The True and The False

Had not he, even while making a show | umph and wonder of art. She lay over of moderation and justice and candor, taken his daughter from his betrothed lover, and was he not going to marry her to an English baronet? There was no softening down that circumstance to Falconer's satisfaction.

Meanwhile the months rolled around, anwhile the months rolled an-brought Mr. Hunter's an-to the major's letter con-cituation. Danswer to the major's letter concerning Falconer's situation. Daniel Hunter wrote that the young man's scruples were just and honorable to him; that he was glad to find he entertained and was governed by them. He requested his friend, Major —, to offer no further opposition to Falconer's purpose of leaving his present position; but, on the contrary, to encourage him to devote himself exclusively to his art. And he said that he himself would take care that the young sculptor should receive orders for work enough to keep same busily engaged. And inclossed in the same letter, to begin with in the same letter, to begin with, was a very liberal order .rom a retired merchant, a lover and patron of art and and a friend of Daniel Hunter, who had once before, at the suggestion of the latter, employed the young sculp-

tor while at Washington.

In something less than a week from the receipt of this letter, of which Falconer knew nothing, the last quarter expired, and the young secretary came, according to his word, to resign his situation. And then it was, that, without mentioning Daniel Hunter's friendly agency in the matter, Major — pla in the hands of the young artist letter of his wealthy patron, containing an order for a pair of full-sized compan-ion busts, namely, a copy in marble of the head of the Apollo Belvidere and one of the Venus de Medicis. And Falconer, frank and impulsive in all things, joy-fully expressed his surprise and his plea-

and inspired by hope, the young artist went diligently to work. And as the year rolled on, more orders, chiefly from the United States, poured in upon him. And he might have been happy but for the thought of Maud; that was the gnawing "worm i' the bud" of his peace. He watched the papers in an almost ag-onizing dread to see the announcement of their marriage—the sentence of his

own despair. But he found it not. But what he did find was the continued re-port of Daniel Hunter's public career his proceedings in Congress, his resolu-tions, his speeches, all revealing that Christian principle governing political action; that clear-sighted, far-reaching wisdom, that pure and high-ouled pat-riotism which, despite all the strength of the boy's stubborn prejudices, con-strained his admiration and esteem. He struggled stoutly against this influence, but in vain; for everything he heard or read of Daniel Hunter disabused him of prejudice, and gave him new cause r esteem. And at last he ceased to resist the strong attraction that was drawing his heart towards the noblest man of his age. Sometimes, even in the presence of the major, Falconer, with his frank impetuosity, would break out into some exclamation of surprise at his own blindness and high admiration of Manager of Manager and high admiration of Manager and Manag ness, and high admiration of Mr. Hun-

ter's course—a culogium in which the major would cordially join.

And, oh! if any circumstance could have deepened his distress at the loes of Maud, it would have been this growing esteem for her father. Alas, Maul. She pervaded his whole being; she influenced all his actions. Haunted and inspired by her beautiful face, he threw the glory of that beauty over all his works. Why, even his model of the head of Venus was not a faithful copy, for it had Mond's axed beauty and whom are was not a faithful copy, for it had Maud's angel brows. And when an order from the United States, from an anonymous patron, was transmitted to him through Major — for an original h Major — for an original of statuary, the subject of which was to be Virginius, the young sculptor seized the idea, went to work with all the enthusiasm and devotion of his nature, and gave to the female figure the form and features of his Maud. While the work was in plaster the major came to see it. It was a grand and beautiful conception, but not faultless, of course; it was injured as works of art often are, by the artist's own peculiar mood. Thus, not upon the principal, but upon the subordinate figure, was thrawn the whole power of his genius. For instance, his Virginius was well enough—a fine, stal-yielded up his manhood to an agony of grief that I shall not wrong him by decent look of pain and firmness on his face, as he held his daughter over his left arm and raised the dagger with his right hand. But the female figure—life; who, tired or alling had sat upon his left with her head upon his become his Virginia—that, indeed, was a tri- his lap with her head upon his bo

NAMAGEMENT TO THE TOTAL STATES AND THE PARTY OF THE PART her father's arm, with her beautiful face upturned to his in holy trust, to meet

upturned to his in holy trust, to meet the descending blow—not unconscious, not defying nor invoking the death, but simply and beautifully accepting it—accepting it as from her father's hand—accepting it in perfect love and trust. "Yes," said the major, looking at the group with the air of a critic. "Yes, this is very good—very good, indeed; only, are you true to your subject? Are you true to history? According to the Roman story, Virginius was the great object of admiration; and, for all that we know, Virginia was a mere, pretty, innocent schoolgirl, quite ignorant of her impending fate, until the moment the sacrificial steel was plunged ment the sacrificial steel was plunged in her bosom. Now, it appears to me that you have slighted the tragic position of the father, while you have exaggerated that of the daughter. Am I not right?"

- will it please you to take the chisel and finish the group to your mind, or allow me to do it to

"Pooh! pooh! you irritable fellow! Do you fancy that sculptors are like kings. and must never hear the truth spoken Your Virginia is an exquisitely beautiful creation-or rather copy; for it is a

copy!"
"A copy, sir?"
"Yes, don't fire up! A copy of Miss Hunter—as perfect a likeness as I ever saw. I should have recognized it in Africa or Otaheite; and how naturally that look of filial love and faith sits upon her beautiful face! But while you were at it, why did you not carry out the idea, and give to this brawny, fero-cious-looking Roman centurion something of the majestic firmness and seren-ity of Daniel Hunter's form and face would then have been a family piece.

Falconer turned away in displeasure, leaving the major standing before the group, still examining and criticizing the work. "By the way, talking of Mr. Hunter, I see by the last mail's papers that there has been a marriage in his family," said

the major, carelessly.

"A marriage!" This exclamation esthe major, carelessly.

"A marriage!" This exclamation escaped the poor boy quite involuntarily.

He felt as if he had been shot through the heart; he turned very pale, and lean-ed upon the Niobe for support. Ah! he had expected it! It did not take him by surprise—at least, not much, not much! So he said to himself. And he leaned heavily upon the Niobe, and struggled to meet the blow with digty. He succeded.

While the major was still squinting through his eyeglass, and anatomically riticizing the muscles and tendons of Virginius' right leg, the youth lifted up his head and said—he felt obliged to say something:
"It has been long contemplated, I be-

"Well, yes; rather a long courtship, I

"Well, yes; rather a long courtship, I fancy—but, however—"
"Sir Henry Percival and —— are the happy pair, I presame?"
"Oh, of course! Why, what do you mean, when we are talking of a long engagement? Here is, the paper, if you would like to look at it. I am going. Good afternoon, my dear boy! Throw a little more soul into your Virginius, and that group will make you famous." that group will make you famous.

And the critic departed, leaving as black a shadow behind him as a critic possibly could. Yet not upon the ar-tists' work. Alas! in this bitter hour, what cared the boy for his fame? In this bitter hour, when he felt that she who gave all the value to it was gone forever was worse than dead to him forever, was worse than dead to nim-worse than dead; for, oh! with how much less of agony could he have heard of her death. With what comparative content and satisfaction could he have heard of her death! With what joy should he now hear of it, if only some merciful illness or accident would carry her off, out of the arms of his rival! Oh, God! the thought maddened him! Anything—anything, but that she should live the wife of another! He had not known till now how strong had been his hopes of some time possessing her— till now, when all hope was lost in de spair. And how black and terrible that despair! Now that he was alone, it overwhelmed him; he fell crushed by it, and

and let him rock her to rest by their cottage fire, how many hundred times! That was a memory that melted his That was a memory that melted his whole heart and soul with tenderness; whole heart and soul with tenderness; he felt again her soft form pressed to his bosom; her light breath stealing past his cheeks; her rosy, half-open lips so near his own in those hours when, with something like a mother's tenderness; he would not even kiss them, lest he should disturb her sweet sleep.

And now that she should be domesticated with another——. He could not pursue that thought! Ten thousand scorpions, no! They stung his soul to very frenzy! His heart ourned and boiled like a crater; his veins ran lava. Oh, that she were dead—dead!

Some hopeful poet has said that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. It was so certainly in our boy's case; for sure never before had he grovelled and agonized in such a black night of despair; and never before was he so near the dawn of rapture.

spair; and never before was ne so near the dawn of rapture.

It came to pass that he walked up and down his studio floor about five hun-died times or more, with the savage unrest of a tiger, before the grim fancy unrest of a tiger, before the grim laney of reading the marriage announcement seized him. Then, with the same sort of ghastly, shuddering interest with which some wretched victim of the inquisition might examine the instru-ments of his own torture, he took up the paper and read: "At St. John's Church, on the 15th of October, by the Rev. Mr. Lovel, Sir Henry Percival, Baronet, of Percival Park, Shropshire, England to Miss Honoria..." land, to Miss Honoria-

Down dropped the paper, and up sprang the reader. Clapping both his hands to his head, he stood like one lost in amazement. "It must be that I am going mad," he murmured. "Yes; my very senses are no longer to be trusted." He snatched the paper up, and read the notice again, murmuring the words, "Um, um, um, Shropshire, England, to Miss Honoria—" He could get no further than this name; it transfixed his eyes. He gazed at it as if he would gaze it through the paper. Suddenly he started up, seized his cap, and, taking the paper with him, hurried as fast as his limbs could carry him to the American Legation. He entered, and hastened at once to the library, where he found Major—, reading. The old gentleman turned round in surprise to see the flushed and uncorresponding introduced Facilities. and unceremonious intruder. But when he recognized his favorite, he arose and held out his hand, smilingly, to welcome him. Falconer struggled to control him-self as he held out the paper to his friend, and, pointing to the marriage an-

"Is there not some mistake here,

"Mistake?" said the major, taking the journal and reading over the notice. "So; I see no mistake. What do you The boy's heart throbbed so he could

hardly speak. He faltered out: "I—I—thought that Sir Henry Percival was to be married to—to—Maud o Miss Hunter——''
"What! To Maud Hunter?'' exclaim-

ed the major, gathering his brows in perplexity.
"Yes. Did not you—did not everybody

"Why, no; I never thought so. You look like an epileptic! Sit down. You look like an epileptic! Sit down! So, so; that's it, is it?" said the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead with his

forefinger. "But, major," said the voune inking into the nearest chair, "tell me you were with the Hunters two years ago in Washington; now, did you not know that this Englishman was paying his addresses to Miss Hunter?"

"Whom? Mand?" "Certainly, sir.

"No: I really did not." "But, surely you must have heard the report of their engagement. It was everywhere current and believed." "O-o-h, yes; I heard such a silly ru-nor; but I also heard it contradicted by herself and her friends.

"Contradicted by herself and her "Why, certainly-

"'Contradicted by herself and her "Of course! What ails you? Why do you look so amazed?"

He was not amazed. He had been; but now amazement was lost in joy.
Joy unspeakable was tiding in upon his
heart, and oppressing it almost to tears.
It was not his Maud, then. Oh, it was
destroy worn not his beautiful, tender, loving darling that had left him, and nestled to the bosom of this detested rival! Not Maud, bosom of this detested rival! Not Maud, but Honoria, who had married this proud Englishman. "Well, why don't you speak to me?

Are you an ecstatic?"
"I—I thought that she—Miss Hunter,
I mean—had been engaged," faltered

"Well, so she is engaged. I have the reet girl's own words for that," said the old gentleman, maliciously.

Falconer started, and clutched the edge of the table for support. Oh, he knew

now! He remembered: she had told him the same thing! The very last moment he had seen her she told him she was

the world, it seems."

Like lightning flashed the truth upon

his mind now! It was to himself that she had alluded when she had said she his mind now! It was to himself that pose of waging a war to the death. It she had alluded when she had said she was engaged! His Maud, his idol, his means of a bacillus which is "cultivated" darling, was true—true to the heart's core; true as the angels! Oh, heaven of bliss! Oh, joy insupportable, and full, of tears! He grew pale and paler with excess of emotion as he listened, bending forward and coresing the best best of the series of the will be placed in their way it is believed there will be a heavy deathforward and grasping the hands of the speaker, who continued:

"Yes, my dear boy; and her father afterward indorsed her words, by what he told me. Some short time before our departure from this place, Mr. Hunter took exercises to the control of the ok occasion to inform me, as his confidential friend, that his daughter Maud was conditionally affianced to a very talented and promising young gentleman, to whom she was much attached, a friend and protege of his own, whom he already regarded as a se-

abroad, and commended to my guardian-

ship and good offices."

The boy suddenly dropped the hands of the old man, fell back in his chair, covered his face with his open palm and burst into tears! For some moment he did not utter a syllable, and then he broke silence by

"Oh, ingrate! fool! beast that I have been! Was there ever such a beast?"
"If you addressed that question to me, I really cannot flatter you by slandering the brute creation. No; there never was such a beast! All the beasts I ever heard of knew friends from foes, and loved the former."
"Good Heaven! What resource is left

me now?" "Why, this, of course: As it was by

your own will you transformed yourself into an ass's colt, and then found you into an ass's colt, and then found you can even transfigure yourself back again to a man and a gentleman, and be reasonable and polite," said the major, chuckling.
"Oh, sir! don't jest with me! This i

too serious—much too serious! If you have any friendship for me, in mercy tell me how I am to make peace with this high-souled man—the father of my

"Be at peace with yourself, my young

"Ah! not-not at war, perhaps; bu offended, outraged, estranged forever."
"Why should you think so?"
"Why? Ah, why? He has had cau

enough, Heaven knows! He wished me well—he tried to do me good; but I, like a fool or a madman, suspected his mo-tives, spurned his kindness, insulted him to his face, and abused him behind his beack! Beast that I was! I could thump

beack! Beast that I was! I could thump my own head against the wall!"
"Nay, nay! now don't assault yourself at that rate. Mr. Hunter knows that it was all under a misapprehension of his character, and his moderation, patience and faith pass all your conception of and faith pass all your conception of such qualities. You said, my young friend, that he tried to do you good. Now, did you ever know Daniel Hunter to try to do anything that he did not accomplish? And do you really suppose that you balked him in this endeavor? No; he has done you good, still does you and will continue to do you good. Under and will continue to do you good. Onder God, he has been the providence of your life, watching over your interests with paternal care, promoting your welfare with all his power, yet forbearing to intrude upon your gratitude, withdrawing himself into the background, bearing your hitter prejudice with matchbearing your bitter prejudice with match-less patience, waiting for the time when you should know him as he is, with un-clouded faith!"

For all answer, Falconer could only start up and walk about the floor, and hurry back, and throw himself into the chair, exclaiming:
"Oh, God! Why did I not know all

this ?" One would have thought you might have wondered at your remarkable suc-cess, and sought the cause of it in some powerful friend. But, 'tis trne, you hea-ven-born, star-gazing, inspired children of genius are, in one respect, very like the poor, stupid, grovelling pigs—you devour the acorns as they fall, without ever looking to see where they come from. Even in your green, crude youth you accept any amount of favor and homage, without the least surprise, as homage, without the least surprise, as the natural dues of your genius. You are astonished at nothing but disappointment, which makes you indignant, and you wonder at nothing but opposition, which you term martyrdom."

"(Th., go on, sir! go on! For Heaven's sake don't stop, for when you do, my conscience takes up the burden of the song, and reproaches me more bitterly

song, and reproaches me more bitterly than you can. A precious duct you sing between you! But my heart, while you are silent, says the bitterest things—so, God's sake, don't stop!"
(To be Continued.)

BABY'S OWN TABLETS A LITTLE LIFE SAVER

medicine for children so safe and sure in its effects. The Tablets cure stomach and bowel troubles, teething troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and prevent deadly croup. And you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain a particle of opiate or narcotic. Mrs. J. Laroque, Log Valley, Sask., says: "I am a great believer in Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them an many occasions and know of no medicine equal to them in curing the common ailments of babies and vounce children." Sold by medicine deal. the common ailments of babies and young children." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, A Plague of Rats.

The island of Little Cumbrae, in the Firth of Clyde, has been invaded by a huge army of rats. The island, a very engaged! And it was but a change of persons after all! She was lost to him all the same! The room seemed turning all the same! The room seemed turning fround with him; he was losing his senses fast. Unconsciously he groaned forth:

"To whom?—to whom? Good Heaven! to whom is she hetrothel? Yet why do and the gamekeeper's house, and they also said to be playing and they also said to be playing and they are also said to be playing the are also said to be playing the area. "To whom?—to whom? Good Heaven to whom is she betrothed? Yet why do I ask? It does not matter!"

It was really cruel to rack the poor fellow with so many contrary excitements. The major felt it to be so, and hastened to relieve him.

"To whom? Why, to the young friend of her childhood and youth—a mad-cap boy, whom I do not think half good enough for her, but whom the sweet maiden loves better than all the rest of the world, it seems."

Like lightning flashed the truth upon his mind now! It was to himself that have landed on the island for the purhase of whom is and the gamekeeper's house, and they are also said to be playing sad havor with the poultry and rabbits which are on the island. Very extensive damage has also been done to the turnips, it can be imported that upwards of five tons have been consumed by the rats. Something like four years ago a French to seed was also been done to the turnips, it can be imported that upwards of five tons have been consumed by the rats. Something like four years ago a French to seed was also been done to the turnips, it can be imported that upwards of five tons have been consumed by the rats. Something like four years ago a French to seed was also been done to the turnips, it can be imported that upwards of five tons have been consumed by the rats. Something like four years ago a French to seed was also been done to the turnips, it can be imported that upwards of five tons have been consumed by the rats. Something like four years ago a French to seed was also said to be playing sad havor with the poultry and rabbits which are also said to be playing sad havor at also said to be playing said thoe also said to be playing said thore also said to be playing as d they all they be a laso said to be playing as distored also said to be playing all they are also s

> Demonstrated. Returning to Japan, the spy reported that America was preparing for war. "Your proof," demanded the Elder

Statesmen "I have evidence," resumed the spy-"that the yellow journals have laid in enough red ink for a long and desperate campaign."

Apprehension in their eyes, the Elder

The pleasantest way for a woman to | out when necessary. earn money, according to Miss Margaret Gear, is by breeding pigeons for market. Miss Gear lives in the Pembroke section of Massachusetts between five and six miles from the railroad station and ships most of her birds to Philadelphia. In spite of this distance and the added cost shipping she finds that her business

pays.

"Ten years ago I went to Boston as a shop girl. To earn promotion I had to work so hard that by the time the promotion came my health was gone. As I had saved a little money when the doctor told me I must lay off for a year's rest, I determined to come home and get something that would keep me out of doors. Finally I hit on pigeons. I read about pigeon raising as a work suited o women in an English magazine. I went into town and read all I could find in the library about it, questioned mar-ketmen about the prices, and when I came home I had made up my mind to such an extent that I rented an acre of ground from my father.
"On this land I built a shed 40 feet

"On this land I built a shed 40 feet long, 6 feet deep and 10 feet high in the back, sloping to 7 feet in the front. I divided the back wall of this shed into nine shelves one foot apart, and the shelves into spaces of one foot each. That gave me nine shelves with forty spaces on each as you will see just how. That gave me nine shelves with forty spaces on each, so you will see just how

That gave me nine shelves with forty spaces on each, so you will see just how many nests I arranged for. Except the few times that my father lent me a hand in lifting the heavier scantlings of which the frame of my shed was built I did all the work myself. While I was not strong, I knew that the exercise was good for me, so I persevered.

"Once the shed was up I marked off my flying yard and set up my posts. This was just 40 by 100 feet and 10 feet high, the height of the back of my bird shed. Over these posts I stretched wire netting. Having bought a load of clean straw from a neighbor and had it put in a vacant corner of my father's barn, I went into town to inspect the 200 birds I had ordered. I picked them over so carefully that when the time came for shipping the number was ten pairs short and the dealer willingly agreed to get me better birds to take their place.

"When these first birds were turned loose in my yard I found that some of them had already mated and in a few

loose in my yard I found that some of them had already mated, and in a few days these began to build their nests. At the end of three months I made my first shipment. It was to Boston and results were fairly good. For some three months I continued to get good prices for my squabs. Then as the moulting time came on and knowing that birds were scarce I looked for a raise in price.

As no raise was forthcoming I began to study the markets of other cities. A study the markets of other cates. As week later, when it was time for me to make another small shipment, I sent it on to Philadelphia. Instead of receiving \$3 a dozen for my squabs, which were as good as any I have ever sent out, I

got \$10.
"I have sold squabs as low as \$1.50 a
dozen in Philadelphia, but when time same for the price to go up I got the

"I always count on getting eleven pairs of squabs a year from each pair of pigeons, though in many instances there are a pair for each of the twelve

at reaboth morning and afternoon. It is not generally known that pigeons mate for life. In several instances I have experi-enced some trouble in getting a widowed bird to select a second mate. In one case there was a large beautifully marked carrier cock who remained in the state of single blessedness for more than two years. Finally when he did take a liams' Pink Pills are unequalled for the state of single blessedness for more than two years. Finally when he did take a second wife he was so unkind to her that

growth wife he was so unkind to her that I was forced to put him in the pot, and give her another chance.

"My farm is now four times as large as it was at the beginning. While I still use sheds built after that first model, which, by the way, was copied from one recommended in a magazine, I have added many little changes, which for my ed many little changes which for my purposes are improvements. Instead of building my sheds six feet deep I now make them eight, which gives me a two foot covered passageway at the back. In the back of each compartment I now saw a square hole and fix over it a swinging door. I now have only to walk along these covered passages, and, open-ing each door, look into the nests and emove the young birds or clean them

Another and in my opinion important improvement is that instead of leaving the birds to build their nests on the bare shelf I put into each nest space a shallow earthen flat bottom bowl. This does not take up all the control of the the space, and if any of the old stagers prefer to stick to their old way of mak-ing their nests they are at liberty to do it.

"Mixed diet is my preference. It is mixed diet is my preference. It is not only healthful, but I believe it pro-duces fatter and larger birds. My menu for my birds the year around is screen-ings, mixed grain, boiled cornmeal, and two or three times a week stale bread, two or three times a week stage bread, which has been made soft by soaking in water. When it is to be had I also give them sour milk to drink. They are very fond of this and I fancy might enjoy sweet milk, but unfortunately our supply has never been sufficient to try the experiment. experiment.

'Among other good points about breeding pigeons is that every item produced is salable. Pigeons are the healthiest fowls with which I have ever come in contact; they are the most easily cared for, and the demand for them in the market is always steady and sufficiently. market is always steady and sufficiently

DON'T SUFFER **ALL WINTER**

Read This Evidence and Begin Today to Cure Yourself With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Sciatica is neuralgia of the sciatic nerve. Its origin is generally rheumatism and is the direct result of taking cold. For this reason the disease is com-

monly known as "sciatic rheumatism." There is only one thing more painful than sciatica and that is the treatment of it, as practiced. The sickening burning of the flesh is only one of the forms of cruelty employed by the old school doctors, and all too often this is entire-ly vain for the relief gained is but tem-

orary.'
It is a scientific fact that the majorito cold when the patient is in an anae mic or bloodless condition, in which the nerve is literally starved. It needs no argument to show any reasonable perby the application of a hot iron to the outer flesh. It may deaden the sciatio

pain for a time, but it will not cure sciatica.

Absolute rest is the best aid to proper medical treatment. Rest and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which actually make new blood and thus feed the starved

nerve, will cure most cases.

Mr. H. W. Awalt is one of the leading merchats of Hemford, N. S. A few years ago he was a great sufferer from this excruciating trouble. He says: "The attack was so severe that I had been off werk for some time." work for some time. The cords of my legs were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I was in misery both day and night. Every movement caused me such pain as only those who have been tortured with sciattes. months. When the squabs are three weeks old they are carefully picked over and all up to the mark are prepared for market. Of course you can't always be sure of an item of which you haven't kept particular count, but guessing at it I should say that about one young bird three weeks old out of every fifty is put aside to try another week's fattening.

I ges were an drawn up and I count only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I was in misery both day and night. Every movement caused me such pain'as only those who have been tortured with sciattea know. I was treated by several doctors, but they did not help me a bit. In fact I almost began to think my condition was hopeless, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice, I got a half dozen boxes. I had used Baby's Own Tablets have saved many precious little life. There is no other particular than in selecting my market birds. I am trying to get my flock all

simply relieve the pain. They cure the simply relieve the pain. They cure the disease caused by poor watery blood. They actually make new blood and have therefore a direct and powerful curative effect on such diseases as rheumatism, anaemia, general debility and after effective control of the contro treatment of even the most severe nertreatment of even the most severe her-vous disorders, such as neuralgia, par-tial paralysis, St. Vitus dance and loco-motor ataxia. As a tonic for the blood and nerves they are used everywhere with the greatest success, building up-wasted bodies and bringing the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Williams' Medine Co., Brockville,

The Conception of the Sphinx.

The Berbers, who, although African are as white as Europeans, are the oldest white race on record, says an explorer. "They are supposed to have come from the south of Europe in ancient days," the Dundee Advertiser says, "and although their language and customs are entirely different from ours and their religion Mahommedan, they are probably closely akin by descent. Elue eyes and fair hair are not at all uncommon among the Berbers, and many of them have rosy cheeks and features so like our own that were they dressed in British fash-ion they would easily pass as natives of the British Isles."

Jury Qualification. Lawver-Do you read the newspap

Talesman-No. Lawyer-Have you any friends who have opinions? Talesman—No. Lawrer -- Acapted : Chicago Journal,

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00. ϙϼϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴϴ