SIR WILLIAM'S -WILL

There was an old pony and an older basket-chaise attached to the establishment, and the two girls often went for a drive. "Though drive' is scarce-ly the word for it," Mollie declared, seeing that this antediluvian animal, misnamed, with gross flattery, pony, declines to be driven, and goes where he likes and how he likes." Withia little more than a mile of the cottage ran the silver Thames, and, when they were tired of the fir-clad hills, the gorse-covered commons, they drove alongside the river, watching the passing boats and stopping to feed the beautiful and impudent swans; and, as Mollie with secret joy observed, Civile gradually recovered her health and strength—the soft air, impregnated with the magic terebene, was doing its work; and but for a certain wist-fulness and vague anxiety, Clytic seemed herself again.

Bulletins arrived daily from the Towers. Percy was progressing favorably; but, Lady Mervyn reported, the patient was extremely irritable and impatient, and daily demanded the most detailed news of the two girls and their doings. Mollie always answered these letters; and they were duly read to the suffering one by his devoted aunt. With the imperiousness of a sick man, he declared his intention of joining them at Rose Cottage at the earliest opportunity.

"So that we shall have him here in the most fretful stage of his convales-cense," remarked Mollie. "Good-pye to all our peace then.'

Clytic looked at her and laughed lovingly. "As if I did not know that you wanted him, fretful or not, dear," she said in a low voice; and Mollie, apparently too indignant for words at this audaclous assertion, flushed hotly, and, softly boxing Clytie's ears, bounc ed out of the room with a contemptuous sniff.

It was after dinner and a lovely evening, and Mollie, singing softly, went down to the little rustic gate and leaned over it. All was still save a thrush which was practising its scales; but presently Mollie heard a soft foot step on the pine-needles, and looking in the direction of the sound, saw a stalwart young man walking between the pines. So few persons trespassed on their solitude that she regarded him for a moment with curious interest; then suddenly she started, held her breath, and, glancing over her shoulder to see that Clytie was not upon the veranda, she opened the gate and walked quickly toward the stranger. He heard her, and turned sharp-ly; and Mollie, with her eyes dancing, said demurely

"Mr. Douglas!" Jack, with a guilt-dyed countenance,

responded with:
"Miss Mollie—don't—call out!"
"Why shouldn't I?" demanded Mol-

"But don't be alarmed; I have not ne. "But don't be alarmed; I have not any intention of doing so. But what are you doing here? And why did you run away from Withycombe? And why are you dressed like—a gentle-For Jack wore a tweed suit which had given his tailor intense satisfaction. "What does it all mean, and what do you mean?"

Jack beckoned her out of ear-shot of the cottage, and, confronting her, gazed at her keenly, yet imploringly.
"Can I trust you, Miss Mollie?" he

"You can," responded Mollie: "as much as any man can trust a woman."
"Tell me," he said, "is she—is she better? I have seen her once or twice, and she seems better, stronger.

"Of course, you mean my sister, Clytie?" said Mollie. "Yes, she is better; quite well, indeed. But hadn't you better answer my questions?"
Jack sighed and hung his head; then he glanced at the sharp eyes and sigh

ed again. "You know my secret, Miss Mollie," he said. "I—I love your sister."

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN?

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio .- "I suffered from fregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders 4 5 W it made it very hard fer me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
was recommended
to me. I took it
and it has restored

medicine for woman's ailments I ever matter. Portsmouth, Chio.

Women who are suffering as she was women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special ndvice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty veget Mass. The result of its forty years perience is at your service.

The color rose an instant to Mollie's face, and she caught her breath.

"I know that," she said. "I've

known it all along from the beginning. Well?" Well!" echoed Jack, feeling mean and deceitful. "You don't seem to remember, to realize. I, Jack Doug-las, To love your eister, a Miss Bram-

Mollie looked at him curiously, with just a touch of indignation and resent-

ment in her face."
"Oh, you mean because of the difrence between you, I suppose."
"Yes," said Jack, feeling still more ashamed of himself. "A common fish-

erman, you know." eyed him up and down. Mollie

"You don't look like a common fisherman in those togs—I mean clothes. But if you are, love levels all distinctions, you know; and Clytic—What am I talking about? Mr. Donglas, if you really love my sister, you will behave like a man. A man—you un-derstand? And tell her co."
"Tell her so!" ecnoed Jack, in dis-

may. "Yes," said Mollie, "or what's the use of being a man?"

Jack paced up and down and drew long breaths. 'Perhaps you are right," he said;

but-There's no buts," said Mollie, de cisively. "I don't ask why you left Withycombe all of a hurry, or what you've been doing since. If you are in love with my sister, that explains everything. But—you want my aderything.

"Oh. I do, Miss Mollie," said Jack.

fervently.
"Then take the first opportunity to tell her," said Mollie. "It's a beautiful night; it will be a fine day to-morrow. We shall be down at Shepper ton Lock to-morrow, in a thing they call a basket-chaise, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Good evening, Mr.

She turned and went back to the cottage before Jack could say a word. At three o'clock the next day he was seated on the edge of Shepperton Lock; and Mollie, as she persuaded by whip and voice, the pony to approach

the spot, exclaimed:
"Why, there's somebody I know! Evings! It's Douglas, Jack Doug-

Clytie, who had been lying back, with her eyes half-closed and drinking in the soft, perfumed air of the early spring, sat bolt upright and, with a blush, exclaimed:
"Jack Douglas! Impossible! Mol-

lie!' "It is always the impossible that happens, my dear," said Mollie, calmly. "How do you do, Mr. Dougles?" she screamed.

Jack came forward. His face was pale, for his heart was beating furiously.

"It's a—a strange meeting," he said, as he shook hands. He was too agitated to notice the tremor that shook Clytie's little paw as his big fist en-closed it. "I—I came down here—" "Oh, don't explain!" exclaimed Mol-

Ton, don't explain: exteained which is "You are here, and that's enough We are staying at a place called Rose Cottage. Come up and have some tea with us. You have given us tea often enough, and we are glad to return the enough, and we are glad to return the compliment. You shall drive, for my arms are tired. This is a pony. I mention the fact because you might take it for a piece of wood. Sit where you are, Clytie. And what brings you down to this part of the world, Mr. Douglas?" She did not wait for Mr. Douglas?" She did not wait for an answer, but rattled on as if it were quite the most natural thing that he should be sitting on Shepperton Lock; and Jack offered no explanation.

He persuaded the pony to ascend to Rose Cottage; and he said but little Rose during the journey, addressing even that little to Mollie, rather than to The color came and went in Clytie's face; but Mollie seemed to be so absorbed in Mr. Jack Douglas as not

notice her sister's embarrassment. During their slow progress to the cottage, if he looked at Clytie it was only with a sideways glance. When only with a sideways glance. When they came to a hill, he and Mollie got out and walked; and Mollie talked as out and walked; and Mollie talked as freely and as unrestrainedly as if she and Jack Douglas had only been apart for a few hours. Insensibly he and Clytie — fell into her manner; and then they were all laughing and talking, as if they had been meeting like this for many days, long before they reached the cottage. Mollie commanded tea to be brought out under the verands; and, afterout under the veranda; and, afterward, Jack lit his pipe and lay full length at the feet of Clytie as she reposed in the huge wicker chair. Once or twice he tried to rouse himself from the delicious dream, to explain his presence and his sudden departure from Withycombe; but Mollie always managed to stop him, without seeming to do so. She called their attention to a blackbird, or the red glow of the sunlight on the furze, or dilated on the beauty of the neighborhood; and at last Jack acquiesced in their evident my health. It is desire to bury the past and accept his certainly the best presence there as quite an ordinary

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

He talked of London, of anything that came into his mind; and Clytic lay back in her chair and listened with half-closed eyes and lips slightly parted, with a smile of the control of the con half-closed eyes and lips slightly parted, with a smile, a smile of con-tentment and happiness. And Moille watched her covertly. They asked Jack to remain to dinner, and waived aside the obstacle of his morning suit. It was a delicious, a delightful meal; and afterward they went outside—that is, Mollie and Jack did. Clytie re-

mained indoors, and, going to the piano, played the Braga serenata; and the exquisite music, to which she sang

1:



sweetly and softly, stole over him like

Soap 25c, Olekson 25 and 50c. Sold throughouthe Dominics. Canadian Depots Lymans, Limited, St. PashSt., Montreal.

an intoxication. He could not trust himself to speak to her.
"Say—say good-night to her," he said, hoarsely. "I will come to-morrow evening."

Molite nedded, as if no further words no eveloaction were needed.

words, no explanation, were needed; and he strode off.

The music ceased presently, and

Clytie came out.
"Has he—has Mr. Douglas gone?"
she asked, looking round.

she asked, looking round.

"Yes," replied Mollie. "How strange our coming acroes him! I wonder why he left Wytheeombe so suddenly? But I shouldn't ask him, if I were you, Clytie. Yeu saw how I dodged the subject? How well you are looking to-night. As well as I ever saw you in my life. Wonderful air this! What a geod-leoking man Mr. Douglas is; have you noticed it? I suppose not. Now, he's what I call a man."

Jack made his way back to London in a kind of dream; indeed, he felt as if he were actually being moved, impelled, by some mysterious force outside himself. He was too much intoxicated, too much enthralled, to remember his old resolution, to make

The next morning Clytic went about the cottage singing; and went about the garden also singing; but suddenly her song ceased, for Mr. Hesketh Car-ton appeared at the gate. He greeted her song ceased, for Mr. Hesketh Carton appeared at the gate. He greeted her pleasantly, and, in his best manner, apologized for his presence. It seemed that he had received a letter from Bramley, respecting a piece of land, which demanded her attention. He explained that he had got her address from the butler in Grafton street. Clytic welcomed him pleasantly, and asked him to stay to lunch. ly, and asked him to stay to lunch nd Mollie, who had been down to the river, and who had asked Clytie not to wait, found them at that meal Hesketh Carton was as agreeable and as entertaining as usual; and he re mained to tea, chatting with the girls and amusing them with the latest and amusing them London gossio.

Clytie, after he had gone, went up to dress. She was in the best of spirits, and Mollie, with a smile, heard her singing. As a rule, Clytie was rather careless about her attire; that is to say, she was not devoted to dress, as some women are; but this evening she took an unusual interest in her maid's choice of a frock: and she came down looking, as Mollie in-formed her, looking wickedly lovely, in a light "confection" almost suited to midsummer; but the weather was

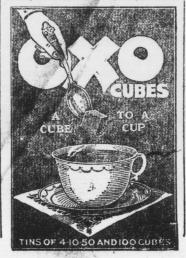
They dined happily, almost merrily; and after dinner they went out under the verandah, as usual, with their tea. They heard the gate swing, and tea. They heard the gate swing, and presently Jack came across the lawn. Mollie put him in a chair between them, and, after a few words, went in to get him a cup of tea. Jack turned to Clytle to speak to her; but the words died on his lips and he sprang to his feet; for afte had gone sprang to his feet; for sife had gone as white as death, her teacup had slipped from her hand, and she lay back with half-closed eyes.

"Miss Bramley-Clytie! You are fll!"

"No, no!" she breathed, and she "No, no!" she breathed, and she strove to sit upright. "Please say nothing. I—I want to speak to you." Mollie came out with Jack's tea. "Go and play us something, Mollie

dear," said Clytie, in a low voice. Mollie went, and Jack stood regarding Clytie earnestly and anxiously. She looked as if she were in a dream, a trance. She gazed straight before her, as if she were looking at vacancy communing with herself, as one might commune with the spirit leaving the body. Suddenly she turned her eyes—they were like the eyes of a clairvoyant, scarcely human, almost spiritual.

She seemed as if she were desirous of speaking, as if she were painfully eager to do so, but as if she found some almost insuperable difficulty in giving voice to the emotion which set



her lips quivering and made her eye dark with pain and trouble. Jack looked toward the window anx lously, as if he would call Mollie; bu Clytic raised her hand slightly to

"I must speak!" she said in a lo "I must speak!" she said in a low voice. "But ah! it is so difficult! And yet I cannot wait. There is no time. I dare not stop to ask what you—you will think of me. I want to ask you a question which will surprise, shock you. I mast—I must ask you. It is ——" Her brows were drawn together, her hands writhed in her lap; but her eyes met his steadily. "Will you marry me?" you marry me?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Will you marry me?"

Jack did not start, his heart did not even leap. He felt like a man in a dream. The glamour of her presence, her voice, the subtle influence of his love, deprived him of the capacity of surprise. He was like one held in thrall. He had been living in a dream during the last two days; and this was a part of the phantasmagoria. It actually did not seem strange to him that a woman should address such a ques-tion to a man; for was it not Clytic tion to a man; for was it not clytte who had spoken? Clytie, the purest, the mest modest of her sex? It was she who had put the question, and, because it was she, it was bereft of all immedesty, impropriety. A sense of sudden joy, of unspeakable happiness thrilled through him; but vaguely, not actuately—for was he not in a dream? actutely—for was he not in a dream?

She waited for his answer, her eyes

She waited for his answer, her eyes on his.
"Yes," he said in a law voice, a little thickly. "Yeu know I will."
She gave a sigh of relief. "You do not sak me why I ask you," she said, her lips quivering, but with no blush on her face, which was still white, her become drawn straight. "You will." her brows drawn straight. "You will

"I do not ask, and I will not," he He longed with a terrible eagern to tell her that he loved her, that her question had opened the gates of para-dise to him, the lover's perfect earthly paradise; but he was aware, in some subtle way, that to speak of love, of passion, would break the spell under

which this happiness of his was woven, as if by supernatural hands "You are good," she said, "very good to me. I know what must be passing in your mind—what you must be thinking of me——" Her voice broke,

her face. "I think nothing but good of you," te said, almost humbly. "It would be impossible for me to think anything

and now there came a faint color to

"And you do not ask the reason, he said. "I am surprised startled. You would not believe me if I were to tell you that I was not. You must have some good, serious, powerful reason for—for saying what you have said to me. We will let it rest until must be a surprise to tell me I went —until you choose to tell me. I want to say only this, Clytie, that, is saying yes, I have accepted at your hands a gift more precious—Oh, what can I say? But you know, you must know that I love you—that I have loved

you since the first time we met."

He paused a mement; should he tell her that he was Sir Wilfred Carton? He felt the impulse to do so; but he resisted. He was completely in the dark as to her reason for asking



him to marry her; it was impossible for him to even form a conjecture, and he was terribly afraid lest, if she should know who he was, she should draw back.

"Yes, I love you," he went on; "therefore, you must know how—how I am feeling; must know better than I can tell you. I can't tell you!" He drew his hand over his brow and know now is just what you want me to do. Whatever it may be, I will do it."

"You will do it,' she said in a low bice, "without' asking questions?" "Without asking any questions," he

roke in. "It is a promise."
"It is a promise," she breathed. "If I ask you to keep our—our engage-ment secret, to tell no one, note even my sister—I may have to tell her; but if I have to, I myself will tell her."
He nodded. "It shall be so," he

said. "I will tell no one. But this is not a nard thing to lay upon me. Is there nothing else. Clytie?"

"Yes," she said painfully. "But I-Ican scarcely speak the words. I—I am ashamed." She moved restlessly. and, almost for the first time, turned her eyes away from him.

His hand gripped the back of her chair, and he bent over her.

"You are incapable of doing anything shameful. There is, you say, there must be, a good reason for what you are going to do. I love you, I trust you, with all my heart and soul. Tryyou, with all my heart and soul. Tryto think that I am just your slave,
and simply eager and overjoyed to
do anything you require of me. I
can't put it better than that; I wish
I could. But you will understand. Tell
me what it is?"

His voice was low and infinitely tender; and it spoke even more plain-ly than his words of his full, unques-tioning trust in her, of his desire to thoning trust in her wishes, however meet and obey her wishes, however strange they might appear to any other person, even to himself. Her eyes met his again, and grat-itude was mixed with the trouble and

pain in hers.
"It is —our marriage——" she falt-

"It is —our harries are table ered, and in so low a voice that he had to bend still lower to catch the broken words. "I want—it is necessary—that it should be soon."

(To be continued.)

GARDEN STUFF.

(Blighty, London.)
"Did your garden win any prizes last "Indirectly, yes. My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM. **Canadian Order** Chosen Friends

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AMBASSADORS

And the Curious Privileges They Can Claim.

Ambassadors nave curious privileges. Most people know that they and their households are immune from arrest, an embassy being considered a geographical part of the ambassador's own country. But there are many privileges less well known. The ambassador is 'he only person about a court who has the right to turn his back on the sovereign or ruler at the conclusion of an audience. And, curi-ously enough, he always exercises this right, turning to bow after walking three paces. This of course refers only to state occasions. This worked rather oddly in Queen Victoria's time. To turn one's back on a lady would be rude, to refire backward would be to resign a privilege, so the ambassadors always compromised by edging side-ways towerd the door like a crab.

Another privilege of ambassadors is the right of having both leaves of the folding doors thrown open when being ushered into the ruler's presence. No one eise claims this privilege.

Another highly prized privilege of the ambassador—one that sovereigns must often regret—is that of being able to demand an interview when-ever he chooses, at any hour of the day or night.

The sword is the ambassador's em blem of honor. It is a long rapier with a blunted point. One great diplomatist, the late Lord Dufferin, used to say that the only practical use he ever found for it was to poke fires with and file bills on.

American ambassadors, however, wear neither swords nor costumes. They stick to plain black.

A Friend of the Policeman.

Continually on their feet, the "Peelers" are invariably troubled with corns and bunions—but not for long because they know of a quick cure, Putnam's Corn Extractor. It cures painlessly in 24 hours; try "Putnam's," 25 cents at all dealers

SYRIA AND HER NATIONAL ASPIRATIONS.

ment of the Syrian question indicates that Great Britain and the Arabs on one side and France on the other have at last come to an agreement. The British agreed to withdraw their troops from the region north of Palestine and the citles of Damasous, Homs, Hama and Aleppo, the French to eccupy the two Lebanons and Beirut, but not immediately the evacuated citles.

This seems to mean that Carterian indicates the company that Carterian in the carterian in the

revacuated cities.

This seems mean that Great Britain will remain Falestine, France the two Lebanons, Eelrut and if possible the territory north of the Western Lebanon. The Arabs will occupy the East Jordan land with Damascus. THE CONFLICTING TREATIES.

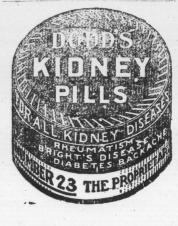
THE CONFLICTING TREATIES.
Since the beginning of the negotiations concerning Syrla, friction existed between Great Britain and France, the Arabs siding with Great Britain. The treaty of 1916 between England, France and-Russia gave France a free hand in Syria. But in 1917 the British agreed in their treaty with the sheriff of Mecca to give the Arabs Dast Jordan land, Damascus, Aleppo, Homs and Hama. The two treaties were conflicting and the settlement of the Syrian question proved to be one of the most difficult to solve. settlement of the Syrian question proved to be one of the most difficult to solve Great Britain took a firm stand and encouraged the Arabs 40 -0 he same, As a matter of fact, the Arabs were, and still are, hostile to the French ideas of occupying Syrian territory. Great Britain is not over-anxious to see France well established in the east of the Mediterranean. The new awakening spirit of the Syrian National unity promised to be a good support of the Arabs, as well as the British intentions. Great Britain not only encouraged the Syrians to ask for their independence, but actually supported the movement. Emir Feisal, the Arabic Prince, expressed his approval of a united Syria.

THE WISH OF THE SYRIAN PEOPLE.

The Paris conference agreed upon send-

THE WISH OF THE SYRIAN PEOPLE.

The Paris conference agreed upon sending a mixed committee to Syria to find out what the Syrians wished. But France was the stumoning block and obstinately refused to send any delegates: At last two Americans were sent to investigate the Syrian situation. Their investigate the syrian send the mejority of the Syrian people desire a united Syria with United States as their mandatory power. In the district occupied by the Prench a pressure was exerted upon the people, certain leaders were won to vote for the independence of the Great Lebanon with its natural boundaries with France and France only as a mand tory. Yet there were people of conviction who voted for united Syria under U. S. A's supervision.



dence, the Syrians show favorably. They are advanced far enough to take care of their own affairs if backed up by a democratic government to assist them for a shorter number of years. But the desire for expansion on part of certain powers that have more than they can manage, conflicts with and is stronger than the sentiment of giving smaller nations a chance to live their own life.

is stronger than the sentiment of giving smaller nations a chance to live their own life.

Up to the last war Syria was part of the Turkish Empire and its inhabitants have suffered under the Turkish yoke and especially in the four years of war. Any rule can be called good compared the overthrown Turkish rule.

"We require a soldier as governor at the beginning," says one of the French papers, "on account of the hostile attitude in the to-be-occupied territory." They apparently know that the settlement is not a sound one and naturally would lead to disturbances.

UNNECESSARY WARNING.

UNNECESSARY WARNING.
"This seems to be a very dangerous precipiee," remarked the tourist, "I wonder that they have not put up a warning board."
"Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning board up for two years, but no one fell over, so it was taken down."

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the car. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any

case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALE'S CATARRH MED-IGNE.
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A Dental Invention.

Because of the difficulty formerly experienced in the manufacture of false teeth plates in obtaining a natural-looking pink rubber that was sufficiently resilient and strong enough to hold the pins of artificial teeth, it was usual to employ a base-plate rubber of red, marcon, brown or some other color, and veneer it with another rubber nearer the color of the gum tissue but not having the qualities required in the base plate. The new "pink denture rubber" possesses tensile strength, density and resilience, as well as the natural pink color of the gums throughout. It is easily packed by hand in the unvulcanized state, and vulcanizes and polishes by the ordinary methods. Varyural-looking pink rubber that was ishes by the ordinary methods. ing tones of pink can be obtained by exposing the finished plate to sunlight, the process being called splarization. Of this rubber the entire plate can be made in one piece.

Political Secrets.

Lord Morl y tells a story of how a great political secret was kept by three poor Irish journalists. During the preparation of the Home Rule bill of 1886 Parnell asked Lord Morley for a draft of its main provisions for submission to half a dozen of his confi-dential colleagues. The draft was given, duly returned, and not a word leaked out. "Three of the men to whom I showed the draft were newspaper men," said Parnell, "and they were poor men, and any newspaper would have given them £1,000 for it. No wonderful virtue, you may say. But how many of your House of Commons would believe it?"—London Answers.

What Prominent Ontario Women Say



extremely nervous and weak. I took 'Favorite Prescrip-tion' and it soon stopped the nausea, my appetite return-ed, also my

strength and I was soon feeling fine and strong. My baby was strong and healthy and has always been so. I consider 'Favorite Prescription' a great help to the expectant mother and am glad to recommend it."—MRS. AMOS MILLS, Box 238.

A HAMILTON WITNESS

Hamilton, Ont .:- "A few months ago I was stricken down and was confined to bed about ten days. My strength all left me. It was my first illness since a child. I lost five pounds and felt awfully weak afterward. I could hardly do my work. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in tablet form. I tried a couple of bottles and before I knew it, I was well and strong and had gained 91/2 pounds. I can recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to build one up."-MRS. E. MARTIN, 397

After suffering pain, feeling nervous, dizzy, weak and dragged down by weakpesses of her sex-with eyes sunken, black circles and pale cheeks—such a woman is quickly restored to health by the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce. Changed, too, in looks, for after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the skin becomes clear, the eyes brighter, the cheeks plump. It is purely vegetable, contains no alcohol.

Traditions of Islam.

The Bedouin tribes of North Africa are perhaps as impervious to the influence of modern civilization as any people in the world. Since the French took control of North Africa these wild tribes have been supposedly, under military discipline and guardianship, but they have maintained their own tribal organizations and almost complete independence, so far almost complete independence, so far their actual lives are concerned. as their actual lives are concerned.

They follow the traditions of Islam and their dwellings, their furnishings (which are few and far between) and their clothing date back to the days of the Bible.

A meeting of the Westinghouse Baseball team and also hockey section has been called for Thursday night at the Y.M.C.A., at 8 o'clock sharp.