รัฐมนุม Sybil's Doom มนุม มี <u>ፙ</u>ዹፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙፙ<u>ፙ</u>

But all the while there was a puzzled expression in her face, all the while she expression in her face, all the while she kept up a furtive, ceaseless watch upon Cyril Trevanion, pausing in the midst of her gay repartees to listen while he spoke, to note his every movement.

Gradually she turned from Charley to him, asking adroit questions about India, and Russia, and South America, and receiving the briefest and least extisfactory of answers.

There was a strange smile curving her

There was a strange smile curving her pretty lips, a triumplant glitter in her eyes, when at length sne quitted the drawing room and ascended to her own

The party at Trevanion Park met at hincheon, and again the widow renewed her nitful wiles, again to be baffled by the steady reticence of the hero of Bal-

very unkind Colonel Trevanion is!" she said, making a witching gesture, and in a very audible "aside" to Charley. "He knows we are literally dying to hear of his adventures among the Turks and the turbans, the houris and the hashish-eaters, the awful fanaties of Central Asia, and the lions and gorillas and things of Central Africa, and he won't tell us a word. The Times chronicles his wenderful exploits under the Indian suns and amid the Crimean snows, but not a word he says. And of Spanish America, with its earthquakes, and insurrections, and valcan-oes, and dark-eyed donnas, he is mutest Colonel Trevanion is a hero, beyoud a doubt; but he shows no mercy to

I never did care to chronicle my exploits upon the housetops, Mrs. Ingram," Colonel Trevanion answered, "or make a howl about them at the street corners. can not even turn them to account, in the way of pounds and shillings, by my imagination for my facts when the real thing falls short."

He finished with a withering glance

at Charley. That placed youth met it with a front unmoved.
"No," he said, "your worst enemy "No," he said, "your worst enemy will never accuse you, my dear colonel, of the crime of writing books. That's a back-handed hit at Macgregor, isn't it? Don't be too hard on that poor fellow, colonel. He doesn't chronicle having saved your life, remember. Apropos of Macgrgor, Mrs. Ingram, you'll be charmed with him, and he with you; but that's a matter of course. And being a constant visitor at Sir Rupert Chudleigh's, you're likely to see a good deal of each other. As you are strong, dearest madame, be merciful in this case. Don't break his heart ruthlessly as you have broken mine—I'm used to as you have broken mine-I'm used to it, and can stand it; but, like measles, it goes hard with your man of five-and-thirty. And as I've honored him with my especial esteem, I don't want his hairs brought with sorrew to the grave, for a year or two, at least."

Mrs. Ingram laughed, and again she and Charley went at it full tilt, with lance and spear. Colonel Trevanion listened and looked, with the face of a man bewitched; and Sybil, after vainly endeav-oring to draw his attention, turned way at length, with a scornful glitter in the

haughty eyes, and a distainful curl of the superb lip. Luncheon over, Mrs. Ingram went back to the rosery with her dainty little bas-ket; Sybil sat down to the piano; Lady Lemox took the latest novel, and Charley curled himself up in a dormeuse and drifted gently into the "lovely land of dreams." Colonel Trevanion lingered for a little beside the fair pianiste, but his a little beside the fair planiste, but his eyes wandered ever through the open glass door to a fairy figure in white flitting about among the rose trees. He was so absent, so distrait, an-swering so at random, that Miss Tre-

anion took compassion upon him at

She looks like Love among the roses does she not, Cousin Cyril?" with a slight laugh. "Pray, don't let me de tain you; join Mrs. Ingram by all means I'm going to practice this fugue o Bach's, and you won't care to listen, See, she smiles an invitation.'

And then the white hands swept over the keys in a storm of sound tha drowned the Indian officer's reply, if he made any. A moment later and his tail figure was out beside the white fairy helping gather roses, his face alight, while he listened to her pretty prattle and her sweet laugh.
Miss Trevanion spent four hours at

the piano: then she went up to her room to dress for dinner. From her window she could see the widow and her victim, still busy in the July sunshine amid the oses and myrtles and azalcas, forget ul; apparently, of all the world but

And that is Cyril Trevanion -the hero "And that is a virile thought, a bitter pang of wounded pride at her heart. "Come home, after all these years to be infatuated at first sight by the pretty, painted face of Edith Ingram! His father's fate is nothing to him, I am less than nothing, and she bewitches him in half an hour, as though he were weak-witted boy of sixteen. Well, him go! The man who can stoop love that woman is not worth one regret from me!

She turned bravely away to her toilet but the keen pain was at her heart still. It was hard to give up her ideal like this—to despist her hero, her king—to see the last of the Trevanions twice fouled—twice netted by two artful wo-

"There was some excuse for him at cteen," she thought, bitterly; "there nucteen," she thought, bitte none at four and thirty."

The widow was quite gorgeous at din-ner—shining like a star. She had not even made a show of mourning for the general. Black did not become her, and why should she make a fright of her-soft to please a young lady who was above being pleased by any efforts or hers? She wore to day a robe of wine-colored silk, that gleamed and twisted about her like a fiery serpent; and there were blood red blossoms in her inidnight hair, and a half-shattered rose in her besom; and it perfuming petals drifted into the colonel's face while she talked Sybil's clear eyes looked cross the table - Sybil across the table - cyc...
deep black - high-necked. of St. Clare, could not have taken exception to that toilet. And yet the delicate, high-bred face, with its pure patrician loveliness, its shining, soulful aves, its sweat proud line was a him eyes, its sweet, proud lips, was a hun-dred-fold more beautiful than that other.

And the siren wove her rose-chains, and wreathed her gilded fetters. And the hero of Balaklava bent his neck for the hero of Balaklava bent his neck for the shining chains, and held out his hands for the flowery handcuffs. She sung for him after dinner, in her delicious mezzo-soprano—fiery little Spanish ballads, mistily tender German chants, impassioned Italian love-songs. And the circean smiles were rosy, and the flashing glances bright, and the entrancing laugh at its softest and sweetest, and the new Delilah was driving her Samson mad and blind with the delicious fever men call love. men call love.

men call love.

"Clearest case of spoons I ever saw in my life." observed Charley, sotto voce, to his sister. "He's dead and done for this bout. Oh, my poor little Sybil! After all the amunition you've wasted, the dreams you've dreamed, the hopes you've hoped, to think that the little kingram should have beaten you sky high at the first heat! He was a fool at nineteen, and he's the most outand-out fool in the three kingdoms at four-and-thirty." four-and-thirty."

four-and-thirty."

Mrs. Ingram and Colonel Trevanion shook hands affectionately that night at parting; but Miss Trevanion, very pale in the glare of the wax-lights, said her good-night very briefly and coldly, and swept past them both. And the returned chieftain went to bed to dream of his Circe; and Circe herse?, the wine-colored silk flung aside, and a loose wrapper donned, walked long hours up and down her room—thinking—thinking.

"Who is he?" she said to herself; who is he?—this man who claims to be Cyril Trevanion—who looks like Cyril Trevanion, and who is not Cyril Cyril Trevanion, and who is not Cyril Trevanion? He does not recognize me—that is proof in itself. There is that story of the Chilian fever, the loss of memory; but—ah, bah! who believes that? Who is he—who is he? My lady believes in him, La Princesse believes in him, and is sorely disappointed, poor thing! Charley believes in him, and 'writes him down an ass.' He is not Cyril Trevanion, and before I'm a month older I'll know who he really is!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The next day was Sunday, and the family at Trevanion Park drove over to Speckhaven, through the golden glory of the July morning, to church. Lady Lemox and Miss Trevanion sat

beside each other in the great cushioned and curtained pew of the Trevanions. And Mrs. Ingram, in the most delicious little bonnet that ever the fertile brain of a Parision modiste imagined, the or a Parision modiste imagined, the pretty face sweetly serious, the summery toilet faultless, sat beside that hero of a hundred fights, Colonel Cyril Trevanion. And if the gallant colonel's eyes wandered away from the vested ministers, the swinging censers, the wax-light and the roses, who can blame him?

They drove home to luncheon They drove home to luncheon, and still that very pronounced flirtation went on. Sybil Trevanion took very little notice of them now. She was sorry, pained, hurt, disappointed; but she was not her cousin's keeper. He must "gang his ain gait" ">>>> the end. "Look at him!" Lady Lemox cried in vindictive triumph: "look at your cousin Cyril, Sybil! Even he who can not resist the fascinations of Mrs. Ingram. You are the only creature alive that

You are the only creature alive dislikes her, and it proves what a pre-

"Perhaps so, mamma," Sybil answered, a little wearily, "but I have done my
best, and I can not like her, I can not
trust her. I have done her no harm, at least. She will be as well off at Sir Rupert Chudleigh's as here."

She will, no doubt; but I-oh, what is to become of me, you cruel, selfish, unkind creature! No one ever suited me as she does, and for that very reason you send her away. If it were not that you had made up your mind about it before Cotonel Trevanion came, I would say it was all your jealousy, and nothing els-"

"Then you would say very wrong. Lady Lemox," Miss Trevanion answered, throwing back her head, the violet eyes beginning to lighten. "I am not in the least jealous of your pet. Colonel Trevanion is infatuated, that is clear enough; but Edith Ingram is wise in her generation—she would not marry the impoverished heir to Monkswood, if he were at her feet to-morrow." e were at her feet to-morrow."

"Indeed!" with a sneer. "You appear to know all about it. Why, then, does she encourage him?"
"Why do naturanists impale butterflies and beetles? For their own satisfaction. The butterflies and beetles may die, but what does that signify? The naturalist has had all he wants. Mrs. naturalist has had all he wants. Mrs. Ingram flirts with Charley as she would flirt with one of the stable boys yonder, if no better game offered, for the inate pleasure of flirting. She won't marry Cyril Trevanion, since I hold Cyril Trevanion's fortune; but she'll fool him to the top of his bent. She'll marry Sir Rupert Chudleigh, I dare say, if he gives her the chance, and then—Heaven help poor Gwen! We won't talk about it, mamma, if you please. I am heartily tired of the subject."

She leaned against the window with a

She leaned against the window with a low, weary sign, playing idly with the ivy sprays; and by the strangest of all strange wanderings, her thoughts went off at a tangent to the tenant of the Retreat. Was he happy? Sybil won-dered. His taste appeared to be simple enough; he dwelt in a sort of bower of roses, with his two servants and his long, lean Livonian, and he wrote charming books, and was famous. Was he happy? He had wonderful eyes and a massive, powerful brow, and his grave, handsome, composed face told you little; but he was a lonely wanderer over the world, for all that—friendless and house-

world, for all that—friendless and house-less very likely, or he would hardly be here. And, somehow, there was that in his great, dark eyes, in the stern, set mouth, that gave this dreaming girl a strong idea of hidden trouble.

The sunny summer morning ended in a pouring afternoon. There was no more church-going. Mrs. Ingram seated herself at the parlor organ and played long sleeved. devoid of orna Mozart and dreamy improvementors or menton and, from the austere cloisters her own, with the Russian hero by her Mozart and dreamy improvisations of men

side, and Charley asleep near, under the sophorific intuence of her solemn-sweet melodies. And Sybii got hold of Mr. Macgregor's book, "Among the Turbans; or, Through the Land of the Sun," a fanciful title enough for a volume of travels. But the book was altogether bewitching—its style perfect, its diction faultless, full of laughable stories, racy ancedotes, pathetic touches, and "hairbreadth 'scapes." The girl was enchanted; she read and read, while the rainy afternoon wore away, and strained her eyes to finish by the last expiring glimmer of daylight. She laid it down with a sort of regret. Like Sam Weller's immortal valentine, there was just enough to make you wish there was more.

"How charming it is! How clever he must be! And yet there is one thing I dislike in it—the bitter way he speaks of women. He is sarcastic, almost cynical, whenever they are in question, whether it is the veiled wives of the Faithful, the brilliant belles of Paris, or the dusky damsels of Kaffir land. He halds all womanking at the same chean Faithful, the brilliant belies of raris, or the dusky damsels of Kaffir land. He halds all womankind at the same cheap rate, no doubt."
"Have you any more of Mr. McGreg-

or's books, Charley " Sybil asked her brother after dinner in the drawing-room. "I like his 'Among the Turbans' extremely.

Cherley threw her a slender volume gold and azure—poems, you knew, at first glance.

are-'A Wanderer's "There you are—'A Wanderer's Dreams.' Pretty little idyls—sweet as sugar-candy. You're safe to go into ecstasies over it, Sybil. It's full of the ecstasies over it, Sybil. It's full of the most melodious abuse of the female sex. Baronesses and ballet-dancers, duchesses and dansueses, he tars them all with the same stick.. I suspect Macgregor's like the rest of us—been jilted in the past tense, and turns cynic in the present. He's stunningly clever, and just the sort of fellow I'd make a dead set at, if I were a woman."

Mrs. Ingram rose from the piano, with a light laugh, her silk robe flashing in the lamp-light.

the lamp-light.

"Pray, don't Charley—don't make us fall in love with your literary lion before we even see him. But I forgot; you have seen him, dear Miss Trevanlon. Pray, tell me if the man is as irresistible as his book."

"I will leave you to form your own opinion, Mrs. Ingram," Sybil answered, with that voluntary hauteur with which she always addressed the widow. "You are likely soon to see more of him than I do."

And then Miss Trevanion opened the "Wanderer's Dreams," and presently for-got everything—Mrs. Ingram and the slave at her chariot wheels included—in the music of these dreamy, delicious

Next morning the widow departed, and she and Lady Lemox made the most of their adieus. It was really pathetic, that parting scene—lace handkerchiefs and smelling bottles flourished, and touching tears flowed.

Colonel Trevanion looked on sym-Colonel Trevanion looked on sympathizingly; Charley, like the heartless little monster he was, enjoyed the whole thang hugely; and poor Sybil, feeling very much like a female Nero, dooming hapless victims to the stake, seized her hat and made her escape.

Mrs. Ingram departed, and Lady Lemon in a fit of sulks kent her chamber.

Mrs. Ingram departeed, and Lady Le-mox, in a fit of sulks, kept her chamber all day, and made the life of her French maid a misery to her. And late in the afternoon came gallop-ing over Miss Gwendoline Chudleigh, in ng over Miss Gwendoline Chudleigh, it high state of excitement and indigna

"She's commenced already!" burst out the baronet's daughter, "she's beginning to 'form' me before she's properly in the house. My music has been shamefully reglected; my fingering to atrocious; I shake my elbows and joggle my wrists; and the 'Fisher's Hornpipe' is only to be endured by persons lost to all morality! My French accent sets her nerves on edge, and I'm to go through a course of Le Brun's Telemaque' and 'Noel et Chapsel' at once. And I'm to be persecuted through all the 'nometries' and 'ologies' there are, and get the Norman Heptarchy and all the Kings of France, from Clovis I. to Napoleon III., by heart. And I'm to walk and talk by line and plummet, and simper and dip as she does, and become an object before high heaven. lor's menage is always But I wont!" cried Gwendoline, glaring it, Colonel Trevanion? viciously into space, and clinching one little chubby fist. "I'll see Mrs. Ingram boiled alive first!"

"It's a harrowing case, certainly," aughed Sybil; "but if Sir Pupert and Mrs. Ingram league against you, I greatly fear you'll be vanquished. And then, you know, my darling Gwen, you do want a little forming; and all these young subs from the Speckhaven mess-room are not just the most desirable ntors for a young lady of sixteen. But, hush! here is Colonel Trevanion. abuse Mrs. Ingram before him. I fancy e rather admires her."

"I dare say he does," responded Miss Chudleigh, sulkily. "So does papa; and they're both donkeys for their pains! I don't care, Sybil; I'll say it again; they're donkeys to let that painted, arthey're donkeys to let that bailined, artificial, simpering widow bewitch 'em! For she is painted! Didn't I see the pink stains on the towel already? It must have been a happy release for Ingram whoever he was—when the Lord took him. He's as solemn as Minerva and her owl, this black-a-vised cousin of yours, Sybil; but I dare say wind him round her little f she can finger. know she can papa, and to all the rest of the world he's as stiff and unchangeable as the laws of what-you-may-call-'em-Swedes and Prussians. I only hope she won't fascinate Mr. Maegregor, because I won't fascinate Mr. Macgregor like Macgregor ever so, and I want to "Indeed!" laughed Mise Trevanion.

"You compliment my cousin's tenant highly. Is Mr. Macgregor aware of your strictly honorable intentions?"

"I haven't mentioned 'em yet," said Gwendoline. "I've been waiting to how he takes you. My prophetic soul-isn't that how they put it in the novels? warns me that my cake is dough once he meets La Princesse. He's handsome and he's clever and he's famous, and he's been over every get at able corner of the globe, and he talks like a book—ever so much better than lots of books I know and he's a dead shot and a crack rider and all at home with the gloves or the

But Sybil covered the rosy lips with Two taper fingers.

"Have a little mercy, Gwendoline!

Don't chant the litany of Saint Angus
Macgregor any longer! He's but one demove from an angel, no doubt, and I hate your angelic men. He looks bis enough and strong enough for anything; but the days of the Hiad and Odyssey are gone. We don't fall down and adore

Anaemic Mothers Here is Relief!

HER ALBERTAN PROPERTY OF A STATE OF THE STAT

You Can Enrich Your Worn-out Blood and Quickly Renew Your Health



Sufferer of Twenty Years States Dr. Hamilton's Pills Are a Real Cure.

"I can't remember any time during the past 20 years when my head wasn't aching. If I bent over, dark specks would come before my eyes, and it seemed as if all the blood in my body wanted to rush to the head." Thus opens the letter of Mrs. Enoch S. Spry, of Putnam P. O., and continuing her interesting statement she says: her interesting statement she says:
"Work or exertion made my heart beat terrible, and going up stairs caused such shoriness of breath that it fairly frightened me. My doctor told me that if that was the cause Dr. Hamilton's irgntened me. My doctor told me that if that was the cause Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the greatest blood renewer on earth. I tell you how I feel to-day and you can understand what a great cure Dr. Hamilton's Pills have made. you can understand what a great cure Dr. Hamilton's Pills have made. I feel strong enough now to work like a man, as for going up stairs on the run, it doesn't bother me at all. I eat and sleep as any well person ought, and as for dizzines; which used to frighten me so much, it has entirely disappeared. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. They helped me in other ways, too, and I know every woman that uses them will have comfort and good health. Refuse anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box. All dealers or the Catarrho-

dearest Gwen; so propose, and welcome as soon as you like. Only make sure, first, he hasn't left a harem away in Stamboul. There is no trusting these great travelers."

per box. All dealers or the Catarrho zone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

"And here comes another of 'em," said "And here comes another of em," said Gwendoline, eyeing Colonel Trevanion, as he came slowly up, with no great favor. "He's the color of manogany, and as dismal to look at as the Knight of the Woful Countenance. Don't you mar-ry him, Sybil, for pity's sake! That ry him, Spbil, for pity's sake! That grim visage across the breakfast table would make you strychnine yourself before the end of the honeymoon."

The colonel reached them, and received.

ed a due presentation to the rosy heir-ess of Chudleigh Chase, but he hardly noticed her or her brief nod of acknowledgment before he turned to his cousin.
"Reedworth tells me there are some "Reedworth tells me there are some repairs necessary at the Retreat, Sybil," he said. "The chimneys smoke, and the upper chambers leak, and the stairways are decaying. As you are walking, suppose you walk in that direction? I must see about it, and I don't want the mediaevalism of the old place spoiled."

"Yes, Sybil," cut in Gwendoline, "come. Mr. Macgregor has promised me Alfred de Musset, and I suppose even Mrs. Ingram, prudish as she is," with a spiteful, sidelong glance at the colonel, "couldn't

gram, prudish as she is," with a spiteful, sidelong glance at the colonel, "couldn't object to my calling on a solitary gentleman, with you along, to play propriety. And, then, I'm dying to see what sort of a muddle he lives in. A bachelor's menage is always in a muddle, isn't it, Colonel Trevanion?" (To be Continued.)

THAT MUSICAL COW.

(New York Herald) (New York Herald)
(News Note:—J. Gilbert Hiccox, a Meanway of Armer, gains \$1,000 a year revidir invision a phonograph for cows will they are being milked.)
The Jenny, but a recor' in:
The Jenny, but a recor' in:
And soon old Sankey visions had of "Comin' Through The Rye."
It made her mouth to water and Her ri-rist opened wide
As "Breath of New Mown Hay" a caught
From fragrant river side.

"The Good Old Summer Time" called forth
The pleasantest of dreams.
She chewed her cud incalm content
At Jink's "corn and beans"
And valiant "Wearing of the Green,"
Made verdant pastures pass,
And then knee deep she was "In Old
Kentucky's bluest grass."

When Gentle Annie's springtime came By "Banks o' Bonny Dee," By "Banks o' Bonny Dee," She ate her fill, then sought the shade Of an "Old Apple Tree." Where "Little Buttercups," so dear, Star-scattered she could see— Sae switched her tail and then she heard "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me."

And as old Sukey's cultured ear And as old Sukey's cultured can Took in each pleasant strain. She gave of milk each drop she had. To that wise farmer's gain. But fortune balked, there came an end To what he set his pride on. When-sad mistake—he played one day "The Tune the Old Car Died On!"

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

CURE CONSTIPATION Mrs. Albert Barriault. St. Alphonse.

Que., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my baby, who suffered from constipation. They completely cured her and I can strongly recommend them to all mothers." The Tablets not only cure constipation, but they cure all other troubles arising from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, such as colic, colds, simple fevers, indigostion, etc Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co Brockville, Ont.

FAIR PLAY.

Wife-I see you're putting on your new at. It makes my old hat look awfully Hustand-Is that so? Well, that's soor

men for their physical might now. I earth runs wat don't want your big Scotchman, my grief.—Bulwer. earth runs water, under all life runs

RIGHTS OF RUSSIAN WOMEN.

A Bill to Increas the Amount They

Can Inherit. Little by little Russian law is acknowledging the claims of women. Though the peasants are as obstinately against them as ever, says the American Woman's Review, the pro-fessional classes are getting things

done.

The Duma has under its consideration a private bill for the regulation of women's inheritance laws. Up till now women who have brothers living can inherit only one-fourteenth part of their parents' real estate and one-eighth of their personal property. Half-sisters and girl cousins have no right at all so long as their brothers are living.

are living.

Two years ago twenty-three members introduced a bill to give to women the same rights of inheritance as their brothers. Though they can be a supply the same and the same are the same rights of inheritance as their brothers. not do so in the case of a will being made, the testators will now be al-lowed to leave their daughters more than one-fourtenth or one-eighth part, on condition that their shares do not exceed the brothers' or mother's.

When the bill becomes law it will make things far better for Russian

women, but its opponents fear it will cause family estates to be broken up in a couple of generations. The law of entail will also be altered, so that heirs can sell estates which hither

to have been unsalable.

disinherit his children. The law indisinterit his children. The law indisinterit his children. The law in-variably overrules a will where this has been attempted. A parent must teave his offerring a certain amount of property. This is a relic of the old Slavonic communal system, when every acre of land was looked upon as lent to a man for his lifetime rather than given to him. So the only was in which a man or woman can be deprived of inheritance is by imperial ukase of confiscation, when

can be deprived of inheritance is by imperial ukase of confiscation, when the estate goes to the Czar.

The imperial family has obtained positively thousands of miles of forest and arable land in this way, to say nothing of mines. Court favorites and euccessful Generals cometimes got gifts from this imexhaustible store, and Grand Dukes who have incurred the imperial displeasure by marring the imperial displeasure by marrying commoners not infrequently lose their estates by confiscation.

YOKOHAMA'S FIRE WATCH TOWERS.

(Government Consular Report) (Government Consular Report)
There are it watch towers in Yokahoma, each fitted with gong with which fire alarms are given. At night wat it ren are kert on two of these towers, who give the alarm by gongs in case of a tire being discovered. In Tokyo the tower systam is also used for both fire and police alarms. The city is divided into seven after its, each having an alar mistation. About 290 machines record the alarms upon ticker tape at the different police and fire stations.

THE RECKONING.

Bridegroom (on the wedding trip)—How stand to have got out at the last station. Porter—Yes, sir. Yop traveled a few kisses too far.

NEW BRUNSWICK HEARD FROM AGAIN

Another splendid cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Ben Gauvang Had Backache So Bad He Had to Quit Work—Dodd's Kidney Pills Fixed Him Up.

Puellering Settlement, Kent Co., B., Jan. 29.—(Special)— Every corner of New Brunswick tells of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this settlement can contribute its share. Mr. Ben. Gauvang is one man who without hesitation states that he owes Mr. Ben. Gauvang is one man who without hesitation states that he owes his good health to the great Canadian

The centre clusters contains an Indian "Yes Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly

'tes, Dodd's Kidney Phis certainly did me good," Mr. Gauvang says in an interview. "Before I started taking them my back ached so that I had to give up work and I also had to be careful how I walked and moved about. I took nine boxes, all told, and they fixed me up. They are the best medi-cine for all diseases of the kidneys." Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They only cure the kidneys. But they always cure the kidneys and with cured kidneys you can't have backache, rheu-matism, Bright's disease, diabetes or dropsy.

NEGRESS TURNS WHITE.

Said to be Due to the Work of Pasasitic Insect.

Frances Jones, a negress, who ten years ago was as black as a coat, now boasts of a complexion almost as white and as smooth as that of a baby.

The negroes who know her, to whom she is an object of mixed admiration, wonder and awe, declare she is changin' ter white folks. The metamorphosis is now almost complete. Only a narrow streak of the original black under each

Her hands are entirely white. An aged egro man who has known the woman Il her life states that she told him on several occasions that she has been praying to the Lord to change her to a white person for the last fifteen years, and many of the negroes believe that her strange transformation is a direct answer to her prayer.

Those who have known the woman all

her life state that she began to turn white about ten years ago. First a white spot appeared on one side of her face. This spot grew larger as time passed until it finally covered one side of the face. Then a similar white spot appeared on the other side, the process of spread on the other sate, the process of spread ing continuing as in the first instance until that side also became entirely white with the exception of a narrow

black streak under each eye.

The woman is 45 years of age, weight about 185 pounds and appears to be per ectly healthy.

Medical authorities state that this condition is the result of a disease known as vitiligo. It is produced by a pasaeiti nsect which burrows in the cuticle and Dig but deep enough, and under all consumes the coloring matter. The disease is not fatal .- Little Rock (Ark.)

HER DAUGHTER SAVED

Stricken With Acute Rheumatism -- Recovery Scarcely Expected.

Mrs. Dolina J. Lawlor, writing from Oxbrow, Sask., says: "I would be lacking in gratitude if I did not write you and let you know of the wonderful good your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, Belle Lawlor. Indeed, I think I may safely say that they have been the means of saving her life. For many years my home has been in Bruce Mines, Ort. Something over a year ago my son and daughter, then in her sixteenth year, left for the west. When leaving here my daughter was in the leaving here my daughter was in the best of health, but in the following spring she was stricken with what the doctor said was inflammatory rheumatism in its worst form. After a few weeks she was able to get up, but her hands and limbs were so swollen that she could not dress herself. She continued in this way for some time, and then a second attack, worse than the first. set in, and my son telegraphed me, as she was very low. While I was getting set in, and my son telegraphed me, as she was very low. While I was getting ready to make the trip of eighteen hundred miles I got a second message to come at once, as they feared she could not live. When I reached her I found her even worse than I had expected. She was so weak and emaciated that I would not have known her, and she could only speak in a whisper. Her hands and fingers were all twisted and her limbs swellen to twice their natural limbs swollen to twice their natural ing her for two months, and she seemed ing her for two months, and she seemed steadily growing worse. We did not dare move her in bed for fear of her heart giving out. She was as pale as a corpse, and her lips and face always cold. We had to fan her continually, and if we ceased even for a little while she gasped for breath, and no one who saw her thought it possible she could get heart. She will force with pair that get better. She suffered such pain that I used to go out of the room and put my fingers in my ears to shut out her gasping and moaning. I had known before of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as we could gradually see her sinking I told my son I was going to give her I told my son I was going to give her the Pills. He was opposed to my idea, for he thought a change in the medi-cine would prove fatal. However, it was cine would prove fatal. However, it was finally decided to give her the Fills. In a week's time she showed some improvement and felt like eating. From that time on she began to gain steadily. Gradually her hands and fingers became straight, the swelling in the limbs went down, and her heart-beats became regular, and the color returned to her face, and soon the cure was complete. She is now as strong and healthy as any is now as strong and healthy as any girl of her age, and to see her you would never think she had passed through an illness from which none of her friends thought she could recover. You have my sincerest thanks for what Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, and you may be sure I shall always warmly recommend them."

KING'S NEW CROWN.

Six Thousand Diamonds-Tasteful

and Magnificent. Some idea of the magnificence of the new imperial state crown, which was used at the ceremonial at the Dethi Durbar may be gathered from the fact that there a e 6,170 diamonds employed in it. Such a mass of beautiful gams has perhaps never before been combined

in any single jewel.

The crown is formed of a bandeau supporting eight imperial arches, four crosses patees with four fleur-de-lys between, the whole being surmounted by an orb and crosse-patee. The bandeau with four of sapphires and diamonds, Between them sixteen large clusters, four of emeralds and diamonds, alternate with four of supphires and diamonds, while between each are eight large bail emerald, weighing 34 carats of extraor dinary fineness and beauty, while the three remaining emeralds are unusual and remarkable stones. The four capplire pleting the centre scheme of the bandeau are equally worthy of their positions in the circlet of this imperial symbol.

The eight arches are formed by 48 large brilliants, each divided by diamond wreathing leaves, and enclosed by two outer diamond bands. At the base of these arches are four crosses-patees in diamonds, each with a large Indian ruby in the middle, while between are four diamond fluers de-lys, all having an Indian emerald of marvellous fineness and color for their centres.

The crown is surmounted as its culminating point by the orb or monde usual in an English crown. This is formed by a globe of brilliants with a crosse patee above, having in the centre another magnificent Indian emerald of rare brilliancy and color, making a worthy finial to this superb emblem of an imperial ruler .- London corr. Mont real Gazette.

Shiloh's Gure STOPS COUGHS PRICE, 25 CENTS

GROWTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

That St. Petersburg is rapidly grow-That St. Petersburg is rapidly growing in population is evidenced by the census taken in December, 1910, which showed the population, including certain subarban villages formerly not covered, to be 1.907,708. It is preeminently an "office town" and also a seapert for cix or eight months of the year.

The principal industry is the manufacture of cotton textiles, although its advantage as a port of entry for the interior is gaining recognition. A line of steamers has been establish-ed to Liban, connecting there with a transatlantic line to New York. This enables American shippers to send goods direct to this port without the delays of transshipment in foreign delays of transshipment in foreign ports.—From Concular and Trade Re-

NEAR ENOUGH

"Does your flancee know your age, Lotta? "Well, partly."-Fliegende Blaetter.

Seems queer that all the Kentucky the minors, when most Kentuckians are