QUEEN COPHETUA AND BEGGAR MAN

BY KEITH GORDON.

tell-tale blood were rising in her cheeks to her ears. "Hate you! I can in -and which, at the present moment, agine a good many things, but not her somewhat haughty eyes to that." avoid him, like quivering, cornered "Well," her voice was slightly uncergreater thing even than his love! And out wavering, "you see, there is a poor the poor man is like the chap who sold rich girl -a girl that has loads of his birthright for a mess of pottage."

"Yes, I think so," he resumed im- vide with me!" perturbably. "So high a value, in fact,

the air of the drawing-room seemed curiously surcharged with meaning. Though they sat in silence with their eyes fixed upon the open fire for some that she curiously surcharged upon the open fire for some that she curiously some seemed it. "But she wants you to know that she thinks you to know that she wenty five cent bottle of these little pellets, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with results I will refund you is so great that she curiously surcharged with meaning. eyes fixed upon the open fire for some that she even dares to tell you that time after Askew's last remark, each she loves you Donald because she was fully aware of the other's thoughts knows that if she has made a mistake FACTS IN CONNECTION and each listened to the regular tick- and you do not care for her you will ing of the clock with a vague impres- be as truthful with her as she has been sion that the sound was ominous with with you. love and heartbreak.

that pronounced air of masculinity ed out as the man who married wise. Deep down in his heart of hearts a woman might reign-loved with the feel-but never really dominating his

Always he would be a complete master of himself-and of her! He would love her with a tenderness strong and her lap. be supreme-but that domain would never be co-extensive with his own larger life. And yet, to the tips of her fingers she felt that she would rather be loved by him than by any other man in the world.

Moreover, she was loved by him! She knew it, though he had never by so much as a word admitted it. She was as sure of it as she was of her own love for him, and at the mere thought the blood danced riotously through her veins and her head involuntarily went up. No queen could be prouder, no mere woman more humble than that thought made her. Few of her associates would have

recognized the expression that softened and glorified the face of the "haughty Miss Vance," as she was called behind her back, as she turned more fully toward Donald Askew and demanded "Do you mean to say that, if you happened to fall in love with a rich

woman-and-and" "And?" he interrogated.

son to think she did-" that breathing was by no means the liver, improve the digestion, correct ir- mothers.

"Do you mean to say," she blurted out with school-girlish impetuosity, "that you would not tell her that you "Never in the world!" was the de-

liberate reply. "Never!" Then he added coolly: "But I should be careful not to do anything so asinine as to fall in love with a rich girl in the first place, knowing, as I do, that the money-making talent is not one to which I can lay claim."

For a moment her heart turned to ice. Then the blood flowed back warm and strong and she understood. He was taking this stand in the hope of throwing her off the track, because his fantastic sense of honor put him out of the running and he wished to divest himself even of the interest that an undeclared love might arouse in her. She could have laughed for very jov at his dissembling.

"What wou'd you do, assuming that, in spite of yourself, you should fall in love with an heiress?" she persisted.

He fenced manfully. "Well, I think
I should clear out. It would be the best thing to do in a case like that." Miss Vance-the haughty Miss Vance the heiress of the Vance millionsregarded him demurely. She was person who was accustomed to having her wishes complied with. She wondered vaguely what it was about the man before her that made her ready -eager even-to step down from the regal position she had always accu-pied and sue for his favor-why in her eyes he should seem the king! And when at last she spoke her voice

was almost wistful. "But what about the woman-the poor rich woman? Perhaps—perhaps she might hate her riches—she might just loathe them. Eut what could she Perhaps they came to her and she could not get rid of them any more than she could change the color of her eyes or the shape of her nose! And what if-in spite of it all-she love you? Shouldn't you consider her a

"Great Scott exclaimed Askew with mock dismay. "How did we ever ge into such a sentimental discussion-two good comrades like you and me? B the way," he went on quickly, "have mentioned to you that I'm going of for a while-possibly for good? 'It's an excellent business offer, bu it takes me to the other side of the continent. I have not actually decided, but I shall doubtless accept it Indeed, I can scarcely afford not to

for several reasons." He did not look at her and she wa thankful for even that small sign of perturbation on his part. A quick res olution seized her. It was Leap Yea -blessed thought-and why should no a woman, once in a thousand years o so, stand up and demand her own a fearlessly and directly as a man would do? Had she not, by every wile that woman may use, tried to make him acknowledge his love for her Never-never-never would he ask he to marry him because of her millions Well, then, she would ask him!

The first tumult of her resolution over, she felt a strange exhilaration Even the thought that intruded itself like a specter between them-the pos sibility that she might have mistaker his feeling toward her-did not deter

If she were rejected? Well, she had rejected a number of men in her day and there would be a certain poetica justice in his meting out to her what she had meted out to them! While these thoughts were racing

through her mind, she had touched the "Remember, Smithson, I am not to be disturbed," she threw over he

shoulder to the butler. "You might light a cigar if you have one about you." she suggested whimsically. "It would be a favor to me you would. Men are always more ap proachable when they're smoking

aren't they?" Askew smiled assent and complie with her request. Then he paused with lighted cigar between his finger and gave her a long look which she returned unflinchingly. With an effort

she began to speak. "Donald," she said bravely, "I hav something to tell you. Perhaps not

"Oh, no, concluded Askew, regard- another woman in the world would do ing his hostess intently with just that it and perhaps you'll hate me for it—" touch of cool mastery in his glance "Hate you!" he interrupted in a voice always made her wonder if the whose derisive incredulity was music

"A man's manhood is a tain, but her eyes looked into his withmoney and who just hates it because "You place a high value upon love!" it is always cutting her off from all she murmured, and despite her efforts there was a little catch in her "Peor thing!" sighed Askew, mock-"What a pity she can't diingly.

"That's just what she wants to do! that I would place it above all suspi- leaped from her lips. "She wants to cion-above even the suspicion of a give it all to you! You see-I-I'm suspicion!" he ended in an emphatic speaking for her. She isn't in the habit of saying things-like this-to men, and Considering that the two were pla- she doesn't know exactly how to do

Donald Askew sat as if stupefied Askew was a man of 30, with a while the struggle between pride and square jaw, strongly cut features and love went on within him. To be pointthat caused Miss Vance to realize with rich Miss Vance—to have it said of a thrill that to such a man his him that he had feathered his nest manhood, as he had said, must be well—these and kindred possibilities first! It could not be possibly be other- rose up in his mind and galled his spirit beyond endurance.

Then his visions cleared and he saw passion that only such natures can nothing-was conscious of nothing in the world but a proud, sensitive face covered with womanly shame. Before that vision his pride went down, and leaning forward, he buried his face in A moment later her lips touched his hair. "I'm a brute-a perfect brute!" he

groaned, "to have made you do it!" "You're the brute I love, though," was the whispered answer.

SICK HEADACHE

IS A MANIFESTATION OF A DIS-BOWEL ACTION.

From time immemorial the ordinary emedy for sick headathe has been in the headache than use the drastic purgatives now flooding the market.

simple, natural matter it had always regularities of the kidneys. They act | Mr. Andrew Lang has made delignt-

constipation, sick headache and stomch troubles ever compounded. Refuse any substitute, insist on Dr. Jamilton's and you'll get the best. Frice 25c a box or five boxes for \$1 00, t all druggists, or by mail from N. . Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., on

shock of the old time purgatives.

eceipt of price. LONDON SPARROWS.

One hardly looks for natural history the subject be se common a being as he London sparrow. The other day one of these pert little birds was fluttering actitedly outside a grocer's window, seeping himself suspended just without the glass as long as he could. After a moment's rest in the gutter he returned to the world of story-loving readers, and Q. was a ferce to be reckoned with in fiction some time before the real name veiled under that pseudonym became public property.—London Globe.

HOW TECUMSEH WAS KILLED. was vainly striving to get at some bottle-green peas in the forefront of the wind name for their destructive proclivi-

TO SLEEP FOR FEAR

PAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS. Ers.Wm. Bingley, Grand Tracadie, P.B.L.,

Eas a Very Trying Experience,
but Thanks to

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

the has been restored to perfect health.

was badly run down in health and beout as soon as I started to work my heart would start fluttering, my head would bewere floating before my eyes. I was growng worse every day until I got a box of
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. When



If you have a cold don't fall to take my Cold Cure. I know that it will re-lieve the head, nose, throat and lungs al-most immediately, and prevent Rheuma-tism. Propublity Bronchitis, Grippe and other diseases of the throat or lungs.

WITH THE LETTER "Q

SUGGESTIONS AS TO MINDING YOUR "P.S" AND "Q.S" POPULAR INITIAL.

One absurd suggestion is that the warning to mind one's p's and o's re-fers to the resemblance of the two letters to one another-a resemblance which hardly exists save in imagination. A wilder idea, a quite delighted to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help, while Mr. Roft jumpthat my heart que to how for help with my heart que to h ful example of far-fetched ingenuity and stooped over her. in guesswork is that the phrase origin- "Be quiet, you brute!" he muttered, ion to his pupils to mind their "pieds" glaring at me, and I knew that if he could he would put the blame on me ated in the dancing master's admoni-(feet) and "queues" (wigs) when bow- and say that I upset her. even among fue many curious and ety-him, but howled again, until at last ing! It would be difficult to beat that molegical diversions which have been some passerby came and fetched a cab provided for the delectation of students and took them home. by the philological amateur. The most probable explanation is that the p's and days, and I felt wretched. Once she watched were those of the tayern wept over me. I suspected from that sceres which Boniface used to chalk that she was getting short of handkerup behind the door, or on the window chiefs and took care to keep out of ORDERED LIVER AND SLUGGISH shutters of the ale-house the p stand- her way; for I do not like to have my

In literature Q has been the adopted pseudonym of several writers. Jane the form of purgative pills, but many Taylor, well known in conjunction with ling's room and crept in nervously. My people almost prefer to suffer from her sister, Anne, as a writer of hymns heart was beating very loudly and my prose papers in the Youth's Magazine a nice thin little hand patted my un-The simplest and easiest way to under the doubted initial, and publish-combed head, such a weak little voice cure your headache is with Dr. Ham- ed them in book form as "The Contri- said "Dear doggte, do you miss me ilton's Pills, which are good pills, that neither gripe, pain nor cause any irritation.

Meet pills are not scientific but Dr.

Meet pi Most pills are not scientific, but Dr. adays. Then there was Jane Taylor's "And she loved you—or you had rea- Hamilton's Pills are most scientific, contemporary, who sometimes wrote being prepared from his own secret under the title of "Q. in the Corner." a confused impression that the air of the room was suddenly exhausted, and the room was suddenly exhausted, and the room was suddenly exhausted, and the room was suddenly exhausted. This was Thomas Haynes Bayly, of whose sentimental ditties, which were the room was suddenly exhausted, and the room was suddenly exhausted. For the second time she paused with formula which he used with marvelous This was Thomas Haynes Bayly, of my ribbons. I knew the colors well Dr. Hamilton's Pills stimulate the highly popular with our great-grand-

> is why they have proved such a boon songs of the same light and rather to tens of thousands of elderly persons feebly sentimental style, were once to as she combed my hair, "I am sure and delicate people who can't stand the be heard in every drawing-room, but hock of the old time purgatives.
>
> Nature causes no distressing alarms, "illimitable inane." Some of their him, and he wants my answer, Phoney likewise a medicine that acts in ac- titles are still familiar tags, but few ordance with nature's laws is sure to people connect them with their author. perform its mission in silence. This "She wore a wreath of roses," "Oh, no, describes the action of Dr. Hamilton's we never mention her" and "We met—Mandrake and Butternut Pills, the most agreeable and efficient cure for lines of songs which were once extraordinarily popular, and were all written by "Q. in the Corner." His pseudonym by the way, seems to have been an old name for the children's game of "puss | n the corner." One of the characters in Miss Burney's "Cecilia" says: "I will either hide or seek with any boy in the parish, and for a Q. in the Corner there is none more celebrated." In more recent days Q was only the essons in the streets of London, but the never achieved the degree of success bserver need never despair of lighting which he deserved. But the best-known por something of interest, even though literary Q is no doubt Mr. Quillerhe subject be se common a being as Couch. It was as Q. that he became

The Western Christian Advocate low. In the country all sorts of devices recently gave an obituary notice by Rev. are resorted to for the purpose of getting A. Wright, of the Ind., M. E. church, id of sparrows, where they bear a very of Isaac Hamblin, Sen., who died at his heertully heave half a brick at his visits if there were the slightest chance of in the battle of the Thames and the in the battle of the Thames and the writer gives the following as his statementes, are undergoing an educative process whereby he is qualifying for that dayanced stage of civilization marked by preference for prepared foods over the aw products of the earth?—London and saw the whole of that part of the battle. He was well acquainted with ALMOST AFRAID TO GO Tecumseh, having been a prisoner seveneen days and receiving many a cursing TO SLEEP FOR FEAR
SHE WOULD NOT
WAKE UP.

FLUTTERING OF THE HEART.

SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

FLUTTERING OF THE HEART.

SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

FLUTTERING OF THE HEART.

SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

FINT AND NAZY SPRISE

From him, He thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnston was Harriston, as he often heard the chief swear that he would have Harriston's scalp and seemed to have a special hatred towards him. Johnston's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded. In the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh thought Johnston was Harriston, as he often heard the chief swear that he would have Harriston's scalp and seemed to have a special hatred towards him. Johnston's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded. In the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him and when he saw him fall he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger sure of his prey. Johnston's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded. In the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him and when he saw him fall he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger sure of his prey. Johnston's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded. In the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him and when he saw him fall he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger sure of his prey. from him, He thinks that Tecumseh

over his horse's head and shot him near the center of his forehead. When the ball struck it seemed to him that the

Ingian jumped with his head full fifteen

feet into the air; as soon as he struck the ground a little Frenchman ran his

bayonet into him and pinned him fast

WISDOM OF THE BUTCHER. nothing but fat on a fowl," said a Twelfth street market man, "I don't envy them their dinner. There is a layer of fat underneath the skin when poultry is undaily fattened, and in the cooking this overheated fat saturates the meat, and delicate stomachs are given a hard tussle. This is why lots of people can't eats ducks and geese at all. The overfattened fowls are in reality more expensive and less ame very weak. I was troubled with luttering of the heart and shortness of breath. When lying down at night I was almost afraid to go to sleep for fear I would never wake up. When I arose in he morning I would feel a little better, be observed. For at least six days before killing, barnyard fewls must be be observed. For at least six days be-fore killing, barnyard fowls must be cooped, not huddled, but given good, would start fluttering, my head would become dizzy, faint weak spells would come iver me and it seemed as if black objects were floating before my eyes. I was growing worse every day until I got a box of high the seemed with and soft-boiled rice. The night before the killing the turkey must which leaves the crop empty, the intestines clean, the dark meat quite light, and gives a flavor as different as possible from the offensive flavor that is likely to impregnate the common fowl killed in the common way. The flesh of all animals is flavored by their food. This accounts for the delicious flavor of the canvasback and redhead ducks. Both eat of the wild celery at the water's edge, the former taking the roots, the latter eat of the wind centry at the matter the former taking the roots, the latter the tops."—Philadelphia Record.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

For all my brothers and sisters are creature's head I shall at once beard prize-takers. I myself don't go to the lion and assert my rights." shows, because I am nervous and hate darling," said Phyllis, with a joyfu being stared at.

I am proud of being the poodle, and a French one into the bargain. 'Tis to the boudoir beyond. When I brought only jealously that makes other dogs the blue ribi on back she laughed sneer at me, just as I have seen hu- again. man canille sneer—at a safe distance.

My young mistress is the prettiest my pet abomination in trousered a mere catspaw in his plot.

Phyllis and I live with an old lady who is fond of us both, but she is very strict with Phyllis, who calls her-be hind her back-"the ogre-aunt." Mr. Roft laughed until his eyes were lost when she first said it to him. ! longed to teil him what I thought of him, and wondered how he would look

Phyllis had been getting very thick with this young man-whose laugh startled me almost out of my skinwhen one day she fell from her bi-

I was following her when the accident occurred, and Mr. Roft was riding by her side. Something he said made her color hotly, then pedal down the coming hill with all her might. Suddenly she rode over a swerved to one side, and before I could

I scampered to the spots and began

The house was very quiet for many q's which originally required to be put her arms around my neck and ing for pints consumed, and q for neck curls made all damp and untidy. I was very neglected. No one brushed

At last I was summoned to my darand verses for children, wrote various eves were dim with tears of joy. Such tail and smiled up at her.

Little by little she got better, and well enough to comb me and send for But one morning my feelings re-ceived a shock. Phyllis had a letter and was very silly about it, kissing it "Oh, Phoney, lister!" she whispered.

you will understand, you dear old thing! I've such a dear letter from -the answer i would not give the day met with the accident." I dropped my ears and lowered my tail. By him I knew she meant Mr. But what answer did she al-Roft. lude to? I looked inquiringly into her gentle blue eves.

She laughed and kissed me on the "You dear old thing! I will read it to you, Phoney." in a cold voice:

And she pulled it from her pocket and read out a lot of rubbish that seemed quite unintelligible to me. But the ribon I had given him.

then, I always thought Mr. Roft half "Phyllis," he asked. "is this the riban idiot, and wondered at Phyllis liking bon you put on Phoney that mornand went out the open door. What Pins have been found among the him. Then came a few words that ing?"

My name is Persephone, and I am | "Let that poodle of yours be made said to resemble my mother, Pandora, use of for once. If it is to be 'yes' put who, as far as her pupples go, cerlow one. I shall call to-day, and if tainly holds the traditional gift box.

And I walked slowly out of the room

But I had laid my plans. Whatever this "ves" was to mean, Mr. Roft living. I used to think her hoped to read it in the color of my ribone of the most sensible until she bon. But I meant him to read "no." got friendly with Mr. Roft, who then I would show him that a dog of my was, and I thought ever would be breeding could be something more than

> I rolled over and scratched until the ribbon came off and lay on the ground. Then I trotted into the garden with it and buried it in my favorite corher, where I hide my best bones. I knew I was doing wrong, but Phyllis would not really mind, and I owed Mr. Roft a grudge or two.

Often when my ribbon came off used to take it to my friend the parfor maid and get her to put it on again So now, as I sneaked down from the boudoir with a yellow one in my mouth and met her at the foot of the staire, she said with a laugh: "What, your fine bow off again,

What an untidy dog!" Phoney? I wagged my tail as she tied it on For civility lowers no one, and she is a nice girl. Then I sat down on the doormat to watch for Mr. Roft. At last the gate clicked and he can up the steps with a light spring. But. as his eyes fell on me such a look of astonished despair crept into his face that my heart quaked within me and

He stooped over me as though he could not believe his eyes, and as I felt his warm breath on my face I rolled over onto my back in terrifled submission. "Silly brute," he murmured, "get up.

Have you been stealing? Don't give yourself away like that, Phoney.' He looked at me fixedly without saying anything. Then, stooping again, he took off my ribbon and stuffed it into his pecket. That night Phyllis was worse and

That night Phyllis was worse and if YOU TAKE IT the next day she lay silent, looking out of her window with such distressed eyes that I could not bear to look at And Mr. Roft did not come near the

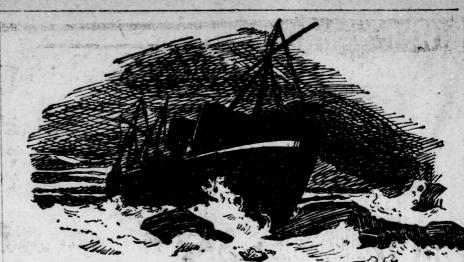
house, which proved that he had really meant goodby. At last I could stand it no longer. Surely Mr. Roft could make things right again. Iwould go to him. So one afternoon I crept silently out into the road. He did not live far off, and, as fate would have it, I came across him outside his garden gate. He smiled when he saw me. "Why, Phoney! Come to see your he exclaimed; you're just in friend." time, my girl. I start to-night.'

I wagged my tail and opened my mouth. At his feet I laid the earthbeen some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad real one have you if I'm misreading Three Rivers, Que. He says: What a race that was! I felt my-

door, enticing him up, until we stood cured. like two thieves within the boudour where Phyllis kay on a couch by the As she turned her head to look at me her eyes fell upon him, and she crimsoned with delight. Then suddenfy she became quite pale, and said

standing me so well.

"Good evening, Mr. Roft." He stepped up to her, and held out dow, but circled about came out the She stared from him to me. I crept | cumspection of the little bird. It ap- toric caves of Switzerland.



ON THE ROCKS

T /HAT would you think of a captain who attempted to navigate his vessel with broken rudder? He would soon be on the rocks, would he not? Well, every man and woman who is suffering from kidney trouble without taking the proper means of curing this dangerous malady is attempting to ride safely over the rocks and shoals of everyday life with a broken rudder. It is impossible to keep off the rocks of rheumatism, dropsy. backache, sleeplessness, sick headache, bad breath, lack of ambition, lack of courage, dyspepsia, blood poisoning, weak heart, failing memory, irritable temper, sallow complexion, and a hundred and one other troublesome and dangerous ailments if the kidneys are allowed to remain out of order.

Bu-Ju. The Kidney Pill, is absolutely guaranteed to cure disordered kidneys, and thus eradicate all the troubles that arise from them. There is no use in treating th symptoms. The root of the evil, your kidney trouble, must be cured, and Bu-Ju is

Toronto, Sept. 8, 1903.

Clarin Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont. Gentlemen:--- I have bought and taken three boxes of your Bu-Ju Pills and I found them as represented. I can recommend them to any person who has kidney trouble. I received great relief as soon as I commenced taking them.

112 Hazelton Avenue.

Bu-Ju is for sale by druggists generally, or will be forwarded by mail on receipt of NEW YORK, N. .. AND

Fifty cents per box.

"Yes," she murmured. "But-" The words were never said, for with a sudden exclamation he threw himself on his knees by her side, and took her to his arms.-St. Louis Star.

AND USE DODD'S DYSPEPSIA TAB-

The time to cure Indigestion is right at the start, before it makes eating a terror and sleeping a nightmare; before it gets firmly fixed in the body with all its aches and despondency. Take it right at the start and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure it

so quickly you will never realize what Dyspepsia really means. But if your Indigestion has become soiled blue ribbon. He started at me Dyspepsia and got you firmly in its in amazement. "Phoney, vou're a clutches there is no reason to despair. brick! You're trying to tell me there's Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have cured so gently that no discomfort is felt, ful fun in one of the papers in his as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back thousands of cases just as bad as though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back though it were a dog or two-legged been some mistake. I'm coming back though it were a dog or two-legged be

"My Dyspepsia made alarming progress to the point that I was discourself really warming to him for under- aged. Every day saw me almost in despair, when I gave Dodd's Dyspepsia And, when we got to the house, I Tablets a trial. Today I have no headcrept stealthily in through the open ache, no weariness, no rain. I am

> THE INTELLIGENT WREN. One cold day late in December, on going to my "Slabsides," I found a winter wren in the "spare chamber." As I entered the bird did not lose its head at all, as birds usually do under such circumstances. It did not, in a sudden panic, make a dash at the win-

beneath the couch, but I kept my ears peared to know all about windows. and that they were not what they seemed, and it appeared to know the ins and outs of that house like an old occupant. I concluded that the wren may have been harboring there several days, and had become pretty well acquainted with glass and with the stairway opening between the two floors, so that when I came in it wasted no time upon windows, but made AT THE START straight for all open doors. I hope it had a good feast of dormant flies and spiders while it was under my roof. I have seen the winter wren here during every month. It is a hardy bird. LETS YOU'LL NEVER REALLY It, no doubt, gets its living on dormant insects, which it finds in holes KNOW WHAT DYSPEPSIA MEANS, and in all manner of hiding places. It breeds in the Catskills and I sometimes hear it in April in full song on its way to the mountains.-John Burroughs, in Outing.

> UNCONSCIOUSLY FUNNY ADS. "Humor,' says Mr. Crothers, "is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect. Yes, but not of imperfect fun. And I find the advertiser most deliciously amusing when he least aspires to be: I frankly enjoy his laughterless and len Terry will positively appear in three pieces," writes he; or "Try our patent lamp-chimney and save half your light;" or even, "Our fish cannot be approached." A correspondence school of advertising declares in its enthusiastic prospectus. "You will never see the ad. writer play the wallflower in society;" and, good lack, why should he? I will pledge my all to find admirers for any of unwittingly humorous advertisements. Indeed, dare say, Mr. Crothers himself would be proud to fellowship with such an one, and "frankly enjoy his imperfice tions," though methinks he would perhaps reserve the right to order his own affairs without assistance from so devious and humorless an intellect .-Atlantic.

struck me was the coolness and cir- Eyyptian mummies and in the prehis-

HE WAS PARALYZED.

Lost Power of Speech-Face Was All Drawn Out of Shape-Five Doctors Failed to Even Relieve—Electricity Proved Ineffective - Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Made a Perfect Cure.



A MOST REMARKABLE CASE.

Nervous paralysis is usually considered incurable, but here is another case in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has positively cured this terrible disease.

If you are suffering from any form of paralysis or nervous exhaustion, this letter from Mr. Brennan should prove of priceless value to you, because it directs you to the cure.

On the other hand, it should be a warning to you if you are neglecting the first symptoms which point to the approach of nervous prostration or paralysis.

By such wonderful cures as this of Mr. Brennan, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is proving itself a nerve restorative of most exceptional power, and astonishing doctors who find themselves powerless before diseases of the nervous system.

MR. WM. J. BRENNAN. Western Hill, St. Catharines, Ont., writes:—
"For a year or more I suffered with paralysis, which five doctors failed to cure or even relieve. The trouble began like an earache and developed into drawing the left eye half way down the cheek, and the mouth twisting up towards the right eye. I finally became speechless and dwindled in flesh. Insomnia followed, and after trying everything I could

hear of, even to the electric battery, I gave up in despair.
"One day a friend read in one of Dr. Chase's books about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food curing a similar case to mine and persuaded me to try it. So tired, discouraged and despondent, I began its use soon to find that I was improving. By continuing this treatment, I became sound and well in every way, have resumed work, sleep well and my eye and mouth have returned to their normal position. I would not go back to my former condition for all the gold in the country, so you can see what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me. I have gained in flesh and feel that I have a new lease of life."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Revitalizes the wasted nerve cells and gradually but certainly overcomes such ailments as nervous prostration and paralysis. It has a marvellous record of cures. At all dealers. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on