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I cannot refrain from telling all who suffer of my remarkable recovery with Psychine. In April, 1902, I caught a heavy cold which settled on my lungs and gradually led to consumption. I could not sleep, was subject to night sweats, my lungs were so diseased, my doctor considered me incurable. Rev. Mr. Mahaffy, Port Elgin Presbyterian Church, recommended Dr. Broom's Psychine to me, when I was living in Ontario. After using Psychine for a short time I ate and slept well, the night sweats and cough ceased. Months ago I stopped taking Psychine, as I was perfectly restored to health and to-day I never felt better in my life. Psychine has been a god-send to me.
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A Preconcerted Accident

By JEANETTE WALDEN

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"It's good to see you once more, Arthur!" Naoma Lake ran across the room, holding out both hands to the strong, dark young man who came forward to meet her. Her delicate face was alight with real joy.

"Good!" he echoed, taking her extended hands and drawing her to him. As he bent his face to meet hers she shrank back, flushing painfully. Then a smile flickered across her face, and she disengaged her hands, motioning him to a seat.

For a moment he studied her. "Forgive me," he said ironically. "You kissed me goodbye, you remember?"
"I was young five years ago," she laughed as she sat down.
He threw himself into a chair opposite and drew his hand across his forehead.

"Perhaps we ought to be introduced," he suggested cheerfully.

At this her laugh rang genuine.

"Tell me about yourself," she commanded.

He shook his head. "Nothing—same old story. But tell me about yourself. There is something, I know. I went to seek my fortune. You already had yours in your face."

She could not meet his eyes. "Same old story." She only attempted to laugh this time. "There's nothing to tell."

There was a tremor in her voice. He studied her face again.
"I've got a machine out here," he said, rising. "Come for a ride."
She sprang up with impulsive acquiescence. Then her gray eyes clouded suddenly. "Oh, I can't!"
"But you want to?" he asserted.
"Yes, I want to, oh, so much, but—I have an appointment."
"It's been a long time since you rode with me. You need a change. Let the other fellow wait."
"The other fellow! You know, then?"
"I don't know anything," he growled.
"Get your hat."
She obeyed.
As they went down the broad walk to the drive an elegant white car chug-



"I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT YOU INTO TROUBLE," HE SUGGESTED.

ged up behind the machine that was waiting for Arthur Boyd. The occupant jumped to the ground before his chauffeur had time to bring the car to a stop and came to meet Boyd and Naoma. He was well proportioned, blond and dressed with absolute correctness.

Arthur Boyd looked at Naoma. Her face was changing color.

"Is this your appointment?"

The blond man, with a faint, insinuating smile, was slowly, suavely lifting his hat. He raised it just high enough to expose a slight baldness, then settled it carefully upon his head again.

"Mr. Hampton, Mr. Boyd." Naoma's self control was perfect now.

Arthur Boyd received an expressionless handshake.

"You are ready in good time," Hampton spoke to Naoma in a voice that was as genteel as his dress. "I just left the decorator at the house."

These words sent a chill over Boyd. He drew back a little.

"But I can't go just now," Naoma's voice was firm. "Something quite urgent has turned up unexpectedly. 'You will excuse me for a little while?' She smiled up at Hampton.

"I'd excuse her forty times a day to get that smile," thought Arthur Boyd as he advanced again to her side.

But Hampton drew himself up, and his face grew pink. He flashed a savage look at Boyd. "It will be impossible for the decorator to wait. I'm very sorry," he said to Naoma in the same genteel voice. Then he took her arm with the air that all was settled.

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But Naoma drew back and surveyed him in frank astonishment.
"The decorator can wait better than—than this new appointment. I must ask you to excuse me."

The pink in Hampton's face changed to crimson, and he breathed hard. "Naoma, what is this that's important enough to interfere with a plan that was made weeks ago? I demand an explanation."

The girl was angry. "Come," she said to Boyd, and he felt that things were evened up by the look she gave the recent recipient of her intimate smile.

She was trembling a little at Boyd's

side when they chugged away, drowning the noise of the big white car that was flying in the opposite direction.

"Why did you do it?" he questioned after they had gone a half mile in silence.

"I wanted to," she replied.

"Wanted to quarrel with him?"

"Oh, no!" with widening eyes.

"Wanted to ride with me," he asserted.

"I—I hadn't thought about it." She glanced up at him, and he met her puzzled expression with an illuminating look. "Yes," she said simply; "I did."

There was a long silence. When they had passed into a quiet country road, he spoke again. "Can't you tell me more about it?"

"Oh, I forgot. Didn't you know?"

"Well, I should say not."

"Fred—Mr. Hampton—is my fiancé. Uncle's going back to India again, and you know, I can't live in that climate, and he didn't want to leave me alone, and so—and so preparations are being hastened for—"

"For your wedding?" Boyd finished. Then he stopped the machine, fussed over the feed tank for a few minutes and started on again.

They had gone only a few rods when there was an explosive sound, and the machine stopped short. Boyd got out, looked under it and tinkered at it here and there in a desultory fashion.

"Guess we're stuck," he remarked as he watched Naoma's face keenly. He seemed satisfied with what he saw there. "Shall we explore this mossy dell while we're waiting for a tow?"

"By all means." She was on the ground almost before he could help her.

"Isn't this glorious?" she cried after they had walked a short distance and she placed her hand on Boyd's shoulder as she jumped upon a low, flat rock.

Her eyes were just on a level with his. As they looked at each other a shadow came over the happiness of her expression.

"I'm afraid I've got you into trouble," he suggested.

"Oh, no," she replied wearily. "We'll make it up. We fall out periodically."

"Has there ever been a man in the case before?" He tried to make the question seem careless.

"No!" A new intelligence came into her eyes. She dropped her hand from his shoulder.

"Do you want to make it up?" He put the question calmly, quietly, but something in his face made her hesitate, made the bright color come into her delicate cheeks.

"Ye—She couldn't say it. 'No!'"

Suddenly he swung her off the stone. For an instant she rested in his arms, and her face met his without shrinking.

As they went back to the road she looked up at him half reproachfully.

"Why did you stay away so long?"

"Because I couldn't have you."

"Couldn't have me?"

"I couldn't ask you to marry a beggar."

She smiled indignantly. "But how is it different now?"

"Oh, I've turned out about a million and a half on that Arizona land deal and a few other irons I've had in the fire for the last year or two."

They had reached the disabled auto by the roadside.

All at once Naoma laughed gleefully.

"It's the first time I ever saw a machine run itself out of the road before it broke down."

Boyd's eyes had a mischievous twinkle. "Didn't you realize that we'd turned out? I guess the thing's rested up now, and we can go back," he continued as he helped her in.

When they had started, Naoma was thoughtful. "I shouldn't think you'd want a wife that would turn a man down at the slightest excuse," she mused.

"I shouldn't want her to do it more than once," he laughed.

Neglected Ruins.

Visiting Britisher—But you have nothing to see over here—nothing, I mean, in the way of grand old things that have long since fallen into disuse. Gothamite—We haven't, eh? Wait till you get a copy of the city ordinances.—Life.

Comparing Notes.

Bleeker—My wife got the best of me in an argument this morning. Meeker—My wife never got the best of me but once. Bleeker—When was that? Meeker—When she married me.—Chicago News.

SPRING ERUPTIONS

3 CHILDREN WHO WERE
COVERED WITH SORES

Wonderful Zam-Buk Triumph!

Every mother knows with what rapidity sores, ringworm, ulcers, etc., spread from child to child. In Montreal recently most of the public schools were visited by an epidemic of itch in this way. A child is afflicted with scalp sores, itch or ringworm. In the course of play, one child puts on another's hat. In this way, or in a hundred and one more which children make possible, the infection spreads and sometimes a whole family is affected. Mr. J. C. Bates, of Burk's Falls says:—"My three children were all broken out with sores on face, hands and feet. Their condition was pitiable; and although I tried various ointments and salves the sores continued to spread."

"One day I saw a report telling how beneficial Zam-Buk was for skin diseases, ulcers, etc. I got a supply of the balm and applied it to the children's sores. Almost immediately they got relief, and the sores began to heal. Although the skin disease had defied all the salves I had previously tried, in one week Zam-Buk overcame the trouble, and to-day the children have not a pimple or spot or mark of disease on their skin. For this grand result I have Zam-Buk to thank."

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