Then he walked out of the room as it he could not bear to hear or say more. But before he started on his last search he arranged Sylvia's and Mercy's journey to England with his usual care and foresight. Sylvia had her own maid and a courier, and the opphan of Lorn Hope might have traveled with the state of an empress if she had been so mindal.

ed.

Mercy had decided that they would be quieter in lodgings than in a hotel, and the courier had engaged some comfortable rooms in Bury street, St. James.

Here she was waited upon by the great London manager, who was rather startled to find the famous prima donna so young and so quiet, and so ead looking.

For the first two or three days she and Mercy amused themselves in the in-tervals between practice and rehearsal in going about the great city, which Mercy seemed to know quite well. They saw most of the famous sights, but Syl-via enjoyed the park, with its throng of heautifully dressed men and women and was quite unconscious that as she and Mercy drove round the ring, in the modest hired brougham, that all eyes were bent upon her own beautiful face. One afternoon on their way home, they passed down Park lane and South Audley street and Sylvia, who had turned to Mercy to make some remark, was surprised to see that she had turned deathwhite, and was trembling.
"Oh, what is the matter, Mercy?" she

asked, anxiously.
"Nothing—nothing," said Mercy, evidently strugling for composure. "It was

something—"
e stopped as if she did not wish to say any more, and Sylvia, looking round anxiously, could see nothing to alarm her companion. A tall, thin gentleman, with a pale, thoughtful face, had just passed them, but he had not glanced at their carriage, and there was no one else at that moment near. Sylvia stole her hand into Sylvia's still

trembling one.
"Are you—better now, dear Mercy?"

Mercy smiled at her in her sad, resign-"Yes, Sylvia; don't be alarmed.

shall not be taken that way again," and she set her lips firmly. The night of Sylvia's first appearance arrived, and she admitted to Mercy that

she was rather nervous.
"I don't know why," she said with a "I don't know why," she said with a little tremulous sigh, as Mercy arranged the simple dress in which Marguerite first appears; "but to-night I feel as if —don't laugh, Mercy; but there, you never laugh! Perhaps it would be better for me if you did! But I feel as if constituing were going to happen."

something were going to happen."
"Something will happen; a very great
success," said Mercy. "The manager
tells me that the house is crammed, and that it is what he calls in capital hu-

though outwardly calm, still atated.

"How beautifully you sang to-night, dear!" she said, kissing her. "I wish you could have heard the delighted remarks of the people at the wings. I think it will be the greatest success you have bead."

word that there wasn't one in the house! "How fortunate!" murmured Jordan. "I got a box a week ago, intending to go, but I'm afraid I shall not be able to do so, Pray take it, Lady Marlow."

"Oh, but—"began Lady Marlow."

"Diense do and if I can look in for

citement to tell her that the house was calling for her to come on before the

"No one I know," said Sylvia. There is a lady sitting in the second box on the second tier, on the right hand side. She is the most beautiful creature I have

material of the whole wheat.

Sold by all grocers.

TRISCUIT

Simply a Shredded Wheat wafer, containing in the smallest bulk all the nutriment and strength-giving

Delicious as a Toast, with Butter, Cheese or

Appetizing and always ready to serve.

coldly and angrily at me."

"Oh, but that's impossible, Sylvia,"
said Mercy. "It's not like you to be so
fanciful." Sylvia laughed softly.

"No, I deserve that credit, I think.
But—well, I suppose I am fanciful to-

asked Mercy.

said
He swent her a bow and looked across the hopse.

Marlow, the Viscountess Marlow; the other is the charming Miss Audrey

Hope."

Mercy started, thanked him and whis-

mercy started, thanked him and whis-pered to Sylvia:

"Her name is Audrey Hope."

Sylvia only had just time to nod, then glided on the stage.

And as she did so she raised her eyes directly to the sweet face which had so attracted her, and felt certain that Audrey's eyes met hers with a certain kind of significance, with something more than the curiosity and perhaps admiration, with which one of a large ience regards a player.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Directly after he had seen the an Directly after he had seen the sin-nouncement of the appearance of Sig-norina Stella, Sir Jordan booked a box. The report he had read to Audrey might be true or false; but true or false, Lord be true or false; but true or false, Lord Lorrimore was in some way connected with the new and famous opera singer who had taken the world by storm, and Jordan knew that Lord Lorrimore could not be far off. There was no time to lose. He would like Audrey to see her rival and decide mattera before Lorrimore could arrive on the scene.

On the morning of Sylvia's advertised

Sylvia aighed.

"Yes," she said. "Every one is so kind and indulgent. I am not afraid of them," and she moved her hand toward the stage. "It is not—I can scarcely tell what it is. But do not mind me. I shall forget all about it directly I go on and begin to sing."

The manager himself came to the dressing room when her "call" time came, and amidst a breathless silence she moved in sight of the audience. A curious murmur of satisfaction and admiration rose, which swelled into a burst of delighted applause at the end of her first solo.

more could arrive on the scene.

On the morning of Sylvia's advertised square. He had not seen Audrey since the night of the ball and he was careful to greet her as if nothing had been said which could cause any embarrassment. He chatted pleasantly in his very best of his visit until Lady Marlow eame into the room, and then, as if he had suddenly remembered it, he said "Oh, by the way, Lady Marlow, of course you are going to the opera to night to see the new marvel—Signorina Stella? What high-flown names they assume, do they not?"

Mercy was waiting for her at the wings and took her down to the dressing room and noticed that Sylvia was, though outwardly calm, still a little agi tated. this morning for a seat they sent back word that there wasn't one in the house!

think it will be the greatest success you have yet had."

Sylvia nodded.

"And yet I trembled so that—did you see any of the people in the house, Mtrcy?"

Before she could reply the manager knocked at the door in a flutter of excitement to tell her that the house was calling for her to come on before the could are played about his

but an exultant smile played about his

calling for her to come on before the curtain.

But Sylvia refused.

"Oh, no, no," she said, panting a little. "Not yet, I must rest. Oh, please not yet; let them wait till the opera is finished—they may not want me then!"

The word and wish of a prima donna was law, and the manager retired disappointed, and yet marveling at the young lady's modest humility. It was something startlingly novel in his experience.

Sylvia repeated her question.

"Did you notice any one, Mercy?"

"No, dear," replied Mercy. "I had only eyes for you—as usual. Who was it you wished me to seet?"

"No one I know," said Sylvia. "There is a lady sitting in the second box on the second tier, on the right hand side.

er seen."

met and seemed to linger on each other

"There are a great many beautiful with an exchange of admiration and even

sympathy, which was singular when one

sympathy, which was singular when one comes to think of it.

Sylvia, as she had said to Mercy, played and sang to the beautiful girl in the box above her, and, inspired by the rapt attention and admiration in Audrey's eyes, she surpassed herself in the last act, and brought down the curtain to a storm of cheering which was prolonged until the manager brought her on again. Audrey had leaned forward so far that her arms were resting on the velvet edge of the boy, and as Sylvia passed just beneath her, in front of the curtain, Audrey raised her bouquet and dropped it at Sylvia's feet. The vast audience recognized the spontaneity of the action and applauded enthusiastically.

Sylvia was startled for a moment, then as the manager picked up the bouquet and handed it to her, she raised it to her lips, and her eyes to Audrey's face.

Jordan took Audrey's cloak from the back of the chair and held it for her, and as first, I mean when I first came on and raised my eyes to the box, I fancied that she started and looked coldly and angrily at me."

"Oh, but that's impossible, Sylvia,"

to her lips, and her eyes to Audrey's face.

Jordan took Audrey's cloak from the back of the chair and held it for her, and as he did so he saw that the hands she put up to take it were trembling.

"How generous youare!" he murmured; "most women would have hated her, but you——"

Audrey hung her head, her eyes still fixed on the stage where Sylvia had just been standing.

been standing.

"I—I do not hate her," she said, more to herself than to him, and there was a faint tone of wonder in her voice.

"Nor despise him?" he whispered. "No, you are too noble; but I—well, I will not speak of my contempt.

"Was there no one else in the box;" asked Mercy.

"One or two gentlemen, I think," said Sylvia, indifferently. "But they were at the back in the shadow, and I could not see them. I wish you would find out who she is, Mercy. Not that I should know her name, even if I heard it, for I know no one—here in England!"

When they went up for the great jewei scene Mercy managed, a moment or two before Sylvia went on, to address a que jion to the famous Mephistopheles who had been singing the praises of Signorina Stella to an excited and enthusiastic circle of fellwo actors.

"Will you tell me the names of those ladies in that second box, please," she snid persistent of her lovers, and—she let her hand remain in his!

When Sir Jordan bade her adieu that

when Sir Jordan bade her adieu enat evening the light of triumph still glowed in his eyes; then they took a keen and calculating expression, and, calling a cab, he told the man to drive him to the office of a well-known society paper.

"There must be no chance of drawing

"There must be no chance of drawing back, my timid Audrey!" he muttered. "I knew I should win; but luck has favored me. Whether there is anything in this rumor of an engagement between this rumor of an engagement between the young opera singer and my Lord Lorrimore, it has served my turn. No, there must be no drawing back!" He drew a long breath. "I am safe now! With the Hope estates and money I can defy even—the worst!"

In less than an hour the paragraph announcing the engagement of the Right Hon. Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart, M. P., and Miss Audrey Hope was in type. There was the usual excitement behind the scenes when a great and extraordin-ary success has been scored, and Sylvia

stood the centre of a congratulatory crowd, and received all the kind speeches with her sweet, modest smile.
She held the bouquet Audrey had dropped to her, and she sat in her dressi room while Mercy changed her stage costume for the plain, unobtrusive attire of unprofessional life, with the bouquet still lying before her, and her eyes fixed on it dreamily.

At length they were ready to depart, and they made their way to the stage entrance where the brougham was waiting. The manager and two or three of the principal actors were waiting to assist the great prima donna to the carriage, and they stood with uplifted hats as the brougham drove of.

The streets were still growded and be

as the brougham drove of.

The streets were still crowded, and before the carriage had passed the grand entrance it pulled up.

"There must have been a tremendous crush," said Mercy. "The people have

Sylvia leaned forward to look out, but fell back again with a cry of terror. "Ah! look!" she exclaimed.

Mercy, whose heart had leaped into her mouth at the wail of fear, looked out, but the brougham had moved on, and was going along rapidly.
"What is it? What did you see?" she

Sylvia was lying back with her hand pressed against her heart, her breath coming painfully, her face white with

"Didn't you see?" she panted at last.

"No, I saw nothing," replied Mercy.
"Tell me what it was, dear! Come, Sylvia, this is unlike you! Be calm, dear-

"Yes, yes!" she breathed. "Don't be rightened! You did not see him?"
"See whom? I saw no one I knew; there was a crowd. Who was it, Sylvia? A shudder shook her.
"Lavarick!" she whispered.

Mercy started with surprise.

"Oh, no, dear," she said, soothingly.

"That man here in London! It is impossible; it was your fancy!"

"No-no; it was not fancy," Sylvia replied, a tremor in her tones. "I am sure it was Lavarick!" CHAPTER XIX.

Mercy would not leave Sylvia that ight, but slept beside her, holding the night, but slept beside her, holding the girl in a loving embrace, and trying to soothe and reassure her. At times Sylvia shook and trembled, and at others she cried quietly, for the sight of Lavarick had not only terrified her, but recalled Jack's death, so that she was tortured by fear and sorrow at the same time. sorrow at the same time "My dear, dear child!" Mercy whisper-

ed, lovingly. "Even supposing you were not mistaken, and I think you must have—""
"No—no," said Sylvia, with a shudder; "I was not mistaken. I remember him too well. You have never seen him, or you would understand how impossible it would be to be mistaken. It was Lavariat."

"Well, dear, granting you were right and that it was he, why should you be so terrified? We are not in the wilds of Australia now, but in London, surrounded by friends and police. Why, one has only to raise one's voice to collect a "I know, I know," said Sylvia; "and yet the very thought of him fills me with terror and foreboding. I know that he hates me; why, I cannot even guess. It was because of me that he—he hated Jack, and caused his death. Oh, my dear, dear Jack! It has all come back to me to-night, Mercy, and I can see Jack as he fell forward—"

A burst of sobs stopped her utterance.

Mercy pressed her close to her heart.

"My poor child! What shall I do?
What can I do? What can I say to

What can I do? What can I say to comfort you? Shall I speak to anvone in the morning, go to the police, and tell them to watch him?"

"No, no," replied Svlvia. "Do not interfere with him. Perhaps he did not see me. And yet I felt his evil eye glaring at mine as I looked out. No. let him alone, Mercy. He—he may not have seen me, and—perhaps he will go away, crowd. Lavarick cannot harm you now." leave London. What is he doing here? Something bad and evil, I am sure."

"Such a man is not likely to stay in any one place for long," said Mercy. "He is an outcast and a vagabond, and they always wender and ream about restlessly. To-morrow, or the next day, he may

always wander and ream about restlessly. To-morrow, or the next day, he may be off for the other end of the world. Yes; I think with you that it is best to leave him alone," she concluded, as she reflected that, with every desire to punish Lavarick, it would be very difficult to do so, and impossible, indeed, without bringing up that past, the very memory of which tortured poor Sylvia.

Lavarick was unlikely to have become a reformed character, and would most certainly commit some crime which would bring him into the hands of the palice without any action of Sylvia's

palice without any action of Sylvia's

It was fortunate that the next day was an "off" one for Signorina Stella, for Sylvia was so unnerved that she

for Sylvia was so unnerved that she seemed quite incapable of singing, and lay on the couch with her eyes closed; but Mercy knew by the restless movement of her hands that she was dwelling on the past.

In the course of the morning the manager sent of inquire and to inform the signorina that every seat in the house was booked for the following night. There also arrived several letters from "gentlemen," containing pressing invitations to "a little Juner," at the Star and Garter and similar places. These and Garter and similar places. These Mercy, who conducted all Sylvia's corres ondence, placed in the fire.

The next day Sylvia was better, but she still looked pale and thoughtful, and it was not until the moment came for her to go on the stage that the artist triumphed over the woman, and she shook off the sense of dread that op-pressed her, and recovered her spirits and self-possession.

She received a tremendous reception, notwithstanding which she was conscious

she had glanced round the boxes, and had seen that the beautiful girl whose face had so affected her on the first

night, was not present. "She is not here to-night," she said to

Mercy.

"She? Who, dear?"

"That lovely girl I fell in love with." she said. "I wish she were here, but I suppose it is too much to expect her to come every night I sing."

"It does seem a little too much, cercainly." 'assented Mercy. "What an impressionable girl you are, Sylvia."

"I know. But it is true that I feel as if I shall not play half so well tonight because she is absent."

However, at the end of the second act she came off radiant.

she came off radiant.

"She is here, Mercy!" she exclaimed.
"I saw her come in, and I feel as glad as if she were my sister; and I am sure I sang better from that moment. She looks sadder to-night," she added, thoughtfully, "and that makes her lovelier in my eyes. Audrey Hope! What a sweet name it is! Just like herself. How good of her to come again account. she came off radiant. good of her to come again so soon!"
"My dear child, there are dozens of men and women who have come again,

(To be continued.)

The source of all intestinal troubles is the common house fly; his buzz is the first symptom of typhoid. Wilson's Fly. Pad is the only thing that kills them

The End of the Play. The play is done—the curtain drops, Snow falling to the prompter's bell; A moment yet the actor stops, And looks around, to say farewell. It is an irksome word and task; And, when he's laugh'd and said his say, He shows, as he removes the mask, A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends; Let's close it with a parting rhyme, And pledge a hand to all young friends, As fits the Merry Chrinstmas time; On life's wide scene you, too, have parts, That fate ere long shall bid you play; Good-nighti with honest gentle hearts A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age;
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of mea
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

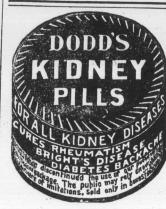
I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not leas nor more as men than boys,
With grizzled beards at forty-frve,
As erst at twelve in corduroys,
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learn'd at home to love and
Pray heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school, I'd say how fate may change and shift, The prize be sometimes with the fool, The race not always to the swift; The strong may yield, the good may fall, The great man be a vulgar clown, The knave be lifted over all, The knave be lifted over all.

Come wealth or want, come good or 18, Let young and old accept their part, And-bow before the awful will, And bear it with an honest heart. Who misses or who wins the prize-Go, lose or conquer as you can; But if you fail, or if you rise, But if you fail, or if you rise, Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

William Makepeace Thackeray

"Chance shapes our destinies," quoted the Wise Guy. "Then some of us have the Wise Guy. mighty poor shapes," commented the



FROM GIRLHOOD TO MIDDLE LIFE

All Women Need the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

From girlhood to middle life the health and happiness of every woman depends on her blood. If her blood is poor and watery she becomes weak, languid, pale and nervous. If her blood supply is irregular she suffers from headaches and backaches and other unspeakable distress which only women know. At every stage of a woman's life Dr. Williams Pink Pills are her best friend, because they actually make the rich, red blood which gives health and strength and tone to every organ of the body. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest dethe body. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest demand upon her blood supply. Mrs. H. Gagnon, who for twenty years has been one of the best known residents of St. Roches, Que., says.—
"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me. I was weak, worn out and scarcely able to drag myself about. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, my appetite was poor and to attempt housework left me utterly worn out. I slept badly at night and what aleep I got did not refresh me. For nearly three years I was in this condition and was constantly taking medicine, but years I was in this condition and was constantly taking medicine, but found no benefit from it. One of my neighbors who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, advised me to try them. I did so, and the whole story is told in the words 'I am well again.' There are times yet when I take the pills for the troubles which so many women

the troubles which so many women suffer.'
"Dr. Williams' Pink' Pills do not or. Williams Fink Fills do not act on the bowels. They contain just the elements that actually make new blood and strengthen the nerves. That's why they cure anaemia, indinated the strengthen the property of the strength o gestion, rheumatism, lumbago, head-aches, backaches, heart palpitation and skin diseases like pimples and eczems. That is why they are the greatest help in the world for grow-ing girls who need new blood and for women who are troubled with interang girls who need new blood and for women who are troubled with irregular health. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville,

"Make Good."

"Make Good."

Make good.
Cut out "if," "could" and "should,"
And start in to saw wood.
You can still have the best
Things in life, like the rest
Of the men who've achieved
Just because they've believed
In themselves. You're deceived
If you think fortune comes. If you think fortune comes
With a rattle of drums
And a fanfare of state To hand yours on a plate.
That isn't the way
That she visits to-day.

You must get out and rustle and bustle and hustle; You need all your muscle, for you've go to tussle

Plunge into the fight, Hit to left and to right, And keep crashing and smass Don't let up your striking Till things meet your liking. For God's sake stop bawling-Instead, do some mauling It makes the world bitter To look at a quitter; Fate scowls when she sees A grown-up on his knees.

A man with his health
is a mine jammed with wealth
Full of unexplored lodes.
Why, the freckled-back toads the sense to keep jumping-And here you are frumping!
Come, now, strike your gait—
It isn't too late,
There's no such thing as fate
Drop that fool talk of "luck," Get a grip on your pluck, And buck. Begin

To grin And win.

-Herbert Kaufman in June Everybody's.

Worth Knowing.

Even when the oven is quite right and the pastry has been made moderately a woman will feel dissatisfied at the appearance of a pie, because she misses the rich brown gloss that she has seen on pastry made by practical cooks.
To obtain this gloss she needs a wrinkle.
It is produced by egg wash. An egg is beaten up with a little sugar and a small quantity of milk is added. With this wash the pie is brushed over after the pastry has been finished. pastry has been finished.

One often hears complaints that the boiler rusts and ironmolds the clothes.

To prevent this, as soon as the boiler is emptied rub wel lover with soap. This emptied rub well over with soap. This help to make suds for the next bolling. To keep mice away from pantries and cupboards sprinkle cayenne pepper on the shelves. In boxes and wardrobes put lumps of camphor among the clothes, for mice dislike the smell of it. The camphor must be renewed every now and then, for it evaporates in the air.

For easy boot cleaning brush the boots free from dust, then with a bit of rag rub a little glycerine well into the leather. Let nearly dry, then rub with a tit to be a king because he had blacked fit to be a king because he had blacked rub a little glycerine well into the lea-ther. Let nearly dry, then rub with a soft brush. If rubbed after wearing with a velvet covered pad or duster they will retain their polish for days and the gly-

cerine helps to keep the leather a good color and to make it soft and comforta-

Leather Shoes for Horses. In some districts of Australia horses are shod with leather instead of iron, says Harper's Bazar. This plan is employed only in regions where the ground is permanently covered with grass or fine sand, and gives the feet better support. In a country such as Australia, where a horseman may experience great difficulty at a critical moment in finding a horseshoe, such an innovation is a useful novelty. With extra shoes, whose weight is a trifle, and which can be weight is a trifle, and which can be fitted without trouble, it is practicable to travel without fear of the horse losing its shoe and being injured. Though the latter shoe is more expensive than the iron shoe, the higher price is repaid by the superior advantages.

Clover Seed a Profitable Crop For the Farmer

(Press Bulletin.)

As was predicted a year ago, there habeen a decided stortage of clover see this spring. A little crop in Europe, the United States and Canada caused the stocks for this spring's trade to be ab-normally low, and this resulted in unus-

stocks for this spring's trade to be abnormally low, and this resulted in unusually high prices for good seed.

At present the indications are that the foreign exporting countries will not produce more than an average crop of clover seed, and the Ontario supply is likely to be short. In some sections of Ontario an of a just the clover crop was seriously affected by draught last season, and the amount available this year for seed production of the clover seed production any be limited. Much the same conditions prevail over a considerable portion of the clover seed producing area of the United States; so that unless the yield from the areas which were not seriously affected by the adverse weather conditions last season is exceptionally heavy, a shortage of seed for next spring's trade is more than probable.

In growing clover and grass seed for the market, it is important to bear in mind that the standard of purity demanded in the Canadian trade is higher than it was a few years ago. The de-

manded in the Canadian trade is higher than it was a few years ago. The demand for seed of first quality has substantially increased. The result of this demand for seed of good quality has been that the seed grower finds impure seed an almost unmarketable commodity, while the production of good, clean seed has grown to be a remunerative industry. Hence the necessity of taking every possible precaution against the presence of noxious weed seeds.

The first step in the production of good clover and grass seed is to procure the cleanest possible seed. If this is used on clean land and is followed by a thorough system of weeding in the field, the product will be clean. The field weeding is of prime importance, al-

the product will be clean. The field weeding is of prime importance, although it is often overlooked. When we remember that every growing weed, if allowed to mature, will produce from 10,000 to 50,000 seeds, it will be readily understood that the removal of these plants must make a great difference in the market value of the seed.

With red clover the best results are

the market value of the seed.

With red clover the best results are obtained by pasturing or cutting the first crop early. This allows a stronger second growth for the seed crop and also lessens the danger of damage from the clover seed midge. If the clover is pastured, the stock should be turned off early in the season and the field mowed, in order to cut down the weeds and produce an even second growth. duce an even second growth.

Alsike and red clover may be harvest-

ed with a reaper or a mower, with or without a table attachment. If no table without a table attachment. It no table attachment is used and the clover is well ripened, it should be cut and rak-ed when the dew is on, in order to pre-

ed when the dew is on, in order to prevent shelling.

The clover huller is the best machine for threshing alsike and red clover, but the ordinary grain separator will do the work fairly well, if properly regulated. The grain separator will not hull the seed as thoroughly, and in consequence there is more waste of good seed, unless the straw be threshed a second time. But the fact that there is no clover huller available should not deter farmers from saving at least sufficient seed for their ewn use.

G. H. Clark, Seed Commission

ANXIOUS MOMENTS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

The hot weather months are an anxious time for all mothers, but particularly for young mothers. They are the most fatal months in the year for babies most ratal months in the year for babies and young children, because of the great prevalence of stomach and bowel trombles. These come almost without warning, and often before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. It is the duty of every mother to use all reasonable presenting. to use all reasonable precautions to ward off summer cor For this purpose no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets. An can equal Baby's Own Indies. An occasional dose will keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter, and will ensure the little one good health. If the trouble somes unexpecthealth. If the trouble comes mexpectedly the Tablets will speedily cure it.
Every home, therefore, should keep the
Tablets on hand always; they may be
the means of saving your child's life.
They are gauranteed free from opintes
and narcotics, and may be given with
perfect safety to a new born babe. Sold
by medicine dealers or by mail at 25
cents a box from the Dr. Williams'
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

been said of a certain king that he was fit to be a king because he had blacked his own boots, and, according to that reasoning, I am more fit to be a bishop than any one here because I have cobbled my own shoes and mended my own breeches." The bishop made these confessions in the course of a lively speech, in which he maintained that happiness was an internal joy depending upon internal feeling. Some one in the hall suggested that income might

No Pluggers.

Pearl-It says here that after the haseball season is over the pitchers can hardly use their arms. Ruby—Gracious! They wouldn't be munch use around a summer resort,