

# What COMFORT LYE

Comfort Lye is a very powerful cleanser. It is used for cleaning up the oldest and hardest dirt, grease, etc. Comfort Lye is fine for making sinks, drains and closets sweet and clean. Comfort Lye kills rats, mice, roaches and insect pests. Comfort Lye will do the hardest spring cleaning you've got. Comfort Lye is good for making soap. It's powdered, perfumed and 100% pure.



## is splendid for —

# PARTED BY GOLD

Let us introduce her as she lay one morning—near the Christmas pantomime time at the Signet—upon the velvet lounge, a French novel in her dainty hands, and a bunch of hothouse grapes close at her elbow—not to eat, your grand lady seldom eats these great things the poor envy so much, but because the expensive handful of fruit was pleasing to her sense of sight and bore a peculiar kind of gratification.

ing enormously big in the small and elegant room, and grandly handsome in the flush which his walk had bestowed upon him. "And how do you do, my sweet cousin, this splendid morning?"

"Splendid!" and her large eyes opened most effectively. "I call it horrible. It snows. It is as cold as the Arctic regions."

"Cold," he repeated, with a musical laugh that set the bronzes, china and other curiosities laughing to hear it. "I think it is warm, at least it warms one's blood."

"Well, you look warm," she admitted, looking at him with the admiration in her eyes thinly concealed.

"Warm, of course," he said. "Ah, Maud, you should be out breathing heaven's pure air, not sitting here in this stifling, perfume-poisoned rabbit hutch—no disrespect to aunt—not getting the blood through your veins."

"My dear Maud," said Lady Pacewell, entering the room and breaking in upon Lady Maud's reflection, "are you not going out this morning?"

"That's a long speech for you, Jack," said the beautiful lips—"a very long speech and with a compliment tacked on at the end of it, too; Jack you are improving."

"It is a great bore, aunt. I wish Lady Pacewell was not so deaf and so eloquent on her lumbago."

"I'm glad you think so," he said, with his low mellow laugh; "there's plenty of room for it, Maud. But come, chaffing apart; I have looked in to ask you where you would rather go to-night."

"That is a dear aunt, now, and say, please, I have the headache, which I have no doubt I shall have before you get there."

"And to see you, of course!" he added. "You leave it to me? Well, very well. Where is aunt?"

"Really, it is very hard work; I never knew a winter season so crowded. Let me see," looking over a daintily bound memorandum book.

"Gone scandal-mongering to Lady Bakewell for me. I am on sick leave."

"Oh, is it to-night?" said Lady Maud, indifferently, although a singular light came into her languid eyes.

"Indeed! Who may be going to his club?"

"Scarcely had the carriage rolled away with great state and eclat than a resolute hand banged on the knocker."

"I picked the yellow-covered novel up and looked at it hard. 'Can't understand it. I don't know French; I wish I did.'"

"Oh, indeed!" said poor Jack, looking miserably at the book.

"Wish you did?" repeated Lady Maud. "Well, no, Jack, you are quite clever enough. French would spoil you, make you conceited."

"Oh, indeed!" said poor Jack, looking miserably at the book.

"Yes, extravagant, isn't it? But he is really cheap. Horefish is the only thing I'm not taken in with," Walton says."

"Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"I must go," he said. "I am keeping you from your book, and a nap, I suppose, for ladies require a deal of sleep—and, no wonder, they dance while other people are in bed."

"Oskaloosa, Iowa.—'For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial.'—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 408 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa."

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For Lydia E. Pinkham, The Result Service.

Poor Jack could not tell a silent falsehood, as it is called, any more than a spoken one. To let his beautiful cousin think he had been dining out when he had really been spoiling his clothes behind the scenes of the Royal Signet would be a silent falsehood.

"I was not dining; this time your fear is thrown away, Maud; I was at the theatre."

"You are fond of the theatre lately," she said, with the air of condescending interest that makes it a flattery to inquire.

"No," he said, hesitating. He was conscious of a strange reluctance to tell this cold but beautiful woman of his trip to the East-end. "No, I am not; I went out of curiosity."

"So do most people, excepting pick-pockets," she retorted, with a light, musical laugh that had wrecked many a heart.

"That's good," he said. "Well, I mean it was a queer place to go to, right out of the way, you know."

"Where was it?" she asked, raising her eyes, and noting, while pretending not to note, his reluctance and hesitation.

"The Royal Signet, down East." "It must be very Oriental; and did you leave your watch?"

"No," he said, feeling a slight annoyance at her sublime air of contempt for the unfashionable portion of the world and its honest inhabitants.

"No, indeed, why should I? There are as many pick-pockets—West as East—perhaps more. You see, it's unknown land to you, my dear Maud; you should take a voyage thither."

"No, thank you," she said. "I have a weakness for civilization. Savage life has no charms for me. I will leave the conquest, exploration, or annexation of the East to you, Jack, but hope you'll not go there again."

He laughed. "Well," he said, buttoning his gloves, "I shall go nowhere if I stop here, shall I? Maud, be ready at half-past six. I shall be punctual."

His strong hand grasped her delicate one, and with a smile he was gone. But, short as his visit had been, it had disturbed Lady Maud's serenity.

First she sprang up to watch him striding away through the park, his hand up to his hat at every corner in answer to the salutes of the keepers and ranger's men who all knew and were proud of him.

"There is mischief when he hesitates and hedges," she said. "What is it, wonder? Can he be going to his club, to avoid coughs and coughers?"

Yes, Jack could tell a falsehood; besides, it was when he mentioned that theatre, the Royal Signet at the East-end. Where is it, and what took him there, I wonder?

Another knock and her eyes up to the glass again. "Mr. Beaumont."

"With a smile, Lady Maud held out her hand. "Brave men are still left in Britain," she said, with a gracious sweetness.

"Indeed!" he said, having bent over her hand for full half a minute, and now raising his fine eyes to her face with a significant look of devotion and admiration.

"Indeed! Who may be the first?"

"Mr. Hamilton," she replied. "He has only just gone."

"Ah," he said, and a slight shade crossed his brow which did not escape Lady Maud's quick eyes, as he intended it should not. "He is always before me."

"Yes," she replied, turning him off with the cold frigidity which Beau Fopton inveighed against. "And are you going to the club, too?"

"No," he said, "I must return to my chambers. I came to bring Lady Pacewell the tickets for Madam Shaleeki's concert."

"Ah," said Lady Maud. "Have you got them for us? How kind. And are you going, too?"

# CUTICURA

## Heals Skin Trouble With One Cake Soap and Two Boxes Ointment.

Terrible itching on back of neck. After three weeks got flaky and became sore. Was red and scratching caused sleepless nights. Got Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Itching not so bad after using them. Now healed.

From signed statement of Mrs. William Quigley, Windsor, N. S.

If Cuticura did no more than soothe and heal eczemas, rashes, itchings and burnings, bringing speedy comfort to tortured, disfigured men, women and children it would be entitled to the highest praise. But it does more. By using the Soap exclusively for toilet purposes, allowing no other soap to touch your skin, you will in many cases prevent these distressing experiences.

For Free Sample Each by Mail—address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

"Yes?" she said, in the same half-interested, wholly interrogative tone.

"Yes," he continued; "whether he is starting a horse for the Derby, has gone into experiments in chemistry, or is starting a new gunpowder plot, can't say, but he is certainly seldom visible."

"Well, he will be visible to-night, and that is a good thing," said the beautiful woman. "He is to take his aunt to the theatre."

"The theatre," said Beaumont, quickly, "and which one?"

"Drury Lane, I suppose," replied Lady Maud, raising her eyes and fixing them with calm regard on his face.

"Oh, I—really I had no reason that I know of. Oh, Drury Lane, eh?"

"And have you been to the theatre lately, Mr. Beaumont?" asked she.

"No, not lately," he replied, then added, quickly: "Oh, stay, yes, I had nearly forgotten; I have been lately to such a queer one; you can't guess it."

"I can," she said, with a charming smile. "Shall I?"

"If you can," he said. "The Royal Signet."

"That's right," he said; "how did you know?"

"A little bird," she laughed, musically. "And pray what is there so attractive at the Royal Signet?" she asked.

"I know of no attraction that would be likely to please you," he said, with a slight emphasis on the last word. "Unless you like plenty of melodrama, pistol-firing and a strong smell of oranges."

"Thank you, no," she said, much amused. "And pray what attracts you gentlemen there? Who went with you? I am curious, it is so strange."

"It is not comic," he said, laughing. "Only four of us, Jack, Walton, Fopton and I. And great fun it was. We went behind the scenes."

Lady Maud was beginning to understand. The poison was working, and the skillful schemer knew it.

"There was a most exciting drama, and an intensely interesting prate. An extravaganza afterward that delighted dear old Jack above everything. We could hardly get him away."

But, there, that reminds me of my musty chambers and the pile of parchment weeping and walling for me. Good-morning. I may escort Lady Pacewell to the matinee? Goody-by, for the present only then."

He was gone. Lady Maud did not glide to the window to see the last of his back, but she returned to her study of the fire, and her brow grew blacker.

"Behind the scenes with ballet girls and second-rate actresses. Is he foolish enough for that? No, no, and yet his hesitation, his reluctance to mention it. I had to drag it out of him like extracting a tooth. If I were a man I could follow him and find out for myself, but I must live on such crumbs as he throws—may, rather, what I extract from him by dint of hard pumping. Oh, what a thing it is to be tied hand and foot. The Royal Signet. I will look at the paper."

hope he is going on all right, my dear Maud. He looked rather pale, I thought."

"Pale!" said Lady Maud; "he was perfectly rosy, disgustingly rosy, when he came here. The very picture of health."

"Well, perhaps it was the brougham window; Thomas never keeps them clean, and I'm sure it is so annoying, for one looks quite yellow to the people passing by. But Jack, my dear, I saw standing at Tattersall's talking to such a queer-looking man."

"That is nothing," said Lady Maud, with quiet scorn. "The greatest gentleman may book a bet, as they call it, or settle up with any disreputable person at any place."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said Lady Pacewell, emphatically. "And Jack ought to know better. But there, he is so easily led! Sometimes I think it is a pity that he came into the Facewell money, my dear. And he wouldn't have done it if that strange, disreputable old uncle could have been found, you know. Jack is so careless, so good-natured, you can get him to do anything. Why—would you believe it, my dear?—Lady Fopton tells me Willie and some of them, Jack included, went down to some place at the East End of London and mixed with the acting and singing people? Is it not disgraceful? Really, I do not understand the gentlemen of the press—would never have done such a thing, I am sure. At the East End, too!"

(To be continued.)

# DO YOU WANT PINK CHEEKS?

They Can be Had by Keeping the Blood Rich, Red and Pure.

Every woman—every girl—wants pink cheeks. They mean not only beauty, but good health. When a woman's blood is scanty and anemic her color fades, she looks debilitated, is short of breath and her heart palpitates after slight exertion. Sometimes this trouble is accompanied by severe headaches, or pains in the back or sides. This condition is entirely due to weak, watery blood, and can only be cured by making the blood rich, red and pure. For this purpose there is nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act directly upon the blood, and in this way bring new health and strength to weak, anemic people.

Mrs. Anderson, Heart, Ont. says: "Before coming to Canada from England I was a sufferer from anemia for upwards of a year. I had been gradually getting paler and weaker. I did not realize that I was sick, but felt constantly tired and worn out. I had no ambition for anything, and grew so white that my brothers used to call me 'snowball.' At this stage my mother decided that she would get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are as well known in Canada. On the day I commenced taking them I fainted on getting out of bed and mother urged me to stay in bed for a few days. I really felt so weak that I was glad to take her advice. I looked more like a corpse than a living person. I remained in bed for a week, taking the pills regularly, and then I felt that I was able to get up, though not able to go about. From that on, however, I gained strength daily, and in a little more than a month I was feeling as well as ever I did. The color returned to my cheeks and lips, and my friends were all surprised at my rapid recovery. I took no medicine but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so that they deserve all the credit for my restoration to health."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Worse and Worst.

An old lady, well known for her philanthropy, used to take a great interest in various asylums. During a visit to one a certain old man rounded her special compassion.

"How long have you been here?" she asked him.

"Twelve years," was the reply. After asking him a few more questions she passed on.

Turning to her guide, she noticed a smile on his face. On asking him the reason she heard to her consternation that the old man was no less than the medical superintendent. In great haste she rushed back to make her apologies.

"I am so sorry, doctor," she said; "this has taught me a lesson. I'll never judge by appearances again."

Wire Splints for Wounds.

A new kind of surgical splint in which galvanized wire netting takes the place of wood has been put on the market, says the Popula Science Monthly. The steel entering into the construction of this wire splint is so tempered that it can be moulded by hand. Being galvanized, the wire is sterilized and at the same time welded into a single piece that cannot fray out at loose ends.

As it is porous, it allows a certain amount of evaporation and air circulation to the dressings beneath, which wood or plaster does not. The splint comes rolled like a bandage and is lighter and less bulky than wooden splints.

German Toys Not What They Were.

Simplicity is the rule in German toy shops now, and wood, once formerly used only for cheaper toys, is now almost the only material employed. Lack of flour, which is used with cement to make the bodies, prevents the manufacture of new dolls. Wax, used for the heads, is almost unobtainable, and the material for dresses costs four times as much as before the war. Toys cost at least twice as much as formerly. Metal toys are few in number, and some of the very cheap varieties cannot be had at all. The metal that formerly went into the making of trains, horses, soldiers, mantic instruments, etc., has been taken by the government for the manufacture of munitions.

Salesmanship is a curious thing. A canvasser can make a sale where a sailor can't.

# When Appetite Fails And Health Declines Follow This Suggestion

## REQUIRES ONLY A COUPLE OF SMALL TABLETS AFTER MEALS TO FIX YOU UP AGAIN.

### A New Blood-Food Called Ferrozone Cure to Restore You Quickly.

Every day comes the good news of wonderful cures with Ferrozone. Ferrozone worked marvels for Louis Accaron—put him right on his feet—made him entirely well.

"About three years ago," says Mr. Meehan, "I had the Grippe which left me in a very run-down condition that finally developed into Dyspepsia. I was unable to eat but a few things and had a craving for acid. I gave up treating with the doctors because they did not help me and on the advice of a friend used Ferrozone. It not only cured me of Dyspepsia and Biliousness, but has built up my strength to what it was before I had the Grippe. I can recommend Ferrozone as an ideal restorative."

Ferrozone gives you force, energy, vim. It strengthens the stomach, cures indigestion, prevents headaches—guarantees good health.

Thousands use Ferrozone—they all feel better; try it yourself—sold in 60c boxes, six for \$2.50, at all dealers or direct from The Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

# RECIPES.

## CRUMB BREAD.

Two quarts hot water, 1 cup molasses, 4 teaspoons salt, 1 1/2 quarts bread crumbs, 1 yeast cake dissolved in 2 tablespoons lukewarm water, 4 tablespoons shortening, 1 quart Graham flour, white flour to knead.

Put a grind bread in the meat chopper before measuring. Add molasses and salt to water, pour over crumbs and when lukewarm stir in yeast. Add Graham flour and white flour. Knead in brush with melted fat, let rise overnight. In morning shape into loaves. Brush with fat. Let rise until double in bulk.

## CONSERVATION CROQUETTES.

Two cups ground soup meat, one cup boiled rice or one cup split peas, one tablespoonful onion, one tablespoonful parsley, salt and pepper to taste and one egg. Moisten with left-over gravy or a little catsup. Put into oiled baking-pan. Turn out on platter crust up and garnish with parsley. Onions and parsley are to be minced.

## SWEET SCONES.

Half pound flour, 3/4 teaspoon salt, 3/4 teaspoon soda, 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 cup buttermilk, 1/2 cup sugar. Note—Sweet milk may be substituted for buttermilk or sour milk. In this case a whole teaspoon of cream of tartar should be used.

Mix the dry ingredients. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Knead lightly, roll out and cut into convenient shapes and sizes. Bake on a griddle or in a quick oven for 20 minutes. Raisins may be added to suit. Scones may be made of half wheat flour and half barley flour, with Graham flour and with whole wheat flour.

# LIVER.

Devised liver can be made as great a delicacy as chicken or ham tongue—if prepared either with the livers of poultry or calves. To give it the true continental flavor it should be fried in a quantity of beef dripping, to which has been added a little paprika. It should then be chopped so finely that it becomes almost a paste. One-half teaspoonful of grated onion, one-quarter of quantity of salt, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of ketchup are added. Turn into a mold and allow to cool. The fruit found delicious, cold, for sandwiches.

Liver has good fuel value as food. It is firm and close in texture, needs to be carefully cooked, and eaten when "heartily" food is desired.

# FIG DROPS.

One pound figs, one pint maple syrup, one teaspoonful vinegar, nuts. Seed the figs and stuff with any nuts desired. Boil the syrup and vinegar until it forms a little ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire, cool slightly. Dip stuffed figs in syrup several times and lay on waxed paper to harden.

# THE AGONIES OF HADES.

Aren't supposed to be worse than a bad corn. For years the standard remedy has been Putnam's Corn Extractor. It painlessly removes the worst corn in 24 hours; try Putnam's Extractor, 25c at all dealers.

# Intelligence.

An intelligent person is supposed to be one of cultivated understanding—a person who has acquired a large store of knowledge, but not necessarily the schools or colleges, for many highly intelligent persons have been self-educated men and women. Intelligence is a characteristic of the mind rather than of action or man's nerves. There are highly intelligent people who are socially impossible because of self-conceit or boorish manners.

# "Diseased Meat."

There is a wide difference in the terms "diseased meat" and "meat from diseased animals." In fresh pork for instance, the absence of live triehinae cannot be guaranteed by the vendor from any known practical method of inspection, but if the meat is properly cooked any triehinae present are killed and hence cannot produce disease.

# The Candid Friend.

Alleged Composer (ad piano)—Listen to this. (He does brutal things to the instrument.) How do you like it? Too little air and too many variations perhaps? The Helpless Friend—Yes! give me more air. (He opens the window.)—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# How to Purify the Blood

Fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots, commonly called Herber Selgel's (Traising) Syrup, may be taken in water with meals and at bedtime, for the cure of indigestion, constipation and bad blood. Persistence in this treatment will effect a cure in nearly every case. Get the genuine at druggists.

### AVOID COUGHS AND COUGHERS!

Coughing, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc.

## SHILOH

30 DROP-STOP COUGHL HALF THIS FOR CHILDREN

### Wood's Phosphodine.

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system. Makes new Blood in old veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Depression, Loss of Sleep, Fatigue of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. a receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

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Remember the name as it might not be seen again

### Dr. Martel's Female Pills

Prescribed and recommended by Physicians. Sold for a century. Patented. The Best with signature "Knickerbocker Remedy Co." As your druggist. ———— Accept no other.