THE ATHENS REPORTER, APRIL 3, 1912

marry him, and he smiled complacently of late over the idea. "If I don't marry her," the baronet mused, "some other fellow will-Gaunt himself, or Trevanion, or Hemsgate-and what an abomination of desolation my life will be then the sector

my life will be then. Her antecedent

"At last," he said, between his teeth

"Flirting with Macgregor and Gaunt

is your policy, is it not? But I will not endure it. Are you going to help me find that will?"

Of course I am. Sir Rupert goes to Lon-

Of course I am. Sir Rupert goes to Lon-don in three days from this, to be ab-sent over a week. When the cat's away -you know the proverb. This is Thurs-day night: on Monday night meet me at the entrance of the deer-park, and

you shall know all." "Three days to wait." grumbled Tre-

vanion, "when every hour is an eter

Agitel lil Shaitan' -'Hurry is the

She glided away with the words. Col-

Devil's '

'To-day for me,

To-morrow for thee;

But will that to-morrow e CHAPTER XXII.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow.

You remember that story Thackeray tells"in his "Vanity Fair," of the man-who went about with a pocketful of acorns, and whenever he came to a Vacant inch of ground wavest

acorns, and wnenever ne came to a vacant inch of ground, popped one in. What tremendous big timbers his suc-cessors must have had from all those little acorns! This principle runs through life—the destinies of nations hang some-

ever be?"

"You idiot' You must wait. Nothing

For pity's sake, hush! Are you mad?

Sybil's Doom xxx g

Miss Caudleigh had hardly wiped her eves and recovered her compo the gentlemen joined them. ever hear so delicious a joke? Papa's Mrs. Ingram rose from the piano,

was singing, and fluttered up where she where she was singing, and luttered up to the new-comers as a butterfly to a cluster of roses. And presently she and the baronet were partners, and a card table was wheeled out, with Macgregor and Colonel Gaunt for the opposition. Colonel Trevanion watched the game over the widow's shoulder, and ever and anon dark aand deadly glances shot from his eyes at his tenant's screne face.

Once or twice Macgregor met those baleful looks with bright, defiant return. With half an eye you could see that bitter hate was there.

How the widow and her adorer do hate him, to be sure!" Gwendoline said. They're in league to defeat him, 1 know; but I'll lay my diamond ring against your rosebuds, Sybil, that he leats them both."

She danced over to the piano, rattled She danced over to the plano, rathed off a spirited prelude, and sung in the mest ringing, if not the sweetest of tokes. Scott's war-like ballad, "The Macgregors' Gathering."

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae. And the clan has a name that is name-

less day by day: Our signal for fight which from mon

archs we drew, Must be heard but by night in our vengeful halloo.

Then halloo! halloo! halloo! Gregalach! If they rob us of name and pusus us

with beagles, Give their roofs to the flames and their

flesh to the engles; While there's leaves in the forest and

foam on the river, Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish iorever!"

Colonel Gaunt looked up with a taugh. "Do you hear that, Macgregor? By Jove! that rings out as martial as a bugle blast!

"I mark the king," was Magregor's response, his face moving no more than the marile Agemention in the corner. But he met Mrs. Ingram's eyes full.

with a strong, steady glance that made those velvet orbs drop.

"Clenarchy's proud mountains, Colchum and her to and her towers, Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are

OUTS: We are landless, landless, landless, Gre-

galach! igh the depths of Loch Katrine The

through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career, O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer; And the rocks of Craig Roysten, like

icicles melt, Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!

y rob us of name and pursue with beagles, Give their roofs to the flames, and their

flesh to the eagles; While there's leaves in the forest and

foam on the river, Margregor, despite them, shall flourish orever!

"The game is ours!" said the deep voice of Macgregor, as Gwendoline tin-ished, and whirled round on her stool. "Thanks, Miss Chudleigh! I owe you especial gratitude for that song. Of course, you sung it for me alone?" of

"Of course," said Gwendoline, coming over; "and you have won, too. How

"You fight well, Mrs. Ingram," said Macgregor, gravely, turning to leave her; "you thrust and parry with wond-erful skill, but the victory will be mine. Look for no mercy from me after to-night, Fifteen years ago Major Powers-court spared you—I know you better-my motto shall be, 'Slay, and spare not.' She still looked up and smiled in his face. face. "Thanks for the warning, at least; "Thanks for the warning, at least; "No? Did you ever hear of the os-trich, Mrs. Ingram, which hides its head in the sand, and thinks its big body unit looks an unequal contest, but I will die with my sword in my hand and my face to the foe. War is declared and the You remind me of that foolish seen? seen? You remind me of that foolish bird. You dye your pretty amber tress-es black, and fancy yourself unrecogniz-able. You are an uncommonly cierer woman, my little Rose; but nct so clever, after all, as you think yourself. In spite of the hair dye and the pretty new name, I knew you at once, Mrs. Dawson." attle begun; we will see who wins." She began to sing bravely and brillibattle antly, and she sung many songs. Col-onel Gaunt, fascinated, left his place and came and stood beside her, and Sir Rupert lay back in his chair and listen

"Not that name!" she cried, passion den insolent defiance, "you know that my name is not Dawson, but-"

"Trevanion!" Macgregor said, with a laugh: "and your husband sits yonder and doesn't recognize you. Yes, I know all about it, and your name is as much Trevanion of his source between the

Trevanion as he is your name is as much Trevanion as he is your husband." "Who are you?" the woman said, in-tense curiosity getting the better of every other feeling. "Who has been telling you—fooling you—making you believe all this?" believe all this "

my life will be then. Her antecedents are rather mysterious, but the story she tells of herself may be true, and where ignorance is bliss, etc. I know that this house without her would be a waste and howing wilderness. I might do worse than marry the widow." "It is folly, isn't it !" the author re-torted, sardonically. "You never heard of Joe Dawson, or the murder done in He watched her, thinking such thoughts as these, until she rose from Learnington Wood: You never were Mademoiselle Rose Adair? You never befooled Cyril Trevanion-not the sulky. thepiano at last, glided smilingly away from her military admirer, and over to white livered hound scowling over you der, but the real bonafide Cyril Trewhere Cyril Trevanion sat silent and glum, in a corner by himself, turning over a book of prints. vanion lying now at the bootom of the Pacific. Uniappily, I have proofs that will stagger your warmest admirers. Mrs. Ingram. Suppose I send for Cap-tain Hawksley-he's an old friend of cific. "you condescend to notice me. Egad! it is encouraging the attention I find paid me here." "It is all your own fault, you great sullen mastiff," the little widow retortmine-and ask him what he knows about you? Or Major Powerscourt, with whom you crossed swords so cieved, sharply. "You sit like a death's-head at the feast-black and dismal. I erly, sixteen years ago, at Brighton?' It did not often happen to the self. must have some policy, if you have

possessed widow to change color, but the chalky pallor that had overspread her

face on the terrace, when promising Colonel Trevanion to reveal the secret of Monkswood, showed ghastly again under her rouge. But the fleet fingers still flew over the keys, although the Nack area lacked up in the most face black eyes locked up in the man's face wild with hidden terror-this man who

was her master. "You can prove nothing," she said, "You can prove nothing," she said, daringly defiant to the last. "Don't think to frighten me. Captain Hawks-ley has gone with his regiment to In-dia. Major Powerscourt-bah! I am not afraid of him. I may resemble this very improper Rose Dawson of whom nity. And Gwendeline sung on, while the sensitive color flushed to Sybil's pale cheeks at the words and the sturring is ever done, well done in haste. Did you ever hear the Arabie maxim which Charley Lemox has taken for his scal? dence and propriety—an exemplary in-structress of youth. Like Lady Mac-beth. I have risked all on the chance beth. onel Gaunt and Mr. Macgregor were bidding their host good-night, Looking at the tenant of the Retreat before she of the die, and am willing to abide the issue of the throw. Don't think to frighten me. Mr. Angus Macgregor. I defy you and La Princesse both. If the

flitted away up the marble stair, she kissed Miss Chudleigh and Miss Tretime ever corres when I must go, I will go. Meantime, I am very comfortable vanion a gushing good night. She was humming gayly to herself the fag end of a French ballad, as she floated from here, and I mean to stay." And then this defiant little mouse looked insolently up into the eyes of eight, still looking at Macgregor:

the baffled licn, her daring smile at its brightest. "I have never harmed you," she said

gayly. "I don't see what pleasure you take in trying to hunt down one poor little harmless woman. Whatever my past may have been. I am doing no one any harm now. It's very dull and unutterly prosy to be virtuous, and have no more cakes and ale. But, then it's respectable: and, as the prospective lady of a fine old English gentleman

I am a great sticker for respectability. Let me alone. Mr. Macgregol. It does not become a stag to deal death to a poor little fluttering fawn. Remember, never harmed you.

The smile was on her lips still, but he great dark eyes looked up at him all of pitcons appeal. She admired the this Angus Macgregor-strong, brave, commanding-and she admired him all

TERRIBLE RISULT **OF BLOOD POISON**

After Three Operations Zam-Buk Was **Tried and Proved Successful.** If people would only use Zam-Buk for

chronic sores, blood-poison, etc., before permitting an operation, scores of limbs vould be saved Mr. Robt. Patterson, of North Pelham, Welland Co., Ont., writes: "My daugh-ter, Annie, had blood-poison in her fing-er. The doctor operated twice on the finger, but did not obtain the desired

result, and a third operation was considered necessary. "Three doctors were present at this cupert lay back in his chair and listen-ed with dreamy, half-closed eyes. It was very pleasant to know this be-witching little songstress was his pro-perty. He was not jealous of Colonel Gaunt—he knew the widow wanted to formed the wound did not heal. Try as we would we could not get anything to

close the wound. "We at last tried Zam-Buk, and it was really wonderful to watch how this balm healed the wound. Each day there was a marked improvement. First the wound in the palm of the hand closed, and then the finger which had been bad so long began to heal. The diseased flesh seem began to hear. The discased liesh seem-ed to rise out of the wound and then drop off and new healthy flesh formed from below, pushing off the discased tis-sue. In a short time the wound was completely healed. Had we applied Zam-Zuk at first we might have saved the

finger. finger. "We had another proof of Zam-Buk's power in the case of my son. When two pears old he had his hand badly mangled. One finger had to be ampu-tated and it left a running sore for some months. This wound, also, was finally her id by Zam-Buk." For chronic sores, blocd-poison, ulcers, abscesses, scalp sores, mice ermutions.

hericd by Zam-Buk." For chronic sores, blocd-poison, ulcers, abscesses, scalp sores, plies, eruptions, infimmed patches, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin injuries and dis-cesses Zam-Buk is without equal. So box at all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. for price. Have you tried Zam-Buk Soap? 2k: tablet.

the Speekhaven Inn to send along some thing to supply his place, but I know I'll never again see his equal." That very evening, as the artist stood

before his easel, painting and smoking, Mrs. Hurst entered, bobbing a courtesy, to inform him that a young man had been sent from the Silver Swan to fill the yacant office

the vacant office. "Let's see him," said Macgregor, without turning his head or crasing his work; "send him in, Mrs. H." He threw aside his brush as the old

woman left-it was rapidly getting dark. A crimson August sunset was blazing itself out in the west, and fiery lances of light shot athwart the huge boles of the trees, glancing redly amid the yel-low-green waves of fern, and glimmering on the still black pools in the undergrowth. The nightingales were chanting their plaintive vesper lay, and far and faint came the flutter of the sea-wind, und the dull wash of the waves on the store. Sitting down in the deep em-brasure of the low window, among the carlet roses and sweet-brier, puffing away vigorously at his cheroot, artist and author looked over the fair English and author looked over the fair English landscape with dreamy, admiring eves. The door opened and the applicant came in. Macgregor glanced indifferent-ly and saw a shock-headed lad shuf-

ling uneasily in his presence an overgrown boy of eighteen or nineteen. "They sent you here from the Si'ver Swan, did they?" said Macgregor. "You haven't much the look of a valet, I must "When did you come from? Who any. Where did you come from? Who did you live with last?"

"I com from Lunnon, sir," the lad ans wered, respectfully touching his fore-lock. "I was helper in a stable there. But Maister Linden thought I might do you, for awhile."

(To be Continued.)

SHOWS UNIQUE HEROISM

times on an undigested dinner; a king-dom is lost and won by a surfeit of Weeks of isolation in an icebound lampreys, as in the case of the be lighthouse, hunger. woman's hereic batreaved Henry, or by the sudden nunge of a horse. Mr. Macgregor's valet may reaved Henry, or by the stadien nunge of a horse. Mr. Macgregor's valet may seem to have little to do with this vera-cious history, but Mr. Macgregor's valet was the direct means of bringing about tle with an ugly sea, the lonely death of the husband while at prayer and the wife's self-sacrificing devotion to duty after his body had been taken ashore, are some of the elements of the story

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 is 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 skip, 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.

Do not dose yourself with purgatives, as so many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purga-tives gallop through the system and weakens instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What wou need in 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 makes new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite and children bright, active and strong. Mrs. Maude Bagg, Lemberg, Sask., says: "I can unbesitatingly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and tonic. I was very much run down when I began using the pills, and a few boxes fully restored my health."

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.

WALLS OF CITIES

To Be Torn Down to Make Way for Improvements.

The decision to abolish the mount wall surrounding Shanghai city is an in-teresting sign of the times as well as the preliminary to an ampilious schute of evelopment. Scores of coonies were at work yester-

Scores of cooles were at work yre ter-day, says the North China Daily News, with pick and showel on that portion of the city rampart which faces the street leading to the old vame. The wall its soif is several times wider turn the alleyways along which pedestrians and rickshas made their devious and diffi-cult way in that part of the city. The cult way in that part of the city. The space acquired by the removal of the wall should therefore, if used to best advantage, be of considerable value

It appears to have been suddenly de-covered that the wall is uscless as a means of defence and that it is an ugly impediment of the native quarters. The impediment of the native quarters. The work was put in hand immediately the order went forth from the town halt works department that it was to be executed without fail. The first section to be removed is that

stretching from near the old yamen along by the Great East Gate to the along by the Great East Gate to the United Fire Brigade Buildings. The moat or creek beneath the wall is to be fiiled in and it is reported a broad maloo take its place.

The owners and inhabitants of shanties on the wall have been ordered to remove these, and any fences, material, etc., which would impede the progress of the work. An outery might have been expected, since the scheme had been strongly opposed, but the order 11 been quietly accepted. In fact, very little the work, even though it inaugurates interest seems to have been aroused by

Two of the principal gates in the city wall of Hangchow have been removed. At Canton the Republican Government has ordered an investigation as to the population and the number of houses along the wall inside and outside the city. The officials deputed to the work are to report in a month, submitting a list of the houses and residents, to gether with a scheme for the demolition of the entire city wall.



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been

Prince Ariaur of Connaught, son of the Duke, the Governor-General of Canada, and brother of Princess Patricia, is taking part in advancing the cause of education for young men esiring to enter work in the trades

He has consented to become a patron of the Apprenticeship and Skilled Employment Association, which has its offices in Denison House, and he has made several suggestions methods which have already b adopted by the association.

MOTHERS RECOMMEND

BABY'S OWN TABLETS Baby's Own Tablets are recommended

UNNATURAL MODESTY.

Lord Tangerville, who is sending his son to an American school in order that his boy may escape from the toadyism of English schoolboys, said the other day in New York:

The New York: "There are too many Englishmen and English boys as well-who develop, in the presence of a lord, a painful and unnat-ural modesty. This reminds me of a village tinker: "This tinker had a rather crusty dis-pestion, and the pastor said to him one day:

'My man, you should love your neigh-

"'My man, you should love your neigh-bor as yourself." "Tee, sir," said the tinker. "But the pastor had in mind a nasty "But the pastor had in mind a nasty black eye that the tinker had given the bricklayer next door, and so he went on: "De you, though; do you, honestly, i"'De you, though; do you, honestly, love your neighbor as yourself? "'Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir,' said the tink-er; and he added. 'But I'm a modest man. "Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir,' said the tink-er; and he added. 'But I'm a modest man, ye' see, and to tell the truth. I ain't a bit stuck on myself, sir."-Washington Star.

AYING A NEAT COMPLIMENT.

thousands of thankful mothers who have used them for their little ones and

have found them a safe and sure cure for constipation, indigestion, worms, simple fevers and all stomach and bowel Blier, of St. Damase, Que, writes: "Please send me another box of Baby's own Tablets. I have already used them and have found them an excellent rem-edy for little ones. I would strongly recommend them to all mothers." The Tablets are add the matter Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Macgregor, despite them, shall of him. once. flourish forever!

She looked defiantly at the widow and the dour dark gentleman frowning over her shouller.

"No fairer Soo! could be among the prophets," Mr. Macgregor said, gailantas the card party dispersed; "and I never heard you sing so well before."

"Her heart was in the theme," broke i nthe wilow, with a gay little laugh. "Goveniotine has been practicing that delightful song, with an assoduity that, was crued, for the past week. I could at unierstand it before—I do now. Pank ceaven!" with a coquettish shrug, "we shall have a respite for the future."

"You will favor us, with some music, Mrs. Ingram?" insinuated totonel Gaunt. "Halt of Ours' are firm benewers in sirens and mermaids, and their tatal power, ever since they have heard

more that she was intensely afraid That lumine us. glance, the tender smile, might have softened the stony heart of the bronze Jupiter near them;

but the stern face of Angus Macgregor never relaxed. "You talk, and talk, and talk, Mre.

Ingram," he said: "and you know your talk is all empty words. You are in my power-atterly and entirely. The mercy you showed Cyril Trevanion I will show you. As you meted out, by Heaven: it shall be measured to you in return. How dare you ever come here! How dare you ever eat at the same ta-ble, seen under the same roof with those two snotlesser you. Rose Adair' One tuto spotless-you. Rose Adair! One chance I offer you, and one alone. Leave this pince within the week and never return. I will not pursue you - nay. I will give you money for the journey Leave England, and never return, and you shall be spared?

The same interview of the same interview of the second and the second and the same interview of the second and the se from analyst state and "Pray come wander, a homoless wretch, through hat, and Morsion from my massie." French cities and German Spas, herd Macgregor motice.

"Ob. yest knows what I mean the and carried the body in my arms to the

a rapid denouement. Monsieur Francois, of coure, was

Parisian, and an incongruens element in that meager bachelor melange. But then the tenant of the Retreat had many such incongruities. He wore shabby coats, and was a penny-a-liner by pro-fession; and he possessed shaft-bases biazing with jewels, into which the white fingers of Louis, the Well Beloved, had upped. He had a ruby-studded fan that had once hung from the slender waist of Marie Antoinette, and rare old shore. Sevres that Du Barri had once called her

own. He worked hard, and lived measure ly: but he owned lovely little enbinet pictures, for which he might safely have claimed their weight in gold, and his brica-brae collection would have made glisten the eyes of the connoissents of Wardour street.

And Mr. Augus Macgreger had picked Monsieur Francois in Paris returning from Suabia, at the "sell up" of a great duke, whose valet ke and been. He had brought him direct from the most delightful of earthly cities, and the very Lest society, to bary him alive in Monks-wood Waste. It was cruel. The sulary was high enough to make the accom-plished Frenchman endure his living death for awhile, but nature revolted at st, and Monsieud Francois gave Mr.

and turn my masse." He besed surptised but obeyet at meanly with the outcasts of every nature, img with the outcasts of every nature, ming with the outcasts of every nature, ing with the most abundoned of both sex s. Yo, Mr. Macgregor, I will not go." "Then you will stay to be denounced is a double mutderess of Joe Duwson -may, as a double mutderess of Joe Duwson -may, as a double mutderess of for you know the fate of theneral Trevanion." Macgregors' for verners' will do to ture, as well as untiting else, while you say

The proof is surveyed with do to turn as well as anything each while you sing to take while you sing to take to turn the proof is surveyed with the you?
There is the to you? Where is that potential grades are in the importantly will and you?
The als face.
Again the proof you and the proof you and the artist arrated the little contraction. Mr. Misseregar, it is surveyed to the important grades are into the important grades are into the long, volucet eves lifted up to his face.
Again the proof is surveyed to the proof is surveyed to the important grades are into the long, volucet eves lifted up to his face.
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Again the proof is surveyed to the long to the long.
Again the proof is surveyed to the long to the lon The ans take. The ast take is the set of the solar provided his nightdraught have oblest forsoned his nightdraught have a streasure. Charley—a Titian set, and carried the boly in my arms to the set, and carried the set of mowalays, queen of a swift, silent, obedient and respectfal-invaluable qualities in a man's dog, valet or wife. He was Soyer's equal at his best, and he leaves me helpiss to the ther life. What was General Trevanion or Ms will to me?' Hamilton.

lars.

that has come to light. William Taylor and his wife were

50 CENTS

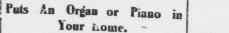
Few ministers were better loved by their flock than Bishop Reese. of Sakeepers of the lighthouse on the treach-erous shoals of Chineotengue. The ice, piled up by the recent cold winds folvannah, says the Boston Journal. It is told of him that when he was rector of being zero weather, shut the two off from the mainland. At last the husband fell ill. The supplies had grown desper-ately low. In the crisis the wife volun-teered to brave the ugly sea in a gaso-line launch. The managed to reach the shore. parish he saw one of his parishioners alking very emphatically to his son. Dr. Reese called out: "Hallo, Tom! What are you going to lo with that boy of yours?

The old map advanced to the door and eplied: "What am I going to do with im? Well, I will tell you, doctor; I eplied : One night she noticed that the light One night she noticed that the light was not burning. Undounted by her previous experience, she boarded the launch and fought her way again through the ice. In the little bedebam-her she found her husband kneeling at his bedside as if in prayer. He was dead. Mrs. Taylor tended the light and keet im? am going to do with my son what you eannot do with yours." "Oh, indeed!" said the doctor, "and pray what is that?" "Why. I'm going to make a better man of him than his father."

Mrs. Taylor tended the light and kept the locely vigil while friends buried PAPER FROM COTTON STALKS. husband.-Snow Hill, Md., despitch Oak-land Tribune.

Cotton stalks, it is thought, may be cotton states, it is totuget, may be used for the manufacture of paper. A machine has been patented which will separate the brown back from the inner pita, and it is channel that excellent PER WEEK Paper pulp mity to made from the latter. From the bark a substitute for excelsion is manufactured.

A HEAVY ONE.



On Friday, March 15th, we commence our annual slaughter sale of all used in-struments in stock. This year sees us with double the number we ever Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among them orgins bearing names of such well-known makers as Beil, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these range from \$15 to \$60 at the above terms. The planos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Weber, Worm 25 with and Heintzman & Co. Every instrument has been repaired by our own workmen, and carries a five years' guar. OWE antee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and al-low every cent paid. Send post card at once for complete list, with full particu-Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east,

> isn't there an awful weight on your con-

Prisoner-No, lady, de weight is



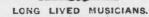
Tell of the Health Dodd's Kidcey Pills Brind.

They Made a New Woman of Mrs. Elie Amirault Who Was a Victim of Kidney Disease for Over a Year.

Amirault's Hill, Yarmouth Co., N.S., Amirant's min, farmouta Co., N.S., April 1.—(Special.)—"Four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new woman of me." Those are the words of Mrs. Elie Amirault, of this place. They are words that have been used again again by women in all parts of Can-ada who have suffered, and who have found relief and cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over a year from kid ney disease." Mrs. Amirault continues. "Nothing I tried helped me. At last some one told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished the first box I felt better. Four boxes made a new woman of me." No remedy ever, given to the public

has brought health and happiness into the lives of so many women as Dodd's Kidney Pills. This is because nine-tenths of the ills to which women are subject come from diseased kidneys. No woman who uses Dodd's Kidney Pills can have diseased kidneys. They always cure the kidneys.



A Dr. Roggers has been "studying the offects of wind instruments on the life of musicians. The average life of the wind instrument artist is 63, while that of others is 62.

that of others is 62. Thirty-four per cent. of the former eategory attain 70 years. Performers on the flute, in Dr. Roggers' "echell-de longevite" reaches on the average the age of 61, while the hautbois executant lives two years longer. Buglers go two years better, and the clarinet player lives till he is 65. He of the cornet only fails the allots span by one-year. The ophicleide artist beats them all. His time of life is from 75 to 80 -

"I say, old man, is your wife a blonde?" "She was when she left for Palm Beach last month, and I haven't seen anything to the contrary in the so-cietr mapers."-Washington Herald. olonde

.

Lady Visitor-My dear man,

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Truth is as incession to be soiled by there an science? any outward the subscience. Prisone