

Right at Last

"Go where?—go and drown yourselves as she was supposed to have done?" snarled the colonel, gallantly. "I shall just do as I like, and I'm not going to be dictated to in my own home."

Joan smiled rather sadly as she put her arm round the little waist. "The servants won't mind, Emily," she said. "Yes, we will go and look over it."

"Breakfast is served, Miss Ormsby," he said. "Very well," said Joan, quietly, as if she had been used to such state and homage all her life, as Emily inwardly noted. "We will come directly. Let us go and look over the house, Emily."

"Now, don't start and look like that!" for Joan had flushed and turned her head aside. "You know you have promised to be guided by me, now haven't you? Me and Lord Bertie."

"Not yet," she said. "It still belongs to Lord Villiers." "That—that I am Joan Ormsby, Lord Villiers's granddaughter?"

"I will do as you wish; I don't understand what it is you are doing—"

"But you will on Monday!" said Miss Mazurka, coaxingly. "I'll explain everything on Monday, not that it will want much explaining. And you will go down by the mail train to-morrow night?"

"I and Emily," said Joan, putting her arm round Emily's waist. "Emily, of course," said Miss Mazurka. "I'll come too, if I may?"

SHE LEARNED FROM HER LITTLE GIRL

Dame Bouchard found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured Her Daughter's Kidney Disease and Her Own. "Backache and Heart Trouble Are Gone."

The stage, and which made both wince rather uncomfortably. "Ahem!—you expect him, I suppose? I shall be—my daughters and I shall be—delighted to welcome him to—ahem!—his ancestral home!"

GERMAN SAVINGS.

People of the Fatherland Put By One Billion Dollars a Year.

When the German Reichstag a few weeks ago discussed the introduction of American securities, it was a country there was general surprise at the extent of German capital which was shown to be invested in foreign paper.

But the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Deubruock, stated that the people of Germany are saving every year about \$1,000,000,000, and that necessarily a large part of this amount must go abroad to find profitable investment.

In 1905, according to a writer in Moody's Magazine, German investments in foreign countries outside of holdings of securities, amounted to about 9,225 millions of marks (2,301.6 millions of dollars), in which the United States and Canada were represented by at least 2,750 millions of marks (\$698,300,000).

The holdings of foreign securities were estimated at more than sixteen billions of marks, or some millions less than four billions of dollars. The real aggregate of all investments, however, is higher still than these figures, express, as not all German participation in commercial or financial enterprises in foreign countries could be taken into account.

Sparingly anywhere in the world is a large sum brought out without the German capitalists being invited to participate. Only a short time ago a large Hungarian loan was placed in Germany and over-subscribed.

Turkish bond issue of large amount was willingly taken, and just when the emigration of German capital, as they used to call it over there, was being discussed in connection with the proposed listing of St. Paul shares on the Berlin exchange, papers reminded the banks that they had to be in readiness for the Chinese loan soon to be expected.

Tom's Fools S.P.C.A.

This is "Tom," one of the features of the New York Hippodrome this season. In a certain act of a large horse "Tom" was trained to limp in a most distressing manner.

When the officer of the society for prevention of cruelty to animals demanded that "Tom" be removed from the stage. When the officer started to lead the horse away his foot suddenly became well; and just to show that he wasn't lame "Tom" did a cake-walk and a two-step in the presence of the surprised official.

Needed in Every Family

When you have been exposed to wet and cold, and your muscles are full of pain, nerves are jumping with neuralgia, then you should have ready at hand a bottle of Nerviline. It robs pain of its terrors, gives relief to suffering, brings ease and comfort wherever used.

No care or expense has been spared to secure for Nerviline the purest and best materials. It is prepared with a single aim to restore the sick to health. This cannot be said of the preparation that an unscrupulous dealer may ask you to accept instead of Nerviline, so we warn you it is the extra profit on inferior goods that tempts the substituter.

Of him beware. Get Nerviline when you ask for it, then you are sure of a remedy that will cure all aches, strains, swellings and the pains of rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago. Large bottles cost twenty-five cents.

WASTED ENERGY.

"I give you my word," said the milk toast philosopher, "that when I discovered that the clock I had been careful to wind every night for ten years was an eight-day clock I was inclined to be petulant."—Browning's Magazine.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

MRS. DARCY'S AFFLICTION.

Mrs. Darcy was rich. She was very rich indeed. In fact she was so rich that it made her sick. She suffered from fatty degeneration of the bank account.

She had been everywhere, she had seen everything, she had done everything. There was nowhere she couldn't go; there was nothing she couldn't do—except to be happy.

"I bored her to ride and to drive; it bored her to stand up, and it bored her to sit down. It bored her to eat and to drink, and to sleep."

"So she sent for the doctor—Dr. Black. He gave her pills. She grew worse. So she sent for a second doctor—Dr. Greene. He gave her powders. She still grew worse."

"What is the trouble with you?" said Dr. White. Dr. White was a modern doctor, a very modern doctor, an ultramodern doctor.

"What is the trouble with you?" said Mrs. Darcy. "I'm tired of it," said Mrs. Darcy. "I'm tired of my jewels," said Mrs. Darcy. "I'm tired of my face," said Mrs. Darcy. "I'm tired of my life," said Mrs. Darcy.

"You help me?" said Mrs. Darcy. "I can't try," said Dr. White. "I'll give you the prescription to her secretary. The secretary gave it to the maid. The maid gave it to the butler. The butler gave it to the page. And the page took it to the chemist."

"The chemist looked at the scrap of paper and read what was written on it. He appeared very much surprised, and then he looked at the page. This is no fool for me," said the chemist. "It is for Mrs. Darcy."

"So she took the prescription back to the butler. The butler gave it back to the maid. The maid gave it back to Mrs. Darcy. "The chemist said," "He says it is for you."

"For me?" said Mrs. Darcy. "What a nuisance. I am so bored. I am so weak. I am too tired to read it. You must read it for me. What does it say?"

"It says," said the secretary. "Prescription for Mrs. Darcy, with Dr. White's compliments. Do something for Mrs. Darcy. Do something for Mrs. Darcy. Do something for Mrs. Darcy."

"What does that mean?" cried Mrs. Darcy. "I told you that I didn't understand it," Mrs. Darcy said to the secretary. "Well, why don't you understand it?" Mrs. Darcy said to the secretary.

And Mrs. Darcy worked herself into violent hysterics. But all the rest of the day and all through the night Mrs. Darcy heard the words ringing in her ears. She almost wondered if there was anything in this advice, in this strange advice, this peculiar prescription.

But then her old doctors came with their prescriptions and their impertinences and his insults. "The idea. When she was too sick even to do anything for herself!—Harold Evans!" in "Smart" set.

In Three Accidents

It would seem that Zam-Buk, the famous healing balm we hear so highly spoken of everywhere, is particularly useful in the family circle. A report sent by Mrs. E. Davey, 786 Ellice avenue, Winnipeg, will illustrate this. She says:

"My little boy, of three, while playing, fell from a high verandah to the ground, cutting his forehead badly. Instead of calling a doctor who would undoubtedly have put in a number of stitches, I bathed the wound well, and applied Zam-Buk. The little fellow, although suffering keenly, soon had relief from his pain. In the course of three weeks, by applying Zam-Buk daily, the wound was nicely healed."

"Since then I have also used Zam-Buk for a boil which came on my cheek, and which proved very painful and looked unsightly. Zam-Buk soon drew the boil to a head and it then quickly banished."

"Another time my baby was scalded on her left thigh and calf of leg with boiling water. Directly it was done I thought to use Zam-Buk, and spreading some on lint, I wrapped up the baby's limb. Next morning she rested much easier, and I applied a fresh bandage with Zam-Buk. I kept this treatment up daily, and was rewarded by seeing a great improvement each time. I dressed the wound. In a very short space of time the scalds were all nicely healed."

"I cannot recommend this wonderful healing preparation too highly for family use, and I have such great faith in its healing powers that my house is never without a box."

For all skin injuries and diseases, piles, eczema, salt rheum and face sores, Zam-Buk is absolutely unequalled. 50c. box, all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for 25c. Try Zam-Buk Soap, too! Only 25c. tablet.

IN THE FAR EAST.

Traffic is suspended on the Pekin-Mugden Railway in Manchuria owing to dangers from the plague. Serum is being freely sent from Germany and Austria.

This fiscal year over \$1,000,000 is being expended by the Philippine Bureau of Public Works. The work includes some irrigation and ninety-seven barrio school buildings.

On December 31, 1910, Australia had a population of 4,474,000, an increase in ten years of about 700,000. The greatest gain, 305,000, was in New South Wales, followed by Victoria with 127,000.

This season the Mauritius output of cane sugar will be 200,000 tons, with enormous stocks still on the docks. Prices will probably decline.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Use Harsh Purgatives—A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order; that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble.

Don't dose yourself with purgatives as so many people do in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives grip through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What you need in the spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite, and makes tired, depressed men, women and children bright, active and strong. Mr. B. Martin, Deans River, Quebec, says: "About a year ago I was all run down. I was pale, weak, and had but little appetite. I also suffered from a severe pain in the back, and though I tried several medicines nothing helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these soon fully restored my health. I can strongly recommend these pills to every weak person."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Husbands and Wives.

Prof. William James, Harvard's brilliant psychologist (just died), often illustrated a truth with a story. "The most ghastly superstition," Professor James said recently, "has often its base in a ludicrous fact. It is like the case of Jones."

"Jones," said a man, "tells me that his wooden leg pained him horribly last night."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "How could his wooden leg pain him?"

"His wife," the man explained, "hit him over the head with it."

"What's the meaning of the Governor giving you his good cigars to smoke?" asked one office boy of another. "Oh," answered the second youth, "his wife is coming down to touch him for some cash before she goes shopping, and he wants her to think he is out."—London News.

"What do you think of the weather, Colonel?"

"Oh, horrible! horrible!"

"And how is your wife?"

"Oh, much about the same, thank you."

"Mrs. Quackness—Am yo' daughter happily married, Sistah Sagg?"

"Mrs. Sagg—She sho' is! Bress goodness, she's done got a husband dat's accered to death of her!"

"She—Before we were married you said it was the light of your eyes."

"He—Did I? Well, I see now that I am wholly in the wrong."—Boston Transcript.

Singleton—Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure?"

Wedgeley—No, I don't. After a man marries he has no leisure.

"Mrs. Youngwood (nervously)—What do you think of my biscuits, dear?"

"Hubby—I never give an off-hand opinion on weighty subjects, my love."

"You never have an argument with your wife?"

"Never," replied Mr. Meekton.

"How do you avoid it?"

THE INNUITS.

In the Northland of arctic and miles away the winters are long and cold, and oftentimes the sun does not shine for months at a time. The land is covered with snow, and the sea with ice. The frost king reigns supreme. He watches over a people who call themselves Innuits, but we term them Eskimos. How show and fat they look in their fur clothes. Their faces are dark and they have small black eyes and straight black hair. They can neither read nor write, but they can do many things that we cannot; for they build their houses, make their garments, obtain all their food, construct tools, weapons, in fact, almost everything an Eskimo uses has to be made with their own hands. The Innuits is a patient worker.

Had some? The children of this country would think it an ideal playhouse—but it is a real home. It is made of snow, not high enough for a person to stand upright. Carefully and patiently the Eskimo cuts out the blocks of snow and puts them together, forming a foundation, and then more blocks until it looks like a hut. Only one small room, no windows, walls and floors of snow. They crawl in the doorway, which is closed with the skin of an animal. One side of the room is a bed—a bank snow piled solid against the wall. Over it is thrown the skin of a bear, a fox, or a musk ox, and at night the children gather round the warm fire, dreaming, perhaps, of the days when they will grow big like father, and be hunters strong and bold.—Exchange.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

HIS SIMPLE WAY.

Mrs. Given—"Will you remove the snow for a dollar?"

Wearly Will—"Yes'm. Me method is to pray for rain."—Harper's Bazar.

Bobbs—Jones is a terrible egoist. Slobbs—But he has an impediment in his speech. Bobbs—Yes, but not in his eye.