MORE THAN STRUMPED FRANCE HOLD

ger."
"Is that all?" asked the marquis ith deathlike calmness.

moment.
"What is it, Nairne?" he asked. "Why do you question me?"
"Yes, I question you!" responded
the marquis sternly. "What else did

Luigi hesitated.
"I—I think I heard Miss Delaine

The marquis gripped his arm. "Come away!" he said. CHAPTER XXII.

The two men walked toward the house in silence. Luigi knew by the marquis voice and manner that something had happened; the sharp, short cry of mortal agony which had smitten his acute ears just bedone the property of the sharp and the same transport fore the marquis came up seemed still to ring ominously in them. The clouds had gathered thickly during the last few minutes, and it was the last few minutes, and it was evident that a storm was approach-ing, but now and again the moon pierced through and fell aslant the

At one of these moments the mar-At one of these moments the marquis saw some object lying just in front of them on the gravel. He stooped and picked it up, still retaining the blind man's arm. It was the rose and illy dagger. As his flogers touched it he started; the thing was wet—and not with dew, as he had at first supposed.

rst supposed. Vhat is that you have picked up, Nairne?' asked Luigi.
The marquis hesitated for a moment, then he replied in a low voice:

"Nothing!"
The blind man turned his sightless eyes to him with troubled questioning; but he did not repeat the words. The marquis held the dagger in his hand for a few moments, then he slipped it into his pocket. His face could, not have grown more white or haggard, but there was a new expression in it, and a strange one expression in it, and a strange one for the Marquis of Nairne's face to wear; it was one of dread and

They reached the door in the tower, and the marquis unlocked it. Something appeared to be wrong with the lock or key, for he did not open the door without some

ifficulty.

When they entered the small hall
When they Inici's progress for a When they entered the small has he arrested Luigi's progress for a moment by a pressure of his arm, listened. The house was quite still. Then he led the way to the library, and, guiding Luigi to a chair, went to the window and looked out at the night adark now as nitch with a variable. night-dark now as pitch-with a va-

night—dark now as pitch—with a vacant, troubled gaze.
Luigi Zanti was the first to speak; and his words came as if he found silence intolerable.

"What — what has happened, Nairne?" he said, lifting his pale face in the direction of the marquis.
"I know that something is wrong. I can hear it in the tone of your voice, feel it in your manner."

"We must leave here to-morrow. "We must leave here to-morrow morning, Luigi," said the marquis, in a husky woice.

"Leave — to-morrow?" exclaimed the Italian. "You cannot mean it! And—and—your guests! What of

care nothing for them," said marquis, almost inaudibly.

ly Scott will be here for the hours they will remain—"

'1-I don't understand,' exclaimed Luigi, trembling, "If you can tell me what has happened, for God's sake, do, Nairue! This sus-pense-! Remember that I cannot see, and that the sound of your and that the sound of your so strange and altered-terrifies me with vague dread. Where are we going?"
"I do not know," responded the

wearily. "It does not Out of England; the farmarquis, ther the better; though one cannot escape the consequences of one's blatant folly though he go to the end of the world. I have been a fool, an arrant fool!" And he laughed bitterly. Luigi Zanti drew his trembling

Luigi Zanti drew his trembling hand across his brow,
"You must tell me, Nairne," he said. "You have said too much to leave me in ignorance. Why do you say this? and why are you leaving the Castle so suddenly?
Are the major and Elaine going with us?"

The marging let the curtain fall.

The marguis let the curtain fall, and, leaning against the window, looked at the anxious face.

"The major and Miss Delaine are

THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD

Summer is the most deadly season of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diar-rhoea, infant chelera and other hot weather ailments come quickly, and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure these troubles, and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets. A box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes—that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stom-ach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Van-derveer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her almost at once. I think the Tablets

splendid medicine for children."

The Tablets are guaranteed to ure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no oplate or poison drug, and can be given safely to a new born babe. safely to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Brockville, Ont.

"Miss Delaine—why do you speak of her in that way?"

"It is the way in which a gentleman should speak of a lady with whom——"He broke off with a groan. "My God, I do not know what I am saying! I can scarcely put the meaning to your words or mine! I feel as if I were going mad!"

In passionate language he described his first meeting with Elaine on the bridge, when he was a witness of what he now believed, in the light of present circuinstances, to have been only a lovers' quarrel.

been only a lovers' quarrel.

"From that moment, I am convinced it was her intention to discard her old lover, and strive to win the marquisate," Nairne declared. "I had forgotten the fellow until tonight; and if anyone had told me that she Flaine my sweet, innocent. nad forgotten the fellow until tonight; and if anyone had told me
that she, Elaine—my sweet, innocent,
pure-souled Elaine, my girl angel—
would steal out to meet him in the
darkness of the night——"
The blind man sprang to his feet,
his white face quivering, his sightless

eyes staring.
"It is a lie! a cruel lie!" he panted.

"It is a lie! a cruel he!" he panted.
The marquis regarded him with a
self-contemptuous smile.
"My poor, deluded Luigi, it is the
truth! I myself saw them!"

"You—you saw them?" breathed

Luigi. "Yes." the marquis said grimly. " raw them. When I left you I walked unthinkingly toward the bridge. They did not hear me, I suppose. I saw them quite plainly. She was standing, leaning against the rail, her hands clasped piteously. He was addresssee his face. It was the face of a man half daft with despair; just the face a man wears whose sweetheart has jilted him for another man—a better match! I could not man—a better match! I could not hear their words; if I had heard, I should have turned and left them. But their faces, their attitudes were significant enough. He was urging her to give me up, to go back to him; that was plain. Some-

back to him; that was plain. Something else was plain, and that was that he had some hold on her. I guessed that; but presently the guess became conviction. The young fellow produced a letter." Luigi covered his face with his hands and listened breathlessly. "It was a letter of hers, no doubt; and no doubt a compromising one. Perhaps he was holding it over her as a threat. They came to terms as a threat. They came to terms at last, I suppose At any rate, he gave her the Jetter reluctantly, and she seemed overwhelmed by joy and relief. He wanted it back—I imagine that he saw that by relinquishing the letter he had lost all hold on her-but she refused. could stay no longer. It cost me something not to break in upon them and confront her. Yes, it cost me something." He leaned his head upon his hands in silence for-

a moment, then he went on in a weary voice. "But I pitied her; yes, I pitied her. I saw it all so distinctly—the hideous comedy. Heaven knows what pressure edy. Heaven knows what pressure may have been put upon her; what inducements she had to jitt him. You cannot understand, you don't know the charming customs of the marriage market in this our Christian England, Luigi! Why, if I wereworse than I am, the vilest of the vile, old, decrepit, deformed in mind and body, there are fathers—yes, and mothers—who would sell me their girl Yor a wife! You cannot, but I can, understand the kind of persuasion her father would use. It is not can, understand the kind of persuasion her father would use. It is not
all her fault; she is not wholly and
solely to blame. No! Let me cherish
some remnant of my great love and
reverence for her. No doubt she was
pure-minded enough until, in an evil
moment, I crossed her path and
tempted her, and those belonging to
her, to covet a coronet. Let me hug
that consolation, even though it be
a false one! I cannot think her
wholly false and mercenary. My beautiful—" His voice broke, and he His voice broke, and he tiful—" His voice broke, and ne strode to the window and turned his back to the silent listener, as if to hide the emotion even from Luigi's

sightless eyes. Luigi raised his head. He seemed to have been completely overwhelmed.

"I have listened to you, Nairne," he said, almost inaudibly; "but stillyes, still I cannot believe her guilty of the treachery you charge her with. There must be some mistake, some misapprehension. It is a terrible enigma." Luigi raised his head. He seemed to

igma."
"It is all too plain, alas! I have told you what I have seen; explain it away i! you can. God knows I would be glad to have you clear her I would give all I possess to wipe out the remembrance of the scene; I would give half the years remaining to me to believe her innocent, to put her back in my heart as she seemed to me an hour—only an hour!—ago. Come, what is your explanation, Luigi?"
The blind man shook his head.

The blind man shook his head.
"I do not know, I cannot t "I do not know, I cannot think of any, and yet—forgive me, Nairne —my faith in her is greater than

The marquis sighed.

"You have not seen her and the man, as I saw them. You have had the scene second-hand. What explanation is possible? The fact, the hideous fact, remains, that she stole out of the house to meet the man who was her lover, and that this letter has passed from him to her. My God, if she had only trusted me! If she had only known me better! Why, Luigi, if she had come to me and told me all, I could still have loved and reverenced her. I would The marquis sighed. not have hesitated a moment in yielding her up. She should have had this man for a husband, and me for a friend as long as her life lasted. But now——"
"You will be her friend still,
Nairne!"

The marquis sighed. "Yes, because I cannot help it!
You know that I love her still. I have said I pity her. Poor girl, poor child! Yes, I will be her friend. poor child! Yes, I will be her friend.

I will help her to get her heart's desire. This man is a cad and a coward, and altogether unworthy of her, but as her heart is set on marrying him. I will help them both. But thought him—that cowed and overicannot see her again. I cannot is whelmed her.

WEAK AND FAINTING

he repeated hoarsely, almost fiercety.
"The sight of her would unman me, drive me mad! God help me! I love her all the more now that I have lost her! And it is not only her! I have lost, but all hope and care for the fature. But I won't speak of mysolf. I am sick and weary of existence; and life seemed so bright, so precious, an hour-only an hour ago!" People.

Luigi felt his way across the room Lugi feet his way across the room and touched his friend's arm. "May God help you, and give you strength to bear this, Nairne!" he said brokenly. "Perhaps—who knows?—all may be explained, cleared up."

The marugis shook his head.

"Nover," he said. "It is all over! There is no hope for me, I can feel that. But we must think of her." The blind man stood with bowed head in silence for a moment, then he said in a low voice; "What—what was that ery we

"What-what was that heard. Nairne?'

heard Nairne?"

The marquis looked up in a dull, dazed fashion.
"Cry!?"
"Yes. Just before you returned to me I heard —I told you— the cry of a man who has been hurt."

The marquis drew his hand across his brow.

The marquis drew his hand his brow.

"Yes, yes, I remember," he said.
"I don't know. An owl, perhaps."
Luigi shook his head.

"You cannot tell. What else could it have been? You heard nothing else?"

Luigi hesitated a moment. "Nothing but —"
"Nothing but what?"
Luigl's face looked wan and trou

"I heard El-her pass me," he said almost inaudibly. "It was not she who cried out?" asked the marquis.
"No. it was a man's voice. I—I am

"No, it was a man's voice. I—I am sure of that. It was a terrible cry, Nairne. I—I seem to hear it now." "It must have been an owl, or some other bird," said the marquis. "I heard it, but indistinctly. I, was almost deaf and blind and stupid with He looked round for a candle, and

put his hand in his pocket for his match box.

As he did so his hand came in contact with the rose and ily dagger. He started, and withdrew his hand

sharply, "When—when did you hear this sound?" he asked slowly.
"Just before you came back to me. I cannot tell how long I was citting hore." sitting here. "And you heard nothing else, no

one else pass but——"
"No one but Elaine." The marquis stood with his hand to his forchead, his eyes fixed on the ground. Then he shook his head, ground. Then he shook his head as if his wearied brain refused to follow the train of thought any longer.

lit the candle and took the blind man's hand, and led him from the room and upstairs.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After he had left Luigi at his own apartments, the marquis went slow-ly down the broad staircase. The mental shock which Elaine's supposed reachery had produced had, had said to Luigi, deadened his facul-ties and half stupefied him. He stood for a few minutes lost in stood for a few minutes lost in thought, or rather struggling for the power of thought, in the middle of the hall, then he went slowly toward the library. He could not see her again. Should he write to her? Would it be better to see her father, and explain the whole her father, and explain the whole matter to him? He could not dematter to him? He could not decide. Of one thing only was he certain: that it would be better for him and for Elaine that they should not meet again.

not meet again.

As he passed the drawing-room door, he glanced in absently, and was going on to the library, when something moving in the room attracted his attention. The room was dark, save for the light that reached it dimly from the candelabra in the hall, and he took a small lamp from a bracket and went into lamp from a bracket

the room.

As he did so he saw a womat lying on a couch, her arms out lying her her bear her face resting on them

As he did so he saw a woman lying on a couch, her arms outstretched, her face resting on them. The whole attitude was eloquent of exhaustion and sorrow, and as he approached and the light of the upheld lamp fell upon the figure, he saw that it was Elaine. He stood for a second or two motionless and silent. There she lay, the woman he loved so dearly, as King Arthur's queen lay at his feet at their last parting. Her halr had broken loose from its coils, and lay in a silken mass upon her white arms, her hands were clasped together. All his heart went out to her with infinite pity, inwhite arms, her handled together. All his heart went out to her with infinite pity, infinite love, and the longing to stoop and take her in his arms, to press her to his breast, and hold her there against the whole amounted to torture. Why hold her there against the whole world, amounted to torture. Why was she lying there? Had she fainted, or had she fallen askeep from the exhaustion of excitement? He half resolved to leave her, but he could not. He would not leave her there to be discovered by some

curious servant.
Still holding the lamp, he bent down and laid his hand gently, ingly, and ah: how lovingly! up-

on her head.
"Elaine!" he whispered.

Alas! too often Gullt wears the aspect of Innocence; but too often, also, Innocence in its intense horror of Gullt looks like that which it abhors. It was she who shrank from his dark, penetrating, and accusing eyes—she who felt that she should have risen and confronted him, with all the dignity of an injured woman. have risen and controlled min. With all the dignity of an injured woman. His heart sank at what he took for signs of shame and remorse, and with something like a groan he turned his head away for a moment. It tortured him to see her, as he thought, so conscious-stricken, so abased.

abased.

"Elaine," he said, "what are you doing here? Why are you not in bed? Come." and he held out his

The Sad Plight of Anaemic

They Have Headaches and Backache Are Languid and Unable to Stand Exertion

(From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.) You can always tell anaemic men and women. They are pale, weak and languid. They have headaches and languid. They have headaches and the same tell of the can't digost what little they do eat. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. Banish anaemia at pace by enriching your blood and tong up your nerves with Dr. Williams. once by enriching your blood and toning up your nerves with Dr. Williams'
Pink Fills. Thousands of grateful
women have said that these pills
have restored them after all other
means tried had falled. Mrs. Josias
Mcliroy, of Orangoville, Ont., was a
great sufferer for several years, and
spent much money looking for a cure.
To a reporter of the Sun Mrs. Mcilroy said: "Several years ago my
health gave out completely. I was so
weak that I could not do my housework. If I went bestairs my heart work. If I went upstairs my heart would palpitate violently, and some-times I would faint away through weakness. My nerves were unstrung, and I suffered much from dizziness. I tried many remidie, but they did not being men then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' link Pills and decided to do so. I am glad I did, for the pills soon built me up and made me a well woman. My health remained good until dast spring, when I was soon to the main the remained good to the main the remained good to the main the remained good to the main again taken with weakness. I know by experience the value of Dr Williams' Pink Pills, and at once go a supply. The result was as beneficial as before, and I can conscient ously say the pills have done me un-told good. I am grateful for this, and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured

more sickly, pal faced girls and womon than any other medicine ever discovered, for they supply new, rich blood, and so strengthen every of the body. They are equally suitable for men, women and chil dren, and cure not only anaemia, bu decline, consumption, indigestion, rhoumatism, St. Vitus' tance, and thospecial allments which all women fread. These pills can be had dread. These pills can be had through any druggist, or will be sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-ville, Ont. Look for the full name on every box, so that no worthless substitute may be palmed off on you.

"Do—not touch me!" she said, al-most inaudibly, in a kind of dull whisper. "I will go——" He looked at her.

"Are you afraid of me?" he said, hoursely.
"Afraid?" The word dropped from "Araid?" The word dropped from her lips mechanically.

"Yes." he said. "You look, you speak as if you were. You have no cause to be, Elaine. I see that you are aware that I know all."

She raised her eyes, let them rest upon his white and haggard face for a moment, then they drop-

face for a moment, then they dropped again, and she shuddered.

He was silent for a moment,

"You saw me-you knew. I was near you, that I saw you with

him?"
She put her hand to her brow,
but made no response.
"Yes," he said in a low voice. "I
knew all. It is all well. It is better so. It sayes us both so much! What do you expect me to say? Do you think that I was blaming you? No! the fault, the blame, is all mine! I the fault, the blame, is all mine! I might have known that—" He was going to say, "that you could not love me," but he could not do so. "The fault was mine. You shall reproach me if you like. You shall say just what you will. I do not deserve your pity, I do not ask for any."

She looked at him with a dazed.

bewildered look in her eyes.
"Pity: You!" she faltered. "It is Yes, my poor child." he said with

"Yes, my poor child!" he said with a deep sigh. "It is you who should be pitied, and God know(# I pity you! But you know that, You know that however selfishly I have acted, I loved you that I love you still."

She shuddered and turned from him, What could he think but that she shrank from the expression of his love.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "It is the last time you will hear it from my lips. To speak of my love to you now would only be to lasult you."

A sob shook her frame.
"Do not cry," he said with labored breath.
"You have not been to blame. I could have wished that you had trusted me."
"Trusted!" she panted, eyeing him
half fearfully, as if fascinated. "Have

I nct—"
He shook his head sadly.
"My poor child! Why did you not come to me and tell the all? No!"
for her lips had parted, "not now.
It is too late now, now that I know all. There is nothing left to say, Elaine, save that I beg your forgiveness—"

She covered her face with her hands and sank on to the couch.

"Elaine!" he whispered.

She started at his touch, and raised her head. For a moment she did not appear to realize where she was or to recognize him; then she half rose, shuddered, and shrank back. Her eyes fell before his, and she turned away and covered them with her hand.

Alas! too often Guilt wears the aspect of Innocence; but too often, also, Innocence in its intense horror of Guilt looks like that which it abhors. It was she who shrank from his dark, penetrating, and accusing eyes—she who felt that she should have risen and confronted him, with the dignity of outraged woman-

with the dignity of outraged woman-hood. And yet she could only hide her face and weep, and let his voice rack her heartstrings!

(To be Continued.)

Delicious Ice Cream

The simplest and most delicious ice cream is made by first whipping the required amount of cream, freezthe required amount of cream, freezting slightly, and then adding fruit
juice, which has been sweetened. Remember that the sugar in the fruit
fulce, must be sufficient to sweeten
the entire mixture. Finish the freezting after pouring in the juice. A littile fresh fruit may be added towards
the last.—Eve. Post.

"Again I decided to consult a decided to consult a

Ottawa, July 2, 1803.

The investigation into the conditions of the seed trade conducted by the Lominion Department of Agriculture during the past two years has clearly shown that there is fast room for improvement. The outcome has been the introduction into Parliament by the Minster of Agriculture of a bill to improve the conditions that have been shown to exist. The bill is intended to prohibit the sale of any commercial seeds which may contain seeds of such weeds as wiid mustard, pennyeris, ox ye dai y, prennial sow thistie, rag weed, bindweed and several others; and to provide for the grading of all seeds sold as either "Grade No. I.", "Grade No. II.", "Grade No. II.", "Grade No. II.", or "screenings." The requirements of each grade are specified, the basis of grading being the per cent. of

Pura Living Seed. and in the case of the higher grade the freedom from specified weed ceeds in addition to those above men-tioned. The grading is to be done by the reedmen themselves, but samples may be sent for analysis the Department of Agriculture at

the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

The bill has aroused great interest among the seedsmen, as should it become law, much greater care will be required in grading than is at present the case. A deputation of prominent Canadian seedsmen waited upon the Minister of Agriculture a week or two ago to protest against the passing of the bill as drafted, claiming that some of the clauses were impracticable, and that if enforced it would cause undue restriction and possibly suspension of trade. They claim that it is impossible to obtain in sufficient quantity seed of the ligher grades, owing to the prevalence of weed seeds. Many of these valence of weed seeds. Many of these it is impracticable to clean out, on account of their similarity in size and weight to the clover seeds. Much of the seed received from the producers is vile with weed seeds, and although it may be greatly improved by cleaning cannot by any means be made perfect. improvement This Year.

The demand this year has been much greater than in any previ-ous year for the best recleaned ons year for the best rectained seed, due largely to the preaching of the Gospel of good seed by the Agricultural Department. In fact, it was stated by one of the leading seedsmen that as far as demand for good seed was concerned there had been more improvement in the last two years than in the provious twenty. Unfortunately, the quality of the seed received from the producers has not improved. Should the proposed bill come into force, as is almost sure to be the case sooner or later, they are de-termined to differentiate greatly in price in favor of clean samples

the growers. To a certain extent this is done at present, but a spe-cial premium is to be put on high

grades.
This is as it should be, because there is no excuse for the produc-tion of clover seed foul with weeds seeds. The weeds most common in red clover fields are: Canada thistle, curled dock, ragweed and white cockle; while wild mustard, oxeye daisy, sow thistle and several others are found less frequently. In alsike fields, false flax, white cockle, sheep source availed dock sheep sorrel, curled dock, maywee and lambs' quarters are frequent and lambs' quarters are frequently found. All of these weeds may be readily seen while growing, and

Before the Seed Ripens s the proper time to remove them is the proper time to remove them. They may be either spudded or pulled, and removed from the field. This system is practised by some of our successful growers of cloyer seed, and when once given a trial is found to be not only practicable, but also thorough, fairly rapid, and very profitable.

It may be claimed that to do this where weeds are plentiful is out of

It may be claimed that to do this where weeds are pientiful is out of the question; that it would take a great deal of time, and the trampling would injure the crop. A field inwhich the weeds are too pientiful to be handled in this way, should not, under any consideration, be devoted to the production of clover for seed. It is absolutely folly to grow seed, which is ten or fifteen per cent. weed seeds, as there is no surer way of widely disseminating weeds than to have the seeds mixed with otherwise good grades of small commercial seeds, such as those of the grasses and clover. To grasses and clover. To

Sell Seeds Adulterated Sell Seeds Aquiterated with ten per cent. of sand would be regarded by many people as criminal, but how much more criminal should it be regarded to sell seed containing ten per cent. of noxious weed seeds? In the former case, the weed seeds? In the lorder case, the only injury is an increase in price; in the latter, the enhanced price of the good seed is a small matter compared with the injury done by the in-

pared with the injury done by the in-troduction of new weed pests.

It is impossible to effectively en-force legislation to prevent the growth of impure seed. We must teach the producers to see the folly, of growing anything but the best. Seedsmen find it necessary to make differences in price in order to protect themselves, and there is no doubt that the increased price for good seed will more than repay the extra trouble involved in its production. It trouble involved in its production. It is therefore to every farmer's interest to grow only the highest quality, not only because it is a gross injustice to neighbor farmers to continue the production of weed seeds, but also because he is sure to be amply rewarded for any increased trouble. — A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

GADDING GIRLS.

An Editor Gets After Them With Sharp Pen.

(Emporia, Kan., Gazette.)
The mothers of this town have ha The mothers of this town have had a lesson—but it doesn't seem to have done them any good. There are just as many girls gadding around town after school now getting their mail in private boxes in the postoffice as there were ten days ago. Two years ago the Gazette went after the mothers of Emporia for neglecting their daughters, and the result was that half a dozen private mail boxes were discontinued and a lot of little girls that were in the habit of gadding too much were kept in for a time. These girls are now developing into fine young women, but another crop of gadding girls has come on. crop of gadding girls has come on, and the Gazette hopes no one's modesty will be shocked by saying these little hussies ought to be spanked good and red. They are between 14 and 17 years old, and are just so everlastingly boy struck that they can't sit still. If their mothers knew the type of boys and menyoung human pups—these girls are running they would throw fits.

But the mothers, it is presumed, know nothing of the situation. They think their little girls are so sweet and pure that nothing can harm them. The truth is that these children are made of the same kind of mud that we are all made of and they are just as liable to tempta—

the girls hibst cake after" their father.

Tather.

There are just two things that will keep girls straight at "that age"—one is plain clothes and the other is home duties. The girls who make fools of themselves in Emporta are invariably overdressed. They wear duds that women of 30 should hesitae about wearing.

A little girl with too many and too costive tothes on her back gets self-

costly clothes on her back gets self-conscious and vain and loves admiraconscious and vain and loves admira-tion—and you grown-up women know the next step. A simple, pure-hearted girl who has a place in the home, home work and home duties, has her heart there, and no boy can steal it. Only when maturity comes and a real Only when maturity comes and a real man comes and a real affair of the heart comes will such a girl leave home, and then only after heartaches and heart-rending. But a girl whose place in the home is at the table and

in bed won't love that home. the Gazette hopes no ones ty will be shocked by saying child whose home memories are not child whose home. hallowed by work, who is not needed and does not feel the need, will not love home. And if she doesn't love the home of her girlhood she will love no other. She will go anywhere for any-thing. Home will mean nothing to such a woman, and if she is respect-able she will only lack the opportun-ity to be a bad woman, and is good only through circumstances or by the necessity of an ugly face. She will

think their little girls are so sweet and pure that nothing can harm them. The truth is that these children are made of the same kind of mud that we are all made of and they are just as liable to temptation as older people and a thousand times less experienced. And their mothers let them gad the streets after school and flirt with all kinds of men, and then their mothers wonder how the devil got them and think

Dreadful Case of Itching Piles

Doctor Wanted to Burn the Skin With a Red Hot Iron-Patient Was Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mr. Alex. McLean, Talbot Vale, N.
S., writes: "For two years I worked had about given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a Iriend told me about Dr. Company's railroad between Sydney and Glace Bay, N. S., and during that time was exposed to all sorts of weather than the would pay for it himself. It is the told to suffer the suffering was exposed to all sorts of weather than the would pay for it himself.

and Glace Bay, N. S., and during that time was exposed to all sorts of weather. Gradually my health failed, and I became a victim of protruding piles. At first I did not know what my ailment was, but consulted a Soctor, and though he treated me for piles, they only grew worse.

"I was forced to give up work and return to my home. My suffering could scarcely be described. I could not walk or lie down, but while the rest of the family was sleeping I would be groaning and aching from the excruciating pains.

"Again I decided to consult a doctor. This one stripped me, and said the piles would have to be burned with a red-hot iron. I shivered at the thought of burning the flesh, and said the limit of burning the flesh, and said the limit was worth still dealers, or Edmans bates & Co., Toronto.

ontment."
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents
box, at all dealers, or Edmans
Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imit the portrait and signature Chuse, the famous

author, are on every