gran Sybil's Doom wax &

"You have heard of the search that was made," Sybil continued; "long and thorough, and in vain. The secret of Monkswood Waste is its secret still—

Monkswood Waste is its secret still—

of Monkswood, was inexpressibly peaceful and still. The day difference was the secret still—

ful and still. The day difference was the secret still—

of Monkswood was inexpressibly peaceful and still. The day difference was the secret still—

ful and still. The day difference was the secret still—

of Monkswood was inexpressibly peaceful and still. The day difference was the secret still—

of Monkswood was inexpressibly peaceful and still. "You have heard of the search that | Monkswood Waste is its secret still-well kept: 1 know nothing against Mrs. Ingram. Common sense in every way proves it to be an absolute absurdity that she can in any manner be implicated. And yet—Oh, Mr. Macgregor, help me if you can. Fathom this terrible mystery and I will thank you forwart. tery, and I will thank you forever! thought when Cyril came-But Cyril has come, and what does he care? The man who slept on her post, by his fa-ther's dying bed, holds him fettered body He has no thought, by night or by day, but for her."

The passionate, impetuous tears started to her eyes. She turned away proudly, lest he should see. But Macgregor's dark eyes saw most things, and his face clouded a little now.

"And do you care?" he asked in deep, intense voice, 'whom he loves o whom he hates? Can it signify to Mis-

The question might have been insolent on any other lips, and haughty Sybil anger. But, somehow—ah! who knows why?—it was Macgregor who spoke; and the delicate face drooped away, and the lovely, transient glow arose and faded, and the haughty heart fluttered

under her sable corsage.
"No," she said, "it is nothing to me -less than nothing. But I loved my uncle very dearly, Mr. Macgregor, and Cyril is his son. Once I loved him, too Cyril is his son. Once I loved him, too —long ago—a little child of four—when he was, oh, so different. He gave me this ring. I have worn it for his sake for fifteen years. I will never wear it again!"
She drew it off.

There was a sparkle of light; then it was flung impetuously into the depths of the fish-pond, a glittering

morsel for pike and perch.

"Let the waters take it," she said,
"less faithless than he! And you promise me, Mr. Macgregor, you will do
your best to help me in this dreadful larkness which shrouds the poor gen eral's fate?"

"I promise, Miss Trevanion. I will of promise, Miss Trevanion. I will do my utmost, and succeed, if I can, where the best detective of Scotland Yard failed. The mystery of Monkswood will be a mystery no longer, if mortal man can solve it. I will do my promise.

He held out his hand. He had long, slim feet and hands-intensely patrician—and Sybil laid her delicate rose-leaf palm therein, with still another roseate blush. It was quite a new trick on Sybil's part—this blushing—and be-came her beautifully. "How kind it is of you!" she said, grateful tours creation.

grateful tears standing in her eyes. She seemed so utterly alone, poor child, in her anxiety, and this matter was so very near her heart. "They say, Mr. Macgregor, all authors are more or less like their work; but you are not in the least like their work; in the least like yours."
"Nicer, I hope?" the author sug-

"Ever so much vicer!" the young lazy snswered, saucily. "I don't half like your tone in print; and the sneering, sarcastic, bitterly cynical way you teak of women is simply raise and electrophy." detestable. You may ray what you please, sir-you and the rest of the cold-blooded cynics—but there are wo-

How beautiful she looked! The cheeks brightly flushed, the violet eyes flash-pressed eath. "If you only sent for me ing, the proud little head thrown back, Ah, Angus Macgregor, your cynical as well let me ge. If I'm a coward, I An, Angus Macgregor, your cynical teart needs a triple corsolet of steel to ward off the blind god's arrows shot from those killing eyes of blue!

"I believe it now," he said, very quiet-

through the hazel bushes skirting the

Are you two flirting or fighting? You look tremendously in earnest; and really, how one is to me in earnest about anything, with the thermometer - Let's go to dinner." The effort of speaking had exhausted him; he was unable to finish his own untence. They went to dinner, where my lady greeted them, and did the most of the talking. For the heat had wilted Charley, and left him nothing on earth c say; and Sybil, in a "tremor of sweet to say; and Syon, in a cremor of sweet bliss," falling fatally in 150c, though she did not know it, cat something a whipped hand. His fear of her was who knows what?—and hardly looked unmistakable.

"I will endure it no longer—not one "Prata in the longer—not one "Prata in the

Lady Lemox and Mr. Maegregor sat lown in the lamp-lit drawing-room to their eternal whist; and my lady made a good thing out of the author's preceptation, and won two or three handilus of shillings. And Sybil, away in a cerner where the piano stoo!, and the lamp-light never came, played dreamy improvisations, with a quiet, tender happiness in her face. The moonlight fell on the graceful, girlish figure, the stately little head, the delicate, percept profile, and the author's eyes wandered often from the cards to that fairy vision. It was late when he went away, and sybil and pood night with a say grace all with a say grace all with a say grace all with econocquences! You are afraid of me. On the consequences! You are afraid of me. On the conseque was late when he went away, and syon said good night with a say grace all you do."

She elevated her slim, arched feet, elad new, and "beauty's bright transient where did you meet him? Who is in the daintiest of high-heeled bottines, upon the steel fender, and frowned coming and going on her ex-face. It was late when he left, quisite face. It was late when he left, ate when he reached the Retreat, his pretty home, hidden as the covert of a stag amid the towering clus and becches; but not too late for working and smoking, it appeared. He three here are lateral to before I came tenant of the Retreat. That stuped for a stag and the lowerist class and he as good as fold me, last of his dress-coat, lighted a cigor, drew a pile of MSS, before him, and sat down to write; and while the summer night wore on he smoked and he wrote, the paper, the only stoppages when he paused to ignife a fresh Havana. The rosy glimmer of the new day was lighting the east when he pushed the soll, so, from him and arose. "Four o'clock," he said. "Time for a sonstitutional under the trees, before and flutring in."

Itenant of the Retreat, That stuped for Reedworth, rented it before I came here; and he as good as fold me, last oright he cigor, drew at the stopped and grasped his throat, the summer night wore on he smoked and he wrote, the paper, the only stoppages when he passed to ignife a fresh Havana. The rosy glimmer of the new day was lighting the east when he pushed the will hesitate before slandering a gentleman in your position. But you're an effort, as I told you, and worse than sonstitutional under the trees, before and flott, to linger here at all. Marry toffice and turning in."

The rosy glimmer of the new day was lighting the cast when he pushed the will hesitate before slandering a gentleman in your position. But you're an effort, as I told you, and worse than sonstitutional under the trees, before and flott, to linger here at all. Marry toffice and turning in."

The rosy glimmer of the new day was lighting the cast when he pushed the will hesitate before slandering a gentleman in your position. But you're an effort, as I told you, and worse than another the trees, before an effort, as I told you, and worse than another the trees, before an effort and the interest and the summer night word in the grate, and rendered superfluous the wax tapers burning on the dressing table."

Long after Mr. Angus Macgregor, her bids dressing table."

Long after Mr. Angus Macgregor, her bids dress from a fet level summer was topical word in the grate, and rendered superfluous the wax tapers burning on the dressing tab

ful and still. The dew glittered on grass and fern, the soaring larks burst forth in the matin psalms, and air was sweet with its freshness and woodland per-fume, and the stillness of some primeval

wilderness reigned.

The author turned in the Prior's Walk the grand old avenue where so often the hunted monks had paced, telling their beads. He sad sauntered about half way down, when he suddenly stopped and drew back, for at the other ped and drew back, for at the other stood. opening a man and a woman stood where, at that hour, he would have look where, at that nour, he would have looked for no one—where, at any hour,
few ever came. They were standing
very still, talking very earnestly, and
in the man, tall, dark and muscular,
he recognized at first glance Cyril Tre-

But the woman-who was she? Surey not the widow? No. She turned her ly not the widow? No. She turned her face toward him even as the thought crossed his mind, and self-possessed as Macgregor was, he barely repressed an exclamation of amazement as his eyes fell upon her face. CHAPTER XVI.

It was old Hester—cray Hester, the witch, the fortune teller—who stood facing the lord of Monkewood Priory, in the rosy dawn of the new day leaning ing the lord of Midnikwood Priory, in the rosy dawn of the new day, leaning on her staff, with her weird face and weird witch-like dress, looking very like one of three beldames who occosted the Thane of Cawdor on the blasted

heath of Fores.

Angus Macgregor barely repressed a whistle of intense surprise. Then suddenly his face cleared and brightened. "Hawkleey told me there was an old grandam somewhere, and, by all that's sensational, it turns out to be old Hester, the witch! I always fancied there was method in the cute old fortune tell-

was method in the cute old fortune teller's madness; and, by Jove! if she is the grandam, she's the cleverest old lady in England. Shall I play evesdropper for once? It is for Sybil's sake. I am not a particularly humble Christian, but I think I could stoop to even lower degradation—if there be a lower lower degradation—if there be a lower deep than cavesdropping—for her sake." He stood quite still, screened comhe stood quite still, screened com-pletely by the huge branches of a giant alm, seeing them plainly, yet all un-seen. The tableau was worthy more spectators. The old woman—withered, wrinkled, Indian colored-stood with both hands clasped on the head of a stout cane, a red cotton handkerchief knotted under her chin, her locks of eld fluttering scantily beneath, two piercing black eyes fixed fiercely on the face above her. And Cyril Trevanion stood with folded arms, silent, moody, sulky, is eyes fixed on the greensward, a lo of sullen fear in his swarthy face. He had muttered something surlily between his teeth, and the old woman's glittering eyes flashed fire, and the

face flamed red with anger.
"You're a fool. Cyril Treyanion!" she "You're a fool, Cyril Treyamon: sne cried, passionately, striking her stick upon the ground; "to great a fool to try and play knave. Worse, you're a coward! Do you think I don't know how you ran like a frightened school boy the other day and left the girl, who thought you a hero, to face an angry bull alone? Another man came to her rescue, and you—you cut a fine figure, coming crawling back, shame-faced and You a Trevanion, forsooth! ou," striking her stick again. sheepish. I tell you," men alive—hosts of them—true and lender and faithful, and good to the treble. "I am ashamed of you myself! and raising her voice to a shrill cracked

"Hadn't you better arouse the parh;" Cyril Trevanion said, with a sup-

were never that, "Nor ingrates," the old woman bitterly. "I did not before. I spoke of women as I found them. I can never speak of them like that again."

And then he lifted the fair, white hand to his lips and kissed it, and let the fall. And the dinner-bell rang, and Charley's screne face appeared suddenly the hazel bushes skirting the sec a wax-doll widow, a penniless adsee a wax-doll widow, a penniless adventuress, and you go mad and blind and besotted for love of her. Fool! dolt! driveler! Why did 1 not leave you to starve, or rot, or die a dog's death a ditch, as you deserve? You alle golden prize to slip through your fing-ers, between your idiocy and your cowardice and you run after this painted, penniless governess, who laughs at you for your pains!"

The rage flaming in the fieres old face, in the flashing old eyes, in the high cracked voice, was something quite ap palling. The man before her shrunk like

day longer!" old Hester went on, "Drop the widow and win the heiress, or dread the consequences! You are afraid of me.

country. Avoid France and England as you would a pestilence. The Continent is wide. You may snap your fingers at the whole world, if you possess common

prudence, with General Trevanion's heiress for your wife."

"She will not marry me," Cyril Trevanion said, moodily, "She disliked me from the first; she barely tolerates me now. I believe in my soul," with a deep oath, "she is half in love with that infernal Macgregor ever since." fernal Macgregor ever since-

"Ever since he saved her life- ever since you ran away," interrupted Since you ran away," interrupted the fortune-teller, with sneering emphasis: "It is very likely ineed, Oh, poor, weak, miserable coward! Why did I not disown you at your birth? You, with all the chances over man had to win and the chances ever man had to win and marry her out of hand, let them slip one by one, and allow a stranger to step in and bear off the prize. No wonder she hardly tolerates you — moody, sullen, silent, making an infatuated fool of yourself about a simpering doll of a widow, and treating her, the proudest girl in England with

the proudest girl in England, with gloomy indifference. But I tell you to the proudest girl in England, with gloomy indifference. But I tell you to beware of me! Don't rouse my anger any higher—don't, I warn you. You know what I am. Give up your sickening folly; devote yourself to Miss Trevanion; woo her, win her—old love and smoldering embers are easily rekindled—marry her; take her out of England, and do it at once."

She struck her stick fiercely into the

She struck her stick fiercely into the yielding sod and turned to go. The man before her stood motionless as a figure of dark marble. "And if she refuses?" he said, between

his teeth. "Then look to yourself. It will be my

turn to act then, and you will see what mercy I will show you. If she refusee and persists in refusing, there will be no one on earth to blame but yourself. I will show you then how I treat fools and ingrates!" She hobbled away; she reached the

end of the avenue; then she turned Cyril Trevanion still stood where she had left him his face literally black with rage and fear and hatred. "When Sybil Lemox Trevanion says

yes, come to me and tell me," she said.
"I don't want to see your face before "And if she says no?" ground out

through his set teeth.
"Then I will come to you; and the day that sees me come will make you wish you had never been born!" She turned this time and hobbled out of sight; and Cyril Trevanion threw one arm over the branch of a tree and laid his face thereon.

"'Wish I had never been born!" he repeated, with indescribable bitterness.
"My God! how often have I wished that! They say my mother died raving that! They say my mother died raving mad. I think my mother's son is likely to follow her example. Hester-Macgre gor-Mrs. Ingram; I have reason to fear the three; and Sybil Trevanion— beau-tiful, gentle, and sweet—I fear most of all."

He stood there so long, motionless, his face lying on his arm, that Angus Macgregor came out from his leafy screen, coolly struck a match and lighted a ci-

"Poor devil!" he said; "it's not a bed of roses. This poor wretch who fights with fate, according to his light, and tries to 'better himself,' like a man's valet, gets badgered and bothered and nunted down on all hands, until even his worst enemy might afford to pity aim; and I suppose I ought to be that.'
He sauntered out up the avenue, de-He sauntered out up the avenue, de-liberately, to the spot where Cyril Tre-vanion stood. At the sound of the ap-proaching footsteps, the heir of Monks-wood lifted his head and stared at the unexpected apparition, with the wild, hunted look of a stag at bay.

"Colonel Trevanion, I believe," Macgregor said, quietly, as though it were noonday and the Prior's Walk the highroad. "I had no idea you were fond of day-break constitutionals. We poor devils of scribblers, who sit up half the night over our foolscap and our lost highly sensational chapter, find this sort of thing necessary. Don't let me disturb you. I'm going back, and going to bed, Good-morning.

He strolled away, puffing energetically the strolled away for the strolled away for the strolled away. this

ly. His landlord fad not spoken, nor at-tempted to speak. He was gnastly pale. tempted to speak. He was gnastly pale. "I have eased my conscience a little by showing mysef," Macgregor said, entering his domicile. "I can't say I find listening pleasant. And so he's to woo and win Sybil? Ah, well, we'll see! As the Turks say, Kismet! What is writenr is written!"

CHAPTER XVII.

On that rainy night, while Charley Le mox drove the tenant of the Retreat had sailed away to her room, her silken splendor trailing behind her, always ser pentine in its glimmering twists, her jewels sparkling, her ribbons fluttering. She kissed Miss Chudleigh, on the upper landing, and gayly bid her "Good-night, and pleasant dreams," as sne swept into her own room.

swept into her own room.

Perhaps the agreeable widow had her charitable wish, for Gwendoline's dreams ere apt to be pleasant, with the angelic faces of the cornets and ensigns fro Speckhaven beaming luminous through he rosy clouds of sleep.

But her own dreams, waking sleeping, were not pleasant. She sunk down into a chair, a miracle of amber satin and downy puffiness, and the smiles, and the radiance, and the happy brightness dropped away from face and eyes, like a mask, and left a dark, brooding, careworn countenance in their

upon the steel fender, and from thoughtfully into the fire. For all fender, and frowned rooms at Cudleigh Chase were vast, and apt to be chilly and Mrs. Ingram was as fond of warmth and light as a tropical

THIN, FRAIL WOMEN WITH PALE CHEEKS

Now Rapidly Learning the Way to Health and Vigor by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Thousands of half-dead, emaciated, worn-out women are dragging out their weary lives simply because they don't know what ails them. Nine times in ten it's indigestion, which direcuy leads to anaemia, poor circu-lation, and eventually invalidism.



The first step towards relief is to flush out all wastes and unhealthy matter. Loosen the bowels—stir up the liver—stimulate the kidneys. Once this is done, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly manifest their health-restoring qualities.

"The best way to correct impaired digestion, to cure constipation, head-ache, liver trouble, and other ailache, liver trouble, and other all-ments of the stomach and bowels," writes Mrs. Uriah A. Dempsey, from Woodstock, "is by the frequent use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I didn't know what it was to enjoy a good meal for months. My stemach was meal for months. My stemach was sour, I belched gas, was thin, tired, pale, and nervous. I simply house-clean: I my system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and have been robust and igorous ever since.

To keep the machinery of the body To keep the machiner, in active working order, no semedy is so efficient, so mild, so curative as Dr. Hamilton's Pills—good for men, women and children, 25c per box, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co.,

of all, the real Cyril Trevanion, alive and in the flesh?" The next moment she could have laughed aloud at her own folly in even supposing such an impossibility.

(To be Continued.) DAINTY DISHES.

MILK SCONES.—Take one pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a plinch of sait and sugar to taste. Mix this with sufficient milk to form a stiff dough, then form into two little twists or small loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

MCCK ROAST FOWL.-Take thre MCCK ROAST FOWL.—Take three ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of beef suct one teaspoonful of chopped parsiety half a teaspoonful of innely grated lemon rind, one egg, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix together, spread on a board, then skin one pound of pork saysages and spread upon the cther mixture. Roll up, the with string, and bake in the oven till brown. Serve with bread sauce

CHEESE STRAWS.-Mix together two

CHEESE STRAWS.—Mix together two ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of bouter, two ounces of four, two ounces of obutter, two ounces of four, two ounces of state and opinion of sait and cayerne pepper. When mixed, roll out like pastry to about one-quarter of an linch in thickness. Cut into strips and bake on a sheet.

SPONGE JELLY.—Take six sponge cakes (stale ones will do, cut them up, any place in a dish; mix and pour over them one plut of raspherry Jelly (made from jelly cuttings), and leave to set overright. Before serving, pour over it one plut of cold custand flavored with almond sauce, and decorate with crystallised cherries and almonds.

ENGLISH SHORTBREAD.—Take half a nound each of butter and moist sugar and cream them together on a hoard. Add two well-beaten eggs, and rub in one pound of flour, working up a handful at a time till all is used. Form the mixture into two cakes, but do not use a rolling pin. Pinch the edges and prick the centre with a fork; decorate with lence peer with the cayer of white paper and bake in a moderate cven.

cven.

CROQUETTES.—Take a walnut of butter and work it into a tablespoonful of floor, adding sufficient milk to make them into a thick, white sauce, then boil well, adding milk as required to keep it of the same consistency. Have ready two tablespoonfuls of minced ham or fish as preferred, half a teaspoonful of finely chopped only a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a flavoring of salt with a pinch of cayetine pepper. Add this to the sauce and stir over the fire for two of three inhuites. Then spread on a plate and allow to get cold. Roll out a little very thin pastry, and cut into medium-sized rounds. Place a little of the mixture on half the number of founds, and cover them with the others, binching the/edges closely together. Brush binching the/edges closely together. Brush CROQUETTES.—Take a walnut of butolinching the edges closely together. By over with egg breadcrumb, and fry colder brown. Serve with bunches ripd parsley.

A SAFE MEDICINE

FOR LITTLE ONES.

Baby's Own Tablets are a safe medicine for little ones-the mother may feel sure of that. They are sold under an absolute guarantee of a government analyst not to contain narcotics or other harmful drugs-they cannot possibly do harm-talways good. Thousands of mothers who have used them can yough mothers who have used them can youch for this, and once a mother has used them for her little ones—she always keeps them in the house. The Tablets quickly relieve and cure all the mino lls of babyhood and childhood. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, expel worms, break up colds sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, expfel worms, break up colds and make baby healthy, happy and fat. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

THE EASIER WAY (Montreal Star.)

"Hello! Is that the Notes and Quer s, editor?" asked a voice through the

RIJGING IN A TIGER.

Perils of Hunting With Elephants in the India Jungle.

Elephants in any number from 50 to 300 or 400 are used for a drive. The whereabouts of the tiger or tigers having been previously located by sending out shikarı some time ahead, tying up out shikarı some time ahead, tying up buffalo calves for kills, etc., on ap-proaching the spot the elephants are formed into line, those carrying the howdahs with the rifles being along the line, with a certain number of pad ele-phants in between. Pad elephants, it may be explained, are those which carry a pad or cushion only, and as a rule no one except the mahout or driver. They are used chiefly to assist in beat-

They are used chiefly to assist in beating the jungle and to carry game.

A captain, whose word is law, is appointed to carry out all the arrangements, and on his giving the signal the long line of ponedrous animals advances slowly through the waving grass.

Sometimes one or two of the gues are Sometimes one or two of the guns are sent on ahead on elephants to endeavor to prevent the tiger breaking out in front. The line advances steadily, smashing through every obstacle. As soon as a tiger is discovered the flanks of the line extend forward and inward. of the line extend forward and inward; by signals the line follows the tiger, wheels, doubles, turns, marches, counter marches until it fairly runs the tiger By this time the elephants have been

by this time the dephants have been brought very close together, their heads almost touching. This renders it less easy for them to turn round and bolt, gives confidence to the mahouts and also provides the beautiful them. also prevents the tiger slipping through a gap as well as very often stopping his charging home. The tiger frequently charging home. The tiger frequently lies close, in which case two or three big tuskers move quietly about inside the ring, lifting up each tussock of grass and breaking down every bush. Then the tiger breaks cover and as a rule charge straight at one of the howdah elephants Then it is time to pray that your elephant is really stanch and will stand elephant is really stanch and will stand the charge. Nothing is more difficult than trying to shoot a charging tiger from an elephant which will not stand steady and nothing more dangerous than being on one which suddenly turns round and bolts, taking its rider under branches of trees, to the imminent danger of life and limb. Sometimes as many as four or five tigers are inside the ring at once towather with other

the ring at once, together with other animals, such as wild boar and deer, so what with the crashing and trumpeting of the nephants, the shouts and cries of the melhants, the shouts and cries of the mahouts, the crack of the rifles, with perhaps a tiger or two rushing round the ring giving their hoarse grunting "waugh" at intervals the scene is a regular pandemonium and quite defies description.—From Country Life.

QUEBEC FARMER **TELLS GOOD NEWS**

Found Complete Cure for Cramps and Kidney Disease.

Suffered for Six Years, But Found Health and New Life in Dodd's Kidney Pills—Warm Praise for Old Reliable Remedy.

Marie East, Bonaventure Co., Quebec eb. 26 .- (Special.) - Mr. Peter Bernard, prosperous young farmer, living near here, is spreading the good news that he has found a complete cure—for his kidney troubles.

"I suffered for six years from crampe in the muscles and kidney disease," Mr Bernard says, "but Dodd's Kidney cured me completely. Yes, I am feeling so well that I want other sufferers to so well that I want other sufferers to know just how easy it is to be cured."
It is a good old saying that it is easy to do anything if you just know how.
And Mr. Bernard and hundreds of others are telling you just how to cure kidney disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it. And as kidney disease is the direct cause of rheumatism lumbage. direct cause of rheumatism, lumbago Bright's disease, heart disease, pain ir the back and urinary troubles Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them by removing the cause. If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills yourself ask your neighbors about them.

LITTLE PU YI.

Over the hills to Fairyland, To the royal palace, Jehol, Goes little Pu Yi with sober eve. Clutching his Manchy doll; The road is hard, the road is long, But the palanquin moves fast From the dragon thrown and incense blows

Full with the songs of the past. Over the hills from Nowhere Land,
With the naked lust for power,
Swept an eager horde wnose biting sword
Changed the world in an hour.
Little Pu Yi your kin was there
That day in the ages flown,
They squeezed the land with a hungry
hand

And took it for their own.

"Your gods shall pass," the victors said,
"Our Buddha shall hear your prayer;
Ye shall creep and crawl and cringe and
fall,
And we shall watch we there:
Ye shall say tch word we bid ye say,
Ye shall praise our baidest wille.
Ye shall hall our place with servile
grace,
And crave our lightest smile."

Thus they spoke in the long ago.
When you were a dream, Pu Yi;
The thing that was done, twixt sun and

The thing that was done, twist sun and sun,
How could it come to die?
Three hundred years to crawl and creep,
Pray, how could the millions stand?
But the gods of brain shook wide their
rein
And stirred the paisted hand. So that which was done, twixt sun and sun, Has happened again, Pu VI; And the dragon chair must

Food for the vulgar eye.

Food for the vulgar eye.

Over the hills you go, Pu VI.

To the wondrous place, Jehol:

Gue will be true as he looks on you—

Your little Manchu doll. -Percy Shaw.

STRIKE COST.

(Philadelphia Record)

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS

Left Weak, Miserable and Prey to Disease in Many Forms.

One of the most treacherous diseases afflicting the people of Canada during the winter months is la grippe, or in-fluenza. It almost invariably ends with a complication of troubles. It tortures a complication of troubles, it torthres its victims with alternate fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him an easy prey to pneumonia, leaves him an easy prey to pneumonis, bronchitis, and even consumption. Indeed the deadly after-effects of lagrippe may leave the victim a chronic invalid. You can avoid la grippe entirely by keeping the blood rich and rea by an occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you have not done this and the disease attacks you, you can and the disease attacks you, you can banish its deadly after-effects through banish its deadly after-effects through the use of this same great blood-build-ing, nerve-restoring medicine. Here is proof of the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over this trouble.

Mr. Emmanuel Laurin, St. Jerome, Que, says: "I was seized with a severe attack of la grippe. I was obliged to Que, says: "I was seized with a severe attack of la grippe. I was obliged to stop work and remain in my bed for several weeks and while I appeared to get over the first stages of the trouble, I did not regain my usual health. I suffered from headaches, loss of appetite and extreme weakness. I did not sleep well at nights and would arise in the well at nights, and would arise in the morning feeling tired and worn out. morning reeling tired and worn out. This continued for about two months during which time I was taking treatment, but apparently without avail. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams. Pink Pills, and I got a half dozen boxes By the time I had taken three boxes there was a decided improvement, and actually before I had completed the sixth box I was enjoying my old-time. health. I was enjoying my out-time health. I was strong as ever, could sleep well and eat well, and no longer suffered from lassitude and headaches. I have proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the pernicious after-ef-

First 10 the pernicious after-effects of la grippe, and can therefore re-commend them to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the trouble in the blood which they apply her before the root of the supply and the pills of the root of the supply and the pills of the pill blood, which they enrich and make red and pure. These pills cure all troubles due to bad blood, and if you are ailing you should start to cure yourself to-day by taking this great medicine. 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.

A VALENTINE TO HEAVEN.

(Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly). I know not how these lines to send, Dear soul that took the staward

flight—
And yet our Past a hope doth lend
That thou caust read me as I write.
That thou caust read we are thou yet wilt know And if not so, thou yet wilt know These whispers that are thine and

For God hath ways to make it so-And thou shalt be my valentine.

But if by some good messenger This word must seek thy cherished

name, Thy heart, I hope, will yet infer Wherefrom the earthly message came, ome little ways of thought or phrase-Some hidden thrill 'twixt line and line That we two knew in olden days Will tell who wrote the valentine

one, they cannot make me fear That stately Heaven can check thy glee, Or bar me from the comrade-cheer

That made the earth lie Heaven to me! For e'en amid thy toil to rid Of pain and sin our suffring race, Oft came the merry laugh unbid, That never lost its girlhood-grace.

So while the silver jest goes round, And while the air gives gold of m I feel thy heart may yet be found among the merriments of earth Heaven were a task, could I not bask Within that merry glance of thine: And so, 'twixt smile and tear, I ask Thee, Dear, to be my Valentine!

HELP FOR THE SEMINOLES The remnant of that once powerful tribe of Indians, the Seminoles, make their homes in the Everglades of Florida," said Captain George B. Schas-tian, or Orlando, Fla., at the Remert. "I doubt whether the total exceeds 300, and their condition is none too flourish-

"With the drainage of the swamp lands these Indians will be dispossessed of their small holdings in the Everglades and what their future fate may be is sad to contemplate. They are by nature an admirable race, and I have it from old men who have known them from childhood that unfaithfulness among the women or lying among the men are un-known vices. It would seem that so known vices. It would seem that so great and rich a government as ours should see to it that these descendants of the aborigines should not be put into condition of pauperism, and that in lie nof their present homes in the iso-lated swamps better habitations should be given them."—Baltimoer American.

Shiloh's Gure STOPS COUCHS HEALS THE LUNGS

3 WAYS TO COOK RICE.

3 WAYS TO COOK RICE.

Plain Boiled Rice—Have ready on the fire a large pot of boiling water. Wasa the rice well and sprinkle it in. Add salt, allowing a teasponful to a quart of water. Boil rapidly so that the water t sees the grains about loosely for 25 mountes without tomeling. Then if perfectly tender throw it into the colander and leave it over the pot of hot water to steam for ten minutes. Dish and serve when served.

Belled Rice and Onions—Chop four medium sized boiled onlons very fine. Boll one-half capful of rice dutil soft, salting well. Butter a baking dish and out in first a layer of rice, then a layer of clopped onlon, then butter, a little salt and pepper, then rice again. When the dish is full bake until contents are firm, or about fifteen minutes.

Rice with Prunss—Boil one-half pound of prunes. When cold spread in the bottom of mold, then fill with one-third of a pound of boiled rice packed in firmly. When set turn out of mold and serve with sweetered juice of the prunes.

"The dinners my wife get drive me to

"The dinners my wife get drive me to drink." I thought she was a good cook?" "She is, but her favorite dish is salt mackerel."—Houston Post.

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