, Lady Carton. What are you going to do now? A little fresh air would be acceptable. What do you say, Miss Yorke? Shall we renew our acquaintance with the stars?"

Madge smiles, and taking it as an assent, gets up and walks out.

"Noise may be good for digestion, but I doubt it," he says. "Let us try a little quiet."

And as a matter of fact, noise is scarcely to be had a word to describe the state of the atmosphere. The Guardsman is singing now the bells song out of "Les Cloches," with a brist and emphatic flourish of the piano.

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left a wide-stretching common, above which the moon rides in her sky-chariot, with the stars in her train.

"Which way?" he says. "Had we not better go back?" replies Madge, prudently, but she looks wistfully at the common, at the house, whose eyes are fixed intently upon her face, sees the look and obeys it.

"There is plenty of time," he says. "I can hear them still singing. Let us get out of reach of their clocks at any rate," and they turn up the lane and wander on to the broad sweep of common.

"Are you sure there is time," Madge says, doubtfully. "Quite," he says. "Please do not begrudge me a few minutes tonight. It is the last time for some time—that I shall beg of you."

Madge starts slightly. The last time. Well, it is what she has been repeating to herself all the evening. There is silence for a moment. Then he says grimly:

"I am going abroad."

"Abroad?" echoes Madge, trembling, though she tries to speak indifferently and earnestly. "Are you going soon?" "I start tomorrow," he replies.

Tomorrow. There was no need for her to make firm resolves. This is, indeed, the last time.

A thrill of pain, indefinable, but almost intolerable, runs through her; she knows that the color has left her face, that her hand trembles upon her arm; perhaps he knows it, too, for he looks straight before him with grim earnestness.

"And where are you going?" she asks, battling still for a tone that shall be politely curious and not more.

"Where?" he replies, moodily. "To Germany, Italy, Africa, the Nile—anywhere it does not matter."

"Does it not?" she says, in a low voice. "To Germany, Italy, No, it does not matter to you. You have seen all those places before and are tired of them, no doubt. How I envy you!"

"My wanderings?"

[To Be Continued.]

FAMOUS BEAUTY ABJURED WORLD

Lady Barrow. Who Turned From Pleasures, Dies in Retirement.

London, Jan. 16.—The toast of 80 years ago, the beauty of a court which has long since crumbled to dust, Rosmond, Lady Barrow, at 97 years, has just closed her eyes upon the world whose vanities she abjured at the moment of her triumph.

The original of Sir Thomas Lawrence's famous portrait of "Miss Nony Croker," now in the possession of J. Pierpont Morgan, died at her home in London last Wednesday.

For three-quarters of a century the world has barely known her name. That vital touch on the canvas which gave her loveliness to the gaze of admiring thousands, which has made it through the years a classic, though neither time nor changing fashion could rob its ineffable charm, made the woman behind that exquisite face a nun.

The adulation showered upon her, the homage of King William IV., who hailed her as "The English Beauty," with the kindly kiss which custom permitted, and that second kiss which the girl, who had hardly left childhood behind, she gave up society and devoted herself to good works.

Nony Croker was the daughter of William Fennell, at one time consul-general to Brazil. She was born in Ireland and was the 21st child of parents whose responsibilities were far too great for their income. When, therefore, Mrs. Croker, the children's sister, last baby, the offered to adopt the child, her foster-father was the Croker of literature and political fame, who was roundly attacked by Macaulay for his edition of Boswell's John-

son. The little girl was strictly reared, though given every accomplishment, and at an already gave promise of the splendid beauty which afterward came to such fruition. For two years after the exhibition of the Lawrence portrait the young girl never looked in the glass, fearing vanity might blind her to spiritual things. Five years later, at the age of 23, she was married to Sir George Barrow, a distinguished colonial governor, and bore him eight children.

Lady Barrow was the friend and associate of the great people of the day, among them the Duke of Wellington, but her heart was in religious work. She built a church at a hamlet in London to seat 800 people, built a hospital at Molesey-on-Thames, and moved out of her great manor house to a simple villa that the rental might be applied to her charities.

She was happy in the knowledge that she had reclaimed many drunkards.

JUDSON FOLLOWS HARPER

Is Recommended to the Presidency of Chicago University.

Chicago, Jan. 16.—Dean Harry Pratt Judson, Dr. W. R. Harper's closest friend at the University of Chicago, was recommended yesterday by the committee on faculties and instruction of the board of trustees for the position of acting president of the university. It seems certain that his nomination will be approved by the trustees in a meeting to be held this afternoon.

Many of those in the inner circle of the university community believe that Dr. Judson never should be asked to take the robes as director of the institution. Sentiment among the faculty and the student body is said to be in a measure in favor of his selection as the successor to Dr. Harper.

When Sir Henry Irving made his first appearance as Hamlet, in Manchester, the "properties" were very different from those with which he surrounded himself later at the Lyceum in London, and night after night he made this speech, "Alas, poor Yorick!" to a blackened turnip and beheld King Claudius in the last act majestically drinking from a marmalade jar in the sticky disguise of varnished gold paint.

ROGERS TOO GREAT TO BE QUESTIONED

Counsel Says Should Be Protected From Missouri.

FIGHT OVER TECHNICALITIES

Attorney for Standard Oil Head Says Hadley Deliberately Annoyed His Client.

New York, Jan. 16.—Justice Gilder-sleeve in the New York State supreme court today heard briefs by Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, and William V. Rowe, counsel for Henry H. Rogers, on the question which the vice-president of the Standard Oil Trust refused to answer.

At the last hearing, Justice Gilder-sleeve said that his decision would depend upon whether the materiality of the same question is now before the Missouri supreme court. Attorney-General Hadley declared that it was not. Rowe declared that it was.

The brief presented by Rowe today was in the main a plea to the court to "jealously guard the personal rights" of Mr. Rogers. He said there had been a tendency to treat his client with contempt, and asked "that in this great metropolis, men of large affairs and important business connections and association should not be treated," because of their general importance, "with less consideration than is due others."

Mr. Hadley's brief was submitted by Henry Wollman, his local counsel. In it Mr. Hadley declares, with reference to the action in the case in Missouri:

"In the argument of the question submitted to the supreme court for decision in the different briefs filed by the attorneys for the respondent at the time the case was argued no contention was made that the question of the immateriality of evidence to show a common stock ownership or a controlling interest in the stock of these three companies (the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, and the Republic Oil Company) was before that court for decision. In the argument of Frank Hagerman, who made the statement in support of respondents, not a word was said upon this question."

"In the argument of the Attorney-General and his assistant no such question was discussed, for the reason that no such contention had been made up to the time by the attorneys for the respondent."

"If your honor is of the opinion after an examination of the record in this case, that the question of the relevancy and immateriality of this testimony is before the supreme court of Missouri for decision, it is submitted that you should withhold your decision in this case pending decision by the supreme court of Missouri."

"If your honor is of the opinion, from an examination of the printed record, that this question is not before the supreme court of Missouri, we respectfully ask that you direct the witness to answer the questions asked him."

Mr. Rowe, in his brief, said: "Apart from the validity of the reasons assigned by the witness for his refusal to answer in the case, the Attorney-General has contended before the supreme court of Missouri that the certification by the commissioner has not presented the question as to the materiality of the testimony concerning the stock ownership of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company. But, inasmuch as that contention itself is before the supreme court of Missouri, it is difficult to understand how this can be asked to construe the terms and the legal effect of that certification, as it is before the court in plain language of the certification, which the commissioner requests the direction of the court as to whether or not the reasons given by the witness are sufficient and whether or not the witness should be compelled to answer so to questions."

"The witness Rogers having now upon the return of said order shown cause by affidavit why he should not answer the questions propounded, this court is called upon under the prescribed practice to determine whether this examination, the details of which are set forth in the affidavit of the witness, they disclose the unprecedented fact that upon the taking of a deposition the room in which the hearing was held was by anticipation crowded with representatives of the press and photographers."

Loss of Power To Digest Food

The most important function of the organs of the body is the digestion and assimilation of food, and in this process is consumed an enormous quantity of nervous energy.

As the result the moment disorders of the nerves arise, digestion is impaired, and the very source of health, strength and vitality interfered with.

To prevent physical bankruptcy the nervous system must be built up by outside aid such as the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, a preparation composed of the very elements of nature which go to form new blood and nerve cells.

Besides this restorative influence on the whole system, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has an immediate and direct effect on the digestive system. It stimulates the nerves of taste and induces a good flow of saliva to aid digestion. It excites the glands of the stomach and produces a plentiful supply of gastric digestive fluids. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Ed-manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



A Word to the Public About Our 1-5th Off Sale

We'll not enumerate today the list of goods we allow this big reduction on—we want to tell you why we do it and why you should buy up these values at this time.

FIRSTLY—January, immediately after the holidays, is usually dull. People are tired and have spent a good deal of money in gifts.

SECONDLY—In order to awaken interest, we turn in about 35 lines of most needed goods, on which we allow a reduction of 20 per cent. It's a big reduction, but we make it. We get the advertisement, though customers get our profit.

THIRDLY—We take stock near end of January, and it's worth a little to us to reduce stock as much as possible. The large quantities we carry of most of these lines makes it almost imperative that they be reduced.

FOURTHLY—Now the whole tale is before you. It's plain—it's reasonable. We should receive a large share of the public patronage. The values are tempting. No old goods, no job lots, no bankrupt stock—the same kind of good goods that you will have to pay regular prices for within a day or two.

GRAY & PARKER, 150 Dundas and Carling

Try one of our 15c Brooms. Ash Sifters, full size, price 15c each

Clearing Prices on Odd Lines for Thursday.

Look the list of articles below over carefully and note the prices, as they are lines we are clearing out to make room for spring goods that are beginning to arrive.

64 only, 1-quart Granite Saucepans, price, each 8c
12 only, No. 56 Granite Double Boilers, regular price \$1.25, sale price 75c
22 dozen Sink Brushes, regular price 5c, sale price 5c
4 dozen 1-pint Brownstone Jugs, regular price 10c, sale price 8c
8 only, large covered Soup Turkeys, regular price \$1.25, sale price 50c
9 only large Coffee Boilers, 8-quart size, in granite, regular price 85c, sale price 49c
18 dozen 10-inch Granite Plates, regular price 10c, sale price 8c
45 dozen Odd White Cups, without saucers, regular 3c, sale price 3 for 10c</