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THEIR HONEYMOON ON THE "L" TRAINS

Children Wed Because They Loved So Much.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR OLD BENEDICT

Hated to Juvenile Court, But Is Allowed to Go on Condition He Proves a Good Husband.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—There is one husband in Chicago for whom the iron gates of a reformatory will swing open if he stays out late at night or once departs from the straight and narrow path.

This husband was paroled to Probation Officer O'Meara yesterday by Judge Mack, of the juvenile court. His name is William Costello. He is 16 years old and lives with his wife, Mrs. Sadie Mathews Costello, at 3636 Ashland avenue. And if Willie doesn't behave himself like all good boys he will be taken into the juvenile court and punished.

Weeping mothers were saying farewells to their wayward sons and daughters, and truants in the tow of big policemen were hurrying through the hallways to the parental school bus yesterday afternoon when the chief probation officer called for Wm. Costello.

A slender boy pushed his way through the throng and appeared before the bench.

"Well, Willie, what have you been doing?" asked Judge Mack kindly.

"I've been getting married," answered the lad, smiling sheepishly.

"Yes, that's what he's been doing, and I had him arrested," began the boy's mother. "He's no good. I'm sorry for his wife. He's treated me shamefully——"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," interrupted Judge Mack. "I want to hear the boy's story. How old are you, my boy?"

"Sixteen."

"And do you think you can support a wife?"

"Yes, I was making $2 20 a day before I got arrested, and that's enough to keep any wife on."

"Where's your wife?" demanded the court.

A girlish figure came through the crowd and stood before the judge. Her eyes blazed with defiance as she glanced at her mother-in-law.

"How old are you?" Judge Mack asked.

"Nineteen," replied the girl.

"Why did you marry this boy?"

"Because I loved him so, your honor," said the girl calmly.

"Well, that's not so bad," commented the judge in an undertone.

Then there ensued the following colloquy:

Bride's Mother-in-law — That girl doesn't know what she's getting. That boy is bad. He swears at his mother. He never gave me more than $2 a week. He never earned more than $4.

Bride—I know what kind of a husband I am getting, and I'm willing to take my chances.

Husband's Mother-in-law — I guess my daughter is just as good as your son.

Bride's Aunt—They are living with us and are happy.

Bride and Groom in Unison—I should say we are happy.

Bride's Mother-in-law—But I can have it annulled. I want to have that done. I want the boy kept in some institution until he is of age.

Husband—That will only be an expense to you, for I'll wait and marry her when I'm of age.

Bride—Yes, and I'll wait for Will, too.

Court—Well, if it's so easy to wait, why didn't you do some waiting in the beginning?

Bride and Groom in Unison — We loved each other too much.

Judge Mack interrupted. First he questioned the lad and then the girl. He learned that they had been married a week. The groom told the court a friend secured the license for him. The honeymoon, he said, was spent on elevated trains and at the White City.

"Well, you are married, so I guess the best thing is for you to carry out your promises to love and cherish each other. I won't interfere. My boy, you are discharged. Be a good boy and a good husband."

Willie and Sadie kissed and were about to leave the courtroom, when Judge Mack called them back.

"I'm going to appoint a probation officer over this boy. I'll parole him to Miss Hughes."

"O, your honor, I beg to be excused in this case," exclaimed Miss Hughes, in whose mind rose visions of a jealous wife.

The court smiled and then named Officer O'Meara.

"You must report to Officer O'Meara once a week, and it will be his duty to see that you behave as a good husband should," was the judge's last injunction to the boy.

"Thank you, judge," exclaimed young Mrs. Costello, gratefully. Then, turning to her boy husband, she kissed him.

"I wash my hands of the whole affair," declared the boy's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Costello, 4122 Artesian avenue.

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QUITS NOBILITY FOR THE STAGE

Countess Kinsky, of Hungary, to Sing in Opera.

FINDS SMALL TALK WEARISOME

Women Continually Discussed Dress and Her Husband Refused to Stop Gambling.

Viena, Oct. 10. — Ilka von Palmay, the beautiful and famous Hungarian light opera singer, who married Count Eugene Kinsky and retired from the stage, but who recently returned to it again, is making a professional visit to the United States. All her arrangements are indefinite, beyond the fact that she will stay some five months in America.

"I have made no contracts with any American theaters or managers," she said, "preferring not to do so until after I arrive in New York. I have had many inquiries and offers, but, as I know nothing of the conditions on the American stage, I prefer to leave myself free for the time. But I am sure I shall like America and the people. I know already so many Americans and have heaps of friends among them."

The countess expects to appear only in light opera in English, although she sings in four languages—English, German, French and Hungarian.

It is now slightly over twelve years since this sprightliest of Hungarian footlight favorites forsook the stage after marrying into the distinguished and noble family of Kinsky. That, however, was not her first matrimonial experience. She previously had rid herself of a crazy husband by getting him locked up in a mad house, not to mention having been courted rather ardently by four or more other Bohemian and Hungarian noblemen. As a matter of fact, Ilka von Palmay charmed everyone who saw or met her. Mark Twain himself who made her acquaintance during his visit to Vienna several years ago, declared that "there could have been few more charming or sweeter women." Count Eugene Kinsky who finally won the fair singer's heart and introduced her into the great world, is the handsomest scion of a house of proverbially handsome men.

Since her marriage, with the exception of a season in London, where she scored a great success in "The Londoners," the coutness has played only on rare occasions, and then only for charities. For some time, however, her domestic affairs have not gone especially well, and, after long deliberation the countess decided to become once more Ilka von Palmay, the singer. Of the reasons which led her to abandon fashionable life among the great aristocracy of Austria-Hungary, she spoke openly, though with nothing but the kindest references to her late friends and associates.

"As my husband," she said, "persists in gambling, I have resolved to return to the stage. That is all. We had no quarrel no trouble of any kind. We are not divorced nor legally separated in any way. We are simply living apart. He is a perfect gentleman and I have not a word to say against him. His family, too, has always treated me with the greatest kindness. But I feel I shall be much happier on the stage."

Regarding the subject of actresses and matrimony, Countess Kinsky Palmay holds decided views. "I doubt much," she remarked, "whether actresses ought to marry at all unless the union brings children, and the woman becomes fully occupied with the cares of family life. I am sure they should not. I speak not only from my own experience. I have thought much upon the subject, and from personal observation, too, have reached this conclusion.

"It is simply impossible for a woman of keen artistic temperament, who has once experienced the joys of dramatic triumphs to settle down into a quiet, humdrum existence, even though it be among the most aristocratic circles. To live with people whose one idea is to amuse themselves, whose conversation is limited to dress and scandal in the case of women, and to sport and ballet dancers in male circles, is unbearable. I do not say that all Austrian and Hungarian fashionable people live such selfish, empty, purposeless lives. Many of them are highly cultivated, intelligent and delightful friends and companions. But there are, alas! many others, who think and talk of little else than dress and pleasure, who have no ideas of a world outside.

"To be condemned to meet these people in society day after day is, for a person of artistic temperament, impossible. Far better to return to the stage and work for one's living in a congenial atmosphere and enjoy the delightful cameraderie only to be found among actors and artists.

"And so," added the countess, "this is what I have decided to do. I have said farewell to society life, and am returning to the stage once more, with nothing but the most pleasurable anticipations. I am the more delighted that it is on the American stage that I shall make my first appearance, as I have heard so much of the kindly generous appreciation of the American audience, and I am most anxious to have the experience for myself."

300 VILLAGES DESTROYED

$30,000,000 Damage Done by the Recent Italian Earthquakes.

Rome, Oct. 9.—According to the latest official reports, three hundred villages were destroyed by the recent earthquake in the province of Calabria. Reconstruction work, it is estimated, will cost about $30,000,000, and funds contributed up to the present time amounts to $400,000.

The Pope is much distressed because of the situation, especially now that the severity of the autumn weather is felt among the inhabitants of the stricken districts. His Holiness today received the Right Rev. Francis Bourne, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, in audience, and thanked him warmly for opening a collection among the clergy of Westminster, adding "all good Catholics throughout the world should imitate him."

A HEAVY PENALTY

"But, mamma, I would rather do anything than marry him. Indeed, I don't want to marry anybody; I am very happy as I am," said poor Lily, piteously clasping her hands together; for it was shocking to her more refined and delicate mind that her mother should deliberately plan to capture a husband for her. But before she had time to plead her dismay and dislike to the whole scheme, the door opened, and the two young men entered.

"You must come down to the farm and see my new machine for chopping turnips," said the baronet, cheerily, shaking hands with Mrs. Finch. "All the children are coming, and your daughter has said she will come too."

"Thank you, Sir Edgar, but I am thinking of taking my daughter back to Wrexham this afternoon," answered Mrs. Finch, rather stiffly.

"Oh! but there is plenty of time for you to come round by the farm first; indeed, I can not take a refusal."

Edgar Dyson had a pleasant, winning manner—it was almost impossible for Mrs. Finch to decline the expedition.

Sir Edgar did not, however, gain much by the proposed walk. The four children went on in front; Lily, out of modesty, shrunk behind; while Norman, with an easy familiarity, took his place by her side, so that the baronet was perforce obliged to walk before them, with Mrs. Finch as his companion—an arrangement which, much as that lady herself approved of, was hardly to his own satisfaction.

Norman and Lily walked on for some minutes in silence.

They had not much to say to each other; they saw each other frequently and they called each other by their Christian names. There was a sort of cousinship between them which warranted the familiarity, the defunct Mr. Finch having been a second cousin of old Mr. King. Norman thought Lily a dear, sweet-tempered little thing, without much to say for herself; Lily liked Norman because he was kind to her, and took pains to be more civil to her mother than his grandfather did, otherwise she thought very little about him. There never had been the slightest symptom of love-making between them.

"So your cousins from France are coming to live at Wrexham, I hear?" said Lily, at length, more for the sake of something to say than because she took any particular interest in the unknown Misses King.

"Yes, one of them arrives tonight."

"Is she pretty?" asked Lily, listlessly, with her eyes fixed upon Sir Edgar's broad back in front of her.

A sudden flush swept over Norman's fair face, but Lily did not see this because she was considering deeply whether she would ever have strength of mind enough to prevent Sir Edgar from behaving to her as though he were her lover. Something, however, in Norman's voice, as he answered Lily, heartily, "You like her, of course?"

"No; I don't think anybody could like her," answered Norman, coldly. Lily opened her eyes. "Because," he continued, "she has what is a fatal blot upon any woman's beauty—a terrific temper."

"Really? What a pity," said Lily, with some interest.

"A bad-tempered woman is like a distorted flower, nothing can be more repulsive than to meet with moral ugliness where one expects to find nothing but beauty and harmony. I think a man whose wife has a violent and ill-controlled disposition is very much to be pitied. You, Lily," turning suddenly to her, with a smile, "you have the sweetest temper I have ever met with; I have often noticed it and admired it."

Lily blushed a little with a vague sense of uneasiness, and turned slightly away.

"I am sorry your cousin is so unamiable," she said, to divert the conversation from herself; "and the other one?"

"I have never seen Florrie, and she is not coming to Wrexham just yet," he answered, rather shortly.

Truth to say, the whole subject of his two cousins was rather distasteful to Norman just now. He was angry with Florrie for not coming, and angry also with Stella for coming alone; for, in spite of his indignant condemnation of her temper, he knew that at his heart her beauty would very probably disturb his peace. And then Norman was angry with his grandfather for limiting his choice of a wife to these two sisters, and was half disposed to determine that he would marry Lily or any other girl whom he might meet, if only he could throw every other consideration to the winds and follow his own fancy in the matter. Not that he cared about Lily, only she was neither Stella, whom he had seen, and who troubled his dreams, nor yet Florrie, whom he had not seen, but who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in avoiding his presence.

"What business had she to stay in France when he wanted her in England?" he said to himself, irritably. And, for a time, both sisters were odious to him, and Lily's attractions stood out forcibly in contrast to them.

Meanwhile they had reached the farm, and Sir Edgar turned round to call them into the covered shed where the new machine had been drawn up.

Farm machinery was a hobby of Sir Edgar Dyson, and although not one of his hearers knew anything about the subject, or cared very much about it, he took a great delight in explaining and expounding the workings of all the different wheels, and cogs, and joints of the machine. Only Lily listened intently, with her soft brow puckered up eagerly, trying hard to understand where the turnips were put in and what happened to them inside, and how they managed to come out of it chopped up—giving her whole mind to the process as though the breaking up into pieces of the homely vegetable were the one thing on earth she was most anxious to learn about. But that was because Sir Edgar was interested in it, and every true woman tries to share and enter into the tastes of the man she loves.

Somehow it came to pass that, in spite of all Mrs. Finch's vigilance, these two came to be separated a little from the others. It is difficult quite to know how it happened. Alice called Mrs. Finch to come into the poultry-yard and look at her own special white hen, of which she was very proud, and Norman, at the same minute, happened to wander away to the shed where the other children were busy inspecting the cows. Suddenly Edgar looked up and perceived that he and Lily were left alone in the barn with the machine; he instantly ceased his essay on turnip cutting, and took hold of her hand.

"I suppose your mother has been setting you against me as usual?" he said, rather roughly.

Lily looked pained.

"Indeed, Sir Edgar, I think she is quite right," she answered, with tears in her eyes; "and I think you will end by driving me away from here."

They were the hardest words she had ever spoken to him.

"So it has come to that—that you think me a brute—that you are afraid of me? I don't think much of your love, Lily."

She tried to draw her hand away, but he held it tightly and would not let it go."

They neither of them heard the stopping of a carriage close by the farm, nor the advancing steps of a lady who come toward them across the yard.

All at once a voice behind them made them spring guiltily apart.

"Dear me, Miss Finch, how very extraordinary! Where are the children, pray, and how come you not to be at lessons this morning? I heard voices, and stopped the carriage to see who was here; and dear me, can I believe my eyes?"—turning toward her son as if she had only just perceived him—"you, Edgar!" It is impossible to describe the mingled amazement and horror with which Lady Dyson spoke her son's name.

But as to Lily, if the earth could only have opened and swallowed her up she would have been very thankful.

CHAPTER X.

Wrexham Hall looked very gaunt and dreary as Stella King drove up alone to it in the dim gloom of the winter evening. Everything about the long facade, with its ponderous rows of white columns and its imposing Grecian portico, looked wealthy, and solemn, and intensely respectable, but was scarcely calculated to impress confidence or cheerfulness upon the heart of the desolate girl who had come alone to find a home beneath its roof.

As the fly which had been thought good enough to bring her and her modest luggage from the station drew up noisily upon the stone flags under the porch, Stella's heart sunk within her, and she could not help thinking bitterly of Florrie's selfish desertion of her.

Two powdered footmen, splendid creatures in crimson and black, flung open the doors to receive her, and ushered her into the large well-lighted hall. No one was there to welcome her.

Her heart sunk within her as she followed one of the servants down a long corridor, but when the man opened a door at the further end of it and told her respectfully that she would find Mr. King there in his study, Stella plucked up her courage, and determined to meet her grandfather with that spirit of independence and self-respect which was natural to her.

The old man was seated by his table, reading by the light of a shaded lamp. He rose at her entrance, and Stella thought his long, angular figure would never come to its full height as it raised itself slowly out of the depths of his low, leathern arm-chair. In all her life she had never seen any one so thin and tall.

"How d'ye do?" he said, not very graciously, holding out his long, claw-like hand to her. "Why didn't your sister come with you? I think she ought to have come; I am very much displeased that she should have begun by disobeying me."

"I am very sorry that you are vexed, grandpapa, I think, too, it would have been better if she had come here; but she had such a tempting invitation to Paris, and she is very young—"

"There—there! that will do," he interrupted, irritably. "I don't want to hear a whole list of excuses. I suppose your mother has brought you up like French girls, to do just as you please and go your own way."

"I don't think French girls go their own way at all," said Stella, smiling. "As a rule they are kept far more strictly than English girls."

Mr. King looked a little surprised. I was rather astonishing to him to be answered and contradicted by this slight, fair girl. The young lady seemed to have plenty of self-confidence, at all events. Perhaps the old man did not think any the worse of her for it.

"Come here and let me look at you," he said, shortly, prudently dropping the discussion concerning the education of French girls. He drew her near to him and held up the lamp so that it fell full upon her lovely face. He was evidently not displeased by what he saw, for his expression softened a little.

"So you are the young lady who refused to marry my heir, Norman Allingham?" he said, rather roughly.

Stella colored with a little natural indignation.

"I certainly refused him," she answered, composedly.

"Well, I am sorry you didn't hit it off, for you have your father's good looks. Is your sister as pretty as you are?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Stella, and she could not help laughing a little at this strange catechism through which the old man was putting her, "we are considered alike."

"Humph!" He dropped her hand and put the lamp down again upon the table. "You were a fool to refuse him," he said, shortly, "it's so much the worse for you, and so much the better for her. I shall only allow her to stop in Paris a month. You children don't seem to have understood that I am your natural guardian, and as long as you are under age you are bound to obey me, do you hear," looking at her rather savagely—"to obey me."

"Yes, I hear you, grandpapa, and I will do my best to be dutiful," she answered, quietly, adding, however, after a moment's pause, "as long as you only require from me what is right and reasonable."

It required some courage to say that and after she had said it she was half afraid he would be angry. But this old old man only laughed, with a sort of little inward chuckle, as though he were very much amused. Her fearlessness was rather fascinating to him, and, all unknown to her, reminded him of her dead father, toward whom his withered old heart had softened when he had heard of his death.

"What on earth made you come at such an hour?" he said, changing the subject. "Dinner has been over long ago; it is a most awkward time of day to arrive."

"I could not help the boats and the trains," said Stella smiling.

"Well, I couldn't keep dinner waiting for you; I never alter my dinner hour for anybody. I suppose you are not hungry?" looking at her sharply, as though he dared her to own such a thing. But Stella was quite undaunted.

"Indeed, I am very hungry indeed, I hope you will allow me something to eat."

"What a dreadful thing a young appetite is; you children eat at all hours and destroy your digestion for life," he said, grumblingly. "When you are my age the coats of your stomach will be gone."

"As long as I have a coat to my back—" began Stella, laughingly, and then her grandfather opened his eyes at her so alarmingly for daring to turn his words into a joke that her harmless little jest died away upon her lips.

"Go and find Mrs. Finch, and ask her to get you something to eat," he said, sternly.

[To be Continued.]

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NEW FALL STYLES.

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This autumn's vogue calls for styles of the tight-fitting type, with graceful, long coats, and skirts smartly pleated. But don't think for a minute because our suits follow along these lines they are uniform in style. Not by any means. A glimpse at our gathering will quickly correct any such erroneous ideas. Here are two or three suggestions:

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS OF BASKET CLOTH—Three-quarter length coat, tight-fitting, raised seams, mercerized lined; skirt nine gore, with side panels pleated; in navy and black. Price.....$16 50

LADIES' TAILORED SUIT OF PAN CHEVIOT, in navy, brown and black; coat, seven-eighths length, lined to waist with satin, strappings of self from shoulders to bottom of coat, velvet collar, snug-fitting style; skirt, eleven gore, pleated. This is a very smart and stylish suit..$24 00

LADIES' SUIT OF CHEVIOT, IN NAVY AND BLACK—Tight-fitting coat, seven-eighths length, silk lined to waist, yoke back and front, side pleats from yoke to waist, collar and cuffs trimmed with braid and buttons; skirt, three-piece, inverted pleats in front and back gores. One of our handsomest styles. Special.....$31 50

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STATUE TO A COOK

Nice Will Erect One to the Patriotic Urbain Dubois.

Paris, Oct. 10.—The people of Nice are going to erect a statue to the memory of a cook, Urbain Dubois. He was for many years head cook for King William of Prussia, at a salary of $12,600 a year, but as soon as war was declared in 1870 he resigned to fight against his former master. The statute to the patriotic cook will appropriately be erected in the central market.

Paris has recently had an amusing experience with the statue of Camile Desmoulins, which was unveiled the other day, but disappeared the next night. It seems that most of the garments with which the sculptor had provided the revolutionary firebrand were of the wrong date. The coat and cloak were several years too late, and instead of knee breeches and shoes with large buckles he used very modern riding boots. The statue is now being redressed.

ENGLAND'S GAME IN EAST

A German Expert's View of Anglo-Jap Alliance.

Berlin, Oct. 10. — Dr. Theodore Schiemann makes public a statement concerning the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which proves, he says, that it is England's constant endeavor to shift the center of gravity of her interests to the far east. These interests lie in the Pacific and Indian Oceans and in the Persian Gulf. There the preponderance of the British and Japanese navies combined with the Japanese army is to assert itself. He says:

"I believe without reserve that the purpose of English and Japanese statesmen, when they signed the treaty, was to secure peace for a number of years. Japan has certainly no desire for a fresh war, despite the press agitation and the swaggering of the various army, navy, and parliament hotspurs.

"There is no belief in England's desire to wage war. Her economical risk is too great, but her attitude up to the present has been an endeavor by systematic intimidation to delay or prevent the development of the German fleet.

"The treaty is to be regarded in only one respect from a European standpoint, that it will delay the introduction of general conscription in England, the agitation for which has been successfully conducted. A general conscription would give England a real sense of security, combined with a true pacific policy, which will only strike strong roots on English soil when that nation feels strong enough to defends its native soil and when in war time everyone capable of bearing arms must answer with his own life for the policy of the country.

"Anxiety concerning the maintenance of her Indian position is England's motive for entering into the treaty. Such anxiety has increased since the war, for, despite Russian defeats, Russia never had so many troops on Asiatic soil as she has today. It is probable that a considerable number will remain in Turkestan.

"Anglo-Russian rivalry does not concern India, but Persia and Afghanistan, and despite the new alliance all advantages seem to be for Russia, for she can with out sacrificing her projects afford to wait until the Persians and Afghans are driven by the domineering English procedure into her arms as allies. Russia's intentions are not lust of conquest, but closer economical connections with these states.

"I do not believe that the alliance will lead to the defense of India, but perhaps to an offensive war against Russia throughout Afghanistan and Persia.

"Japanese troops in English hands would be a two-edged sword, and would damage England. Even now the eyes of all Indians are turned to Japan in hushed awe and reverence as the future deliverer of Asia.

"Signs are not lacking that the native population of India is desirous of rising to shake off the English yoke, whereas Russia was not troubled a single moment during the recent war with her Asiatic subjects.

"The Angli-Japanese alliance seems to be a dangerous weapon politically and economically in India, Indo-China, Australia and South America, where Japanese trade agencies will spring up like mushrooms."

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But it reduces all swelling, and takes away inflammation, removes soreness from any muscles that are injured or strained. This is what Polson's Nerviline does. No house can afford to be without it.

A WIDE SPHERE OF USEFULNESS.—The consumption of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has been on the market over thirty-one years, its prosperity is as great as ever, and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh suplies are constantly asked for.

A systematic examination has been made for some three thousand children from the Leeds (England) slums, with the result that the poor Jew is found to be three pounds heavier and two inches taller than his non-Jewish brother at the age of 8 years. At the age of 10 the difference had increased to six and a quarter pounds and two and a half inches, and at the age of 12 to seven pounds and one and a quarter inches.

Each year the Kaiser gives a prize to the officer who does the best work at the annual maneuvers. The prize this year consisted of a complete field kit, uniforms, mess chest and everything.

The Welsh town of Pwlhieli wants to change its name to Porthely. The mayor of Pwlhieli attended a public dinner in London and was referred to in the newspapers as a foreigner. Worse still, summer visitors are shy of going to a town whose name they cannot pronounce.

Some men attempt to cure the blues by painting things red.

HEALTHY OLD AGE

There Is No Reason Why People of Three Score Years and Ten Cannot Be Active, Bright and Healthy. Nature's Way of Making Old People Well.

In old people, no matter how healthy the individual may otherwise be, there is often a tendency to coldness of the extremities, sluggishness of the circulation, torpidity of the liver and constipation. This tendency is really a condition, and one of the many accompaniments of old age and not a disease. If there is one remedy more peculiarly adapted for this condition than another, that remedy is Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills. They impart energy to the whole system, invigorate the circulation, increase the flow of digestive juices, thus improving the stomach action and nutrition. They quickly relieve all unpleasant symptoms usually experienced by old people, resulting in torpidity of the liver, constipation, feeble circulation, headaches, etc. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills are of inestimable value not only in advanced age, but also in people of all ages. They prevent premature wrinkles, give a health glow to the skin, and under their antiseptic and blood cleansing influences the complexion retains its freshness, while sallowness permanently disappears. Hundreds of grateful old ladies in their letters write: "Your pills make me look and feel ten years younger." Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills always make old age comfortable, and promote digestion and nutrition by their specific action on the stomach, liver and bowels. They always cure sick headache, constipation and biliousness in one night. 25 cents at all dealers.

All genuine signed W. F. Smith.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.

ALL DEALERS-25 CENTS. ...E AT THE PEOPLES PRICE

Last of the Fall Fairs.

Euphemia and Dawn, Florence	Oct. 9-10
Lion's Head	Oct. 10
Underwood	Oct. 10
Harrow	Oct. 10-11
East Nissouri	Oct. 11
Delaware	Oct. 11
Muncey	Oct. 11-12
Blenheim	Oct. 12-13
Chatsworth	Oct. 12-13
Highgate	Oct. 13-14
Ridgetown	Oct. 16-18
Norfolk, Simcoe	Oct. 17-19
Moraviantown	Oct. 17-20

At a recent floral exhibition at Bad Kreuznach, Germany, 24,000 rose bushes were on view. Among the curiosities were green roses, and a bush that had roses of three colors, some being red, others rose, and others yellow.

After the storm look for a rainbow or a policeman.

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell 3-4

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

COWAN'S

Cake Icings

Make it a pleasure to ice a cake.

They save time and labor.

Assorted colors and flavors.

The Cowan Co., Ltd.

TORONTO.

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USE ONLY THE BEST

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

is the STANDARD article

READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY.

For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds SAL SODA.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.