Sweet Miss Margery

What explanation would she give him? slowly; "the news is rather sudden." He Perhaps none; and he had no right to pased for a little. "There is no mis-Perhaps none; and he had no right to demand any. The difficulties of the sit-uation seemed to become greater and greater as he pondered it in his mind. He moved from the window, and walk-ed slowly up and down the room. Mar-gery, the girl he had loved trusted gery, the girl he had loved, trusted, revered, the girl he was about to seek in a far-distant clime, was under the same roof with him at that very instant, the wife of his host, the Earl of Court. It was inexplicable. His mind could find no solution to the problem; he could but wait for morning light; could but wait for morning light.

Stuart was not the only one who was awake and disturbed that night. Margery, clad in a silk dressing gown as white as her cheeks, was pacing the floor of her chamber. She had pleaded illness, and begged to be left with Pauline; and, ource alone she and her maid into once alone, she sent her maid into the dressing room and fought the battle with herself in solitude. It sorrow, despair, anguish, had come to her before, they visited her now with redoubled force. It seemed to her the very irony of fate, a mockery of her good intentions, that she should be so tied at such a moment—a moment when she had thought herself a conqueror over her weakness. Of what avail had been her struggles, her earnest prayers, her resolutions? The sight of Stuart's grave, handsome face, the intoxication of his presence, had left her weak; the memory of his insults, his deceit, had banished everything but the knowledge that she loved him still. She longed for the weary night to pass, yet dreaded the coming of morning, when she must meet him, speak to him, when his every word be as a dagger thrust into her

thoroughly wearied and ill, she flung terself upon her bad. As she lay, her eyes feel on the sapphire ring that she ore, and the memory of Enid-her pawore, and the memory of Erid—her pa-tience, her suffering, her courage—stole into her heart. Then her mind wandered to her husband, and to all his great goodness; and, remembering this, she sent up a fervid prayer for strength to do her duty to this man; and, as the sighing plea left her heart, she grew com-ferted.

And grief shall endure not forever, I As things that are not shall these

things be; We shall live through seasons of sun

and of snow,
And none be grievous as this to me.
We shall hear, as one in a trance that

The sound of time, the rhyme of the Wrecked hope and passionate pain will

grow As tender things of a springtide sea."

Stuart left his room early, and, despite cold, gloomy morning, made his way the cold, gloomy morning, made his way into the grounds to think, and nerve himself for the coming ordeal. He looked pule and wan; his eyes had neves closed all night, his restless thoughts had never left him. His task was ended, he told himself—his cousin was found. He must just state the truth, and then go away from her fair, false sweatness. go away from her fair, false sweetness, back to the long, straight path of duty, back to the woman who had loved kim see long and so well, back to his pledged word and the burden of life.

He was walking to and fro beneath is leafless trees, his heart almost as dead and withered as the leaves beneath his feet, when a cheery voice hailed him, and, turning, he saw the earl.

and, turning, he saw the earl.

"You are out early, Crosbie," cried Lord Court, as he approached. "I saw you from my windows." Then, in a tone for surprise, he added: "But you look ill; is anything the matter?"

The earl, wrapped up in his thought for his wife, took no notice of Stuart's agitation and pallor. He did not think

returned Strait. horrisoly, "for I have had a shock. I am going to tell you all about it."
"A shock," repeated the earl, with a

smile. "Don't say the manor is haunted. I believe it is most unorthodox not to have a family ghost, but I have never heard yet that we have one."

is not a ghost! it is a reality. meant to have spoken to you last night, but I was so surprised that I could hardly realize the truth of what I saw. I all explain now.

indoors," said Lord Court, looking a little bewildered; "it is scarce-ly sultry out here. Now, Crosbie, I am all attention—begin," as they entered

You are aware I was about to start

on are aware I was about to start for Australia next week. Do you know why?

"No." answered the earl, 'and, to teil you the candid truth, I was just a little puzzled as to the cause of your hasty de-

"It was to fulfill a wish of my dead consin. Douglas Gerant. He left a daughter; it was in search of her I was

daughter; it was it to sail on Thursday next." to sail on Thursday next." to sail on Laughter! Why, I never know "A daughter! Wh

have the whole history in a latter which he confided to my care. Now comes the strange part of the atory. This daughter was thought to be in Australia, was even traced to that part of the world, when suddenly, as I am about to start to find ferr, by one of those extraordinary turns of fate. I come face to face with the consin I seek—here—in your house!" Lord Court stood still and looked at

Smart earnestly.
"In my house!" he echoid, slowly, as doubting his ears. "Who is it?

My wife-Margery! You are jest-

Jesting!" repeated Stuart, grimly. "I "Jesting!" repeated Stuart, grimly. "I was never so serious in all my life! Sir Douglas Gerant's lost daughter bore the name of Margery Daw. She was placed in a home at Hurstley—ray native village. Evidence was forthcoming that she had gone to Australia with Reuben Morris, the husband of the woman she had called mother. I knew her well, and last night, when I came face to face with her, I-was overwhelm. face to face with her, I was overwheln ed by the discovery that Margery Daw and the Countess of Court were one and

Lord Court passed his hand across his

"I am sure," answered Stuart, emphatically.

The earl was silent for a minute, then his face cleared and brightened. He put out his hand to Stuart, who grasped it

"I can think and speak now. My darling has found her rights, and she is your cousin. The feeling of friendship for you which came so strongly to me, Crosbie, has now a solid basis beneath it. How happy she will be! And yet it is sad, at one and the same moment, almost, to find a father and lose him. Fate must have led her to his bedside on that day. Thank Heaven he saw her once before he died! Come—let us go in and tell her. Words seem so feeble to day that I can not express half what I feel. The my stery of her birth has hung over my darling like a dark cloud; and now by Heaven's mercy it is gone, and she will

They turned and walked in silence along the hall. Pauline was tripping

down the stairs.

"Miladi is in the south room —she would attend the dejeuner." the girl said; and the earl walked quickly down a long corridor to a door neavy curtains.

"We will tell her now," he whispered;

Stuart's vision was obscured for the first few seconds, then it cleared, and he saw a slender, graceful girl with fair pale cheeks and a wreath of red-gold curls before him. She had her hand clasp-ed in the earl's; and, as his senses returned, Stuart saw her deep-blue eye grow dark with surprise, and her face become whiter than the folds of the heavy serge gown that draped her.

In a soft, low voice, tender and passionate, the earl told her all; and Margery stood beside him, hearing nothing save the words:

"Sir Douglas Gerant's daughter, the ousin of Crosbie, my friend. Stuart drew back while the earl mur

mured soothing words in her car, and she gradually awoke to the reality. "He was my father," she said, dreamily; then, with a sudden rush of remem-brance—"Ah, now I understand all!" She sunk into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Presently she rose saying to the earl, "Tell me every

Lord Court put his lips to her hand.
"Crosbie will do that, my darling; he
is your cousin now, you must remember.
Give him your hand, and bid him welcome to your home as your kinsman and your friend; you were too ill last night to do so."

Margery's heart seemed to stand still, then, nerving herself for the effort, she stretched out her hand. "You are welcome, cousin," she said,

in a faint voice. Their fingers met for an instant, then

dropped apart: and Margery turned away, feeling that the agony of this meeting was almost greater than she could bear. The earl drew her gently toward him

She was too weak to offer any resistance-was even glad of the support; and, standing with her husband's arm around her Margery heard the story of her father's sorrow and her mother's martyrdom slowly but distinctly from Stuart Crosbie's lips. The words went home to her heart; the despair,

it strange that the young squire Crosbie Castie should have been so prised at seeing Margery. His sister had membering that his wife had been call ed a village girl, it was not likely ner actions would be known at the castic. He only felt a great wave of gratifude and happiness fill his heart. The mystery of her birth solved, Margery would now be content, and there would be no barrier to their complete happiness.

As Stuart spoke of Beecham Park

Margery raised her head. "The estate is mine?" she said, slowly "You are the next heir," answered

put in Lord Court, smiling. "Beecham Park is one of the finest places in Eng-land. But come, Crosbie; sit down. This has been a morning of surprises, but we must eat, or we shall sink beneath them altogether. You must pay us a long visit now, for you have no reason to go-has he, Margery? When there was Australia to consider, it was an-

other thing.' So the earl chatted on, eager to rouse Margery from the dreams into which she had fallen; and with a glance at Stuart he advoitly turned the convition and plunged into other topics.

Margery was silent. She could not eat-her brain was in a whirl; and at last she could bear her distress no longer, and with a murmured apology she

"Yes, rest, my darling," said Lord Court, as he followed her—"this news has been too much for you; but, before you go, tell your cousin that if he departs it will be at the risk of your grave displeasure."

Stuart had risen, and their eyes met. "You will stay," she said faintly; and then the door closed, and she was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII. Should he go or stay? was the burning question in Stuart's mind all that morning. Duty and honor bade him tear himself away; yet there was something mysterious and altogether apart from the inthrallment of Margery's presence that kept him. He spent the long hours walking about the grounds with the earl, forcing himself to discuss the all-important subject of Margery's birth the while he was growing faint and weary with the struggle that

raged within him.

The surprise, the sleepless night, the ow. agitation at last began to tell; and, as find "K cannot think clearly yet," he said, the afternoon advanced, Stuart was you."

obliged to confess that he was quite When Nostrils Are Plugged The earl was full of contrition for his thoughtleness.

"Come back to the house, Would "Come back to the house. Wound you prefer to go to your own room? If not, rest in my 'den.' I can answer for its silence and coziness."

Stuart preferred the "den"; the missing of the president preferred the "den"; the missing of the pr

ery of the previous night haunted him—he hated the thought of his luxurious bedroom. The earl led the way to the north wing of the house, and, going to the extreme end of a corridor, pushed open the door of an apartment that seemed to warrant his streament that seemed to warrant his statement. which led through a long French window to the grounds. Lord Court closed the to the grounds. Lord Court closed the door between the two rooms, and, pushing a chair to the fire, made his guest comfortable, handing him at the same

comiortable, nanding nim at the same time the batch of newspapers that had just arrived from London.

"Now you are settled," he said, genially. "You look as if sleep would not come amise; and, such being the case, I shall have no hesitation in leaving you, I must drive to Beverley Town a good distance away; I have an important interview on hand with a troublesome tenant. I shall be back, however, before dinner. Are you sure you won't be bored?"

Stuart replied in the negative, and, after seeing him cosily enscoused, Lord Court quitted the room, and made his way to the stables.

Left to himself, Stuart leaned back wearily, and gave way to thought. Once again the struggle raged between duty and desire. The love that he had thought was treasured only for his ideal lived for the woman who had deceived him, and swept away all memory of that other girl who through all her trouble and sorrow had soothed and helped him. There was everything to call him away, yet he felt he could not go until he had gazed once more on the delicate beauty that had seemed to him the personificatin of truth and sweetness in the summer that was gone. There was something altogether strange and incomprehensible in Mangery's mar-riage. The earl had casually mention-ed the love that his dead sister had had for his wife, and Stuart would have fol-lowed up the remark in order to learn how it was that the village girl had become the Countess of Court; but the earl would talk of nothing but Sir Douglas Gerant and the wonderful dis-

covery of his daughter.
Stuart toop up his paper forced himself to read; but words seemed to run into each other, and his mind refused to be diverted from the mystery and perplexity that tormented me. As he lay back wearily gazing into the glowering coals, he saw his duty clearly—he must leave the duty clearly-he must leave the manor and put every barrier between Margery and himself. Vane had been true, taithful, devoted; to her he would return, and by earnestness and deter-mination try to thrust out all remem-brance of his false love from his heart, and forget that she ever exitted.

The struggle was ended now, he told himself; his path was clear and well defined. A sense of peace stole over him; the fire-light flickered amid the fastgrowing shadows. Stuart's head drooped, his eyes closed, and his troubled spirit

as soothed in slumber.

The afternoon grew into winter dusk; the fire had settled in a glowing mass of red ombers, and not a sound disturbed the silence. Presently the door was opened gently, a white hand pushed aside the curtain, and Margery stood in the chair.

riedly; "but I am awake now, Lady Court."

The color faded from Margery's face. "Your husband has gone to Beverly Town," Swart continued, in a voice that sounded strange in his own ears. "He settled me comfortably in his own den' before starting, and told me that

he would be home to dinner."

Margery bowed her head, and turned toward the door, when Stuart moved

'As I shall leave you this evening," he said, hurriedly, "I will take the present opportunity of informing you that the letter and proofs I spoke of this morn-

"You are very kind," responded Margery, as calmly as possible; "thank you for all you have done."

There was a pause. Margery felt as if some strong unknown power held her to the spot, she wished to move away, yet could not: and Stuart iet his eyes rest on her fair loveliness, feeling that resolution to depart was growing

weaker and weaker a she gazed.
'I have done nothing," he said, almost harshly, trying to hide his agitation. "It is all so new and strange," nured the girl, putting one hand to her throat and speaking as if to herself. "How often we have discussed the story

of my mother, yet how far we were from the truth! And we were cousins "What use is there in recalling the

past?" asked the young man, hoarsely.
"It can bring nothing but pain:" Margery looked up at his pale drawn

Margery looked up at his pale drawn face.
"Pain," she repeated, slowly, "I wonder if you know what pain I have suffered."

She spoke unconsciously, urged by the memory of all her sorrow, her girlish despair and her humiliation.

"What should give you pain:" cried Stuart, harshly, folding his arms in his agitation. "You have riches, title—you can do as you will—you are Lady

Court. The bitterness of his heart went to her very heart.

"How cruel you are!" she murmured,
"Cruel!" he repeated, moving to her
side, mad with the intoxication of his side, mad with the intoxication of his love and the remembrance of her deceit. "Were you not cruel when you coquet-motionless form, her eyes fell on Stuart's motionles form, her heart gave one great leap, then sunk again; she let her gaze rest with unspeakable sadness and tenderness on her lost lover's face, ther she turned to go. She moved away soft-ly, and her hand was on the door, when sound came from behind:

She turned at once to see Stuart with

his hand outstretched.

'I am sorry," she faltered, faintly. "1 did not know you were here. I came to find my husband; 1 have disturbed

Your Catarrh Is Bad

Low the residence of the last of the

BY ACTING TO-DAY YOU CAN QUICKLY CURE CATARRH AND AVOID BRONCHITIS, PER-HAPS CONSUMPTION.

Most Agreeable and Surest Cure is Catarrhozone, Which Cures Every Curable Case.

Catarrhozone prove especially good in those chronic cases where mucous drops down the throat, sickens the stomach, and pollutes the breath. When the nostrils are stuffed, only a few breaths through the inhalers are needed to clear the passages, and where there is coughing and where there is coughing and sore bronchial tubes the soothing, healing properties of Catarrhozone act almost as magic.

Once you stop taking medicine into the stomach and get the healing oils and pure balsams of Catarrhozone at work you can be sure of quick and lasting cure for nose colds, catarrh, weak lungs, bronchitis, and speaker's 13 YEARS OF CATARRH CURED.

"As Catarrhozone has cured me of a Catarrhal Cough and Asthma that a Catarrhal Cough and Asthma that lasted thirteen years, I feel I can honestly recommend it. I really used all kinds of medicine, but Catarrhozone was the only one that did any real good. I am entirely cured—have no cough, no bad breathing spells, not a sign of a cold or catarrh about me. But I will always occasionally use 'Catarrhozone,' I prize it so highly.

Mrs. E. L. Csgood, Johnson, P. O., Ont. The complete \$1.00 outfit of Caarrhozone is sufficient for two months' treatment, and is guaranteed. Smaller size, 50c., at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston,

Stuart's hand felt, and ne bowed his head to the arm of the chair.
"You are ill!" Margery Margery

quickly. "Let me-Stuart raised his head and rose to his feet, steadying himself with one hand on ted with me, led me on, lied to me, and then deceived me?"

"Deceived you! What do you mean?"
Stuart met her clear blue eyes, startled yet strangely steadfast. "Why do you say such wicked, such cruel things of me?" she asked.

Stuart hesitated for a moment; a sudden strange fear crept into his heart.
"You may give them other names," he said, huskily. "I call it deceit, I call it wickedness to act as augh at me, to send false tender mes sages the while you were fooling anoth-er man, and suddenly to leave the vil-lage for him, forgetting me and all the words you had spoken only three days before."

Margery had moved slowly to the table. She still wore the long robe o white serge that she had donned in the morning. She looked up at Stuart, mys-tified and pained by his words. She put one hand on the table and gazed at he old lover whose arms were still folded

across his breast.
"I do not understand," she said, dis-tinctly yet faintly. "You accuse me of

"Let me recall the past,' returned Stuart, letting his hands drop to his sides, while he moved nearer to her. "On the day we plighted our troth, the words spoke, Margery, were from my heart, ot lightly meant or lightly given, but

solemn and serious; while yours—"
"While mine," she cried, raising her head proudly, "live as truly in my heart now as they did on that day! Ah, what (To be Continued.)

TEETHING TIME WORRY.

Baby's teething time was once a ource of worry to all mothers—it is yet a time of worry to many, though there are thousands of mothers who have learned the secret which banishes this worry. Mothers who worry, who see their little ones suffering from difficult teething; who are worn out by day and kept awake at night by the cries of the baby in distress, should folow the example of the thousands and give their little ones Baby's Own Tab lets—the remedy for worry—the never failing banisher of baby's pains. Con-cerning this Mrs. H. Monette, jun. Ra-pide de l'Orignal, Que., says: "My baby cried day and night and suffered from his teeth. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets made him healthy and happy, and his teething easy and painless. I would not be without them." The Tab-lets are sold by medicine. lets are sold by medicine dealers or mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WIT OF ROSSINI.

agner and Liszt Among those Who Felt the Sting of His Tongue. Although Rossini seldom went to the

opera he could not resist the temptation of hearing one of Wagner's works, says a writer in Musical Opinion. It was "Tannhauser." Afterward, when asked to give his opinion of the opera, he said:
"It is too important and too clabor-

ate a work to be judged after a single hearing, but I shall not give it a sec-ond."

ond."

Somebody once handed him a score of one of Wagner's latest music dramas and presentely remarked that he was holding it upside down, "Well," said Rossini, "I have already read it the other way and am trying this as I really can make nothing of it."

Rossini had scant patience with ameteur composers. One such once accompany

teur composers. One such once accom-panied the manuscript of his latest com-position with a Stilton cheese, of which he knew Rossini to be fond. He hoped, of course, to have a letter praising his work. A letter came, but all it said was, "Thanks! I like the cheese very much."

Prince Poniatowski, the composer of the popular "Yeoman's Wedding song," had written two operas and wanted very much to have Rossini's opinion as to which of the two he should choos for production in public. Rossini fought shy of the matter for a long time, but Poniatowski's importunity at last pre-Highly elated he accompanied

Rossini settled himself in his easy chair with his feet on another and placed a huge bandana handkerchief

placed a huge bandana handkerchief over his eyes. Poniatowski sat down to the piano and worked away lustily for an hour. When almost exhausted and bathed in perspiration, he was about to begin on the second opera, Rossini awoke from a doze into which he had fallen and touched him lightly on the shoulder so as to arrest his progress.

"Now, my good friend, I can advise you," he said sleepily; "have the other opera performed."

A kindred joke was tried on Liszt, who had just played one of his so-called

opera performed."

A kindred joke was tried on Liszt, who had just played one of his so-called symphonic poems to Rossini.

"I prefer the other," said Rossini, enigmatically. Liszt naturally asked, which "other,"

"The chaos in Haydn's 'Creation,'" was the withering reply.

On one occasion a gentleman called upon him to enlist his aid in procuring for him an engagement at the opera. He was a drummer, and had taken the precaution to bring his instrument. Rossini said he would hear him play, and it was agreed that he should show off in the overture "Semisamide." Now, the very first bar of the overture contains a tremolo for the drum, and when this a tremolo for the drum, and when this had been performed the player remarked. "Now I have a rest of 78 bars; these, of course I will have a rest of 78 bars; these,

ed. "Now I have a rest of 78 bars; these, of course, I will skip."

This was too good a chance to be lost. "Oh, no," said the composer, "by all means count the 78 bars; I particularly want to hear those."

"Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on February 29, in leap year, he had, of yourse, a birthday only once in four years, and when he was 72 he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

The late Sir Artbur Sullivan made his acquaintance in Paris. One morning

acquaintance in Paris. One morning when Sulliven called to see him he found im trying over a small piece of

"What is that?" asked Sullivan.
"Is my dog's birthday," he replied,
ery veriously, "and I write a little piece

for him every years."

All his life he had a dread of the number 13, as well as of Fridays. He never would invite more than 12 to dinner, and once when he had 14 he made sure of an understudy, who would, at a moment's notice, have been ready to come should one guest have missed. And, though this was a double super-stition, he died on Friday, November

When Rossini was rehearsing one of his operas in a small theatre in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune. "Who is that playing the horn in such an unholy way?" he demanded.

"It is I," said a tremulous voice.

"Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right ome." It was his own father. Rossini was an epicure and several of the stories connected with his name bear on the pleasures of the table. He had a fastidious palate, and declared that he could cook rice and macaroni

better than anyone he knew "Maestro," said some one to him, "do you remember that famous dinner given you in Milan, when they served a gigan-tic macaroni pie? Well, I was seated

next you."
"Indeed!" replied Rossini; "I remem-

"Indeed!" replied Rossini; "I remember the macaroni perfectly, but I fail to recognize you."

On another occasion, at a dinner in Paris, at which he was observed to remain silent and absorbed, a banker who was on anything but friendly terms with him passed savories to the lady on his right, saying: "I have already eaten as many of these as Samson slew of Phillistines."

"Yes, and with the same weapon," re-

THE BEST WAY.

To clean a gas mantle, is to remove the globe, get a salt shaker and shake all the salt on it that it will hold, turn on the gaslight, and let it burn until all black is off, turn off the light, replace

swan's down and ermine, first beat out all the dust, gently but thoroughly, then lay the article upon a table covered with a clean white cloth and saturate it with a mixture of grain alcohol, three parts and other one part. With a clean whish work the fluid into every hair and down to the skin. Then sift into the fur all the boracic taleum it will hold, littin the fur so that the powder reaches th roots. Then put into a closed box and leave for three days. Take out the furs, shake out the powder, removing that which cannot be so easily dislodged by brushing with a perfectly clean whisk Then put the furs well on the wrong

side to raise the nap.

To press woollen clothes, lay the gar ment over a heavy strip of tan linen and dampen it lightly with a wet sponge and the npress with a hot iron. Do not dampen the article itself.

EVERY PLACE ON THE WIDE PRAIRIES

Tells of cures made by Dodds Kidney Pills.

Thos. Griffin, of Peace River Landing, Tells How He Got Rid of His Rheumatism — Honestly Earned Popularity.

Cold Springs, Peace River Landing, ilta., Oct. 10.—(Special.)—Just why Alta., Oct. 10.—(Special.)—Just why Dodd's Kidney Pills retain their wonder-Dodd's Kidney Pills retain their wonderful popularity is easily shown by a trip across the prairies. Every town, village and post office has at least one man or woman who is ready to tell of pains relieved and health restored by the great Canadian Kidney Remedy. Let Thos. Canadian Kidney Remedy. Let Thos. Griffin, of this place, add his statement to the hosts already published.

"When I came to this part of the country," says Mr. Griffin, "I was troubled with a bad back and rheumatism in my shoulders and hips. I sent for six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they gave me relief at once. I also recom-mended them to my eldest son, who was

confined to his bed from rheumatism.
"Now I know that Dodd's Kidney Pills est medicine for rheumatism and the kidneys. I recommend them to every person I hear complaining of not

Dodd's Kidney Pills made their popu larity by curing sick kidneys. They keep their popularity by keeping on curing sick kidneys.

ST. VITUS DANCE

Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Chorea, or as it is more generally known, St. Vitus dance, is a disease that usually attacks the young children, though older persons may be attricted with it. Its most common symptoms are a twitching of the muscles of the face and limbs. As the disease progresses this twitching tallow the disease progresses. this twitching takes the form of spasms in which the jerking motion may be con-fined to the head, or all the limbs may be affected. The patient is frequently unable to hold anything in the hands or to walk steadily, and in severe cases even the speech is affected. The disease is due to debility of the nevres and is always cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, tone and strengthen the nerves and thus restore the sufferer to good health. The follow-ing is a striking instance of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do in this treuble. Mrs. Charles Phipps, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "At the age of fourteen my cldest daughter, Edith, became much run down, and the trouble developed inrun down, and the trouble developed into St. Vitus' dance. First, her left arm became affected, then the left leg and entire left side. She grew so bad that she actually could not hold anything in her hand, and could only go about with a sliding, jerking motion. Notwithstanding that we were giving her medicine, she seemed to be growing worse, and finally her speech became much affected. We became so much alarmed about her that finally her father got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we began giving her these. In the course of a few weeks she was much better, and he few weeks she was much better, and be-fore all the pills were gone she was again enjoying perfect health. This was in 1908, and as she has not had a symptom of the trouble since I feel justified in saying the cure is permanent."

Be sure you get the genuine pills, which are sold by all medicine dealers or

may be had at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Will:ams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont

LATE INVENTIONS.

An electric meter has been invented for measuring the flow of steam

Artificial wood for matches made from straw, has been invented by a

To a Massachusetts man has granted a patent for a nelectric lamp and reflector for inspecting the inside of

In France there has been invented a flourless bread-making machine that transforms the while wheat into dough. A swiveled clamp by which a funnel may be fastened ot a bottle to leave one hand free when liquids are poured

is a Californian's invention.

The bottom and sides separate and can be adjusted to any size desired in a baking pan invented by a Pennsylvan-

A barrel-shaped packing case that has been patented by an Illinois man can be folded for transportation when empty and used many times.

A Pennsylvanian has equipped the head of a piano tuning hammer with a ratchet so that it will not have to be lifted from a peg every time it is A California inventor's wave power

motor consists of a small truck with a broad tail. A wave, striking the tail, pushes the affair up a trake and a pis-ton in the head of the truck compresses air in a cylinder.

DROPPED ALL OTHERS. "I dropped all liniments, but Nerviline, because I found Nerviline the quickthe globe and light it the usual way, and you will find the light restored to its tormer brilliancy. Try this if the muntle is black and it burns poorly.

To clean white furs, moufflon, rabbit, Nerviline for neuralgia, rheumatism and all kinds of sches and pains; it's as good as any doctor." The great Canadian remedy for the past fifty years has been Polson's Nerviline—nothing better made.

CLEAN MONEY AS AN "AD."

One of the big, successful notels in this big, successful town has the custom of never returning as change to patrons paper money in anything but erisp, braud-new bills, right off the government printing press. By an arrangement with a nearby bank, it always has an ample supply of bills of all denominations in the original bands in which they come from the United States treasury; also new, bright smelling coins. All the also new, oright smelling comes. All the people in all the dining rooms of the es-tablishment might give odd, old, soiled notes in payment of checks, but all change would come back to every mother's son in glittering com and immacu-late, crisky bills, the old, soiled money received by the cashier being put aside for deposit. Tip noticed this the second or third time he dined in the big hotel; he never realized what a neat advertise approvingly in the south and west and

A STRETCHING EXERCISE

It imparts elasticity. It will lift the vital organs

The clothing must be loose and com To begin any exercise one must stand

gives strength and poise to the

The chest should be high, the head up, and the chin in.

The body should rest on the balls of the feet, not on the heels.

At first it may be enough to breathe deeply and slowly (mouth closed) standin the open air, or before a window

top and bottom, for five or ten minutes twice a day.

Now for the stretching; sweep the arms slowly outward and upward until they touch above the head, lifting the chest walls and stretching the arms. Lower the arms with the same sweep. stretching them all the time. Five times

will be enough at first, breathing deepty and slowly all the time. The fellow who is all I's expects the