"Many, many thanks, Mr. Stuart, and heaven bless you, sir. You are very good

Tears rolled down Mrs. Morris' pale face, and the young squire turned away with a sudden expression of sorrow. At the door he hesitated for a minute, then

the door he nesitated for a minute, then said hurriedly:
"I shall walk a little way along Linton's Lane, Mrs. Morris. I want to ask Margery about Bright's crops."
"Ay, do, sir," replied the sick woman warmly; "she will be rare glad to see

Mr. Crosbie strode down the path, and let the gate swing behind him. He turned to the right, and walked quickly along in the glaring heat, with his eyes fixed in an almost eager way on the long straight road before him. Away distance appeared an objectpatch of something pink moving very slowly toward him. His pace increased, distance lessened between this ob ject and himself, and gradually the pink patch melted into the slender form of a girl, her bent head covered with a flapping white sun-bonnet, a small basket on her right arm, and a book between very slowly; apparently the heat had no effect on her, although the sun was beating on her with scorching force. Mr. slackened his pace as they drew nearer, and at last stand-still. The girl was so deeply absorbed in her book that she was unaware of his presence till, looking up sud-denly, she saw him just in front of her. The book dropped, a flush of color mantled her clear transparent fact, and a look of intense pleasure shone in her great blue eyes. 'Mr. Stuart! Oh, how you startled

removing his felt hat and grasping her hand firmly. "What are you made of? You must be a salamander to live in this heat; yet here you are walking along as if it were in iceland; and you look as cool as"-hesitating for a simile --"as a cucumber."

"Oh, I don't mind a little sunshine!" said the girl, with a slightly contemptu-ous curl of her short upper lip. "In fact, I don't feel it. But where are you going. Mr. Stuart? Have you seen moth-

"Yes," replied the young man, turning beside her and taking the basket from her arm. "She told me you had gone to Bright's farm, and I am anxious to know how his crops are."

into a merry fit of laughter.
"You don't care a bit about the crops—you know you don't!" remarked Mar-

Well, strictly between ourselves, don't. It is a fearful confession for a farm-owner to make, but it is the

"Ah. I am glad you do tell the truth sometimes!" said the girl, with a bright glance from her glorious eyes.

fails when I meet you."

He was watching her with intense earnestness, enjoying the swet witch-ery of her beauty. For she was beauti-ful; her form was so slender and lithe; ful; her form was so slender and lithe; rect up to the state of the small delievery limb, from the tiny feet in the rough country shoes which could not hide their daintiness, to the small delientely shaped hands, browned and tanentely shaped hands, browned and tanentely station by the young squire of ned as they were, spoke of grace and loveliness. Her head had a sort of imous carriage that made the simple cotton gown appear a queenly robe, and the face beneath the flapping sun-bonnet was one to inthral la sterner man than Stuart Crosbic. The complexion of pale cream white which even the sun could not kiss to a warmer shade, the sweet the great wondrous eyes fringed with long dark lashes, and the mass of ruddy golden curls that twined brow and delicate throat

were but a few of the attractions that Margery possessed. One of her greatest charms was the simplicity and unaffectedness of her manner; perhaps it was that as yet none had whispered flattery in her shell-like ear, none had tried to in her shell-like ear, none had tried to sweep away her girlish frankness and youthfulness by adulation and undue admiration. But Margery never weemed to think she possessed beauty, now even that that beauty was such as a queen might sigh for. She found more pleasure in tassing the have remaining with might sigh for. See found more pleasure in tossing the bay, romping with the children, or, in quieter moods, diving into her books than in posing before her mirror; and she was quite unconscious of the exact meaning of Stuart CSrosbie's eyes, which filled with a fire of admiration and ecstacy whenever they rested on her.

Now," she said lightly, turning her they had been conversing for several minutes, "since I am a fairy, I shall get this question answered. Why did Mr.

meet you. Margery! to meet you, Margery!"

"Oh, how kind of you!" she returned quietly; then, looking up with a smile, she added, "Come now—I shall begin to doubt my power. What—"

"My squire of Crosbic pleases me." she recative but a property of the construction and favorably impressed by his new countries. She was no hypochondriacal construction."

"My squire of Crosbic pleases me." she creative but a property of the construction of the countries of the countries. The construction of the countries of the countr

"And why could you not tell mother

Stuart Croshie bit his tip. His brow clouded for a second, then he answered

I ought to have said so. Well, acver mind—I will next time. And now tell me what you have been doing all this age. What is that book?"

"The Mill on the Floss"—holding it

"Hum! Looks dry—is it?"
"Dry!" exclaimed Margery. "Ol it so beautiful! Have you never read so beautiful!

"I hardly think so," confessed the young squire. "I will look it out in the library when I get back, and dig into it to-night, when I am smoking." "Miss Lawson doesn't approve of story books," said Margery; "but I am not so strict."

"And how are you getting on?"
"Oh, all right! I am deep in German just now. I speak French every day when I go to the rectory. I want to be perfect by the time her ladyship comes back. Mother has told me all about her kindness to me. I can early have to the standard of kindness to me. I can scarcely remem-ber her when she went away, but she

"Nice!" exclaimed Mr. Crosbie. 'She "Nice!" exciaimed Mr. Crossie. is a brick—a million times too good for that old curmudgeon Sir Hubert!"
"No one seems to like him," Margery remarked thoughtfully—her face had remarked thoughtfully—her face had grown almost sad; "but mother is never tired of telling me all about Lady Coningham—how she took me when I was a baby, and my poor dear real mother was killed and protections." killed, and put me with mother was killed, and put me with mother Morris. I am not very old, Mr. Stuart, but I feel I can never repay her ladyship all she has done for me. Sometimes I seem to have a faint misty recollection of the days when I first came here, and

and kind!"
"My mother always says Catherine Coningham was very beautiful," Stuart said, as the girl paused. "I remember her as a faded pale woman, very kind,

as you say."
"There is one thing she did I can "There is one thing she did I can never, never forget," Margery went on—
"that was her goodness in burying my poor mother in such a pretty spot, and putting that cross on her grave. It does me good to go there, Mr. Stuart. I almost think my mother knows I go. She must have been sweet, she was so heavy tight. I alwaya wear my locket, beautiful! I always wear my locket, you know"—she put up her hand and produced a tiny heart of gold—"it is such a comfort. I wonder who I really

I think you are a princess." observ-

Margery shook her head. "We shall never know, I suppose," she said sadly, "and I shall always be the nursery rhyme girl, 'Margery Daw,' as Lady Coningham christened me.

"It is the prettiest name in the world!" cried Stuart warmly, "And-and it suits you!" "He is grumbling, of course," Margery hole well satisfied."

Their eyes met, and they both burst and it suits you!"

"So you would say if you caught sight of me on the village see-saw," said Margery laughed heartily. Then she added. "But we are home; and you have Their eyes met, and they both burst ed. "But we are home; and you may carried my basket all the way. It must

"You don't care a bit about the crops—you know you don't!" remarked Margery, severely, as she tried to banish the merriment from the corners of her mouth.

"Tou don't care a bit about the crops—when a color of clock."
"No!" he exclaimed incredulously. "By Jove, I shall have to tear—" Then mouth.
"By Jove, I shall have to tear—" Then mouth." picnic we decided on a month ago?"
"Oh, some day!" she answered, going into the garden and closing the gate.

"But 'some day' is so vague. Shall we fix it for next Wednesday? That is your half-holiday, I know." His eyes were fixed on her face with "You must be a witch or some sort of fairy," Stuart declared, suddenly, "for prevarication, let alone untruths always "Yes, Wednesday, if you like—if mo-

ther is well enough to spare me. Goodbye!"

"Good-bye," he answered. He gave one last look, and then hurried up the hill. He had a good hour's walk before him, his toilet to make,

CHAPTER IV.

The dressing-gong wunded sonorously through the corridor of Crosbie Castle In one of the many charming rooms sit uated in the towering wing a young girl was standing. The open windows over-looked a sweep of verdant lawn, majestic groups of vetrant rawn, majes-tic groups of vetran trees, and to the left a clump of smaller wood-growth, touched with every tint of green. From beneath, the scent of many a flower was borne on the air and wafted to her, bringing with its fragrance a sense of purity and delicacy that was utterly wanting to the faint odors that hung round the costly glass bottles her maid was placing on the toilet-table.

The mistress of the dainty apartment was leaning against the open window deep in thought. She was tall and slight, with a face of delicate loveliness and charm, albeit spoiled a little by a slight expression of indifference and discon-tent. She had hair of the warm brown shade peculiar to Englishwomen; her eyes were large, of a clear but rather cold blue; her mouth was small and well shaped, disclosing white, even teeth when shaped, discussing with the lips parted. There was an easy graceful nonchalance about her carriage; and, without being a strictly beautiful fig. they had been conversing for several minutes, "since I am a fairy, I shall get this question answered. Why did Mr. Stuart take such a long walk in the broiling sun which does affect him if he does not care a scrap about Farmer Bright's crops?"

When the thinds after without being a strictly beautiful figure, Vane Charteris had an indescribable tree, and well-poised head that put to shame many a rival better favored by nature. Her eyes were fixed at this instant on the figure of a young man walking quickly across the lawn to the walking quickly across the lawn to the house, followed by half a dozen dogs. He

must my power. What—"
"But that is the real downright had st truth. I told Mrs. Morris it was a sak about the crops, but I tell you are truth."
"And why could you not tell mother"
"And why could you not tell mother"
"Interest.
"My squire of Crosbic pleases me," she murmured, moving languidly from the mamma has shown discrimination with worldly wisdom."
She seated herself at the glass, and shown ande to the conservatory, mentally de-

cess —her proud coldness was new, and therefore, a delightful experience; but after awhile society grew weary of her automatic ways. The season just ended had been a lesson to her. She saw herself deserted, and her power slip from her; and, as this truth came home, she woke, suddenly from her dreams, and realized that something more was expected of her if she would still reign as queen.

s queen.

Lady Charteris little guessed the Lady Charteris little guessed the workings of her daughter's mind. She had grown to consider Vane as a price less jewel which must be carriully watched, carefully tended and chought for. She judged the girl's nature to be one of the highest, combining true Charteris pride with utter indolence. Possibly the mother had felt a touch of very time when she saw girls far below her tion when she saw girls far below her child in beauty wed nobly and ell but she love Vane as her life, and regrez was banished in the pleasure of her pre-

This was the first visit of the bear tiful Miss Charteris to Crosbie Cast's. Hitherto she had contented herself with meeting her uncle and her aunt in London; but this year the mood seized her to accept their oft-re-peated invitation and spend a few weeks in their country home. She had heard much of her Cousin Stuart, but had never seen him since her childhood as during the past two years he had been travelling, and before that time she had never left the seclusion of her school-

failure, dissatisfied with her mother, herself, and everybody. Vane had sunk into a morbid, depressed state. She left town without a sigh (though, when she contrasted this journey with her migration of the former season, she might have given vent to one, for instead of hearty farewells and expressions of regret, she was neglected, save by her maid and her mother), and actually felt a thrill of genuine pleasure as she bowled through the country lanes and drank n the sweetness of the air. She stole many hurried glances at her cousin dur-ing the drive—Mr. Crosbie had reached the station in the nick of time—and found herself agreeing with the oft-re-peated praises her mother had sung concerning him. There was a manliness. frankness, an absence of ices and conceit about Stuart Crosbie that pleased her jaded spirit; he was as ers, while possessing many other advan-tages they did not. She listened quite nterestedly to his chatty account of his travels, and was surprised at the pleasure she derived from them.

"What will made moise ile wear?" the maid asked, after she had couled and waved the luxuriant hair round the graceful head.

"Oh, anything, Marie; it does not mat-ter! No; on second thoughts, give me that plain white silk."

Marie went to the inner room, and eturned with a mass of soft, rich, clinging drapery on her arm, and assisted her mistress to aljust the robe in silence. She was wondering a little why mademoiselle should have chosen so gown-it was not her usual habit. when the last touch was given, and Vane stood gazing at her reflection in the mirror, the maid was fain to confess the choice was good. The tall, supple form looked inexpressibly graceful in the long. soft folds, the delicate masses of lace soft folds, the delicate masses of lace brought fichu-like across the bust gave touch of quaintness to the whole, and the purity of the silk gave a softened, fresher look to the pretty face, for once free from its discontent. Vane looked

ong at herself, then turned to her maid "My gloves and fan, Marie. Thanks. Do not trouble to wait for me to-night. Leave my wrapper here; I will brush my hair myself. I dare say you are tired. "Merci bien, mademoiselle." Marie murmured, marvelling still more. She was unaccustomed to any notice, to say naught of kindly words, from her young

Vane drew on her long white gloves, then went slowly through the corridor and down the stairs. The sun was deciming, the heat of the day was dying, faint, delicious breeze came in through the many open windows. Miss Charteris passed through the great hall, the tap-tap of her beels sounding distinctly on the tesselated floor, and stood for one instant at a door that led first under a colonnade and thence to the rounds which her windows overlooked. While she was standing here her cousin sauntered into view; and, moving for-ward with languid grace, she went to

"La dame blanche," he said, tossing away an unfinished cigarette. "You startled me, Cousin Vane-you crept out so quietly and look so like a spirit." 'I am quite real, I assure you," Vane answered. "But why have you thrown away your cigarette?"

Stuart laughed as he answered: "It is against my mother's rules to smoke immediately before dinner, but I love my weed, and am scarcely conscious when I am smoking or not. Please for give me. I have been a savage for 60

ong, I have forgotten my good man-"Ah, I want to hear all about your travels and adventures," said Miss Charteris. "Have we time to stroll up and down for a while before dinner?" "But you will be tired," remonstrated Scuart, mindful of his mother's injunc-

tions; "and"—glancing at the small, dainty white feet—"I am afraid you will ruin your pretty shoes!"
"I am not afraid of either calamity," Vane responded, with a smile: "however, let us split the difference and go to the conservatory."

Stuart agreed willingly. He was most they sauntered slowly along the colon-nade to the conservatory, mentally de-claring it to be most charming and sim-ple, deciding it to be most probably the work of her own hands, and would have

TELLS HER STORY

Found a cure for all her ills in Dodd Kidney Pills.

She Was Tired, Worn-out and Nervous, and Suffered From Rheumatism, but Two Boxes of Dood's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

11 Manual Cont., June 5.—(Special.)—

Mrs. T. G. Alexander, wife of a wellknown farmer living near here, adds her testimony to that of the thousands who have learned from their own experience that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Kidney "I suffered for twelve years," Mrs.

Alexander says. "My back ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. vas nervous and tired and I was troubled with heart flutterings. Rheumatism leveloped and added to my suffering. "I was in a very run-down, worn-out condition when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I am thankful to say they gave me relief almost from the first. Two boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys mean that all impuritionare strained out of the blood. The means pure blood all over the body and the banishment of that tired, heavy feeling and those pains and aches that im-

by charm and fascination as well as by her beauty. The color mounted to her cheeks, the light flashed in her eyes, at the thought, and she turned with ani-mation and interest to converse with

the man beside her.
"You have a beautiful home, Stuart," she observed, after they had walked through the heavily scented conservatory to the drawing room. "I am glad I have come."

"And I am heartily glad to welcome

you. I have heard so much of my Cou-sin Vane, such stories of triumphs and wonders that I began to despair of ever "You forget." said Vane, softly, way

ing her great feather-fan to and from-"there is an attraction here now that at other times was wanting." She spoke lightly, almost laughingly, but her words pleased the man's van

"Can it be that I am that attraction?" he asked, quickly. Then he added, "Cousin Vane, I am indeed honored." "You jump to hasty conclusions," she retorted, "but I will pardon your excessive vanity, if you will give me a stray of stephanotis for my dress." it your favorite flower?" he ask ed, leading the way back to the conservatory.
"I love all flowers," Vane answered

"that is," she added, carelessly, "all hot-house flowers.' "You shall be well supplied in fu-

ture. "Thanks" She drew off her gloves and pinned the spray of wax-like flowers amid her laces. Her hands were white and delieate, yet Stuart's mind unconscious! flew to two little brown ones he had seek that afternoon grasping a plainly bound book. There was even more beauty in them than in his cousin's

-he thought.
(To be Continued.)

Hosekeeprs are strongly advised to commence the use of Wilson's Fly Pads early, because a few flies killed in June would otherwise become a host by Aug-

THE KINVAD BRIDGE.

Then the fiend named Vizareska carries off in bonds the souls of the wicked Daeva-worshippers who live in sin. The soul enters the way made by time and open both to the wicked and the right-

At the head of the Kinvad Bridge, the holy bridge made by Mazda, they ask for their spirits and souls, the reward for the worldly goods which they gave away below.

Then, comes the well-shapen, strong, and tall, medlen with the hounds at her sides—she who can distinguish, who is graceful, who does what she desires, and is of high understanding.

She makes the soul of the righteous are unabove the heavenly bill. go up above the heavenly hill; above the Kinvad Bridge she places it in the presence of the heavenly gods them-

Note.-The Kinvad Bridge crosses over Hades to Paradise. For the souls of the good, it grows wider (nine javelins width); for the wicked it narrows to a thread, and they fall from it into the depths of Hades.

VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

In a provincial city the General Postoffice is in a side street and very difficult for strangers to find. A youth whose prospensity for practical joking than once got him into trouble, called one day and inquired for the postmaster. He was told he was very

"Will no one else do?" asked a clerk. "Certainly not." was the answer.
"Very well. Will you wait, sir?"
"With pleasure."

Presently the postmaster appeared, and inquired the stranger's business. "Well, it's simply this, sir," was the answer. "I've been having a look round some of the back streets, and I have discovered a place where you could hide the postoffice even more than it is here.

Splendid Cure for Sore Chest

When it hurts to draw a long breath, and you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, you know it's time to draw "And why could you not tell mother truth," she asked quickly—'why tay you wanted to see me? She sull they fell upon the folds of her pink silk wrapper in glorious profusion. Vane Ull, are reported for a second, then he answered ictly:

"Yes, you are quite right, Margery, ought to have said so. Well, accertance." The Mill on the Floss' "—h blling it to have said so. Well, accertance will the plant of the conservatory, mentally delaring it to be most probably the work of her own hands, and would have been thunderstruck had anyone information had cost nearly fifty pounds.

"Yes, you are quite right, Margery, and—I will next time. And now tell what you have been doing all this e. What is that book?"

"The Mill on the Floss' "—h blling it the seated herself at the glass, and let ther maid unpin her luxuriant tresses tall; they fell upon the folds of her pink silk wrapper in glorious profusion. Vane Charteris had been hunderstruck had anyone information, and her heart thrilled. Once more she would taste the joy of power, she had no aims, no hopes, no ambitions, but was centent with her imperious beauty and the power that gift had been upon her all through her in glorious profusion. Vane Charteris saw his cousin's admiration, and her heart thrilled. Once more she would taste the joy of power, take a hot drink of Nerviline to enliven that instant. She would wase from her again as queen, reigning this time to the conservatory, mentally dectile to the conservato



PAT'S EXPLANATION. (Life.)

"How is it, Pat, that your friend, Mur-phy is out of jail?"
"Faith, an' the man that he killed got well."

ALTERNATION.

(Puck.) Farmer Silow-Do you alternate your Farmer Timothy—Yep. Have 'em killed by one thing one year and another the next.

OH, YOU MUNCHAUSEN!

(Boston Transcript.) Marks-Biggs has trained his cat ring his slippers. bring his slippers.

Farks — That's nothing. I know a writer on horticulture who has trained cut worms to sharpen his lead pencils.

THE WORST OF IT

(Megendorfer Blaeter.) (Megendorfer Blaeter.)
Merchant—It seems to me that you ask
high wages considering that you have
had no experience in this business.
Clerk—Ah, but you forget that that's
just what makes it all the harder for me.

MORE PRECISELY STATED. (Philadelphia Record.)
Mrs. Wigwag — When your husband
kes you to the theatre, does he ever go
it between the acts?
Mrs. Guzzler—Well, I wouldn't express
in just that way. He sometimes comes
between Grinks.

SLIGHTLY ENVIOUS

(Washington Star.(
"I suppose you are happy with all the saith you would have accumulated?"
"There is only one man I envy," replied to Chaggins. Mr. Chaggins.
"Who is that?"
"The motor-cycle policeman. Every once in a while he gets a chance to vio late the speed limits without being arrested."

NECESSARY STEAM.

"Your father has money enough; why not you get him to quit working?"
"We've tried, but there's no public job a which we are able to get him appoint-

HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE! (Baltimere American.)

"Why did you dismiss George, Gladys? sile's a good stendy fellow, doing well, and would make a fine husband." I know all that, but, oh, Gwendolin. I never could be happy with a man who pronounces garage as though it rhymed with carriages."

SWITCH OFFI (Boston Transcript.)

Modiste-Do you want a train on your Customer—Yes, and I want it on time.

RUSHED TO DEATH.

(Philadelphia Record.)
you busy these days?" asked the dector.
"Eusy!" exclaimed the undertaker.
"I'm simply rushed to death."

MONARCHS. (New York Sun.) Knocker-You didn't go abroad to see he king crowned? Eccker-No. I stayed home and watch-d the new janitor move in.

> LAMENTS. (New York Sun.)

Little Bopeep had lost her sheep.
"That's nothing," cried Wall street;
we've lost our ismbs."
Herewith they lumented slack business. MORE ACRIMONY.

Nell-Maude boasts that she always has a man at her feet.
Pelle-Yes, I have noticed her shoestrings are always coming untied.

SHE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD. (Philadelphia Record.)
Guzzler-My life was a desert till I me

Miss Caustique-Ah! At least I have the explana ion of your wonderful thirst. THE ANNUAL QU. JN.

(Harper's Weekly.) (Harper's Weekly.)
"Well, Hawkins, old man," said Withcrbee. "has your wife decided where she
will spend the summer?"
"Yep." said Hawkins. "She's going

"So? And how about you?"
"Well, I don't know yet," sighed Haw,
kins. "I haven't decided yet whether to
stay in town or go into bankruptcy." A DISCOVERY.

(Washington Star.)
"I have discovered a way of making our predictions less misleading," said one weather bureau employee.
"A new system of calculation?" asked the other. the other.
"No, indeed. Instead of using the ward 'probably' in our announcements we will use the word 'possibly.'

CONCERNING UNCLES

A uncle is a kind of folks
Jus' chuck full to th' brim with fun.
He hasn't any little girl—
Then how's he know how to treat one:
A uncle doesn't have to be
So dreffle big and high an' tall.
He can be uncles just the same
If he will 'cide not to grow tall.

But his two eyes must be th' kind
At looks as if nex' time he spoke,
Wy he is going to tell to you
Some dreffie funny kind of joke.
What makes him buy a hat that jus'
Hangs roun' to tell him he must go?
'Twon't do no good to hunt for him,—
He won't be anywhere's, you know!

Oncet w'en my Uncle Fred comed long
He picked me right up from th' floor,
Where I was 'monishing my doll,—
She got her pinkest dress all tore!—
"Th' place for little girls to be."
(That's what my bestest uncle said)
"Is sitting on a uncle's knee
Tli it gets time to go to bed."

There's stories in th' chimney fire
And he will hunt them out for you,—
I wonder where the fairies went,
An' w'en my uncle Fred got thro'.
'Cause w'en I went to sleep an' dreame
There's somethin' cookin' dreffle fai
That's Uncle Fred a burning up
Th' cunnin' little white cigar!

An' w'en I thought I heard th' wind
A-rustlin in th' cherry tree,
'At's when my Uncle Fred spread out
Th' big newspaper over me,
An' Katle wouldn't found me 'tall,
Exceptin' for that little curl,
'Cause Uncle Fred he looked all 'round
An' he don't see no little girl''

An' he don't see no little girl."

Don't want to go to bed at all!

Not, anyway, till by-and-by!

But Uncle Fred don't like to see
A little girl begin to cry.

If folks won't go to bed an' dream,
How can it get to-morrow day

That's w'en th' big red aut-mobile

Will want to ride us miles away.

And so I condescend to let
Him take me "pia-a-back" up-stairs—
I guess my Uncle Fred forgot
A little girl mun' say her prayers,

'Ceuse "It's a shame to wake her up"

'S what my bestest uncle said,
N'en he jus dump me, shoes an' all,
Right on my dainty, little bed!

-Marie Louise Tompkins, in Harper s

HOW TO TREAT SKIN IROUBLES

Greasy Ointments of No Use-The Trouble Must be Cured Through the Blood.

Int is not a good thing for people with a tendency to have pimples and blotchy complexion to smear themselves with greasy ointments and such things. In fact they condition anything worse, because the grease clogs the pores of the skin making the complaint worse. When there is an irritating rash a soothing boracic wash may help to allay the pain or itching, but of fourse it doesn't cure. Skin complaints arise from an impure condition of the blood and will persist until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema and skin disorders Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema and skin disorders because they make new, rich blood that drives out the impurities, clears k the skin and imparts a glow of health.

Mrs. S. L. Peterson, Brandon, Man., says: "I suffered for years from eczema, which brought with it other trou bles, such as a poor appetite, headaches and weakness. The portions of my body affected by the eczema gave me constant torture from the itching and heat. I tried several doctors and all sorts of lotions and ointments. but and heat. I tried several doctors and all sorts of lotions and ointments, but did not get the least relief. Finelly I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to do so. After using the Pills for some time the irritation and heat began to grow less and I seemed in better health otherwise. I continued taking the Pills for several months and every vestige of several months and every vestige of the trouble disappeared and my skin the trouble disappeared and my skin is again as free from blemish as in

ls again as free from blemish as in youth, Given a fair trial Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not disappoint those suffering from skin eruptions or weakness of any sort."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all those troubles due to poor blood simply because they make new, rich, red blood. That is why these pills cure common diseases like anaemia, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neurolcia. matism, lumbago, sciation, neuralgia, headaches, indigestion, St. Vitus donce, and the general weakness and special ilments that only women folk know Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for 63000 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Coo. Brockville, Ont.

WORTH KNOWING

An effective method of ridding a lawn of dandellons is to go over the yard and put a drop of sulphuric acid from a medicine dropper into the heart of each dandellon plant, being careful not to touch the surrounding grass with it. One drop will be sufficient to cause the death of the roots of a small plant, but large plants of od growth may need a second application. If a lawn is watched carefully for a season or two and the sulphuric acid applied to all new plants, you may soon rejoice in a dandelionless lawn. Use caution in handling the sulphuric acid, and do not let it touch your skin.

lawn. Use caution in handling the sulphuric acid, and do not let it touch your skin.

To remove grease from a klitchen table scrub well with hot water to which haif a teaspoonful of whiting has been added; wipe and then dry thoroughly with a clean cloth. This will make the table lock equal to new.

Mutton drippings will not set hard and sucty, as it usually does, if directly the fat is poured from the baking tin, the vessel containing it is put at the back of the stove and allowed to stay there until the stove itself cools.

To remove the smell of fresh paint, put a nail of cold water in the room and change it every two or three hours.

To prevent white fabrics, such as table or slik evening gowns, choice lace or creps shawls, from becoming yellow when packed away, sprinkle bits of white wax freely among the folds.

In making cookies if the dough is thoroughly chilled if will not only be lighter, but will not stick to the board when rolling. Some horsekeepers also chill their doughnuts before frying.

OF COURSE.

"Oh, Bill, what's the Knight of the Bath? Why, Saturday, you bonehead."-Yale Record.

Mrs. Muggins—Is your husband sound sleeper? Mrs. Buggins—Yes, indeed. Sometimes the sound is simply

awful. **ADVISED OPERATION**

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid



tumor. No one knows what I suf-fered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down

bearing-down painswereterrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised are to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

LETTIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indirestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.