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—and rid the skin of unsightly blemishes, quicker and surer, by putting your blood, stomach and liver in good order, than in any other way. Clear complexion, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and red lips follow the use of Beecham's Pills. They eliminate poisonous matter from the system, purify the blood and tone the organs of digestion—Use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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Directions of Special Value to Women with Every Box. Sold everywhere. 16 boxes, 25 cents.

THE FARMERS' INNINGS

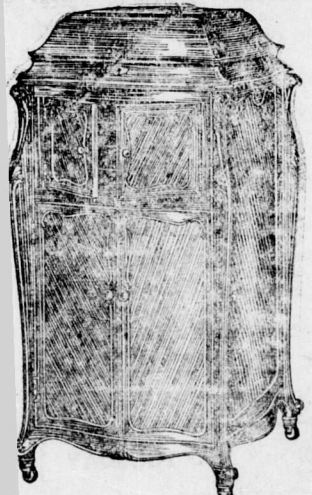
I guess you city fellows, who just think you're awful smart. Have got a jolt right lately, that has given you a start. Us farmers' getting wiser now, and down there to Ottawa. We've spoke sharp to our members, for to vote against that law. That daylight saving business, that you city folks desire. So's you can raise more garden truck, and no more be a buyer. Of stuff us farmers has to sell, and give us all the josh; and have free implements, that we surely have, by gosh. And don't forget, you city folks, with you we're not yet through. There's many another thing we want, that we're just going to do. We're going to knock the tariff out, and have free implements. And you had better knock down, unless you've got no sense. Fill now you've had just all the say, and made the laws to suit, and us poor farmers nothing got, excepting just the boot. But times have changed, and now we stand united one and all. Just watch us, city people, any you'll see the tariff fall. know we're making money, and are having real good times, piling up the dollars, and spending it just the dimmes. At long you've had your innings, right now we rule the deck, so we will make you trot a heek, we surely will, by heck.

JOSHI

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Agent for Welcombe Pianos and Player Pianos
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Won By Devotion

—BY—

Mary A. Fleming

An impulse was upon her, thoroughly contradictory and thoroughly womanly, to call him back, to claim him, keep him, love him. Vera was a very woman, and consistently inconsistent. A flush swept over her face to the very temples.

"Oh, come back! Do not go!" was on her lips, but her lips refused to speak. She stood so a moment, battling with her pride, and in that moment she went. The door closed behind him; the sweep of the triumphal march sped him; he was gone without the poor return of an answer to his good night. Pride fought and won.

A wise general has said; that next to a great defeat, a great victory is the most cruel of all things. Perhaps Vera realized this now. She sat where he had left her, feeling faint and sick, her face hidden in her hands.

The crashing tide of music came down to her; the feet of the dancers echoed overhead. She must go back to them, make one of them, wear a smiling face to the end. She loved Richard Ffrench and she had sent him away; in the last half hour she had done what she would regret her whole life long.

Meantime the unbidden guest was gone. Once more he was in the outer darkness, in the night and the storm. The melancholy rain still dripped; the wind blew in long, sighing blasts; the black trees tossed about like tall specters against the blacker sky. And a figure sheltered beneath them—the lagging pedestrian of an hour before—watched him with sinister eyes until he was out of sight.

CHAPTER XL A Cry in the Night

Mrs. Fanshawe's ball was what Richard Ffrench had meant it to be—a brilliant success. Her own spirits never flagged; she danced incessantly, the red of her cheeks became

redder, the light of her eyes became brighter as the hours wore on. Who would say that this radiant little hostess, dancing like a bacchante, wild with high spirits, flirting with the men about her with desperate recklessness and levity, was a neglected, supplanted, unloved wife? At supper she drank iced champagne as if parched with fever thirst, until Vera's brow contracted with wonder and alarm. She kept near her sister through it all; something in Dora's wild excitement startled her; she danced scarcely once after her return to the ballroom.

"Where have you been?" Dora asked, hitting her a perfumed blow with her fan. "Why do you wear that owl-like face? This is no place for owl-like faces. Why do you not dance? Everybody has been asking for you. What is the matter with you tonight, my solemn Vera?" Her elisif laugh rang out—she flitted on. A gentleman passing smiled to the lady on his arm.

"A case of twinkle, twinkle, little star!" he remarked. "What a radiant happy woman our charming hostess must be!" The lady shrugged her shoulders, and put out a scornful little chin. "She is half crazy to-night, or—tipsy with her own champagne! Did you see how she drank at supper? It was perfectly shocking. See her sister watching her. Beautiful girl, Miss Martinez—do you not think?—a perfect type of the handsomest brunette."

The gentleman smiled slightly, knowing better than to accept this artificial challenge; but the eyes that rested for a moment on Vera had a light in them that made his fair friend bite her lip.

"Some romance attaches to her—it does not seem clear what—but something connected with Dick Ffrench. You remember Captain Dick, of course. I have heard, but

that I do not believe, that she was privately married to him before he went away."

"Fortunate Dick Ffrench!" "Oh, it is a myth, of course—it is being the only authority. It is added that she was desperately in love with him, but that statement is also to be taken with a pinch of salt. She was little better than a child at that time—I recollect her well; a tall, slim girl, with a thin, dark face, big black eyes, and hardly a trace of the stately beauty we all admire now. Look at Mrs. Fanshawe with Fred Howell! Really, Mr. Fanshawe should be here to keep his wife in order. No one advocates matrimonial freedom more than I do, but there is a line, and she oversteps it. Upon my word she is quite too horrid."

Such comments from ladies principally ran the round of the rooms. The gentlemen, more indulgent, only glanced at each other and smiled. All recalled afterward, when the tragedy of this night rang through the country with a thrill, her brilliance, her flash of wit, her reckless spirits, her incessant dancing, her flushed cheeks, her streaming eyes, her flashing diamonds. Censorious tongues stopped then, appalled; fair censurers faltered; they recalled her only as a bright little butterfly, looking hardly accountable for her acts, so fair, so frail, so almost unearthly. But just now, before the curtain fell on the last act, and the intoxication of music and waltzing and wine was at its height, they did not spare her. One or two words fell on Vera's ears, and her eyes flashed out their indignation on the speakers. They were her guests, they broke her bread, and ate her salt, and sat in judgment on her. But oh, what ailed Dot? How rash she was—she had never gone to such extremes before. It was more of Dane Fanshawe's work; he had goaded her to madness; this was her reckless revenge.

Perhaps it was as well for Vera's peace of mind that no time was left her to think of herself or her own wayward folly. She had acted like a fool in one way—Dora was acting like a fool in another; there was little to choose between them, that she admitted bitterly. She kept as close to Dora as might be; she tried to restrain her unperceived; she resolutely refused to dance.

"For pity's sake, Dot, do not go on so—every one is looking at you," she whispered angrily once. "You are insane, I think to-night. Do not dance with Fred Howell again. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

But Dora interrupted with one of her frequent bursts of laughter. "Oh, Fred, listen here!" she called. "Here's richness! Look at Vera's owl-like face listen to her words of wisdom. Do not dance with Fred Howell again. He ought to be ashamed of himself! Are you ashamed, Fred? You ought to be if my sober sister says so—she is never wrong."

Mr. Howell stooped and whispered his answer. He glanced at Vera with a malicious smile; he owed her a grudge for more than one cut direct, and he cordially hated supercilious Dane Fanshawe. He was paying a double debt to-night, in compromising his hates. Vera drew back, indignant and disgusted, and saw them go, Dora clinging to his arm. Fred Howell's tall, dark head bent over her blond one—the most pronounced flirtation possible.

But it ended at last. Mrs. Fanshawe, foolish though she was in many things, she was wise enough never to let daylight surprise her well-bred orgies, and stared in on haggard faces and leaden eyes. A little after three the guests began to depart at half past the roll of carriages was continual, all but the guests were gone. And when the last good-night was said, Dora Fanshawe dropped into a chair, and lifted a face to her sister, a face so drawn, so worn, so miserable, that all her sins and follies were forgotten. As by the touch of a magic wand, every trace of youth and prettiness departed in a second.

"I am tired to death!" she said. "I am tired to death!" She drew a long, hard breath, and flung up her arms over her head. "I am tired to death—tired—tired—tired!" There was weariness unspeakable in the gesture, heart-sickness so utter, so desperate, that Vera's anger melted, and when Dora had meant to scold Dora for her madness, but all her words of reproach died away in a passion of pity and love.

"My poor little dear!" she said. As a mother might, she gathered the flower-decked, jewel crowned head to her breast. "Oh, my Dot, you have not been yourself to-night! I have been frightened for you. I am so glad it is all over, and that you can rest. No wonder you are tired—you have danced every dance. Let me help you to your room and help you to bed."

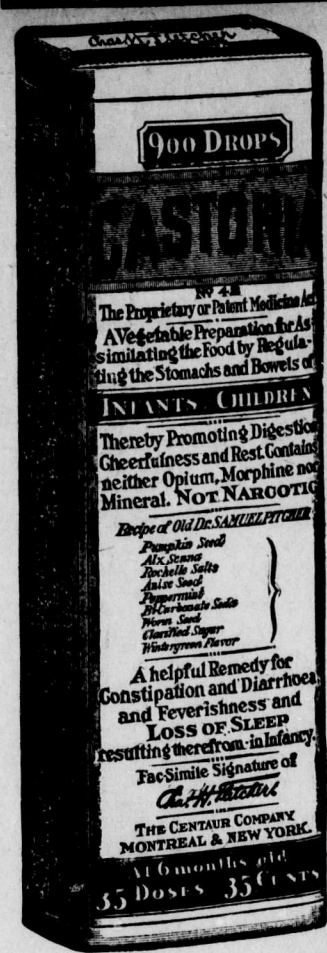
Without a word Dora rose and trailed her rich ball robe slowly and wearily up the stairs to her own room. There she sank in a powerful sort of way into the first chair. "I am dead tired," she repeated mechanically. "If I could only sleep and not wake for the next forty-eight hours, I might be rested by the end of that time. Nothing less will do."

She lifted her heavy and dim eyes, and they fell on the dreary picture of the "Foolish Virgins." There they remained in sombre silence for a long time. Vera sent away Felician and disrobed Dora herself with swift, deft fingers, with soft, soothing touches.

"Do you know," Dora said at length, "that through it all—the crash of the band, and the whirl of the german, and the talk of those men—the face of that woman there has haunted me like a ghost? I can understand now how men take to drink to drown memory or remorse. All these long hours it has been beside me. Sometimes when I looked in Fred Howell's face—faugh! what a fool he is—it was the deadly white face of that crouching woman I saw. And the words went with the vision: 'Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now! they have been ringing in my ears like a death knell!'"

"You are morbid; your nerves are all unstrung," was Vera's answer. "I wish I had not suug it. It is a weird picture—gloomy enough to haunt any one. Do not look at it any more. Shut your poor tired eyes, while I brush out your hair; it will quiet you."

But the sombre eyes never left the picture, and when she spoke again, her question startled her sister, so that she nearly dropped the brush. "Vera," she said "are you afraid to die?"



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"As if?" Vera interrupted almost with a cry. "Oh, Dot, Dot, as if!" "You never carry on with men as the rest of us do. They have to respect you. You would not make a fool of yourself with Fred Howell as I did, come that might. You go to church every Sunday, rain or shine. You have pious little books, and you read them, and believe in God and Heaven, and all good things. Vera," she broke out, and it was a very cry of passionate pain, of a soul in utter darkness, "is there a God, and must I answer to Him for the life I lead; and when I die will He send me forever to—"

But Vera's hand was over her mouth. Dora was certainly mad to-night—her husband's cruelty had turned her brain!

"Hush! hush!" she exclaimed in horror. "Oh, my Dot, My Dot!" "What should she say to this blind, groping soul, lost in the chaos of unbelief? What she did say was in a broken voice, full of pity and pathos; Dora was too much worn out to listen too much. But she spoke of the infinite goodness and love of Him whose tender mercies are over all His works.

"If you would but pray," she said imploringly; "it is all, it is everything, the 'key of the day and the lock of the night.' Only this morning I was reading a book of Eastern travels, and the writer says a beautiful thing. He is speaking of the camels so heavily laden all the weary day, who kneel at close to be unstrapped and unladen. And he says we are like camels, kneel down at night, and our burdens are lifted from us. If you would but kneel, Dot, and believe and pray, our loving Father, who hears the cry of every hopeless heart before it is spoken, would help you to bear it all."

But the sombre eyes never left the picture, and when she spoke again, her question startled her sister, so that she nearly dropped the brush. "Vera," she said "are you afraid to die?"

"Afraid of the awful loneliness, the awful darkness, the awful Unknown. Vera, Vera, I am! I am afraid to grow old; but I hope—I hope—I hope I may be seventy, eighty, ninety, before I die! I am afraid of death—horribly afraid! If one could come back from the dead and tell us what it is like—where all this that aches so in life, heart, soul, conscience, whatever you call it, goes after that ghastly change. But they never do, and we go on blindly, and then all at once the world slips from under us, and we are—where? Or is it the end, and we are blankness and nothingness, as before we were born? That would be best. I do not think I would fear that—much!"

Vera knelt down beside her, and put her arm around her, every trace of color leaving her face, her eyes dark and dilated with sudden terror.

"Dora," she said "what is this? Are you in pain? Does your heart hurt you? Is it the spasms again?" "Oh, no!" Dora answered wearily. "Nothing of that. I feel well enough; I never felt so well or happy in my life as I did to-night. I am dead tired now, that is all. And that picture troubles me like a bad dream. And your song—I cannot get that desponding strain out of my ears. I wish I were a better woman, Vera; I wish I were as good, as wise as you—"

The Best Habit In The World

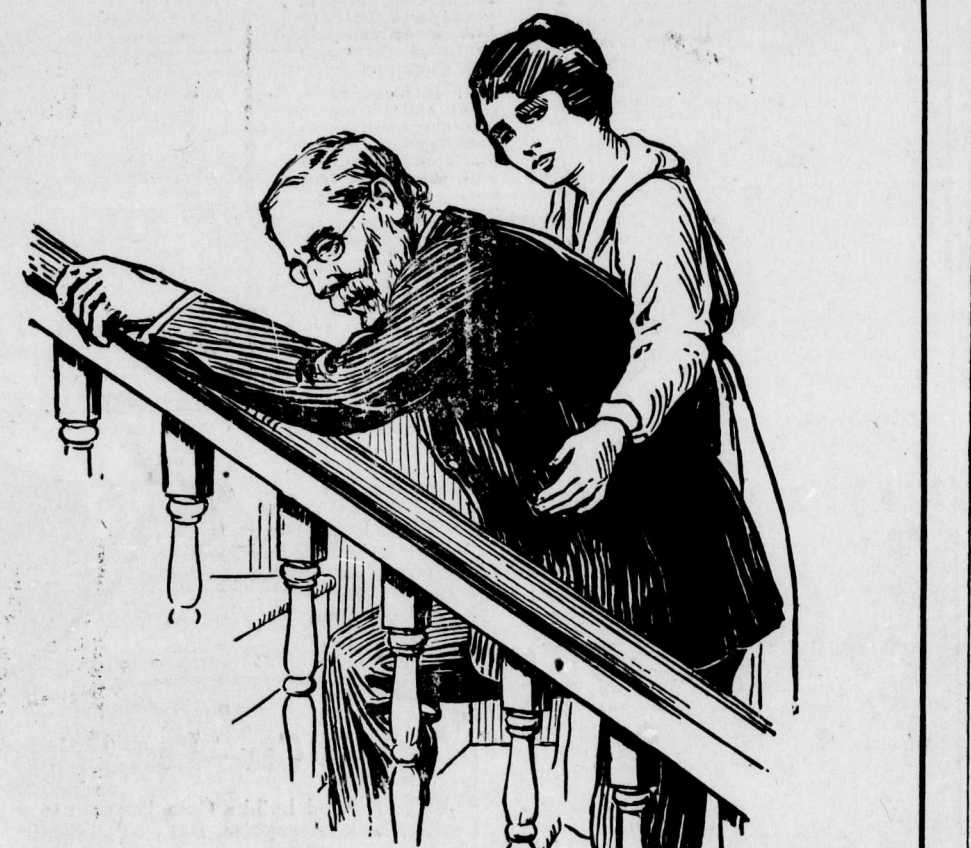
is the habit of health. The way to get it is to train your bowels, through the liver, to act naturally, at a fixed time, every day.

Take one pill regularly (more only if necessary) until you succeed. Then you can stop taking them, without trouble or annoyance.

This has been the good-health-ruler for 50 years. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Genuine bears Signature *W. Carter* Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood. Carter's Iron Pills will help this condition.

(continued on page 8)



"I Am So Short of Breath"

"I MUST be your heart, Grand Dad." "Yes, I suppose it is. I am getting old, you know."

"Oh, you are not so old. You have got run down after the cold you had and will be all right when you get your blood built up again."

"Well, I hope so, dear."

"You remember how weak my heart was, Grand Dad, when I used to be pale and anaemic. It was no joke for me to climb these stairs then."

"You are all right now, aren't you?" "I never felt better in my life, Grand Dad, and if you will use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for a while you will get strong and well, too. That is what cured me."

"But do you think that the Nerve Food is any good for old men like me?"

"I am sure it is. I often read letters in the newspapers from old people telling about what a great benefit it has been to them by enriching the blood and increasing their vitality."

As an example of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does for people of advanced years, here is a letter from Mr. James Richards, 73 Dundas St., Belleville, Ont., who is 89 years of age. He writes:

"I was suffering from a weakness of the heart, shortness of breath and frequent dizzy spells which used to force me to go and lie down for a time. I secured Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and received such splendid results that I continued its use until I am now feeling fine and am not troubled with these symptoms any more."

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