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"I say, Macggegor," Charley exclaimed, rather agnast as that resume, "don't you go a leetle too fast? Who's done for you, and when was it? You wast been silted in gold been jilted in cold blood by half a dozen, at least, of the fair fishers of men, to leave you so bitterly cynical and sarcastic as this. Suppose they are painted and pearl-powdered? What does it signify, when it is so artistically done that we don't detect it? If Mrs. Ingram, in the secret privacy of her chamber, be toothless an scrawny, with a complexion like a tal-low candle, then, by Jovet let Mrs. In-gram paint to her heart's content. An ugly woman is a sight to haunt one's dreams. If an ugly woman has the art to make herself 'beautiful forever,' then let her crinoline and cosmetique to th end of the chapter. A man don't want his mother or sister or wife to kiss him with lips on which the rogue still glisbut outside of that-oh, George! let 'em do it. We like it on the stage—brightens them up and keeps them perpetually young. Don't let us make a howling about it on the greater stage of life." Charley delivered all this in his slow-

est, softest, gentlest tones.

The tenant of the Retreat laughed good naturedly.

"Reany, seventeen years old waxes eloquent on the subject. No matter, how the result is obtained, so that the result is pretty, ch? The seigneur of Monkswood seems much of your opin-ion; he's gone beyond redemption. Do

you suppose he has proposed yet?"
"Can't say. Not at all likely. He's
fool enough, in my opinion, for any He's fool enough, in my opinion, thing, and knave enough for more. But s no go, when he does. She's made o her mind to be Lady Chudleigh, and Lady Chudleigh she'll be, in spite of fate and Sir Rupert."

"Well, she fligts with Trevanion very loudly, at least."

"My dear fellow, that pretty little ady Caprice flirts with every one. She goes in for Sir Rupert when she gets him alone and unprotected, I'll take my oath, and makes pretty certain, roundabout, feminine love to him mercilessly. It's the nature of the little animal to flirt. I've seen her, when there was no better quarry to spring, take hold of an older, uglier, sadder, wiser man than Sir Rupert, and soften his brains for him in ten minutes. But it's my opinion, Mr. Angus Maegregor, vou know more about her than I do. I can not opinion, Mr. Angus Macgregor, you know more about her than I do. I can not get over that picture. Mrs. Ingram may not be the rose, but she is very like that splendid flower. I mean your 'rose of thorns.' «I don't want to be impertinent, but I'll be hanged if I believe you when you say the resemblance is only accidental."

"Don't get excited, Charley. Resem blances are common enough. They say I look like Trevanion, you know."

"So you do, and yet you don't. You are bearded, and there is nothing to be seen of you but a straight nose, two black eyes and a tremendous frontal development. Our cousin Cyril is the fortunate possessor of a straight and two dark eyes, also; but there the recemblance ends. His head tapers up like a sugar loaf, and his forehead slopes back and contracts at the temples in a way that does not speak flatteringly of the brain behind it. And apropos of that, did you ever notice the insane way he glaree, and the galvanic twitch-es of his face sometimes? He may not be absolutely mad, but, in the elegantly allegorical language of the day, 'his head's not level.'"

"Charley," Macgregor said, with some hesitation, "it is a tolerably well known fact that your eister used to cherish his memory, to esteem him very high-ly. Is it impertinent to ask if she does so still?

"No," said Charley, decidedly. "Distance lent cachantment to the view. Sybil has been getting disenchanted since the first moment she set eyes upon him. That little episcode of the bull finished him in her estimation. A wombull an is ready to forgive seventy times seven almost any crime a man can com-mit; but she won't forgive, if see is any way placky herself, an act of cow-ardige. Trevenion showed the white ardice. Trev. nion showed the white feather horribly that day, and not all the memories of battles fought and won, the memories of battles fought and won, in India and Russia, can counterbalance the flight from the bu!). He offered some kind of limping apology—recent illness, nerves, etc., and my Lidy Sybil listened with that cold, proud face no one can put on to more perfection, and responded by a high and chilling bow. There is a sort of armed peace-between them, and she unmistakably despises him for his infatuation about the widhim for his infatuation about the wid Sybil's hero is Sybil's hero no I rather think you have usurped his place."

The face of Augus Macgregor flushed deep red in the darkness, but his steady voice was as cool as ever.
"Not all unlikely. We-brethren of

"Not all unlikely. We—brethren of the pen and ink bottle—generally are heroes in the eyes of young ladydom. They read our books: our dreamy mis-ty, rather trashy poems; our sensational novels, full of subterranean passages, likher punels mysterious murders and sliding panels, mysterious murders, and dashing, slashing, reckless, dauntless, magnificent heroes, with flashing eyes, and raven whiskers, ad glittering eters, and they picture us grandiose creatures, baring our white brows to the midnight blasts, and raving, a la Byron, of the perfidy of woman and the baseness of man. They're disappointed sometimes, when we suddenly appear before er of the most-approved kind, and when one topples from his pedestal, she elevates another. Here we are at the Retreat, Thank you, old fellow, for dropping me, and good-night."
"You dine with us to morrow, do you

not: Charley asked. "You promised my mother, I believe. You beat her at whist last time, and she is panting for revenge. Until then, an revoir. Don't dream of the widow; it's dangerous."

Charley whirled away in the darkness, and the author entered his domicile, Very pleasant the lighted windows looked against the rainy blackness of the August night, and very pleasant was the dd-fashioned parlor lighted up with a half dozen wax tapers.

<u>AMMMANANANANANANANANANANANANANANAN</u> "Dream of the widow!" muttered Macgregor, between his teeth; "widow forsooth! No, I shall leave that for — Cyril Trevanion. My faith! but they both play their little game well. And she'll hunt the baronet down, until she bewitches him into marrying her, if their leadens. She's a clave little. she bewitches him into marrying her, if she's let alone. She's a clever little ous odds; but when I think of her living under the same roof, clasping hands, and breaking bread with Sybil Lemox, by ——," he swore a deep, stern oath—
"I can feel no merev. My beautiful. what that woman is, and has been, you would recoil from sight of her as you would from a hooded snake—a deadly cobra. And I thought her dead, and she thinks me dead, very likely. How tenacious of life venemous reptiles are! I ous of life venemous reptiles are! I believe Rose Dawson has more lives than a cat. She stood as much 'punish-ment' from Dawson, before she did for ment' from Dawson, before she did for him, as any member of the P. R. in England; she has faced starvation, nanging, sickness; she has been knocked about like a football, through every corner of the continent, and she turns up here in the end, handsomer, young-er, more clegant, more insolent in her

fadeless beauty than ever! But clever as you are, and handsome as you are, my little fascinating Rose, I think you have met your match this time. For fifteen years you have been conqueress. but the wheel spins around, and you on the top go down and I rise up. It's my turn now, and I'll show you the same mercy you showed me—the mercy you showed that poor devil, Dawson. You snowed that pool devil, Dawson.
Yell spare you no more than I would a
raging tigress broken loose from her
jungle, I wonder where Lady Lemox

picked her up. I'll ascertain to-morrow. But first—" He took up the portfolio as he spoke drew out the water-color sketch, and with a pen-knife that lay near, cut it

up into morsels, He laughed grimly as he flung them out into the rain.
"I am afraid you won't see the picture of that 'wicked dead person' when next we meet, my dear Mrs. Ingram. And we'll take our masks off at that meeting and I'll show you that dead meeting, and I'll show you that dyed tresses, rouge, pearl-powder, and a splendid toilet, can not change Rose Dawson out of my knowledge."

Mr. Macgregor presented himself the

next day at Trevanion, as the long lances of sunset were glimmering redly through the brown boles of the oaks and elms and the atmosphere seemed a ain of impalpable gold dust. He rain of impalpable gold dust. He was looking unutterably patrician in his evening dress—tall, strong as some muscular Apollo, going rapidly over the ground with his ewinging, soldierly stride, and his Livonian at his heels. For Mr. Macgregor had been a soldier in early youth—he told Miss Trevanion so one day—had held a commission in a crack cavalry corps, and had served in India. India.

"You never knew my cousin there?"
Sybil had said, thoughtfully. "It is singular, too; Colonel Trevanion must have been serving in India about the same

The queerest smile came, and faded, Colonel Trevanion's tenant's face. "I beg your pardon—I did see your cousin. He saw me, too; but that unfortunate fever," Macgregor laughed, and inexpressible twinkle in his eyes; "don't let us forget that! He left his memory behind him in South America." behind him in South America, as came near leaving my liver behind me

in Calcutta."
"You don't believe in that fever, Mr. Macgregor," Sybil said, quickly; "and yet—it is very strange—there must be something, you know. Cyril doesn't seem to recognize his oldest friend—he seem to recall no circumstance of the past" an involuntary glance at her ring-"the old familiar landmarks even appear strange and unknown. It is so very, very odd! Loss of memory must be the rea

The hermit of the Retreat laugheda laugh that puzzled and provoked the heiress-and that knowing light in his dark eyes scemed to deepen.

"You find your cousin very much changed, then? Many say that, and—not for the better. Fifteen years is a long time to be an alien and a wanderer, a homeless pariah, with a bitter sorrow and disgrace in the past, and very little in the future to look forward to. Disgraced by a vile woman, an old and honored name, tainted, disowned and disinherited, shut out from the world in faith lost in man and woman, nothing left to wish for but six feet of Indian soil, and some friendly bullet—ah! Miss Trevanion, fifteen years of that sort of existence is likely to change any

Sybil looked at him in surprise. had begun lightly enough, but he had grown strangely carnest ere he ceased. The handsome, bronzed face, too, was a shade paler than its wont.

shade paler than its wont.

"You speak of Coionel Trevanion very earnestly," she said, "and yet—I beg your pardon—but I fancied there was a hitter hate between you two."

Once more the author slightly laughed.

"My dear Miss Trevanion, how very subtle your instincts are, or else—how stupidly our faces must show our feelings. We hate each other, we could blow each other's brains out with all ings. We hate each other, blow each other's brains out with all blow each other's brains out with all blow each other leasure in life; but we don't make the pleasure in life; but we don't make ness of man. They're disappointed some-times, when we suddenly appear before them with sandy heir and mild blue eyes, a tendency to perpetual blushes and as insipid as a mug of milk and water. Miss Trevanion is a hero-worship-er of the most-approved kind, and when a medicated rose or dagger for the man we accost so politely. Why, the ven-detta is the style no langer, even in

"Mr. Maegregor, what has my cousin ever done to you. Why do you hate him

like this?"
"Hate him! I don't hate him, Miss Trevanion—he rather amuses me than otherwise. I find him a most interesting study, and think him the cleverest person I know of. It is the other way—he hates me."

Beyond this Miss Trevanion could get nothing from Macgregor, and she was too proud to ask questions. The ten-ant of the Retreat was almost a daily visitor now at the park, where Ladv me. She insisted upon my going back.

Lemox had taken a decided liking to him at once. Indeed, it was hard not to like the agreeable hermit of Monkswood Waste, with his frank, handsome face, his brilliant conversational powers, his universal knowledge of persons and places and things, and the unutterable placidity with which he allowed my lady to win his shillings at long whist. He played cards a good deal, certainly, and lost a great many shillings; but he found time to stand beside the piano also, and turn over Sybil's music, and listen to the fun soprano tones rising and falling silvery. In the rich warmth of the August nights, with the ivory moonlight brilliant in the rose gardens and on the lawn, he stood looking down again and again into the pale, beautiful again and again into the pale, beautiful

face, the dark eyes inexpressibly tender and soft and dewy.

As he came striding through the long As he came striding through the long English grass, whistling the "Macgregor's March," he saw a slender, girlish figure on the lawn, a tall figure in floating, misty robes, of black, a necklace and cross of jet and gold her only ornament, a spray of white lily-buds twisted in the dark richness of her hair. That willowy figure, with its indescribably proud, high-bred air, was very familiar to the tall Macgregor. It turned at his approach, and the color arose to the delicate cheeks, and added light to the lovely violet eyes as she frankly held lovely violet eyes as she frankly held out her hand.

out her hand.

"Good-evening, Mr. Macgregor—mamma has been fidgeting unpleasantly all day for fear you might not come. She likes to utilize her evenings. Cyril, down sir! Sybil, hold your noisy tongue! don't you know Herr Faustus before thus?" before thus?"

For Miss Trevanion's poodle and mastiff were making aggressive demonstra-tions toward the long, lean wolf-hound, who showed his formidable teeth in one

long, bass growl.
"Cyril and Sybil are evidently on the best of terms with each other, at least," Macgregor said, with a glance at their mistress that deepened the carnation; mistress that deepened the carnation "and they look upon Doctor Faustus and his master as unwarrantable intruders Apropos, I met the original Gyril, with Czar, in full gallop, making for his divinity, the most witching of widows. Did he ever read Pickwick, I wonder, and the immortal warning of the great Wel-

Miss Trevanion laughed, but rather constrainedly. Cyril Trevanion had been her hero once, her cousin always; he bore the grand old name, the same blood ran in his veins, and now the merest

"Gwendoline was here to-day—poor, dear Gwen! Mrs. Ingram will be her death, and she told me you were at Chudleigh Chase last night. You met Mrs. Ingram, and you like her of

"I don't perceive the 'of course.' Yes, met Mrs. Ingram (she chose rather an aristocratic cognomen this time), and I recognized a woman I knew fifteen years

ago."
"Then her name is not Ingram, and "Then her name is not Ingram, and "I she is an adventuress!" Sybil cried. "I thought so! I thought so! I never be-lieved in her from the first."

"Yes, Miss Trevanion, she is an adventuress, one who should never sleep under the same roof or eat at the same table with you. A bad, bold woman, a dangerous woman, an unscrupulous woman and a deadly foe. Your mother brought her here—where did her ladyladyship find her?"

"In Scotland. at Strathbane castle, she "In Scotland, at Strathbane castle, she has companion to the duchess; and when her grace died she came to mamma. It was at Baden or Homburg—some one of the German Bads—that the duchess

met her first." "A most likely place. Now, Miss Tre vanion, if you will not think me imper-tinently inquisitive. I should like to hear al lthe story of General Trevanion. mysterious disappearance. 1 heard your mother once hint that, in some way, you blamed Mrs. Ingram. Up to the present I have heard but a very garbled account of that disappearance. I was absent from Speckhaven at the time it occurred. If Mrs. Ingram had any motive in making away with the general, Mrs. Ingram would no more hesitate over the deed than would Lucrezia Borgia. Will you Household Editor of The Record:

an not be the fiendess you paint her. And then there was no motive—there could be none. And, besides—Oh! Mr. Macgregor, it is the darkest and most impenetrable of mysteries. How could she. one weak woman, make away with General Trevanion? If the earth had opened and swallowed him, he could not have vanished more completely."

"I should like to examine the room in which he lay—the 'Adam and Eve was it not? I will examine the room. And Mrs. Ingram was alone with your patient all that night?"

"By no means. Mrs. Telfer was in the chamber with her; Cleante in the dress-ing-room adjoining. But they both slept so soundly that-heaven forgive me!-1 which all that is best and brightest live I have sometimes fance d they may have been drugged. I had gone to my apart-ment, and, weary with watching, had ment, and, weary with watering, had fallen soundly asleep. Precisely at mid-night I woke, by hearing or fancying I heard, a bell tolling."

"Ah!" Macgregor said, "the ghostly bell of the Trevanious. And then;"

"I was silly and superstitious, I suppose-nervous, certainly. 1 got up, threw on my dressing gown, and hastened to the sick-room. Cleante and Mrs. Telfer were asleep, as I said, and Mrs. Ingram was bending over the bed, where my uncle lay in a deep stupor, searching, as I imagined, under the pillow for the

"The will? What will?" "A will he had made a day or two before-a will that left all his fortune, as it should have been left, to his only sor, He kept it under his pillow, and 1 at first imagined she was trying to find it. But that, of course, was absurd. What earthly use was the wil Ito her? Before I could speak, to my horror, the sick man sat up in bed, and grasped her by the wrist, crying out to take her away she was trying to murder him. He fell back, with the words on his lips, in dull

atupor once more, and Mrs. Ingram turnel round and saw me. Yes. Well? He was vividly interested, you could

"Mrs. Ingram looked startled for an instant, and very, very pale; but she was herself again directly. She explained that she was settling the pillows, and that he had been resting quietly all along. I wished to remain-ah, would to heaven that I had !- but she would not listen to

MOTHER'S CARES DESTRUCTIVE TO HEALTH

ANAEMIA. BAD BLOOD. HEAD ACHES, AND LASSITUDE. VERY COMMON.

Mrs. Wilkinson's Letter Gives Advice That Every Mother Can Well Follow.



From her home in Newton where she resides with her large family, Mrs. Wil-kinson writes: "For years I was pale, anaemic and lacking in vitality. I was constant sufferer from indigestion. and the distress and pain it caused me, coupled with ever-increasing anaemia made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before the eyes and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My consti-tution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and dullness in my eves showed what a sick woman I was, began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement, although slow, was

gradually got back my strength "I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger, and I enjoyed my meals thoroughly. I felt happie, and more contented and the sickly pallor of my face was replaced by a bright, rosy color, which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deathly pallor to robust health." health."

You can obtain the same results by You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—beware of the substitutor that offers you anything except Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

She was not in the least tired or sleepy; she would watch until morning. I let her overrule me. I went back, and again slept, and slept soundly. It was late when I awoke and went back to the sick-room. The valet and housekeeper still slumbered, and this time Mrs. Ingram also. And the bed was empty the will and the dying man gone!

scream awoke Cleante and Telfer at once, but not Mrs. lngram. "When she did awake, after a cound shaking, she was utterly bewildered could tell nothing. She had dropped asleep, unconsciously—her patient was all safe in bed the last she remembered. She knew no more.

Macgregor listened in silence, his brows drawn, a look of dark intensity in

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO MAKE BUTTER.

A correspondent of the Bradford Re cord household department having ask-ed how to make butter, the inquiry was referred to the firm of Austin Leonard & Son, of Troy, Bradford county, Pa., buttermakers, who have been awarded premiums at the Pennsylvania and New

than would Lucreza Borgia. Will you tell me the story of that night?"

"Most willingly. But, Mr. Macgregor, really you are enough to make one's blood run coid. Surely Mrs. Ingram capacity, and let it stand until it clabblood run coid. Surely Mrs. Ingram capacity, and let it stand until it clabblood run to be the fiendess you paint her. ed for a churning. It was churned in a dash church, gathered into a lump, taken up with a ladle, salted to taste and worked over with the ladle until the buttermilk was very nearly worked out; then left for a few hours for the out; then left for a few hours for the salt to dissolve an dthe color to develop. It was then reworked until all streaks disappeared and the remaining buttermilk was worked out. It was then ready for the table or to be pack ed into firkins for the market.

Subsequently we adopted the Cooley submerked system for the more complete raising of the cream without sour-

Then came the use of the separator, superseding the Cooley system. Separated cream should be cooled to about 45 degrees and kept at a temperature above 60 degrees for 24 hours. It will then, by development of lactic acid, be sufficiently ripened to churn. We used a revolving churn, scalding it before the cream is poured into it. At this stage the cream should be thick and rum smoothly from the storage pails. The temperature should be 62 degrees. The churn should revolve about 40 times minute for from 15 to 20 minutes when the butter will form in granules. The churn is then rinsed with water at 60 degrees and the bittermilk drawn off. The butter should then be washed with water (60 degrees) until the water remains clear. Then take out the but ter, weigh it; add three-quarters of an ounce of salt to the pound. Work it until the salt is evenly distributed and is worked out. It is then ready for the table or the market.

Shiloh's Gure STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS

TAKE A CHANCE.

(Rochester Union and Advertiser. (Rochester Union and Advertiser.)

A Philadelphia druggist 'ellit years ago gave a dollar to a stranger who asked him for a quarter because he was broke after "a night of it." Now, he has been notified that he is sole heir to the stranger's estate of more than \$125,000. This ought to make it safe to strike Philadelphians for the price of a drink.

"No," said Nuritch, "I ain't no dude. "Clothes don't make the man, you know. "No." replied Peppery, "but many of you self-made men look as if you had also made the clothes."—Catholie Standard and Times

WITH THE WITS.

Ben—So you think the audience was pleased with your singing Bolt—Certainly. Didn't you hear it applaud? That's a sign it was pleased. Ben—But it didn't applaud until you stopped, so I conclude that's the time it was pleased.—Yonkers Statesman.

Guide—No one has ever been able to find out what the Sphyny stands for—

find out what the Sphynx stands for—
whom it represents! American Tourist
—That's nothing! We've lots of congressmen at home the same way.—

Puck.

"The piano we sold sou," said the merchant, "was it satisfactory?" 1 "Perfectly!" replied Mr. Cumrox. "We've tested it and it's all right. My daughter and three music teachers tried out all kinds of Wagner on it and it stood up in a way that shows regular tunes won't be any strain at all. "Washington Star. ton Star.
"You have a dress suit?" they in

quired of the young literary genius of the foothills. "I did have," he replied with charming frankness. "I won it when we raffled off Cambling Jack's outfit the night after Grizzly Pete bored lim. Maker Franchischer him. Mebby I've got it now if th' darned moths haven't beat me to it."-

Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"What are the proper calling cards?" "Three or upward are considered very good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
"What did the banker's daughter say when you asked her to marry you?" She said I would have to go to par be-

fore she took any stock in my proposition."-Baltimore American. "Would man " "Certainly," replied Miss Cayenne. "He is not intelligent, but he is wonderfully clever at concealing the fact from strangers."—Washington Star. Church-Here's an advertisement a railroad's night trains. It says "You go to sleep in Philadelphia and wake up in New York. Gotham-Well, I don't generally take stock in railroad adver-

NAMING THE BOY

all right .- Yonkers Statesman

Old Jum, gardener and general factoum, was accompanied one day by a bright-looking lad 8 or 10 years old.

"Is this your boy?" I asked.
"Yassuh, he mine, de las' one I got,
nh. " Junior, you wuffless nigger.
nek you manners ter de white folks!"

"Junior," I commented. "So he is named after you."
"Nawsuh," the old man replied, rather indignantly; "he ain' name fuh me! My name Jumbo, whar my mammy git out'n de Bible. Dis hyah chile name Junior cuz he wuz bawn in June."-Lippincott's

SORES FROM ELBOWS TO FINGERS

Zam-Buk Worked a Miracle of Healing

Reverend Gentleman Fully Corroborates.

Miss Kate L. Dolliver, of Caledonia, Queen's Co., N. S., says: "I must add my testimony to the value of Zam-Buk. Ulcers and sores broke out on my arm, and although I tried to heal them by using various preparations, nothing seemed to do me any good. The cores spread until from fingers to clow was ne mass of ulceration.

had five different doctors, and "I had live different doctors, and faithfully carried out their instruc-tions. I drank pint after pint of blood medicines, tried salve after salve, and lotion after lotion; but it was of no

"My father then took me thirty miles to see a well-known doctor. He photographed the arm and hand. This photograph was sent to a New hospital to the specialist; but sent word they could do no sent word they could do nothing further for me, and I was in deepair.

"One day a friend asked me if I had tried Zam-Buk, I said I had not, but I got a box right away. That first box did me more good them all the arrest did me more good than all the medi-cine I had tried up to that time, so I continued the treatment. Every box continued the treatment. Every

healed the sores I

nntil

to make a long story short, Zam-Buk healed all the sores completely. Every-body in this place knows of my case, and that it is Zam-Buk alone which and that it is Zam-Bak alone Minister corroborates .- The Rev. W B. M. Parker, of Caledonia, Miss Dolliver's minister, writes: "This is to certify that the testimonial of Miss Dolliver is correct as far as my

Dolliver is correct as far as my know-edge goes. I have known her for a year and a half and her cure effected by Zam-Buk is remarkable."

Wherever there is ulceration, blood-poison, sores, cold-cracks, abscesses, cuts, burns, bruises, or any jury or disease, there Zam-Buk should be applied. It is also a sure cure for piles. All druggists and stores sell at 50c per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, Refuse cheap and harmful imitations and substitutes.

BUT MOST OF THEM NEVER HAPPENED.

(Niagara Falls Journal) I am an old man and have had many cubles, but most of them never hap-ned," a quaint philosopher once of year truthfully. Old or young, "an an containant mever happened," a quaint philosopher once observed very truthfully. Old or young,
ask yourself frankly, how many of our
troubles ever happened. How many
bridges have you been alarmed about
which you never had to cross at all?
This is worth thinking about. Of course
there are troubles which do happen but
the majority of the worries of life are
needless. And even when everything is
dark without with if there be a light
and a force within many of the shadpest
shafts of misfortune are blunted and fall
to penetrate the armor of the sou. Of
doubt and despair, but often is the lees,
of sparkling hope. But a serene cheerfulness often disarms disaster and robs
the cruelest torment of its sting.

Paris Women in Strange Headgear, It is at such places as the Grand Guig-rol that one sees quaint clothes. I went one night this week and saw some of the funniest headgear I have beheld

anywhere. One girl had a bonnet rather like the sort of thing a knight of old would have worn in a tournament. It was made of gold metal in a chain pattern and it completely covered her head right down old brocade trimmed with fur round the trimmed with a wreath of scarlet flowers; another wore a high, pointed hat of brim, and several wore bands of beads

to the nape of her neck.

Another had a Mother Hubbard bordered with deep fringe, which hung all round the face efter the fashion of a lamp shade - Ouce

Had Pains in Back. Side and Chest

Suffered for Weeks, But Finally Found a Quick, Sure Relief.

Cured Quickly by "Nerviline"

No stronger proof of the wonderful merit of Nerviline could be produced that the letter of Miss Lucy Mosher, who for years has been a well known resident of Wingsor, N. S.

resident of Wingsor, N. S.

"I want to add my unsolicited testimony to the efficacy of your wonderful liniment, 'Nerviline.' I consider it the best remedy for a cold, sore throat, wheezing tightness in the chest, etc., and can state that for years our home has never been without Nerviline. I had a dreadful attack of cold, that settled on my chest, that fourteen different remedies couldn't break up. I rubbed on dies couldn't break up. I rubbed on Nerviline three times a day, used Nervi-line as a gargle, and was completely re-stored. I have induced dozens of my friends to use Nerviline, and they are all delighted with its wonderful power over pain and sickness.

"You are at liberty to publish this signed letter, which I hope will show the way to health to many that need to use Nerviline.

(Signed ("LUCY MOSHER."

All sorts of aches, pains and sufferings All sorts of aches, pains and suffrings—internal and external—yield to Nerviline. Accept no substitute. Large family size bottles, 50c; trial size, 25c, at all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

THIS WEEK'S JOKES HOT FROM BROADWAY.

Bings Can you tell me why a woman s the nearest imitation of an accord-

isements, but I guess that one's true Sting-You've stuck me this time, old nan. Why? Birgs-Because you have to knock the gird out of both of them before you can shut them up.—Gilmore and La Tour. Mr. Kelly—Mary, what was that y ere talking so much about at the party were talking so much about at the party last night?

Mrs. Kelly—Sure, I was only after tell-in' them that I was a well preserved woman for me age.

Mr. Kelly—Well preserved, is it? Well, you ought to be. You're pickled all the time.—The Four Mortons.

Mrs. Nagg—Henry, why don't you get up and look for a job? You know you never get much without struggling for it.

never get much without struggling for it.

Mr. Nagg (sarcastically)—I know it.

didn't I get you without a struggle?—

Don Carney.

Young Miss (to young man who is follying her)—You'd better look out for yourrelf, or I'll take you at your word, and then, if you don't make good, I'll sue you for breach of promise.

Young Man (very wittly)—You'd better not, or you'll be trampled on in the rush.—Mason and Keeler Company.

Mrs. Rooney (complaining to parish priest)—Father, that man or mine is either drinking again, or he's working in a circus.

Parish Priest-Why do you say that? Mrs. Rooney?

Mrs. Rooney—Why? Well, he cum home
last hight, and he was ravin' and screamin', and was askin' me to please shoot
the arimals at the foot of the bed.—Gus

the animals at the foot of the bed.—Gus Williams.
Mother (to her son) — George, you shouldn't get so sore and angry because that poor girl of yours kept you waiting last night.
George—I shouldn't get sore. Why not? Wasn't I waiting in a taxicab?
Little Boy (to his father)—Here's a founty dreamstick, pa.
Father—What is it? Nothing silly, I house.

hope"
Little Boy-Oh, no; this is a dandy.
If a Postal-Telegraph operator got marrled in 'Frisco, would that make it a
Western Union?-Harry Beresford and

Company.

Mr. Finnegan—Sure, that's a foine dog
ye have there, Mr. Cohen.

Mr. Cohen—Vell, he ought to be. He's
worth five hundred dollars.

Mr. Finnegan—An' sure, how the divil
did he ever save up that much money?—
Flanagan and Edwards.

HASTE NOT: REST NOT! "Ohne Hast, ohne Rast." Without haste! Without rest!

Bind the motto to thy breast; Rear it with thee as a spell; form and sunshine guard it well Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed

Mar for aye the spirit's speed; Ponder well, and know the right; Chward, then, with all thy might. Haste not! Years can ne'er atone For one reckless action done. Rest not! Life is sweeping by: Go and dare before you die; Something mighty and sublime

Leave behind to conquer time! Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away. Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait; Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait; Meekly bear the storms of fate! buty be thy polar guide— Do the right, whate'er betide. Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past,

God shall crown thy work at last. -Translated from Goethe. SPLEND D WORK IN PARRY SOUND

Quick Cure of W. S. Kettyle by Dodd's Kidaey Pills.

Suffered for Ten Months, But Was Cured by a Single Box—Splendid Reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Golden Valley, Parry Sound District, Ont., Feb. 19.—(Special)—W. S. Kettyle, well-known in this district, has added his testimony to the great mass now coming forward to prove that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure kidney disease, nowatter where it is found, or in what matter where it is found, or in what form it is found.

"I suffered from backache, gravel and "I suffered from backacin, graves aim headache for ten months." Mr. Kettyle states, "My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was completely cured. That was a year ago and I have had no return of my trouble and I have had no return of my trouble

Dodd's Kidney Pills have done a great work in this district. Numerous people can be found who have been cured by them of almost every kidney disease, in cluding rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy and Bright's disease. They are looked upon by all who have used them as one re cure for h