The Worm That Turned Clo Craves in the Lady's Pictorial.

The Broadleys lived in a comfortable old square house of Georgian red brick, stonefaced, standing in pleasant grounds about a mile beyoud the cavalry depot, town of Canterham.

There were four of the Broadley girls-Gwendolen, Lucy, Janet and The Worm (who had been christened Alexandria). Gwendolen was
twenty-four, had dreamy eyes and
mystic yearnings, kept a shelf of
Corelli romances at the head of her
bed and belonged to a club of spirtival affinities. There were twenty itual affinities. There were twenty male bachelor members and twenty unmarried femiuine ones. But as new subscribers were constantly dropping in and old ones as constantly dropping out, and spiritu-ally wedded souls were continually cloping with fresh affinities, the

club was subject to upheavals.

Lucy, the second Broadley girl,
was athletic, a confirmed bicyclist
and a croquet maniac of the new

Janet had a mysterious com-plaint which threatened to cut her off in the flower of her youth. I say "threatened" because she had never been known to have a day's illness since her ninth year, when she suffered from measles with choco-latnougat complications. However, on some authority the complaint was there. Even Janet did not was there. Even Janet did not know its exact nature, but it was a valued possession. One gives up things to a sister who may be snatched from one before one knows it. Three had to do this, and Janet would not have parted with her melancholy distinction for worlds. At half-past nine it had meant to her the liver wing of the school-room fowl and the biggest orange. At nineteen and three-quarters it meant the smartest hat, the left-hand seat in the victoria facing the horses—Gwendolin and Lucy being consigned to the shelf of martyrdom, despite their seniority — and the best of everything that hap-

rened to be going generally.

"Evw'ybody must wun ew'wands for Janet," said the sixten-year-old youngest Broadley, to whose personality had become attached in some unexplained way the hideous nickname under which she figures in this story. this story.
It was at the fag end of a long

and fatiguing day spent in the ob-servance of Janet's commands. "If you don't do what she wants she thweatens to bweak a blood vessel. She never does hweak one" (The Worm's "r's" were conspicuous by their absence), "but you don't want to be made a murdewess— and so you do it. But one of these days I shall stwike, and then—"

The nod of The Worm was preg-

nant with meaning.

The Worm, as I have said, had been christened Alexandria, which perhaps was felt to be too long and stately a name for home consumption. She was a tall, slim creature with a Shetland pony's forclock and a tossing mane of chestnut hair, very wide open gray-bue eyes, a tip-tilted nose and freckles. Her legs grew longer every day, her eyes rounder and her frocks shorter, despite the efforts of Simmons, the sewing maid, who consumed has evictors to be the consumer to the consumer that the consumer sumed her existence in letting down tucks and applying supplementary hems. The Worm's education (which The Worm insisted had never commenced) was now supposed to be complete. Only the German professor of music and the young Swiss lady from whom The Worm inhibed instruction in the Frenc's and Italian languages remained to

be swept away.
"And then she must come out!" d Mrs. Broadley, looking appeal

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Oh, xother!" murmured Janet, closing the finished second volume of the last new Mudie and taking the third out of Mrs. Broadley's

unresisting hand. "My loves, my pet, it must be done," said the anxious mother. "The child grows taller every da,, she has a perfect scorn for com-panions of her own age and spends her time in pursuits which cannot but render her unfeminine when she becomes a woman. Your father is delighted with her tandem driving and the way in which she lands a trout; but I cannot babble of these things. To me they are doubtful accomplishments, in spite of all your father says to the contrary.
Though he is less pleased that she has been bitten with some theories about the sanitary housing of the working classes picked up out of in illustrated paper, because it has lost him fourteen pounds in relaying the gardener's drains. When escott could produce the production of the production scott could produce a member of he family who had actually smelt

hem, there was no getting out of t. Of course, it is the efferves-

tence of an expanding nature, and herefore if the child is to develop

armlessly she must be given bom. I cannot have an original

acomfortable daughter on my

cialistic tendencies. And therefore,

"Therefore The Worm is from henceforth to accompany us on so-cial campaigns," said Gwendolen,

resignedly.

"And make it five to the brougham," Incy added, "where there are evening frocks to crush."

evening frocks to crush."

"I wonder how father will like having to hat, gown, glove and shoe four party going daughters?" said Janet. Her smile was wan and saintly, and Mrs. Broadley met it with forehoding. "As it is we are a terrible expense to him, and when all his tenants are clamoring for lowered rents it makes me feel quite ill to think of it."

"My own!" exclaimed her starts

"My own!" exclaimed her start-led mother, "you must not brood upon these things. It is not good for you."

"One cannot always remember one's self," said Janet, reaching for another cushion for her head. must sometimes think of others. And it would have been better for father, you know it would, if Gwendolen and Lucy had been born hoys. They could have volunteered for South Africa and got commissions and Victoria crosses and things and relieved their family of the burden of their maintenance."

"By getting shot with Mauser bullets or poisoned with bad water!" breathed mother. "Thank heaven, none of my daughters were must sometimes think of others

heaven, none of my daughters were sons!" she added, piously. "Well, it is settled, I suppose," said Gwendolen, unamiably. "The Worm comes out."

Worm comes out."
"Alexandria must make her de-"Alexandria must make ner debut in society," rejoined Alexandria's mother, with some show of firmness. "And as a beginning, let me beg you, dears, to abandon the use of that hideous nickname. I cannot think how it ever came into

use."
I remember. It was when she was twelve—a long, backboneless, twining thing," said Janet, "and Reggy Standish, who was then at Harrow, spent the midsummer holidays with us He chris. ned her The Worm — and it has stuck."
"I will not have my child's pros

pects in life jeopardized by a schoolboy's vulgarity," said the gentle Mrs. Broadley, bristling. "And if when he again visits here he should endeavon to easier the he should endeavor to revive the use of the term, I shall expect you to check him."

"Master Reggy is with the "Master Reggy is with the Orange Hussars in South Africa," said Gwendolen, teasing the Persian kitten by dusting its pert little face with the end of its own bushy tail. "Why should he occur to you as a likely visitor?"

"He has been drafted home with some invalids your father tells me

your father tells me, and will be quartered at the depot.
Your father intends driving over to Canterham Barracks to call on him to-morrow."

"Why all this expenditure of civility?" questioned Janet, languidly. ility?" questioned Janet, languidly.
"Father used to loathe Reggy
Standish, unless I am losing my
memory. He used to say that he memory. He used to say that he had a six boy capacity for mischief, and I remember the day Reggy left us, his face positively beamed with relief. We had just sat down to lunch; Purkiss was waiting for father to say grace before he took the cover off the family roast mutton—"

"I remember," interrupted Gwendolen. "Reggy must have been behaving very badly; he looked so screne and angelic."

screne and angelic."

"So you really leave us to-day, you young dev — I mean my dear boy,' said father.

"Yes, sir, really,' said Reggy.

"For these and all other mercies,' burst our father, trying to pretend he meant the roast mutton, 'may the—'"

"Gwendolen!" rebuked her mother, and Gwendolen controlled her saucy tongue, while giving her im-

saucy tongue, while giving her impudent dimples full play.

"You really permit yourself too much license. And if in those days he was an annoying boy, Sir Reg-

inald is now—"
"Sir Reginald?" "Sir Reginald?"
"Sir Reginald?"

Three voices exclaimed in varying keys; three pairs of eyes fixed the parent with the circulat of astonishment.

"Yes, did you not know? Though were you likely to ? * * * His "Yes, did you not know? Though' how were you likely to? * * His uncle is dead; the baronetcy and a good deal of property in the Midlands devolves upon Captain Standish. He got the step in South Africa, and he is to have the Distinguished Service Order for doing something dashing under fire without sufficient men. * He may be considered by other methmay be considered by other mothers are not mine, thank heaven! said Mrs. Broadley, rising with a rustle of silk foundations, gathering up her key basket and mechanically looking round for the Mudia release ing round for the Mudie volume appropriated by Janet. "All I can say is that as a motherless young man, and one who has served his country gallantly and gained his company and a distinction at 24 the boy is welcome here, and I shall do my best to convey to him

Mrs. Broadley rustled to the li-brary threshold. The door opened before she touched the handle, and her youngest darling, in a torn alpaca frock, her chestnut mane, de-void of a confining ribbon, cascad-ing wildly over her shoulders and hanging over her eyes, stood before her. Under one arm she carried a rarged-brimmed straw hat, in which squirmed two blind kittens, Her right hand held a driving whip. A dissipated looking cat, the maternal proprietor of the kittens, brought up the rear.

"What is the matter?" she ask-

ed, noting signs of perturbation in her parent. "Has anything happen-ed?"

"Your sisters, dearie," said the mother, bestowing an indulgent kiss upon her untidy youngest, "have something to tell you!"

The door closed upon Mrs. Broadley's rustling silks. The Worm, putting the hat with its contents carefully down upon an ottoman, where the cat instantly joined the fam-ily, sat down upon the arm of a

ily, sat down upon chair.

"Well?" She surveyed her elders with a cool impartiality of disapproval. "You look lazy enough, the thwee of you. What have you got to teil me?" She swung her legs indifferently and waited for information

"Worm," said Gwendolen, "the powers that be have decreed that you are to become a butterfly."

you are to become a butterfly."

"Gwubs gwow into butterflies," said The Worm, "and a worm is an invertebwaite animal and not an insect. In spite of my having been educated by a governess who had never learned anything herself, I know as much as that. What is ""?"

"What is up," said Lucy, "is that you are coming out. Mother does not consider the range of se lection we offer to the eligible back-elor is sufficiently comprehensive. She is about to increase her window stock (I believe that is the trade term) in the vain hope of stimulating custom."

"In other words, we are to be reinforced by an ingenue" said Janet. "You will have to turn up your hair, wear frocks down to the ground, shun the paddock, desert the stables, cease to godmother blind kittens, dormice and white rats, purre your conversation of inclerancies, take better care of your clerancies. take better care of your clegancies, take better care of your nails and practice blushing - Alexandria.'

andria."

The three elders laughed unrestrainedly. The young creature did not move a muscle.

"Could we not get the rector to

rechristen her?" asked Gwendolen, in an instant of merriment, drying her eyes. "Something really descriptive and appropriate, since she is to be The Worm no more!"

"Susan, or Mary, or even Jane would really convey something, in connection with the child," said Jucy, critically. "But Alexandria—the name seems like a practical joke." joke."
"I shall not dream for an instant

of calling her by it. Pick up my book, Worm, will you?" ordered Janet, who had dropped her novel. The younger sister swung her legs.

The younger sister swung her legs.

"When you addwess me in a
pwoper way," she remarked, "I will
do your ewwands, and not before."

"You would like me to stoop and
get it for myself," said Janet,
"when I have such a queer sensation in my chest. Knowing all
about my constitution, as you do,
I call it unsisterly."

about my constitution, as you do, I call it unsisterly."
"Your constitution is getting to be a nuisance," said The Worm, "and it is time you outgwew it. I will pick up your novel when you call me Alexandwa, and not before."

Janet gave in with a martyred "And now," said the triumphant

Worm, "let the new Wules of Tweatment be awwanged and kept to. From henceforth there is to be no more snubbing."
"Dear me!" said Gwendolen.
"Quite a refreshing tone!"

Lucy. satirically.
"flave you ever," asked Janet seen a mushroom that has been trying to grow with a stone on its head? Take off the stone and you will be surp ised at the way in which the mushroom develops. Pop! there it is, full grown, before you have time to turn round."

"One of your wules is that you are not to turn wound on me and say I'm a child before people," con-tinued The Worm, calmly, "because if you do I shall wetaliate."

"How can you retaliate without an 'r?' " said Janet, with cool dis-

an 'rf' sand sand ('dain.

"Not to be able to pwonounce your 'r's'" said The Worm, "is sometimes considered attwactive—if the girl who can't do it happens to be pwetty."

"And do you consider yourself—pretty?" asked Gwendolen, with and incredulity.

pretty?" asked Gwendolen, with cold incredulity.
"I don't say I'm pwetty at this minute, but with pwoper dwesses and things," replied The Worm, "I might be — say, in a week fwom now." She rose and wen't to the glass above the mantelpiece and surveyed herself discretization. surveyed herself dispassionately "My hair is a fashionale color and I've plenty of it," she said, italiciz-ing the last words so that Gwen-dolen winced. "My eyes are vewy nice, indeed — and some people pwefer wetwoussee noses." She

question with dispassionate inter-

"And do people also like freekles," asked Lucy, cruelly, "as large as ginger lozenges?"

"I believe, if they happen to be men, they'd wather have them show than covered up with "Cweme Mawiette." responded The Worm, calmly, "because that comes off on their coat collars after dinner in the conservatowy. I saw Major de Boob twying to wipe the marks of Booh twying to wipe the marks off with his handkerchief last night

with his handkerchief last night when I came to tell you both that coffee was in the dwawing-woom."
"And your figuré, vour hands and your feet?" said Janet, covering Lucy's defeat by a well directed rally. "Are you satisfied with them? You might as well tell us."
"If I am at pwesent unformed, I shall impwove," said the imperturbable youngster. "I have no tendency to fat," she added, "which is mo' than can be said for some people As for my hands, they only people As for my hands, they only wequire a little attention to be quite pwesentable, and in future I shall let you win on all your own

messages and give my feet a chance to shwink to their pwoper size."

And having thus disposed of her last adversary with this homethrust, she took up the hat with its mewing mates and carried it.

its mewing mates and carried it away to the stable yard.
"Look after the poor little beasts for me, Dawson," she said to the elderly junior groom, "and see that the mother gets pwoperly fed. I am so much occupied just now with vawious things that I cannot attend to it myself."
"Why, miss, that a strange hear-

ing," said Dawson, "and if I might make so bold as to ask what's going to take up your time so much?"
"Being grown up," said The

Worm, gravely. Their she deposited the kittens and went back to the house. As the passed through the hall she noticed a strange hat and riding whip of masculine type on the rack table. A light covert coat the rack table. A light covert coat depended from one of the deerhorn pegs. Out of a little side pocket in the coat projected a tiny cardcase. The Worm, impelled by a suddenly urging impulse of curiosity, softly drew out the case and opened it. Upon the parallelograms of cardboard it carteful. board it contained was inscribed in the usual copperplate characters: Captain Sir Reginal Standish,

The Heirs' Club, Pall Mall.
Penciled in the corner was the addition:

Depot—Canterham,
"I wemember him," said The
Worm, shutting the cardcase and
putting it back. "He stayed bere for the holidays when I was a little girl, and generally too, because there were no boys to play with. And he ewistened me by a wude name, and what made it worse the name stuck; and when he went away I hid and cwied, and he wote once and then never any more. And he left college and went into the Owange Hussars - and he has come home from fighting in South Afwica — and somebody has made him a bawonet—and I wonder what he looks like — now that he is a man! Oh, why haven't I got some wegular gwown-up, clothes so that I could just walk into the dwawing woom and cwush him? It's too bad to be able to do nothing but peep.

And she peeped as the servant carried in the tea. She saw a sunburnt, yellow-haired, square-should-ered, soldierly young fellow in riding dress sitting on the big Ross-more couch between Gwen and Janet. Jucy was sweetening his tea. "Two lumps, please," The Worm heard Sir Reginald say, in the old, pleasant, boyish voice.
"And walnut cake?" pur

purred Janet. "Rather, thanks," said Sir Reggy, accepting the attentions of the fair invalid quite as a matter of course. "We didn't get this sort of thing in South Africa, I can tell you."

you."
"You will stay to dinner, won't you?" Gwen said, "and tell us all about everything!"
And then Mrs. Broadley came

sweeping in by the door at the other end of the long room, and

confirmed the invitation. The young man's faint scruples about his "riding kit" were overcome.

"As though we should not proud to have you in khaki," protested Lucy. The Worm glided away upstairs. There would be plenty of time to carry out the plan that had occurred to her—Sir Reggy was going to stay.

III.

So she went upstairs. Pressed as she was for time, it was strange that The Worm should have visited the rooms of Gwendolen, Lucy and Janet in succession before she retired to her own little lair. This retirement was effected when she had got all she wanted — not be-fore. For the girls were lazy about locking drawers and presses, and their little sister found few difficulties in the way of helping herself. In the case of one wardrobe, the key of which had been put to its proper uses, The Worm picked the lock with a curling pin. Then she brushed her wavy chest-

nut mane and perfumed it with something delightful belonging to Gwen. She coiled it on the top of her pretty head and fastened it with real tortoise shell pins—Gwen's again. She requisitioned a dainty pair of stockings and buck-

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put on a trailing skirt of cool and After Work or Exercise it — Janet had never yet worn it
— and to this she added Gwen's
latest blouse, pale pink, with lace
entredeux. A few extra touches,
such as a black satin cravat and a sich as a black satin cravat and a little diamond frog broach, were supplied, again by the unconscious Lucy. Thus arrayed the depredator revolved before the pier glass and said, taking in the full value of the reflection offered to her: "I wather think I shall eweate a sensation when Lucy down. That is sation when I go down. That is, I should if my hands were as pwetty as the west of me. But they are wed — decidedly too wed for beauty." Then a daring idea occurred to her, and she boldly doctored the offending members with "Cware Mawiette" and violet powder, and holding her head very erect went went downstairs and into the drawing-room, mellow with the sunset light that passed in through the long west windows. The girls were grouped in becom-

ward the sola.
"Ssh!" said Gwen, not looking round, but recognizing the foot-step. Then a smothered shrick from Lucy and a choking cry from Janet betokened their recognition of their property, and in a moment Gwen, too, was stricken into a Gwen, too, helpless heap.

ing attitudes about Sir Reggy, who was relating a South African ex-

perience as a newcomer moved to-

scomfortable daughter on my shall do my best to convey to him pwefer wetwoussee noses." She Gwen's again. She requisitioned a "Sowwy to disturb you," said this impression. It is your father's leaned two darned elbows on the dainty pair of stockings and buckir perhaps and sporting or so wish. There he has just come u." mantel and studied the nose in led shoes belonging to Lucy; she and jumped up. "I know what you

Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pend's Extract, which easily sear and generally contain "wood alcohel," a deadly

were saying must have been so twemendously intewesting." "We — I that is * * * you?" be-

"We — I that is * * you?" began the dazzled young man.

"Quite twue, Sir Weginald We have met before," said the vision, giving a white hand and smiling, "though I believe you don't weally wemember me?"

An indescribable glance of fun, mischief, malice, triumph shot out of the wonderful blue eyes. Then she added, with a little air of dignity which, in combination with her babyish lisp, completed the conquest of Sir Reggy, "I am Alexandwia!"

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