A MARCH MISTAKE

BY JEANNE O. LOIZDAUX.

"Elsie, John Fielding is waiting for you downstairs."

Elsie looked up to see her mother in the door, and dropped the warm cloak she was about to put on. She was a quiet, gentle girl, so unassuming that her dark prettiness was more unnoticed than it deserved to be. It had been long since John had come to see her in the old friendly fashion of the time before Ross Lisle moved to their town. The girl gave another touch to her smooth hair. Her mother stood watching her and then remarked:

"Mrs. Dent told me today that John and Rose have been out for over a month. He has just come home. If a quarrel with Rose is all that sends him to you I should think that—" Elsie wheeled impatiently.

"Mother, John and I have always been good friends and I shall not question any motive that brings him to see me. I shall always be the same to him. You can't expect a man so deeply in love as he is with Rose to be regular in his attention to his girl friends. And no one could help loving a beauty like Rose. She's good, too."

Elsie greeted John as if she had seen him yesterday, and soothed his evidently overwrought mood with a gentle, half-laughing tact. He was tall and blonde with fine blue eyes which tonight were clouded, and his face was a little care-worn. Sometimes he gave random answers as if he had not heard what she said. After a half uneasy hour of the March twilight he turned to her in awkward masculine grattitude for her patience with him.

"Elsie, am I keeping you in? I have not thought to ask if you were going anywhere." She smiled and bethought herself that inaction was not good in his present mood.

"I was going for a walk and can go as well another time. I was going quite by myself. You know I am never afraid."

"No. I never knew you to be afraid from the time we were children at school until now. I have always liked you for that. But would you mind letting me go with you for the walk? We used to like 'pushing the wind' together. Shall we go?"

Elsie put on her cloak and little red cap and the two young people started away.

Rose lived not far from them, and as they passed the house, both could not avoid what they saw. From the broad front window the light streamed brightly; the shades were not drawn. Rose sat at the piano, and over her in rapt attention stood Norman Cady. John almost dragged Elsie past, though he said nothing. He did not know that he gripped her arm till it hurt, and that he was walking at a pace that would have put a less healthy girl than Elsie utterly out of breath.

It was a raw night with a sharp wind; the moon was high and cold, and the sky was streaked with flying clouds. The road was good and they walked on and on, out of the town and along the river road. The girl was unwilling to disturb her companion's silent mood, and swung gladly beside him. At length they reached the boathouse and a great pile of rough logs in a sheltered corner. John stopped here and proposed resting.

"Elsie," he said, "I must have tired you all out. I am a selfish brute to drag you about like this! I was trying to get away from myself by reminding myself what a stanch friend you have always been. I had not intended to tell you my troubles, but I think I must if you will let me."

"Tell me about it," she replied in the matter-of-fact comrade's way that made confidences easy.

"All right, but you must not try to help me. No one can do that. I simply need the relief of words before I settle down to forgetting as fast as I can."

He hesitated. A man finds it hard to confide.

"Is it about—Rose?" She tried to make it easier for him.

"Elsie—I loved her almost from the minute I saw her. Everybody must know it, for I didn't hide my preference, and when I want anything under the sun it is my way to do my best to get it. I wanted her. Soon I made her my friend, and then—well, I thought she loved me, although we had not spoken of it in words. About a month ago I wrote and asked her to marry me. I told her—everything a man tells the girl he loves. I asked her to send me a note in answer, and added that I should interpret her failure to do so as a refusal, though I was over-confident enough not to dream of such a thing."

He looked off across the river and drummed his heel against the logs.

"Elsie," he went on, "she did not send me a word! Not one word! And that very night she was heartless enough to smile and nod and blush at me at a concert where we were, and seemed to think I would see her home the same as ever! Then the next time we met she did not even speak."

"Are you sure she received it?"

"Yes; I sent it by my brother, and he put it into her own hand. He did not wait for an answer — she could have sent that any way. Well, then I went away a few weeks—I could not stand it here, and now that I am back it is worse than ever. I despise myself for caring, but I hate Norman Cady for being near her. I thought if I told you perhaps just putting it into words would wear off some of my anger and help me forget her. Elsie, be good to me, and help me forget her. Will you?"

The girl touched his arm with her hand.

"You should go to her and have it out in words. There may be some mistake."

"There is no mistake. She was simply playing with me, Elsie, you were always my comrade — be so now in time of need." Elsie laughed, but it hurt her a little."

"Very well, John; come to me whenever you want to; we will talk and walk and you shall try to forget. I will not fail you."

March was gone, and April had had her last day of grace. It was the evening before May Day. Elsie, happy-hearted, was waiting on the porch in the twilight. John was to come. Now he nearly always came. They were going for another walk in the spring twilight to wander across the green hills and back along the roadways in the white moonlight. Elsie thought only of the moment, but she could not help a little throb of gladness that he so seldom spoke of Rose. She did not, as at first, regret the coolness that had sprung up between her and Rose. Nothing seemed to matter but being happy without thinking why, John called her "sister" half-jokingly, but with entire affection, and while he sometimes wandered off inconsolately by himself, he seemed to be content to be with her. And so she waited. As she waited her 15-year-old brother called distressedly from his room.

"Sis! For goodness' sake get my good coat from the closet in the hall! I'm goin' to be late to that party." Elsie went to the dark closet and emerged with a coat. She knocked at his door.

"Oh, come on in and help me with this fool tie! Great snakes! If you haven't got the wrong coat! Just like a girl! Haven't worn that old thing since winter!" He snatched it from her impatiently upside down. A letter fell from the pocket.

Elsie picked it up, and as she glanced at the address her face went white.

"Terry! what is this?"

At the sound of her voice he turned to look, and then stood stricken with tardy penitence. It was addressed to John Copeland, and in the lower left corner was inscribed in Rose's hand, "Kindness of Terry." Terry stared and struggled with the refractory tie.

"A pretty mess! Rose gave me that months ago, and I promised to take it straight to John. And like a fool I forgot!" Then he cheered up. "Well, they're off anyway now. Probably she'll be glad he never got it. I will take it back to her tomorrow." He wondered at the strange brightness of his sister's eyes, at the extreme whiteness of her face.

"Gee! Not even Rose can touch you for looks, Sis! I don't wonder that John—" She turned from him as John's whistle sounded below. She still held the letter.

"I shall give it to John. It is his. I shall tell him you forgot. I—"

Then she went down to John.

He sat contentedly on the porch with his hat pushed back on his fair head. He looked careless and happy enough. At her approach he rose.

"Ready, sister?" Her smile was odd and she held the letter out to him. She spoke as if she had been running:

"John, take this into the parlor and read it. No one is there. I told you there was a mistake. It is to you from Rose. She gave it to Terry and he forgot it. I just found it in the pocket of his winter coat." John did not know he almost snatched it from her hand. When he came back from the parlor his face was shining.

"Elsie—you are an angel! You have the heart of a sister! You have given her back to me! She did—love me—she does! I—"

Elsie smiled and gave him a brave little push.

"Well, you silly boy, go to her this minute!"

He snatched her hand and pressed it hard. Then he went from her with an eager swiftness that he had never shown in coming to her. She knew it—she had always known it, but nevertheless it was not easy to see. And under her breath she whispered bravely:

"The heart of a sister!"

Love and Happiness.

(Lecture of Dr. Emil Reich in London)

What is happiness? It all depends upon what you consider happiness. The peasantry of the continent place money-possession far above all other sources of happiness. Woman, art, music, power, ambition are absolutely nothing to the peasant of France or Hungary compared with possession of money. Balsac, in "Eugenie Grandet," has drawn this terrible passion in the character of old Grandet, who lived and died for one thing—money.

The Greeks despised people who liked to live alone, the Cyclops, arguing that they could not be happy; yet Diogenes, of Corinth, according to Dionysius, was perfectly happy, for he had learned a recipe for happiness—"Despise the world, despise self, despise being despised." Why the Greeks were the happiest people the world saw was because they lived a life of only one dimension, while people today live in three or more—the State, Society and the Church.

To use a musical simile, the ancient Greek life was a legato; ours is a staccato. The Greek life was like an andante to Mozart; ours is like a furious, agitating scherzo. In some countries life is not only staccato, but ten times worse.

The Middle Ages invented women. In ancient Greece women had no standing at all. Plato knew nothing of the notion that women might make man happy.

Love is full of the most amazing contrasts and contradictions—the dark man passionately admires the blonde woman; the short man the amazon; the man of the north the beauty of the south. The young man whose youth has been solitary is shocked when he meets a young girl full of life and briskness. He should have danced and amused himself with the society of women. Men always love the same type; no matter how many different women they love, the type never varies.

The opposite of love is ambition. Men after forty or forty-five and women after twenty-five or thirty lose love and acquire ambition.

WHY I ELOPED

(Continued from Previous Page.)

indicated Johannes and he studied him some time with the air of a connoisseur. Then he remarked:

"'He's not very good looking.'

"This was rather coarse, but then, after all, beauty is merely a matter of taste.

"The Shah asked me if I would be at the theater, and on my saying I would, he told me he was going to send me a gift before I started. His desire was that I would wear it at the performances as an earnest of the hopes permitted him.

"Mute with astonishment, I looked at him from head to foot in such a manner that the good Quast got wind of something and cast his eyes several times anxiously in our direction. But the Persian monarch was past all understanding and God only knows what might have happened if the King at that moment had not given the sign to rise from table.

"While I was dressing for the theater I was brought a bracelet from the Shah. It had a hideous setting, but the stones were of fabulous value."

After that criticism of the Crown Princess became more open and energetic. "My concessions of late," she wrote, "have had no other result than to make the people of the court think that I am ripe for ordinary slavery.

"According to my critics, I am not only a flippant and coquettish woman, but I am also crazy for social follies. Still, that will not present my doing as I please.

"Things are going worse and worse with Johannes. He has fallen into one of his old habits that always inspired me with most horror. He is drinking, and drinking makes him so hard to manage that I am afraid of him. Decidedly, I am in a pretty mess."

Apparently the troubled woman became desperate about this time, and, according to her own confession, her conduct was such as to merit much of the harsh criticism of the court. Among those with whom her name was associated in an unenviable way were her physician and a foreign diplomat.

From this point the story passes on to the tutor Giron, with whom she later eloped. In her "Confessions" she makes Giron a young painter named Richard.

"I went to the theater, concerts and art exhibitions for the purpose of filling my memory with pleasant associations before returning to isolation," she states.

"Meanwhile, my destiny was shaping itself. A picture at the Salon brought about its development. It was a landscape that strangely recalled Kressnitz. I asked who was the artist.

"At that moment the painter came up and he was introduced. A pale young man, thin, with a small black moustache, eyes black and piercing and long black hair, he looked altogether like an Italian bandit, with his soft hat and blue cape.

"I liked him at once. We exchanged the common civilities and his pleasant voice confirmed the impression his eyes had begun. Finally I asked him to call and see me at the castle and look over my sketches.

"He came. I asked him if he painted portraits. He did, and made a sketch in my room. I arranged afterward that he should make the subsequent studies in his studio on account of the light.

"In this studio I lived a few happy hours. I do not know how long it may last; I do not care.

"Two years ago I could not have listened without anger to Richard. He says the most horrible things about my rank. He says the work woman who supports herself and child, the meanest workman, is morally superior to us all, and that the time will come when another French revolution will drive us all out of existence.

"My own experience confirms his views about domestic misery in high life. I feel myself meaner and more depressed. I did not think we occupied so low a place in the scale of humanity till he told me."

In a short time the misguided woman fled with the man who had infatuated her. This step not only cost her husband, children and home, but, in time, a throne. In the coming years, from her lonely exile, she will probably ever think of another wearing the crown that she so lightly flung aside.

A London cabman has provided against possible accidents by inventing an automobile that can be used as such or drawn by a horse.

MARK TWAIN ON OCEAN SCENERY

CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.

Mark Twain had one of the surprises of his life the other day. The word "had" is used advisedly. Some surprises are enjoyed; most of them are suffered. The expectation of the person who imposed this one upon the humorist was that it would go into the latter category, but the unexpected happened and it did not. It is a truism that humorists always take seriously those things that affect themselves, but Mark Twain showed that he really could appreciate a joke.

One morning recently a reporter called at Mr. Twain's — or Mr. Clemens'—residence, 21 Fifth avenue, New York, and solicited an interview. It was not early morning; in fact, it was rather close to noon—but the reply at the door was that Mr. Twain was still abed. The caller happened to remember, however, that it is one of the eccentricities of the author to spend a good part of his day among the pillows, not in slumber, but in reading and writing, and he pressed his request.

Being one of the most amiable of men, Mr. Clemens presently sent down word that he would see the reporter, and in a few minutes there came down the stairs a vision, the general effect of which was an elaborate dressing gown surmounted by the shaggy white mustache and mass of silver hair, through which peered a pair of laughing and ever-young eyes, which the American public has come to know as a cherished possession. With a word of apology for the intrusion the caller said:

"Mr. Clemens, I should like to submit to you a speech which you never delivered."

"There are many," responded the humorist, obviously puzzled. "I believe that William Pitt and Edmund Burke and a few others——"

"No," interrupted the visitor, "this is one of your own speeches," and the manuscript was submitted as an evidence of good faith.

His wonderful eyes blazed on it for a moment. Then he smiled, and it all came back to him like Mississippi River sunshine, with flags flying and the band playing.

"How in the name of all that is holy—pardon me, I have been reading my daily chapter in the Book of Job—but how, I say, did you happen to get hold of that?"

He was told, as the facts are recounted below. "The speech is genuine, and it is quite true that I did not deliver it," he said at the end. "You have my permission to print it."

The circumstances of that never-delivered speech are these: The steamship St. Paul of the American Line was to have been launched from Cramp's shipyard in Philadelphia on March 25, 1895, and, according to custom, a company of prominent persons was present to witness the ceremonies. Ordinarily at the functions the launching is followed by a luncheon in the great sail loft of the shipbuilding works, where addresses appropriate to the occasion are made.

While the crowd was assembled on the stand awaiting the final word that should send the ship shooting into the stream, a reporter observed Mark Twain a little apart from the others and asked him if he had prepared anything in the way of a speech for the luncheon. The humorist replied that he had, and, to facilitate the work of the reporter, consented that he should make a copy of it in advance, which he did from typewritten sheets handed to him by Mr. Clemens.

It happened, however, that when the blocks were knocked away from the great hull and the sponsor raised aloft the conventional bottle of champagne to break on the bow, the big ship refused to budge, and no amount of labor could move her an inch. She had stuck fast upon the ways. As a result the launching was postponed for a week or two, when it was successful, but in the meantime Mr. Clemens had started on a tour of the world, and his speech was never heard. This is it:

"Day after tomorrow I sail for England in a ship of this line, the Paris. It will be my fourteenth crossing in three years and a half. Therefore, my presence here, as you see, it quite natural, quite commercial. I am interested in ships. They interest me more now than hotels do. When a new ship is launched I feel a desire to go and see if she will be good quarters for me to live in, particularly if she belongs to this line, for it is by this line that I have done most of my ferrying.

"People wonder why I go so much. Well, I go partly for my health, partly to familiarize myself with the road. I have gone over the same road so many times now that I know all the whales that belong along the route, and latterly it is an embarrassment to me to meet them, for they do not look glad to see me, but annoyed, and they seem to say: Here is this old derelict again.'

"Earlier in life this would have pained me and made me ashamed, but I am older now, and when I am behaving myself and doing right I do not care for a whale's opinion about me. When we are young we generally estimate an opinion by the size of the person that holds it, but later we find that that is an uncertain rule, for we realize that there are times when a hornet's opinion disturbs us more than an emperor's.

"I do not mean that I care nothing at all for a whale's opinion, for that would be going to too great a length. Of course, it is better to have the good opinion of a whale than his disapproval, but my position is that if you cannot have a whale's good opinion except at some sacrifice of principle or personal dignity it is better to try to live without it. That is my idea about whales.

"Yes, I have gone over that same route so often that I know my way now without a compass, just by the waves. I know all the large waves and a good many of the small ones. Also the sunsets. I know every sunset and where it belongs just by its color. Necessarily, then, I do not make the passage now for scenery. That is all gone by.

THE EASTERN INDIANS DREAD THE CAMERA

SUPERSTITION AS TO DANER OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

Dana Nicolar, a quarter-blooded Indian, has just violated the traditions of his tribe by consenting to have his photograph taken to please a Canadian girl from Montreal, who says she is in love with him. Students of ethnology assert that no Indian who speaks the Natick or Eastern language of the tribes will consent to stand before a camera, unless he is far gone in intoxication.

Among the beliefs held by the Abenaki tribe is one which asserts that the great spirit has made from twenty to thirty duplicates of every Indian who wears the salmon totem. The original figure, which is the Indian himself, has power to walk about on top of the earth and have a good time eating and getting intoxicated. The other nineteen to twenty-nine counterpart Indians are hidden away in still pools and deep lakes, where they remain sober all the time from compulsion.

On festive occasions, when a brave is married or when he takes the scalp of an enemy, he is permitted to throw stones into these watery hiding places and stir up an aquatic duplicate of himself. When the submerged Indian rises near the surface the terrestrial Indian may look in the water and see himself. But every Indian is cautioned to be economical in drawing upon his duplicates, as every time he sees his image in the pool he uses up a part of himself, and when the last one is gone the Indian must die.

As every loyal Abenaki believes that sitting before a camera is as bad for his health as invoking his picture from the bottom of a pond, the amateur photographer is not a welcome visitor at any tribal function. At times this inherited animosity takes the form of action, and the photographer is ejected from the company with force and his camera burned in public, while the braves and squaws execute dances to express their joy.

The compulsion which led Dana Nicolar to imperil his stay on this side of the hapy hunting ground was love at first sight. Under the spell of dark eyes from Montreal he was led to an Old Town studio and submitted to the dangerous ordeal with true Indian stoicism.

When the party returned to the reservation Dana was missed from the supper table. Later a searching party found him sitting on the ice in the middle of a pond in Milford, and gazing anxiously into a hole which he had cut in the ice. When questioned regarding his conduct he replied:

"Ah'm bin lose messif two tam' ferday. Bimeby Ah'm bees all gone, So Ah'm jes' come out to see how many more of myself bin lef'. Bet you tif' Ah'm bin all right. 'Ah'm bin see two of myself down in se ice hole. Now Ah'm bin geet married, 'fore Ah'm bin lose som' more of myself-me."—Old Town (Me.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.

HUMOROUS MISTAKES MADE BY MINISTERS

ARE PRE-EMINENT FOR MIRTH-PROVOKING QUALTIES.

Each profession has its stock jokes, its stories innumerable, and to each belongs a flavor all its own. That the point of a jest lies not in the tongue of him who makes it, but in the ear that hears, is the testimony of the great dramatist. The doctor on his rounds and the judge upon the bench have both an audience ready and willing to accept as the highest wit the bon mots of the speakers; and there is no club or gathering of men that does not acclaim one of its members as supreme in this respect, and are ready to yield due recognition of the gift. There is, however, a vast amount of unconscious humor always floating about, and to those who perceive it the world is ever very amusing. It must be admitted that the blunders and jests clerical stand for some reason pre-eminent both in number and in mirth producing qualities. The reason, of course, is not far to seek; the very surroundings in which they occur, the very upsetting of one's preconceived notions of reverence, all tend to cause a reaction in the ordinary mental equilibrium, and the simplest mistake or accident under such circumstances assumes the proportions of a huge comedy.

The divine who in drawing the attention of his congregation to a special communion service on the following Sunday informed them that "the Lord is with us in the forenoon and the bishop in the evening" is chronicled with praying for the children of his parish in these words: "And now, O Lord, bless the lambs of this fold, and make them meet for the kingdom of heaven." While a Scotch minister, innocently, perhaps, hit the mark by telling his people: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller; and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazar can do for us."

There is a certain amount of excuse to be made for the young curate who, remarking that some people came to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes, finished up as he glanced over his audience: "I am thankful to see, dear friends, that none of you have come here for that reason."

An Irish clergyman is credited with having concluded a powerful oration in this fashion: "My brethren, let not this world rob you of a peace which it can neither give nor take away." Which is coupled with the remark of a fellow country colleague who in reasoning with a woman who had lost her faith in Christianity told her: "Well, you will go to hell, you know; and I shall be very sorry, indeed, to see you there!"

But what can be said of the negro student who, conducting the prayers at one of the great missionary colleges, said: "Give us all pure hearts, give us all clean hearts, give us all sweet hearts," to which the entire congregation made response, "Amen."

The giving out of church notices has often proved a pitfall for the unwary. "During Lent," said a rector lately, "several preachers will preach on Wednesday evenings; but I need not give their names, as they will be all found hanging up in the porch."

It was a rector who gave out a hymn beginning "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," before his sermon, and a curate who read in the lesson for the day, "He spake the words, and cat-hoppers came and grassipillars innumerable," but it was at a young woman's Bible class that, when asked what hymn should be sung at the close they all with one accord chose "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"—Chambers' Journal.

Typographical Heroes.

An open letter to a New York paper recites that the printers in a certain section of that city get their meals at a restaurant well known to the craft and neglect to tip the waiters. The complaint comes from one of the offended servants of the public.

"It has come to pass that the tip is expected even in the ham-and-egg palace of refection. There is no reason in principle why it is any less to be expected in the cheap place than in the costly one. It is a vulgar and commercial spirit that calculates the tip in proportion to the bill, making it, say, ten cents to the dollar.

But there is no denying the heroism of the typos who dare get their midday "bite" and yet refuse to pay for it twice, once to the cashier and again to the expert who condescends to set food before the consumer of it. It is to a man's credit when he risks life on the battlefield for the sake of his country, but they are not to be overlooked who risk even scorn and cold neglect in the hash houses of the land. None but newspapermen are capable of that sublime courage.—Buffalo News.

A Queen's Views of Life.

One is never really weary of life; one is only tired of oneself.

The longer one lives, the more one dreads lest heaven itself should prove in the end to be but the last and worst of our deceptions.

A maiden's heart is like a green cornfield that lies hidden away under snow.

Forgiveness is almost indifference; love never forgives.

The jealousy of a lover is a homage; that of a husband is an insult.

When hope abandons us, she sets forth to dig our grave.

Joy is life seen through a sunbeam.

It is always easy to others to discover reasons for contentment with our lot which we had not found out for ourselves.

Happiness is like the echo; it answers but never draws nigh.

Great thinkers and lofty mountains raise those who contemplate them in their own esteem.

Cleverness is the thought of an individual; wisdom is the collective thought of humanity.—Carmen Sylva, in National Review.

CASTORIA

The Kind Y u Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signatnre of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

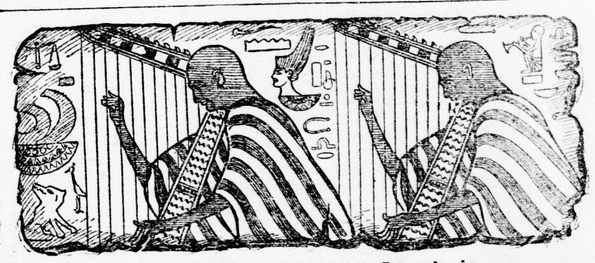
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

You can almost SEE boys and girls grow plump and happy and rosy on

Orange Meat

All grocers have ORANGE MEAT in 15c. and 25c. packages. 15c. size contains coupon good for valuable premiums. 25c. or "Jumbo" size contains 2½ times as much ORANGE MEAT as the 15c. packages. Write "Orange Meat Kingston" for new premium catalogue.



Most Popular Piano in Canada is

THE NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

Conservatories of Music—Schools—Convents—use the New Scale Williams Piano exclusively.

Concert artists—professors—accompanists—teachers—prefer it.

Homes in every section of the Dominion count it their most pleasureable possession.

The New Scale Williams is Canada's favorite.

"The New Scale Williams Piano is magnificent."—Ben Davies, England's famous tenor.

Intending purchasers will do well to see New Scale Williams Pianos at Dundas street, London, Anderson's Book Store. 189

Work Is Easy

Expense Is Light

Church's ALABASTINE is as simple to prepare and to use as it is superior to other wall coverings. Just mix with cold water, and this PERFECT, EVERLASTING WALL COATING is ready for decorating. Church's

ALABASTINE

The Sanitary Wall Coating

is a cement base, in twenty tints and white. It hardens with age. A child can prepare it. Any man can use it to beautify the home. Women with their natural taste for good looks and pretty home surroundings can get splendid results with ALABASTINE.

Write for book about ALABASTINE and how to use it. FREE. Hardware and Paint Dealers everywhere sell ALABASTINE.

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY, LIMITED, PARIS, ONT.

INSURANCE COMPANIES LOOK ASKANCE

AT A MAN IF HE CANNOT ANSWER THE QUESTION, "HAVE YOU EVER HAD RHEUMATISM?" WITH A GOOD HONEST "NO!"

So you see how it bars happiness and comfort if you neglect the means to prevent and cure — the great

South American Rheumatic Cure

is the effective means, and while lack of provision for your "loved ones" from such a cause may be counted secondary to a life of suffering to oneself, it is one of the many sides in the study of health that we should take in dead earnest. Every disease has its symptoms—every ailment that flesh is heir to has its note of warning, and it's for us to heed or suffer the consequences; and who does not know the signs by experience or observation?—fever, chills, sweating, shooting pains, numbness, aching muscles, stiffened and swelled joints.

The great South American Rheumatic Cure gives ease from the first dose and it gently and effectually eradicates the trouble from the system. It gets at the root of the evil and it gets there quickly—most stubborn cases cured in one to three days. Influential physicians prescribe it as the best and surest cure they know of.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS SELL IT.

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE makes blood that is poor and pale rich and red—and that means good health.