FALLING HAIR Prevented by

Treatment with

**CUTICURA** 

And Cuticura Ointment. Directions:

Make a parting and rub gently with

Cuticura Ointment. Continue until

whole scalp has been gone over.

Next morning shampoo with Cuti-

cura Soap. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but

once or twice a month is generally

sufficient for this special treat-

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, ent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem, Cort., Dent. 247. Boston, U. S. A.

They passed the returning carriage on

the way; and it so happened that Cronkite got back to the house just as it also arrived .He raised his hat distant-

ly to Miss Byng, for his work had not enlarged their first brief acquaintance.

But the old lady advanced from the porch, with little Enid by the hand.

"I am glad you took an airing, Mr. Cravens," she said in her old fashioned

"Yes," ogreed Cronkite. "as I hal 'o send off my report to the firm I killed two birds with one stone. I picked up a chap I met on the train coming down,

"Oh, Jes, it was Minnick, Joe Minnick, wasn't it, I saw with you? He is qui't

a village character, Mr. Cavens. Though I have been here for so short a time I have come to call on him for all serve

of odd chares. He is so dependable, as I was telling him only yesterday "He tool me he had got in the habit of

but her hand was always like hers, as

"That is a sign of a warm heart, lit-

IV.

Eleven o'clock of Saturday night; and

had pluckily stepped upon the porea a shot rang out from the bushes directly

under guard of the stout posse. On one side sat David llague in the calm of dejection. On the other side sat Aunt Matilda Byng, prim and rigid. A table had

been deputized by the District Attorney

It was Abe Cronkite who spoke as he advanced, driving the wretched Minnick

And then it was that Aunt Matilda

Brng, who had maintained a contemptu-

ous unconcern, bent forward eagerly. She

raised her hand tnd took off ner dark

raised ner nand thu took of her day glasses. She gazed upon the prisoner with great black eyes as piereing as a sword. Minnick was obviously dis-tracted between their power and the pull of his own terror. He denied, he pro-

tested, he raved. Finally, he turned upon

before him.

tle one," replied Cronkite patronizing

cold as ice.'

confusion.

and that rade it all the pleasanter.

ment for women's hair.



## MARKS, SCRAPS AND SCRAPES.

Little Clues That Led to a Woman's Unmasking

the planes. As he entered the broad cen-

comed him. She was Mass byig sair Hague's deceased wife's aunt Matilda, who had come to keep house for him and look after her little greatniese. Would he step right up to the library, where Mr. Hague was waiting?

The pale and scholarly young man who led Cronkite over to the desk and smiled

You know nothing, sir, besides what

"You know nothing, sir, besides what you wrote to Judge Marcellus." asked the detective abruptly.
"Nothing more as to Miss Offner's disappearance. She was here one night, the next morning she was gone—I be-

lieve, as I wrote, by her own strange

"But as to her motive sir!"

David Hague looke: confused. There

was a faint flush on his pale cheeks. "How shall I say it?" he said. "Miss Off-

er once and again evinced a personal

interest which I didn't reciprocate. Of

course. you understand my wife's death was an irreparable loss to me; I

have only been able to assuage my grief by close study. I tried to explain, but

she was very bitter. You must see I don't want to say anything against her."

young woman's habits I'll refer no more

"'She was very fond of reading,' Cron-

kite quoted to himself. It was a common

sight to see her sitting in this very room

with a dozen open volumes about ner and her notebook on her knee. Her taste? Catholic. Poetry, history, bio-

"Well," mused Cronkite as he pro-

ceeded with his task of cataloguing the books, "what she was wont to do with-

out thinking she may have done with-out noticing afterward. It is worth try-

ing, at any date."
It was worth trying. As the detective

in his patient, dogged search kept find-

ing the same long marginal mark he

and character of the reader. Acute? Yes.

and character of the reader. Acute? Yes. Again and again did an obscure passage show this note of appreciation. Romantic? Yes. Wildly, fiercely so. Why. Byron't "Lara" was full of them. Philosophie? Yes, once more. But coldly so. A mind must be at once merciless and salfish that could approximate the standard of the could approximate the salfish that salfish the salfish the salfish that salfish the salfish that salfish the salfish the salfish that salfish the salfish the salfish that salfish the salfish that salfish the salfish that salfish the salfish that sa

A-mind must be at once merciless and selfish that could approve of the ex-tremest passages in "The Prince" of Machiavelli and Hobbes' "Levianthan." There were other passages, too, of the lighter sort, in French melodrama and

shilling screamers, that seemed to show a liking for craft and daring. Evidently

this strange young woman had not only the mind to conceive, but the disposition

to do a deed, unusual, illegal and heart

Yes, Cronkite was forced to admit to

himself with a sigh, he could not pic ture ber as dying for love. She might

ause twirry, even death, out of revenge, but she 'erself would live to enjoy the incidental yet essential fruits of the

crime. They seemed insuperably joined. her violence and her avarice. So much was gained, but a great deal

more remained to be learned. It was now Friday afternoon. The next night might

bring a catastrophe that would make

bring a catastrophe that would make his inquiry futile. In his short stay he had come to like and respect David Hague. A well intentioned,, inoffensive scholarly man who should have been left tranquil in the ashade of his sorrow.

There was a quiet charm, though, about his delicate features, his eloquent eyes his delicate features, his eloquent eyes, his refined dress and manner, which the

detective could see might stir an unruly nature to love and hate, were it not for

that obvious break and drag of self-in teres. How would Miss Offner be bene fited by his death? If he died intestate

little Enid would inherit everything. So too a will drawn with his considerate care would doubtless give the child the

bulk of the estate, properly safeguarded, with a handsome competency for Aunt

Matida Byng and remembrances for the servants. Where was the mercenary

Besides, all this was more theoretical

Besides, all this was more theoretical than practical. Admitting his assumptions, they were of little use unless supplemented with a knowledge of Miss Offner's methods. Cronkite, sad been so

diligent that now only a few books re-mained for his examination, and these

motive?

to so disagreeable a subpect."

her bitter days.

volition.'

tral hall a prim and elderly lady comed him. She was Miss Byng,

Ewen before he reached the Planes Abe Cronkite eaught an echo of the local sentiment against David Hague. Per-

sentiment against David Hague. Perhaps he sought it, for he was unusually afficule to the countryman who took the seat beside him at the station below.

"Yes, I am a stranger in these parts," the detective agreed smilingly. "Sent down by the big book house of Apern & Fleming to put a valuation on Management of the station below. & Fleming to put a valuation on Mr. Hagne's library. My name is Cravens, James Cravens.

James Cravens."

"So Mr. Hagne is really going to sell out, close up and get over to Europe," mused the other eagerly. "There must be somethin in it. Well, Mr. Cravens, be somethin' in it. Well, Mr. Cravens, I doubt if he will get away or you finish your job in peace. The people are very much aroused."
"What's the row? Has he been put-

ting up the rents? He owns the whole place, doesn't he?"

"No, sir; so far as being fair and kind, I never heard any fault made with Mr. Hague. Indeed, if he hadn't been so quiet and offish we might have sent him to Congress time and again. I've never had anything against him; quite the contrary. He has used me good, buying all his horse tackle of me and never a word about the price. But ever since Miss Offner disappeared folks have been taking.

"Miss Offner? Pray who is she?" Miss Offner was the governess for the little girl, Eaid. A likely young woman, though her eyes always seemed too black too white for me. Besides, and her face too white for me. Besides, and had such a noiseless way about her it used to give me the creeps. Before you knew it was was or she wasn't here or there. But, God keep me from speaking ill of her, the poor thing, when they

do say she's been murdered.

"It's this way, sir. She dropped plumb out of sight. You know how keen village folk are to what goes on at a great house. She took no train or stage; not a soul caught a sight or sound of her. handkerchief was found on the shore of Brasser's pond; there were

knots in it, sir." Didn't they drag the pond?" asked

the detective. No use dragging Brasser's pond, sir. Once down always down there. The tere are very cold and very deep. said there's an underground passage to the sea. No possibility of a body being recovered from there; and nobody knows at so well as David Hague. Why he wrote an article about it for a scientific

magazine."
"But she may have committed suicide.

Why should he be suspected?"
"She told the milliner, yes, and old Miss Sythe, the postmistress, that she was afeard of him. You know how men re. a voung widower living ly house. Perhaps it's all talk, but it keeps getting uglier. So tell him from me, Joe Minnick, the addler, to watch the night of town meeting; there out the night of town meeting, taked are apt to be doings. Here we are, sir, and your eart over there. S'long!"
The smart trap brought Cronkite rapidly to the great gray house set among

SPRING IMPURITIES

IN THE BLOOD

# A Tonic Medicine is a Necessity

at This Season. Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale

People are an aff year round tonic, blood-builder and nerve-restorer. But blood-builder and nerve-restorer. But they are especially valuable in the spring when the system is loaded with impurities as a result of the indoor life of the winter months. There is no other season when the blood is so much in aced of paritying and enriching, and every dose of these pills helps to make now, rich, red blood. In the spring one foods weak and tired—Dr. Williams' weak and tired-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give strength. In the spring Pick Pills develop the appetite, tone the ctomach and aid weak digestion. It is in the spring that poisons in the blood fini an outlet in disfiguring pimples, emptions and boils — Dr. Williams' Pick Pills speedily clear the skin because they go in the root of the trous Posk Phi's speedily Sear the son the rou-calse they go to the root of the trou-ing in the blood. In the spring anaemia, recumatism, indigestion, neuralgia; erv-suclas and many other troubles are prest persistent because of poor, weak bleed, and it is at this time when all nature takes on new life that the blood most seriously needs attention. Some prouds does themselves with purgatives at this sensor, but these only further weaken themselves. A purgative merely gallone through the system, emptying the bowels, but it does not cure anything. On the other hand Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood which reaches every nerve and organ in the body, bringing new strength, new health and vigor to weak, easily tired neek, women and children. Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills this spring—they will

not disappoint you. all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes far \$2.50. by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

and the tong mes of books. Inche was own a vocame, small, dingy, cheap. was Lady byton Village ., by mar-Het beendt brone.

nim there."

Even as the gelective read he was conscrous for all his absorption of a swift y flitting shadow from without. He look ed out on the trim lawns and gravitical paths. Jim Mannick, the bluff saddier. was turdging toward the gate with a harness thrown over his shoulder. H remembered how he had heard his voice while he was searching. Wh who is then, had this good sort of a village car acter been talking? By an odd freak if memory the man's own words now vexa tionsly recurred: "She had such a noiseless way about her, before you knew it she was or she wasn't here or there." 111

As the time shortened Cronkite saw more and more plainly that he could not rely upon Mr. Hague for sugges ion or information. S mething of a victims' merciful inertia had set led upon the poor gentleman. He shut himself up in his own rooms, curtly refling further consultation on the ground that had he known what to do he would not have aplied to his lawyer, Judge Marc llus, for help. The detective must work out his own salvation unaided.

red Gronkite over to the desk and smiled faintly at his message corroborated all that the worthy saddler said.

"Minnick is a good sort," he replied, "and in his shop one hears all that is Such was the situation, then, when late on Saturday afternoon Cronkite gained secret access to the room formand in his shop one hears all that is going on. A rough crowd gathers after town meeting; the next one just three days off, on Saturday night. You've got short, sharp work to do. Mr. Cron—Cravens, to save me from being lynched, I fear." erly occupied by Miss Offner, and whi h he had learned remained just as she had left it through the aversion which so soon and so often clings to whatever is connected with hie unexplainable. For the first time he was enabled to do so. Mr. Hague as in his gloomy seclusion. Aunt Matilda Byng had gone for a drive with the little girl. The servants were busied in the rear quarters. He was alone and would be alone for a time.

For a time, short, cruelly short. It was this urgency which quickened the detective's wits. One verifying look at the scrap of paper blown into a corner of the closet's top shelf; one rapid scruting under his glass of the thread fluttering from a nail outside the window and of a scrape in the paint along the side of the veranda roof, and he was down the stairs, back to the stables and off in a runabout to the county seat.

As Cronkite returned more leisurely through the village he drew up in front of the saddler's shop at a wave from bluff Joe Minnick. The gang of idlers "I do see," agreed Cronkhite, with genuine sympathy. "And now, sir, if you will be so kind as to tell me of this within stared out at him sullenly. "Had to get my report off to the firm on the five-thirty," be said, auticipating the man's frank curiosity.

"And you'll be going next, I reckon,' suggested Minnick. "As soon as the word comes, you may be sure. I don't care to be around a man who hasn't the sense, to heed a word

in season. I'm a man of peace, I am."

"Oh, did you tell him? Waat did he say?'
"Just laughed and said he wasn't the graphy, fiction, everything. One day she came to me, apologizing. She had made a long marginal mark by a passage she had liked. She said she had done it without thinking. It was an old habit of her hitter days." kind to be scared off by a pack of cowardly loafers. But you were up there yesterday; why didn't you tell him your

"I wasn't fit to go into the house in my working clothes—""
"But you might have impressed the danger on Miss Byng; she was out on the

grounds."

"Oh, that nice old lady tending the plants? You see, I just couldn't; I don't know her. They do say, though, if the worst should come she would be a mother to the little girl and watch over the country folk fine. Sort of saintly looking, ain't she?"

the last time," said Cronkite suddenly; and honest Minnick was so gratified by the invitation, with its chance for fur-ther talk, that he did not note the deof authority into the parlor. It was Judge Josiah Marcellus.
The scene presented to the old lawyer was a curious one. Huddled together in the rear of the room were the rioters tective's quick, verifying glance at the broad feet he raised to the step of the runabout.

### **Your Bad Taste** In The Morning Is Due to Latarrh

Destroy This Poisonous Disease Be fore Your Health is Seriously Injured.

Perhaps you haven't thought of calling those unpleasant symptoms that affected your nose and throat by any particular name—but it's Cataren just

When the attack is severe, your eyes

are watery and look weak. Your breath is oftensive, due to inflammation in the nose and turoat.

At last ectence has discovered a real remedy, a new scientific marvel which acts like no other Century remedy on earth. "Cottarrogane" operates on carth. "Catarraozone" operaces on a new plan; it is a direct remedy, goes who is the murderer? Who was murinstantly to the source of the trouble. Its rich, fragrant essences and healing talesams are breathed in vapor form through a special initialer and give in one knows that," were the responses. through a special inhaler and give in-stant relief.

Catarrhozone doesn't stop at the relief stage-it goes farther-keeps, on going till a cure is effected. Bad cases are cured, as you can judge from the following letter: "Every moraing for six months last winter I awoke with a bad "And where is this mennick? Has he been apprehended?"
"Yes, Judge, here he is. Caught in the very act. He'd have killed Mr. Hague sure if I hadn't knocket up his arm." taste, an awful breath and stuffed up feeling in my nostrils," writes Rob E. Rutland, of Regina. "It was simply an awful case of chrone Catarria. Relief first came from Catarrhozone. I used that inhaler twenty times a day and took it to bed with me at night. I am cured, and by the use of Catarrhozone stay well. Now I am free from irrita-ble throat trouble, coughs, colds, head-ache, or catarrh."

No medicine on earth is so simple o cure every form of Catarrh or throat froible as "Catarrhusone." Get the large \$1:00 size, lasts two months and is guaranteed; medium size. 50c.; sample size, 25c.; all storekeeners and druzzists or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., were treatises and reports which promised but barrenly. It was characteristic tooxes of the thoroughness of the man that he fetched the steps and mounted behind the cases in order to see whether some

ne think that Hague couldn't be skeer-Of course," agreed the detective. "That is what I was here for."
And then it was that Aunt Matilda I'v " fe led her arms, her head upon her

I've fe led her arms, her head upon her st. like one who knows that strugges in vain, e.e.," resumed the Judge. "that is why my man, Abe Cronkite, was here. It is hazardous, friends to plotte crime. The rashest act is often the safest. Human ingenuity is imperfect; it leaves a trail of trifles behind. I By marks. trail of trifles behind t. By marks, scarps and scrapes the wrongdoer is betrayed. Through her own mute approval of sentime is she came across in her reading Crook te learned the nature of this missing Miss Offner, the duplex nature relions, vain, vindictive, yet avid of wee'th and comfort. Through a bit of official paper that must have come from the Surrogate's Court of this county he found out that the will of Agitha Norton, which bequeathed all this pro-Harmo, and now decased, made a reservation in toyor of her sister, Matilda Byng, who hid not been neard—trom or many years, should she by any posfor many years, should she by any pos-sibility he still alive. Through a smane of the paint on the verandah roof he verified his suspicion that this man Min-nick must have helped Miss Offner to escape hide and assume a new disguise, for that same paint is still on Minnick's

accomplice, I told him to bring the path-ful matter to a head, and came down to settle it once for all. I need not say more. I think you disorderly folk must have learned a lesson of self-restraint and reliance upon the law, and I shall ecommend that no further action be taken against you. Abe, deliver the two guilty persons over into the custody of the sheriff."

Even as Cronkite motioned to two deeven as cronking motioned to two ne-puties to support the harless Minnick, Aunt Matilda Brow tore off her old age disguise and stood erest, defiant a slim, trim voung woman, with face all too trim voung woman, with face all too pale and eeve all too black. "Yes, it is I. Miss Offner" she said. "I

tried it once: I would try 't again, oh, so pladly, for then I would make sure to kill that hypocritical villain over there. She pointed full at David Hague who

stil remained in colm dejection. Then she turned toward the detective. "I'm sorry" whisnered Abe Cronkite as he led her from the room.

#### If Bad Water **Causes Diarrhoea** Use Some 'Nerviline'

Prompt Relief is Instantly Assured and Thousands Use Nerviline On This Account.

A Traveller's Experience Related.

"He too! me he had got in the nation of coming to help out when the little girl's governess was here; what was her name, my little dear?"
"Miss Offner." interposed the child cagerly. "She didn't have to wear big, dark glasses like poor Aunt Matilda. The experience of Mr. Norman P. Hendricks is not an unusual one. Writing from Prince Albert, he says: My business calls me from one place to another, and I am frequently up against the bad water problem of the Canadian Northwest. In so many places the water disagrees with me, and I used to be kept very miserable on that account. An old settler told me one the gang of idlers who had surrounded the house at The Planes with threats of day that nothing is so useful to new-comers as Nerviline, and he explained the house at The Planes with threats of fire and lynching were quickly quelled and corralled by the Sheriff's stout posse, admirably placed by Cronkite. It was so soon over as to be laughable, and it not been for one serious occurrence. As David Hague in response to the cries had plugilly stored upon the pure a to me how valuable it proved to him under similar circumstances, twenty-five years ago, You would hardly believe how happy and comfortable my trips are since I learned of Nerviline. I look upon Nerviline' as my trusty friend, and give it a place of honor in my hand bag. In fact, I wouldn't think of being without Though it must have gone wild it seemed that an assassin had tried to it in a country like this. It cures any kill him and escape under cover of the little stomach trouble or digestive dislittle stomach trouble or digestive dis-turbances and relieves a cramp in ten Twelve o'cleck of Saturday night, and the runabout which had been sent again seconds. To cure Neuralgia, Earache, Toothache, or pain in your muscles like to the county seat swept up to the porch.
A dignified old gentleman stepped out
and advanced with the stately hearing Rheumatism, you simply can't beat Ner

To cure little ills before they grow big and to relieve the aches and pains of the whole family get Nerviline to-day. Family size, 50e; trial size, 25e; at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NAPOLEON A SMOKER?

Latest Authority Calls Him a Tobacco Hater.

Latest Authority Calis Him a Tobacco Hater.

It has long been accepted as a historical fact that the First Consul was a great smoker, but in the Journal des Dehats reference is made by M. Augustin Filon to some memories of Nanoleon compiled by Gen. Bertrand which are as vet unpublished, whence it seems equally certain that Napoleon was not only a smoker but a tobacco hater.

The inemoirs of Bertrand, Napoleon's secretary, were transcribed by his daughter Hortense, afterward Mmc. Amedee Shayer, and from these, as reported by word of more than the part of Napoleon hated tohacco. Only once he tried to smoke, but scarcely had be put the ambier mouthpleee of a hopfain in his mouth than he trust it awas in horror and disgust with the words: "Take away that filth." Napoleon then taxed tobacco. Nor alld, if we may believe the same source, Napoleon ever take snuff, although we find it categorically asserted in most histories. He did worse, however, for he pretended to. He used to take, in order to alliviate a disorder of the stomach, a mixture of licorice and blark sugar. This he kept in his walstend pocket, whence he would take a piece and lift it to his nose with the gesture of the ordinary snuff taker and then quickly put it in his mouth. This, says the Westininster Gazette, is a somewhat startling varietion from our customery pictures of Napoleon, who is generally protreved as a batter of laving seen on the margin of an 'Orlando Furioso,' which was in the library at Longwood in St. Helena, and is now at Farnboroush, the yellow mark of the imperial thumb, a thumb yellowed by incessant smoking.

But even this, as is pointed out, is not conclusive against the non-snoking evidence, for the thumb misht as well have been stained by the misture of licorice. Whatever be their ultimate truth, the non-smoking and non-snuff taking theories dred elightful. been deputized by the District Attorney and the magistracy of this county to inquire into the recent violation of the peace and dignity of the law. Upon my report will depend whether it be dismissed from consideration as the well meant if impulsive expression of public feeling or be subjected to the Grand Jury, with all its consequences of prosecution as a criminal conspiracy. Let secution as a criminal conspiracy.

me entreat you for your own welfare
to be as candid with me as I a mwith
you. What, then, does this all mean?

There was a moment's pause, filled
murmurings, and then a "It's Dave Hague, your Henor. He one knows that," were the responses.

"How does everybody know that".

Who told you so?".

Again the agitated pause and then successive calls: "It was Joe Mennick as told me. And me. And me. And me."

"And where is this Mennick? Has he lean suprehanded?"

THE MONEY TRUST PHANTASY. (Buffalo News)

The death of Mr. Morgan has done more to break the bubble of the phantom "Money Trust" than all the Pujo investigations and banking and currency inquiries put together. The spectre of a financial oligarchy has vanished into thin air and the excitment of its creators have been proved vain already.

The fireple still rule.

## 1 Sleep Soundly, reel Like New"

All Who Lack Vigor, Those Who Are Dispirited and Worn Out, Should Read his Carefully.

Proof That Health and Renewed Witailly Gulekiy neturn when Right Kemeay is Usea.

"I am only tairly years ild, yet for armost two years I have felt more like seventy-rive. I have found it duticult to sieep at mgnt, and in the morning felt so depressed and neavy that effort was difficult. My hands were always clammy and perspiration on slight effort would break out all over me. It was not unnatural that I should begin to brown over the chance that I should begin to brown over the chance that I should be unfit to do my work, and this tread made my sleepless nights perfect misery. After repeated trials of medicines and mixtures, Dr. Hamilton's Pills gave mixtures are most hope. From the very first I could see they were different in action from other pills. They didn't action from other pills. They didn't gripe and acted as naturally as if nature and not the pills were cleansing my clogged-up system. My spirits rose. I felt much better. The sluggish action for that same paint is still on Minnick's boot, as you all can see.

"Of course, when he telephoned all this to me this afternoon, together with the unconscious admissions of principal and accomplice, I told him to bring the painful matter to a head, and came down to have remained. I small to a new man, and I thank Dr. Humiltons for matter to a head, and came down to make the corrections of I. I.

This was the experience of J. E. This was the experience of J. Britans, a well-rapun arconory dealer in Jefferson. Follow his advice, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills for your stampel, but nevs and liver, and you'll enjoy long life and robust wood health. All demonstrates and storeleagues sell Dr. Hamiltonis Pills 95c nor boy, 5 boyes for \$1.00 or Britans. nastraid from the Catarrhozone Co., But falo, N. Y., and Kinoston, Conada.

THE NEW BLOUSE BODICE

Bodices are, as a rule, cut on the new blouse bodice lines, that is on the cross, with an empiecement round the throat of chiffon brocade. This runs in an unbroken line right down the sleeves as far as the elbow, thus giving the long, unbroken shoulder line which is of such paramount importance at the moment. The chiffon brocade is also brought down to a point in the front of the loose

bodice. This is cut all in one piece, and fast ens, to correspond with the skirt, at the right side of the back. The sleeves are quite fascinating; full at the top, and fitting into the bodice in loose, kimono

fashion, they gradually begin to tighten in at the elbow, and get tighter and tighter, fastening with little buttons very closely round the wrist.

Enough importance cannot be given to the long, unbroken shoulder lime, which is seen on all the newest man, at which is seen on all the newest mou. s This is arranged in various methods, the most popular at the moment being the style before mentioned, with an empiecement of brocade, silk, lace of figured chiffon forming, as it were, an en-tire upper portion to the bodice, over which the material of the dress is but toned or stitched up, somewhat in pina fore fashion.

Another way is to cut the bodice with a true Magyar eleeve and insert a sleeve. ng and tight to the wrist, by stitching it in at about four to six inches below the shoulder. Here it is cut to the same breadth as the Magyar sleeve, and is gradually tightened down to the wrist finished either with cording or a frill of lace.

COMING COLLARS.

-They turn down.
-Some are plaited.
-Shadow lace appears.
-Sheer mull is effective.
-Small colored bows figure.
-Plaited frills rest out upon the gown.
-Some ruffled frills stand in Medici

style.
—Silk shirts are made with white slik —Lace and embroidery serve well for coat suit finishes. —With necks more or less low the cel-ar is more than ever important.

> GIVE HUBBY A CHANCE. (Pittsburg Gazette-Times.)

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times.)

Mrs. Julia Health, of New York, president of the Housewives Leaque of that city, says in a statement with regard to the cost of living and how to beat it. "It is the duty of the woman to spend what her husband produces to obtain the greatest and the most lasting benefit." A true statement which applies to almost everything except the purchase of the family eigars. We maintain that ends unshand should be permitted to him his isband should be permitted to buy 1 2

## Were Tried and Stood the Tes.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS MAKING A REPUTATION IN THE WEST.

Saskatchewan Man Tells How They Cured Him, After Four Months' Suffering from Backache and Other Forms of Kidney Disease.

St. Phillips, Sask., April 14 .- (Special) In a new country, where changes of climate and impure water are among the difficulties to be surmounted, kidness trouble is prevalent. It is the kidneys. the organs that strain the impurities out of the blod, that first feel any undue strain on the body. Consequently, Dodd's Kidney Pills have been well tried and tested in this neighborhood.

They have stood the test. Ma settlers tell of backache, rheumatic and urinary troubles cured by Bodil's Kiducy Pills, Mr. Otto Olshewski is one of these. In speaking of his cure he

says:
"I suffered from kidney disease for four months. My back ached, I had heart flutterings, and was always tired and nervous. My skin had a harsh, day feeling; my limbs were beavy; and I had a dragging sensation across the

loins.
"I consulted a doctor, but, as I did not appear to improve, I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used boxes, and now I am all right."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always stand the test. Ask your neighbors.

The grass widow doesn't have to see that her husband's grave is kept green.