

After La Grippe

"I had suffered several weeks with LaGrippe. Had pains in my head and eyes. It felt as though there was a heavy weight on the top of my head, until it seemed that my brain would burst. I was so nervous that I could not rest or sleep. When I dozed off I would awake with a sudden jerking of my whole body. Dr. Miles' Nerve, Heart Remedy and Nerve and Liver Pills cured me. A number of friends have since realized the same benefits."

MRS. ALVIN H. LOCKS,

Seabrook, N. H.

The after effects of LaGrippe are often more serious than the disease, as it leaves the system in a weakened condition that invites more serious troubles, such as Pneumonia, etc.

Dr. Miles'

Restorative Nerve

should be taken for some time to thoroughly restore nerve strength.

Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold by all druggists. If the first bottle does not benefit, your druggist will return your money.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

MADAME'S WARD

BY PAULINE BEVERLEY.

"I don't think it—I know it." "You taste," I said, laughing. "But why should she taste you?" "Well," said Nat, clasping her hands at the back of her curly head as she looked at me demurely, "there can't very well be two mistresses to Holmedean, can there?"

"Oh, I see!" and I laughed again, partly at the notion, and partly at the comical little grimace which was constricting her pretty face. "I rather thought she had dropped the game lately."

"Why should she?" "Aunt see it was no good," I suggested. "And it isn't, you know." "I wish it were!" she cried, pettishly. "Fraser Froude is horrid, but he is quite nice enough for mademoiselle, and, if he married her, you see, Ned, he couldn't possibly tease me."

"You should send him about his business then?" "I wish I could," I snub him and contradict him whenever he says anything. What else can I do?"

I laughed at this literal truth, no other reply seeming necessary, and Nat, with a pout and a sigh, sunk back in her chair, and, turning her eyes upon the fire, became mute and motionless. I guessed pretty well about whom her thoughts were busy, as I glanced up at the little dark, muscled face, with a wonderful smile curving the red lips. I wished Yorke could have seen her just then, and wondered vaguely whether one of these days any woman would love me as Natalie Orme certainly loved him. Then my thoughts wandered away to Madame, and I wondered what she would say to it all. It could not be long before the news reached her now, for Roger would soon be here and certainly he would speak out directly he got Nat's permission to do so, and I did not think she was the girl to withhold it, for decidedly she did not stand much in awe of Madame. And I made up my mind that I would do all I could to help my friend's cause. Then I wished uneasily that I possessed Roger's full confidence as thoroughly as he possessed mine. What was the story which he had refused to tell me in which Lucille Valdini was mixed up? Would he tell Nat when she became his promised wife? Of course it might be a mere trifle, as he had declared it was, so far as he was concerned; but the mere fact of his shar-

Those Corpuscles

In your blood, red and white, keep you well if they are healthy, cause you sickness if diseased.

To make and keep them abundant and healthy, is to have pure blood, freedom from disease and vigorous health.

The chief purpose of Hood's Sarsaparilla is to do this, and its success is attested by thousands of wonderful cures. Cures of all blood diseases, scrofula, eczema, rheumatism, catarrh. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today.

ing anything like a secret with that woman bothered me. Then I remembered her odd conduct on the day before, and how I had heard her stealthy foot creep past my door in the night. What had taken her out of her bed in the bitter cold of the December night? Had there been a second interview in the Lady's Walk between the French governess and my friend, the man whom Natalie Orme loved?

Surely! A sudden blow on my shoulder, as Natalie brought her small buckled shoes off the fender and sat bolt upright, effectually dispersed my uncomfortable reflections. A step was approaching the library door—a step too heavy for a woman's, and yet too light for a man's. We both knew it, and Nat looked at me with elevated eyebrows and a pursed-up mouth of dismay as I scrambled to my feet and old Styles appeared at the door, ushering in Fraser Froude.

I have said that the atmosphere was more than chilly, and the master of Holmedean was not one of the favored mortals who look well in cold weather. His always pale face looked almost blue, and the color which should have been elsewhere was in his sharp nose. But, as usual, his tall spare figure was dressed to perfection, his shining teeth gleamed as white as ever under his black mustache, and looked as intolerable. His thin fingers were so cold when I took them that a shiver ran through me, and I saw Nat fairly jump when she gave him hers. His manner was as bland and deferential as ever, and his self-possession as complete. Fraser Froude was not a man of moods; he was at one dead polite level at all times and seasons.

"This is a very early visit, Mr. Froude," said Nat, receiving him not so graciously, and not particularly pleased. I dare say, to have her pretty tender dream of love broken by the actual presence of another. Indeed I have not the slightest doubt that, had I said so early that I disturb you, private inclinations, she would have boxed the master of Holmedean's ears with all possible promptitude and heartiness. As it was, it was a very reluctant and chilly little hand that she gave him, and she withdrew it from the clasp of his long thin fingers as quickly as might be.

"Not so early that I disturb you, I hope," Mr. Froude said in reply. "He was so much taller than she that he stooped in speaking to her; but he need not have made a whisper of it, I thought. Nat dropped back into her chair."

"Oh, dear, no! Ned and I were only starting at the fire and waiting for lunch-time. He is lazy, and I am supposed to do nothing today. I am only just downstairs. Won't you sit down, Mr. Froude?"

"I hardly hoped to see you down at all," he said, looking at Nat's bright big eyes opened to their widest extent.

"What—because I was foolish enough to tumble over Daphne's head and groze my forehead? I understood that you were badly hurt?"

"I heard a much more serious account of it than that, I understood that you were badly hurt." "Really?" cried Nat, staring at him and then at me. "What an exceedingly imaginative person! May I ask what you think a scratch worth a sensation?"

"No one in particular—I should have known better than to pay attention only to the young doctor's Daphne's partner. What do they call him?" "Yorke."

If Mr. Froude, leaning back in his chair and looking at the fire as he talked, could have seen the angry crimson surge into her face, it might have opened his own a little; but he only added, with a kind of contemptuous commiseration which made me long to tilt him off his chair—"To be sure I might have known that he knew nothing about it."

"To be sure I might have known that he knew nothing about it," I picked me up when I felt, I fancy he knows more about it than any one else does." Nat said, tartly—so tartly indeed that Mr. Froude's keen dark eyes shot a sharp glance at her.

"Indeed," he answered. "He was fortunate." "I was, you mean, for Ned was almost scared to death, did it had not been for Doctor Yorke. I believe I should be lying in front of Wilde's cottage now."

"Oh, Wilde's cottage?" I am not sure that Mr. Froude did not whistle very softly. "Was it there that you felt, Miss Orme?"

"Yes. Fortunately for me, wasn't it? It would have been very pleasant if I had come in one of those horrid mud-puddles in the middle of the common."

"And Doctor Yorke was there?" "Yes, luckily for me." "He seems to spend a good deal of his time there," said Fraser Froude, dryly, looking back at the fire.

"More time than he likes, I dare say. I put in, for someone, the smooth tones of that last speech had grated upon my nerves. "That old reprobate of a Wilde has got the gout awfully."

"Ah, a very long attack! By the way, what a pretty little rustic beauty his daughter is!" "Very pretty," said Nat, indifferently, leaning back in her chair. "Ned won't you let Madame know that Mr. Froude is here?"

Now this was merely a neat little bit of hypocritical diplomacy on the young lady's part, as I knew very well. In the first place, if I ventured to leave her alone with her present companion, I certainly should not hear the last of it for some time to come, and the second, Mr. Froude did not particularly seek the stately society of Madame when he could avoid it, and certainly had not paid this early visit to see her. Of course, he wished me at Jericho, and he gave me an impatient look; but I was densely stupid just then, it happened, and would not go.

"What—go after the mother just now? No, thanks, I think you will have to excuse Madame this morning. Mr. Froude, she and mademoiselle are up to their eyes superintending the puddings."

Miss Nat's diplomacy had its effect. Mr. Froude rose from his chair and took up his hat.

"Fraser don't trouble Madame Chavasse for me. I came only to see how Miss Orme was. I am beyond measure relieved"—this to her, with one of his sudden gleaming intolerable smiles—"that the account I heard was so absurdly exaggerated."

He took himself off with that, not seeming to notice how the little lady, but her lip, or what a flash of her great velvety eyes sent after him. Watching her, I laughed.

"Charming man, isn't he, Nat?" "Ugh!" she cried, shrugging her shoulders, vindictively. "No, believe he is the most unbearable creature on the face of the earth. I wish he'd go and smile at mademoiselle instead of me. Impertinent thing!"

"There would be a charming couple of them then. I say, young lady, I hope you are grateful to me for not going to hunt up Madame?" "Hater! You are a dear boy, and very clever—for a boy. Oh, dear, I wish it were luncheon-time! I'm getting hungry and hungry every minute. Oh, what's that?"

She knew, and she forgot all about being hungry as she dropped into her chair again, turning her suddenly rosy face away, and trying to steady the two slender brown hands which she clasped in her lap. The smart grey horse which Roger Yorke always drove had a step of his own, and we were both familiar with it. I said nothing as I got slowly out of my chair and with an elaborate yawn stretched my arms over my head, but I wondered if it would not be as well if I went and tried to pave the way a little with a few words to Madame. I thought it would. I had been useful just now, but I should be decidedly in the way presently, and I approached her with a highly successful assumption of sauntering indifference. I do not think I have ever been more astonished in a small way than I was when the door opened, and there walked in—not Roger, but old Dizart.

(To Be Continued.)

REVISION OF THE BANK ACT

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION.

In connection with the approaching revision of the Bank Act, the important question of the external examination of banks is discussed in a pamphlet issued by H. C. McLeod, General Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. This is a careful study of those who are interested in the stability of our banking system, either as shareholders, depositors or borrowers. Copies of the pamphlet will be supplied free by any of the Branches of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

PLUNGED TO EARTH.

Berlin, Dec. 11.—A Wright aeroplane, which Capt. Englehart was piloting over Johannisthal today, lost its balance and plunged to the earth. Capt. Englehart was unconscious when picked up and removed to a hospital. The extent of his injuries was not determined at once. The captain was a pupil of Orville Wright, and accompanied the latter when he broke the record of carrying a passenger by flying 1 hour and 50 minutes last September. Recently he has been taking passengers up with him.

Strange as Fiction

Newspaper for Kidney and Rheumatic Sufferers.

In Germany there is a newspaper published in the interests of all rheumatic sufferers, and each week symptoms and treatments are discussed by both lay and medical men. One scientific contributor related that a formula originated especially to relieve kidney diseases, had almost phenomenal virtue in the treatment of all forms of rheumatism.

No secret is made of this formula, which is composed of one-half ounce fluid extract Buchu, one ounce compound fluid Balmwort and two ounces compound Sarsaparilla, mixed in a bottle, and to be taken in teaspoonful doses after each meal and one at retiring.

A local druggist expressed the opinion that every rheumatic and kidney sufferer will be grateful for this item.

PATERSON'S

COUGH DROPS—THE CANDY CURE

GOOD FOR BAD THROATS DELICIOUS TO TASTE DOCTORS APPROVE THEM

5 cents a Red-and-Yellow Box full MADE BY PATERSON OF BRANTFORD

PLAIN TALK FROM CHIEF

Carpenter, of Montreal Force, Says System Must Be Changed.

Montreal, Dec. 11.—Chief Carpenter, of the city detective force, has made a report to the city authorities deploring the fact that owing to the manner in which the department is affected by appointments and promotions the city is not getting as good a service as it formerly did. He sees no chance of a change until the system is changed. It has been a notorious fact that aldermanic influence has undermined the efficiency of the force and this is confirmed by the chief's outspoken declaration.

FIREMAN KILLED

Mason Drury, of Allandale, Killed by Cobalt Train at Bradford.

Bradford, Dec. 11.—Mason Drury, of Allandale, fireman of a southbound freight, was killed here last night by the Cobalt train. He got off his train, and was on the main line, and evidently failed to see the approaching northbound train.

BOLD BID FOR 7,000

Four Desperados Raid Meeting of a Building Society.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 11.—Four robbers held up a saloon full of men here last evening, shot one man in the head, made a bold bid for \$7,000, got \$15 of it, and escaped, leaving no clue.

The Thirtieth Ward Building and Loan Association, a neighborhood affair, was meeting in the rear room of Claus's saloon, and the members had just paid their monthly dues and premiums when the four armed ruffians entered the saloon by the front door. Cash and loose silver lay in a heap on the table when the robbers held up the party. One member kept his head, thrusty in front of him was \$7,000 in cash, and directly behind him the saloon safe, with open door. He grabbed as much of the money as he could hold, thrust it into his safe, slammed shut the door and turned the knob in defiance of the robbers.

Upstairs Claus, the saloon-keeper, roused by the shooting and the fall of broken glass in his barroom below, rushed downstairs, to grapple with one of the thieves who had scooped up what bills and change fell to the floor. By this time the uproar and the confusion was so great that the burglars evidently thought it wiser to make a bolt for it. The men escaped.

HIS COWS KILLED

SUES THE RAILWAY

London Township Farmer Says Tracks Not Properly Fenced.

Two more cases have been entered for the approaching session of the county court, which opens on Tuesday. Albert E. Morris, a farmer of London Township, is bringing an action against the Grand Trunk Railway for the value of two cows which were killed on the railway. The plaintiff claims that there was no fence between their right-of-way and the plaintiff's property, as the law requires, and as a result two of his cows strayed on the track and were killed. He is claiming \$120 damages. Messrs. Buchner & Gunn, for the plaintiff, and Mr. W. H. Biggar, of Toronto, for the company.

The second case is entered for the jury session. It is that of Fitzpatrick against the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company. The plaintiff claims that the defendant hired a horse on the 13th of September on the understanding that it was to drive to Delaware. Contrary to the agreement, it is claimed, that the horse was driven to Glenora, and on the return trip it fell dead. The plaintiff claims that the horse was not properly cared for, and asks damages for the death of his horse and all the profits from the hire of the said horse. Messrs. Meredith, Judd & Meredith, for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Cronyn, Betts & Coleridge, for the defendant company.

LUDWIG MOND DEAD.

Toronto, Dec. 11.—Ludwig Mond, the famous chemist, who was interested in Sudbury and all the big nickel and copper concerns of the world, died in London, England, early this morning, according to a private cablegram received here this forenoon. Mr. Mond was the inventor of the process of treating nickel which made this metal more generally available for commercial use.

Christmas Parasols

Value to \$6, for \$3.90

Here's the best opportunity in a decade to buy a good Parasol. We have 60 only in this lot. No two handles alike, but all are select, being the samples of Canada's foremost parasol manufacturer. We bought the five dozen handles, all gold-plated, handsomely carved, and inlaid with pearl, and had them fitted with a good steel rod, a durable frame, and a silk and wool covering, with a tape edge, guaranteed not to cut.

While they last we offer you a Parasol, every part of which is warranted by the maker and ourselves at a price hitherto unknown for this quality. The early choice is always the best



Christmas Suggestions

There is here such a wide scope for the Christmas buyer, so many valuable hints and suggestions of gifts that are acceptable and useful, and all at prices that are peculiar to this store. Collars, Belts, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Linens, Dress Goods, Silks, Suits, Coats, Skirts and Waists. The variety is almost endless. For the greatest satisfaction, do your Christmas shopping here.

GRAY & PARKER
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HIT BY YARD ENGINE

LOSES PART OF LEG

Workman in M. C. R. Shops at St. Thomas Meets With Serious Accident.

St. Thomas, Dec. 12.—William Stevenson, employed in the M. C. R. shops here, had a leg cut off below the knee Saturday, by being run down by a yard engine.

The accident occurred on the tracks over the Ross street subway. Stevenson was on his way home and took the track as a short cut.

He was taken to the Amaza Wood Hospital. Stevenson is single, and his home is at Houghton, Ont. He was employed as an assistant boiler-maker.

All Rubber Heels are good, but of course, CATSPAW RUBBER HEELS are better than other kinds, because they won't slip, the canvas friction plug takes care of that.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

YOUR STOMACH IS TO BLAME

Misery Disappears and Stomach Comfort Comes in Five Minutes.

"Take good care of the stomach," is good advice that all sensible people should heed. If your blood is bad and pimply and sores break out on your body, in 99 per cent of the cases the stomach is to blame.

If you are nervous, irritable, feel dull, are depressed mentally, and feel disinclined to exert yourself, make up your mind the stomach is at fault and treat it as promptly and intelligently as possible.

But Mi-o-na (small tablet easily swallowed) is more than a relief given.

The action of Mi-o-na on the delicate membrane of the stomach is so prompt that the most painful distress vanishes in a few minutes.

But Mi-o-na (small tablet easily swallowed) is more than a relief given.

A STOCK SNEER. [Toronto World.]

Lady Gay makes the statement in Saturday Night that the only women who



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Lady Gay makes the statement in Saturday Night that the only women who

want votes are unable to influence men in other ways. Mrs. Philip Snowden is a living refutation of this cheap sneer, which is born of the descent to personalties common when logic is lacking.

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A very handsome French Burl Upright Piano, Colonial style, 71-3 octaves, 3 pedals, full music desk, all improvements and latest style. Other dealers ask \$350 to \$375.

Payable \$6 Per Month

PIANOS at \$50, \$75, \$90, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$180 and up; Payable \$2, \$3, \$4 and up per month
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