# THE ATHENS REPORTER, JAN. 24, 1912.

# ARANAN DAARANANANANANANANANANANANA Sybil's Doom \*\*\* LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

I trust you have no objection T trust you have no objection to fighing your battles over again, Colonel Threasion?" he said, eying nis tall com-patrion. "Sybil is soldier-mad, you know, and nothing less than the whole Crimean campaign will satisfy her. You'll find it fatiguing, very likely; but you're in for it. Russians may have some mercy but a woman has none. By the by, you'll meet some-what's their names!-bro-thers in arms over there at Speckhaven; one or two of your old regiment, even, I believe"

The face of Cyril Trevanion flushed deep dark-red, and his bold black eyes

"I have no desire to meet any of my old conrades," he said, curtly. "The circumstances under which I return, the päänful past,..." He stopped confusedly. "I wish to renew no old acquaintances,

nor form any new ones. I prefer to re-main entirely alone for the present." "Oh," Charley drawled, "Diogenes and his tab, Rebinson Crusce at Monkswood his each Rebinson Crusce at Monkswood Wasset! Your views of life appear to have changed considerably of late. I thought the stories they tell at the mess-table of your wonderful convival-ity and goodfellowship had a touch of the long bow. They'll rather wonder at the change—the fellows of the Fifteenth -at your turning hermit and living allone with the prior's ghost. Do you -at your turning hermit and living aldme with the prior's ghost. Do you remember meeting an Englishman-a Scotchman, rather-named Macgregor, out in Lima, last year? Hc tells me he mot you there; and as he's a tenant of yours now, perhaps you'll like to renew his acquaintance." acquaintance.'

Again the deep-red flush rose over Cyril's swarthy face. "No," he said, sullenly; "I wish to re-

New no one's acquaintance. I remember no Macgregor at Lima. A man can't be expected to keep posted as to every John BuH or raw-boned Scotchman he mate on bis trouber. on his travels."

there was something so vindictive in is tone-something so rude in his words that Sybil looked at him in shocked onder. But her brother was in nowise niðvad. "Very true," he said, In his softest

only when the 'raw-boned Scotchman suffers to save our life, it gives him well, a slight claim to a place in our reculection. But perhaps the street dirk has slipped your memory

"I was ill. of a fever after I left Lima," "I was in of a fever after 1 feit faina, (yai) Trevanion said, with a moody look of fajury. "It was at Valparaiso; a very dangerous brain fever, in which my life and reason were both despaired of. I ecovered, contrary to all expectation; but a very remarkable change y remarkable change had been All the past was a blank. I remembered nothing of my whole life before that fatal fever-not my own Sybil uttered an exclamation. Char-

ley looked at him furtively, a curious twankle in his eyes, but his face prefernaturally solemn.

colonel was gazing into his plate. He did not seem to fancy meeting "Ah!"

"Ah!" Charley said, pathetically. "What a very remarkable fever, and how I wish some of my creditors would call it. If only a memory, what an Firstium this earth would be! And so with how for the memory, what an by the long of the second seco out there. Most astonishing case you ever heard of-ch, SybH!"

was so different-oh, so differentifrom the Cyril she remembered the hero of her dreams. She had read, and had heard of his brilliant exploits, of ais matchless bravery, of his countless "deeds of derring do"; how he had swept down, an incarnate whirlwind, apon bordes of turbaned Sikhs and yellow Kaffers, and turned the tids of vistory at the last hour; how he had stormed atteries, and led forlorn hopes, and rid den with the glorious Six Hundred up the deadly heights of Balaklava. And when her eyes had flashed, and her cheeks flushed, and her heart three-

her cheeks flushed, and her heart throb-bed almost to bursting with pride and joy, she had remembered that this in-vincible hero, this Coeur de Lion, had kissed and carrensed her at parting, and given her the solitaire she wore by night and by day as a token of his love. "My hero, my king!" the young en-thusiaat would cry, passionately kissing it, "I would die for you! Oh, to be a man, and such a man as he! Oh for

man, and such a man as he! Oh, for the dear old days of chivalry and ro-mance, when girls could go, disguised, and play page, at least, to their liege lord and knight. My own brave Cyrill" And now the great dream of her life was realized; her ling heartat had come

was realized; her lion-hearted had com -a tall black browed, sullen gentleman, wrapped in gloom as in a mantle, guilty of awkwardness that made the highbred lady's hair rise, and most shame-fully ungrateful to the man who, only a year before had saved his life.

One by one the slow tears arose in the proud eyes and fell, she was so un-utterably shocked and disappointed. Her idol of gold was but of potter's clay. Poor Sybil!

The hours of the ganial July night wore on. She had little desire for slopp. A sonorous clock over the stables struc

A sonorous crock over the stables strucks loudly the midnight hour before she awoke from her painful reverie. With a long, shivering sigh, she was about to rise and prepare for bed, when something caught her eye that riveted her to the spot, and set her heart beat-ing wildly with a magnetic bir the state ing wildly with a sensation akin to ter

A figure was moving amid the shrubbery—a tall figure wearing some kind of dark, shrouding garment, not unlike a priestly soutane. Slowly it moved now stopping, now going on, now lost in dense shadow, now distinct in the brilliant light of the moon.

It left the shrubbery and entered the Prior's Walk. Was it the prior's ghost taking its customary midnight airing, and telling its ghostly beads under the monastic cate? monastic caks?

Monastic caks? No. The vivid moonlight, streaming full on the lonely figure, its head turned toward the watcher's window, showed Miss Trevanion the handsome face, bronzed and bearded, of Macgregor, the tenant of the Retreat.

Sybil drew her breath again; she had been terribly startled. Mr. Macgregor wore a long, loose, picturesque looking cloak, and a broad-brimmed Spanish sombrero, and was altogether not unlike a brigand in a play, or a sentimental cavalier come to sing his midnight sercavalier come to sing nis munight sci-enade under his lady's lattice. He did nothing of the kind, however. He paced briskly up and down the long, leafy aisle, in the solemn beauty of the night, for nearly an hour. Sybil watched him through it all, sur-

prised, curious, amused. Then he plung-ed with a crash into the fir plantation and disappeared. "How odd!" Sybil thought, languidly,

forgetting all about her cousin in this new sensation. "What a very eccen-tric personage this Mr. Macgregor must be. But then authors are all eccentric, I believe. I shall like to know him, I fancy, and I must read his books. He

ever neared of the painful serve of restraint detect. The painful serve of restraint detect. The painful serve of restraint detect. I believe. I shall like to know him. I fancy, and I must read his books. He has been a great traveller, and is won-derfully elever, I suppose. He has the face for it; and I like elever men." The ex-cavalry colonel and the eccen-tric tenant of the Retreat were queerly enough mixed up in Miss Trevanion dreams that night. She awoke from one -a most vivid vision-in which a ghist ening black snake, with the wide, velve ening black snake, with the wide, velvet eyes and silken smile of Edith Ingram; eyes and silken smile of Edith Ingram; was about to spring upon her with its deadly folds, while Cyril stood by with grimly folded arms and gloomy face. She struggled—she strove to cry out— her last hope was gone, when, crashing out of the fir trees came the tall Mac-gregor, and his blackthorn whired through the air and came down like a stroke of doom on the hooded screent head. And Cyril slunk moodily away, and the handaome tenant of the Betreat and the handsome tenant of the Retreat had knelt on one knee before her on the greensward, his kingly brow uncov the greensward, his kingly brow uncov-ered, and said: "Look at me, Sybil. I am—" And just here a sumbeam dart-ing across her sealed cyclids, awoke the pretty dreamer, who started up in bed, laughing and blushing at her very ill-regulated dreams. "How absurd! The idea of my dream-ing of that Mr. Macgregor! Well, I leave Monkswood!—ah, dear old Monks-wood!—to-day: to the executive subtor wood!-to-day; so the escentric author and his nocturnal rambles are likely o trouble me no more."

MEN WHO DON'T EXERCISE

expect you'll be sworn friends directly." Mr. Macgregor had sprang up, and stood uncovered before the pretty chate-laine. He bowed low at Charley's very free-and-easy introduction. "My authorship will have done me its pleasantest service if it induces Miss Trevanion to add me to the list of her friends," he said, with a smile Sybil Hked -bright and clear as the surashine itself. "I'll attend to your behests. Charley, and Miss Chudleigh's, also. Ah! Colonci Trevanion happy to meet you again. I confess," with a keen glance. "I should scarcely have recognized you, though.

concess," which a keen giance. "I should scarcely have recognized you, though. You have changed out of all knowledge since we parted last in Lima." Colonel Trevanion uttered something not very distinctly, and looked away from the piercing black eyes of his ten-

"He had a fever out in-what's the

place, colonel? and lost his memory alto-gether. Dor't remember anything now," said the Etonian, with a wink of intense significance. "Convenient sort of fever to catch, eh, Macgregor? Sybil, don't stare so--it's rude. You'll make Mac-gregor blush."

gregor blueb." For Sybil was staring quite wildly at the tenant of the Retreat. At her bro-ther's remark she blushed red as a sun-set sky, while Mr. Macgregor laughed

good-naturedly. "I resemble some one Miss Trevanion

has met before, perhaps,' he said, with a glance from the splendid dark eyes that thrilled the girl strangely. "I wish you good-morning." He stood bareheaded until the car-

riage disappeared, and still Sybil wore that startled face. Suddenly she turned "Cousin Cyril, do you know you very

"What! Macgregor! No -surely not." "But you do!" excitedly. "It is that made me stare so. How very rude you are, Cherley, to draw attention to it as you did." "Not half so rude as yourself." retort-

"Not half so rude as yourself." retort-ed the Etonian. "If Maggregor had been the Pig-headed Lady, you couldn't have looked him out of countenance more. If you had gazed much longer, he might have thought you were falling in love with him, and taking his photograph in your mind's eve."

"Nonsense! but the resemblance-"Nonsense! but the don't you see it, Charley ?"

"Can't say I do. Macgregor's much the better-looking man of the two, if you'll permit me to say so, colonel. Both bre black as the-don't be alarmed, Sybil, I won't mention him-but Colonel Trevanion's general expression of coun-tenace says 'Go to the devil!' as plainly tenace says 'Go to the devil!' as plainly as words, while Macgregor's rather a pleasant-looking fellow, on the whole. I hope you don't object to plain speaking, my dear Trevanion?" turning with the rmine fearbace to the Lower ten harming frankness to the Indian offi-

charming frankness to the Indian offi-cer: "it's a way I have." "So I perceive," answered Colonel Tre-vanion, with a frigid face; "and a most disagreeable way, I should imagine, your acquaintances find it." "And Charley, like most other people who plume themselves upon their 'plain speaking,' will take plain speaking from no one else," said Sybil. in mighty dis-pleasure. "Those Eton boys have become a by-word for their impertinence. So the tenant of the Retreat visits at Sir Rup-

cnant of the Retreat visits at Sir Rupert Chudleigh's ?" "Quite intimate there," responded her "Quite intimate there," responded her brother, in nowise quenched; "and very jolly feeds the old-baronet gives. His Lafitte is nectar for the gods, and his Chambergin and March 1998.

Chambertin and Maraschino something to be dreamed of in one's visions of Par-adise. Gwen's the only drawback, with her flaming dresses, and her loud style generally; but Macgregor, who is next door to an angel as to temper, finds even er endurable. And he and the old cock -beg pardon for the slang, Sybil; mean Sir Rupert, of course—argue about no end of philosophical and metaphysica)

things, till all's blue, and the baronet loses his temper and gets badly floored. till all's blue, and the baroned Then they go to ecarte, and Macgregor beats him at that, and they part deadly nemies-until next time.

"Your Macgregor appears to be a sort of Admirable Crichton," 'said his sister. "Pray, how long has he been in whese parts to stall. parts to strike up such an intimacy pectly-she was so brilliantly retty, so with so very exclusive a gentleman as fair, so sweet—that the eyes that had

# Suffer From Indigestion, Headaches, Poor Appetite, Sleeplessness.

# Nothing Se Sure to "Set Up" a Man, Make Him Feel Brisk and Vig-

ous as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Lack of exercise and overwork were Lack of exercise and overwork were the causes that combined to almost kill Samuel S. Stephens, jun., one of the best known eitzens of Woodstock. In his convincing letter Mr. Stephens

says: "A year ago I returned home after



long trip, completely worn out. I was so badly affected by chronic biliousness, so much overcome by constant head o much overcome by constant head-iches, dizziness, that I despaired of ever ous actions, uniziness, that I despaired of ever getting well. I was always tired and languid, had no energy and spirit, found it difficult to sleep for more than five bonrs. My appetite was so fickle that I ate next to nothing, and in consequence last waited and state that the state of the sta vaves.

has weight and strength. I was pale and had dark rings under my eyes that made me look like a shadow.

me look like a shadow. "It was a blessing that I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In one week I felt like a new man. The feeling of weight and nausea in my stomach disappeared. My eyes looked bright-er, color grew better, and, best of all, I began to enjoy my meals. The dkziness, languor and feeling of de-pression passed away, and I fast re-gained my old-time vigor and spirits. To-day I am well-thanks to Dr. Hamilton's Pills." For health, strength, comfort, and For health, strength, comfort an.1 good spirits there is no medicine like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Beware of substitutes,

and don't let any dealer paim off some other pill on which he can make more money. 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, by mail from The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

ing beauties stepped out of its frame.

ing beauties stepped out of its frame. She stood in the door-way an instant -an exquisite tableau-with her roses and her ribbons, glancing from one face to the other. Cyril Trevanion, sitting talking to Lady Lemox, his face partly averted, was the last she saw. As he turned round and their eves As he turned round and their eyes

met, the bright color faded from the rounded cheeks and a dull, leaden whiteness passed from brow to chin stood quite still, cold and pale, gazing at him with wild, wide eyes. "Sweets to the sweet!" Charley said,

taking her basket of roses out of ler resistless hand. "How you do stare, Mrs. Ingram! You are almost as bad :.s Sy-bil half an hour ago. Is Colonel Trevan-ion Medusa's head, and is he turning you to stone? Come, and let me pres ent him. It may break the fatal spell." He led her forward, still resistless. Some sudden inward panic seemed to

Some sudden niward pairs school and palsy every sonse. Sybil looked at her in wonder, then suspiciously at her companion; but the colone's impassive face was as impas-ble donast even expressive sive as ever, his deep-set eyes expressiv of no surrise, of no recognition, of of no surrise, of no recognition, of nothing but great and sudden admira fon.

the terrible results that might follow. My limbs would swell, my back ached and I was always tired and nervous. She had arisen before him so unex-"These symptoms led me to believe that kidney disease was the root of all



Youkers, N. Y., has more than fifty their constitutional or chemical peculiari-wireelss telegraph operators, but proba-bly Alfred T. Serrell is the best known of them all. His apparatus is set up in the dining-room of his home. He overhears peculiar conversations, the other evening a courtship being the accidental form of entertainment. Sitting with the preceiver in precision be been receiver in position he heard: good wrought by Williams' Pink Pills. For years I had suffered almost con-stantly with chronic dysapensia of the most stubborn type, attended by differ-ent other troubles which invariably for low, or accompany it as its results, prominent among which were kidney trouble and piles. Against this compli-cation of disease I waged a vigorous warfare for several months, using many different remedies, none of which gave permanent relief. In my discouragement al-together when I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the use of which, though under very unfavor-able circumstances, soon revived my

"Ag-ag-ag-agag-SH." 'SH" was a young

'SH' was a young woman, and a 'SH' was a young woman, and a youny man-"HW' in wireless-was call-ing her by code. Evidently she was right at her instrument, for she responded promptly with "SH" and he revealed himself by giving his code name "HW." After that the conversation was con-ducted in characters of the Morse tele-graph alphabet, the translation being:

graph alphabet, the translation being: "Good evening, Miss Ruth." "Good evening, Mr. Smith." "Nice weather for listening."

"Fine. Everything is so clear." "Clear for me, I hope." "What do you mean, Mr. Smith?"

"I've been trying to say something to "Why don't you say it? I'm paying

attention. "I'm afraid you will cut me out."

"Oh, I wouldn't do anything like that." "Will you be my wife?" "That depends."

"Depends upon what?" "On which Mr. Smith you are." "I am Mr. Oscorino Smith-HW. Will

ou marry me?" "Why, certainly,' was the vibrant, joyanswer brought by the wireless

"When ?"

"Oh, we'll talk that over later." "Good night, dearie."

"Good night, love." "An'd then came the following pure 

py couple of others who might wish to converse or propose matrimony .--- Yonk-ers Statesman.

JUST JOTTINGS.

## The tire demands of American motor ars during the present year will total

manent.

alk

to perfect health.

ars during the second to the second s MEERSCHAUM MINE.

Only One Known in the World Besides the Mine in Asia Miner. (New York Sun.)

Showing How Indigestion

Can Be Cured.

Rev. T. A. Drury, Beamsville, Ont., writes as follows: "For eighteen years I have been increasingly im-pressed with the wonderful effects for good wrought by Williams' Pink Pills. For years I had suffered almost con-

able circumstances, soon revived my drooping courage. The medicine struck at the root of my weakness and the dif-ferent troubles of which dyspepsia was the prime cause released ist on each

the prime cause released, let go, and

fifteen pounds in weight, and received a new lease of life. Only six boxes of pills produced this wonderful change in

my health, which was miraculously per-

Later my sister became so reduced by

inaemia (though under the care of our

Williams' Pink Pills were resorted to.

and in a brief space of time restored her

Being a minister of the gospel, many

test cases have come under my notice, in all of which Dr. Williams' Park

Pills have fully sustained their world-wide reputation. This is why I can equ-

Pink Pills as being superior to anything known to me in the treatment of the

many diseases for which they are re-commended."

In this dangerous extremity Dr.

disappeared. In one month I inc

family doctor) that she could

sides the Mine in Asia Miner. (New York Sun.) There is only one meerschaum mine in the country. Up to a year or two we there might as well have been notes it all. About five years ago a compary formed to take over the mine dechand confidently that it was going to make meerschaum pipes out of the product. "For four years we were the langing stock of the trade," said a member of the confern the other day. "But works doing the laughing ourselves now." The flourishes before the visitor's ges orders for more gross of pipes than any-body but a mathematical producy condi-ount. And he shows a picture of the such a point that the walls of the email factory over on the East Side are betg-ing worse every day. This somall building they can turn out only. This comes, however, to more day. This comes, however, to more than a million and a half pipes a pier. Which would seem enough to story work of any others. That one is in Asia move of the order four the story of such a only one other meensonem than any others. That one is in Asia mine inthe world. At least nobedy move of any others the should be trown of any others. That one is in Asia move set from a Boatom dealer. There is only one other meensonem mine inthe world. At least nobedy moves of any others that one is in Asia mover and supplied the material for a supply been known for some time, but nobedy hit any fail in fit. Samples of the pro-oution as to its value and were declar-oution as to its value and were declar-been known for some time, but nobedy not the source and the source and they mine. The trouble was that where the the the source and the source and or calities. It ionks as if somebody had instead up some stiff plaster of Prefs, blown a lot of all in to it and left if set, it to only looks sonks, but when first mined it is very moist, so wet, in fact, that it must be allowed to dry out for-ing and the more, took those first mined it is very moist, so wet, in fact, that it must be prefered aso they out for-the time and the more, took those first more it

handling the crude product that took the time and the money, took those fun-years of time and the company access like to remember how much money. Turnish meercehaum occurs in what is known as kidney formation; kidnay shap-ed gleces, some of them about the dree of a fist. Pipe bowls are cut dreedy. fam these lumps without treating shem in any way. A shown as kidney tormation; strang as a set of a fist. Five bowle are cut dreating fiber of a fist. Five bowle are cut dreating fiber of a fist. Five bowle are cut dreating fiber of a fist. Five bowle are cut dreating fiber any way.
Wexican meerschaum occurs in veins, sometimes eighteen increase in diameter, sometimes pinching out to a much thinner streak. These veins are out on the billiside, showing so white that the reaction of the matter is a streat employed with other matter is or a streak employed with other matter is a streak employed with other matter is or a streak employed with other matter is a streak employed with other is a streak of a concentrated. The finished product is absolutely pure meetschaum, pressed in blocks which are so white and light that "foam of the sex" (meer schaum are shipped to the New York at a streak of it. Its weight is almost negligible bowl weighing ohly and an ounce.
The carloads of these blocks of meerschaum are shipped to the New York at a nother, polished and fitted there. Dockness of different styles are made: calabash, sliver mounted, solid meerschaum bowle, separate bowls, cigar and calabash, sliver mounted solid meerschaum bowle streak and so calabash, sliver as a streak and so calabash, sliver as a little more so-mother it takes just as good a polish. Also inter it takes just as good a polish. Also inter the solid at a price that all most negliges and disapped there is no reason why Ameridan meerschaum base is a price that all most halves that of Turkish meerschaum.

Over 11,000,000 women are engaged in lace-making at home in the City of Not-turkham. Germany is building 88 war vessels at the present time: France, 29; the United State-64, and Holland, 22. Twenty-six native species of wood are cut in Canada, spruce yielding one-fourth of the total. The birth rate of London has declined from a little more than 34 per 1,000 in 1581 to a shade over 24 per 1000 last year. A 900,000.000 feet of lumber, estimated to be worth \$55,000,000. For the first time in the history of the country the portraits of the Czars of Russia are being placed on postage SHE STRUCK AT **ROOT OF TROUBLE** 

Mrs. Comeau cured her Kidneys

with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And Her Heart Trouble, Backache

And Other Ailments Disa ppeared —Says She Owes Her Good Health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Petit Rocher, Gloucester Co., N. B.,

-(Special)-When Mrs. Pierre I. Com-

eau, a well known and highly respected resident of this place cured her kidney

resident of this place cured her kidney disease, her heart trouble and other

aches and pains also disappeared. She cured her kidney disease easily and quickly by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My heart troubled me all the time,"

Comeau states: "and I feared for

Mrs.

The Riconian stretched himself upon a suit, and went on with his work of drawing out the returned hero; but Colad Trevanion drew out so extremely fine that even Oharley was bafled. Of his hattles in India and Russia, of his Farels in South America and Central Asia; Cyril Trevanion was strikingly re-

" "Yed and taciturn." " "On their own merits modest men are "On their own merits modest men are dumb," quoted Charley. "My own case particles, Twe covered myself with glars some hundreds of times in stand-up tights with bigger boys; I've had a science with a distinguished member of the P. R., Bully Brittles, and I licked Pully, but 1 never speak of these ex-plate. Its not a lack of memory, citaer; it's genuine innate modesty the real up. it's genuine innate modest, the real, un-adulterated Simon Pure. Let's have some music, Sybil. Talking doesn't seem to be the colonel's forte."

Gril Trevanion took his departure early. He was stopping at one of the Speckhaven hotels. The brother and siswatched him mount his horse and away in the soft summer moon-He and agreed, before that leavetaking, to accompany them to Trevanion

The set of the morrow, and remain their great for the present. "Runn sort of chap, that hero of yours, still," the Btonian said, as the dark horseman disappeared. "Don't remem-ber his oldest friends, or the man that saved his life a year ago, and eats fish with his knife. But then, that fever. How's your ideal new, my dear, roman-tic, novel-reading sister? Considerably subsected, ch? If he were anything less than a hero, and the last of all the great Trevanions, who never go wrong, I should say he was about the greatest guy and the sulkiest lout I've com across lately. The man who can cat salof his finger glass, is capable of any

Authy crime." Authors of the flitted up the flut Sybil was gone. She flitted up the flut sybil was gone.

out over the silvery groves of fern, he rays you're to fetch her a bitch of waving trees, the velvet-green glades of French novels, and finish teaching her Mankswood Waste.

### CHAPTER XII.

Cousin Cyril role over from Speckhav-en in time for breakfast; then the trio started in the pony chase for Trevanion

Park, Sybil driving. "Cut along through the west gate, Sybil," Charley observed; "I've a word

to say to Macgregor." Sybil obeyed. The tenant of the Re-trent was stretched lazily beneath a big, branching oak, smoking a cheroot and watching the vivid azure of the blue sky as seen through the glistening foliage. Itis long lean wolf-hound lay stretched out beside him, and master and dog made a very striking tableau set in vivid treen. green.

"I say, old fellow," Charley called

Ark, polished oaken stairway, and dis-appeared in her own room. The night-lamp burned dim, but the lover summer moonlight streamed in, and part to shame its feeble glimmer. She blew it out, and sat down by the window, her chin resting on her hand, the dark, deep eyes looking thoughtfully will over the silvery groves of ferm the serve you're to fetch est. And, oh! Gwen

Monkswood Waste. And so the dream of her life was real-ised-Spril Irrevanion was come. A cold, My sister. Miss Trevanion-Mr. Maggre-leaden sense of chill and disappointsment gor. She goes in, no end, for authors' weighed down her heart like lead. He and poete, and all such smill deer, so 1

Sir Rupert? Or did they know each oth-er long ago?"

"Never set eyes on each other until about a month ago," Charley said. "Moe-gregor came down to Speckhaven straight from Suabia, where, as I told straight from Suabia, where, as 1 tota you before, he had been pig-sticking and boar-hunting, and writing jolly booka. He and the baronet 'met by chance, the usual way.' Sir Rupert got hold of his work on Central Africa, and his 'Tour Among Volcances'-South American travels you know: not immensely de-Among volcances'-South American travels, you know; got immensely de-lighted with them, and called upon the 'talented author' immediately. As for liking him, once you know him, that's simply a matter of course. I like him," added the Etonian, superbly; "and I can say no more" can say no more." "No, said Colonel Trevanion, with

"No,"said Coloner Prevaluon, with withering sarcasm, 'I'should say not. That comprises everything. Undue charity toward your species is not one of your weaknesses, I fancy." Charley eyed him askance.

"Weaknesses I have none, colonel Fools I despise, and knaves J abhor

And I believe it is a generally admit ted truism that mankind is divided in to these two classes. Macgregor may be a knave—I haven't sounded him to his lowest depths yet; but he certainly is no fool. And of the two, I prefer the knave. knaves.'

There was that in the easy insolence of the lad's tone that said, as plainly as though he had spoken, "And you be fong to the fools." But they were at the house by this time, to Sybil's in-tense relief; and my lady, who had got wind in some way of the new arrival, was at the dor to receive and welcome

Mrs. Ingram was nowhere visible when the family party entered the drawing room; but ten minutes later her silvery voice was heard humming : "Traviata" air, and she came in through a glass door laden with a basket

a glass door laden with a basket of dewy roses. Very pretty she looked, very youth-ful, very fresh, the bloom, that was not all rouge, at its brightest on her oval cheeks, and the great, velvety eyes looking longer an ddarker for the artful circles about them. Her girlish rohe of white muslin flut-tezed in the light July breeze; pink ribbons and blush roses Hghted her up, and all the rich black hair hung foose.

half curis, half riples, over her bare, n mahoulders

She looked like one of Greuze's melt-

fair, so sweet—that the eyes that had looked calmly enough on Sybil Trevan-lon's beautiful face grew all alight with admiration of this gay little vision. Mrs. Ingram drew a long breath, ft with the starting and even followed Tre might be of relief, and gave Colonel Tre-waulon one little dimpled palm. The color came slowly back to her checks, the startled look left her eyes. She sat down by Charley, laughing and chatting in her griding and chatting

in her gushing, girlish way, and listene to his off-hand compliments and and-easy love-making with laughing

good humor. (To be Continued.)

**WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT BABY'S OWN TABLETS** 

Mothers who have once used Baby When Tablets for their little once used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones al-ways keep them in the house. They realize the value of the Tablets in banishing baby's illness when it comes, or better still, in warding off

illness by giving him an occasional dose of the Tables to keep his stomach and bowels regular. ( them Mrs. Isaac McDonald, Concerning them Mrs. Isaac McDonaid, Nappan Station, writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and would not now be without them as they are the very best medicine I know of for little ones." The Tablets are sold at 25 cents a box by medicine dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville Out Nappar

Co., Brockville, Out.

PRIZE BULLS.

(Montreal Star)

(Montreal Star) During a debate upon the second read-ing of the Irish land bill in 1836, Lord Londonderv, concluded a period with, "This is the keystone of the pull; are you going to kill it?" Sir Frederick Milne, speaking on the bedget, said: "A cow may be drained dry; and if Chancellors of the Exchequer persist kn meeting every deficiency that occurs by taxing the brewing and dis-curs by taxing the brewing and dis-different the second the same nine tilling industry, they will inevitably kill the cow that lays the golden milk." Tord Curson-"The interests of the em-ployer and employed are the same nine times out of ten." Discussing Mr. Asquith's licensing bill a, a meeting in Shoreditch last year, a member of Parilament roused the great audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm by declaring that "the time had come to strip to the waist and tuck up our shirt alexes."

There is only one thing worse than running up against a bore, and that is to have him run up against you.

y troubles, so I turned to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished the first box the swelling was gone, my back was well and my heart no longer trouble me. I am now in the best of health, and I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Always strike at the root of the trouble. And in mine cases out of ten all women's troubles start with the Kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills are woman's best friend.

3 WAYS TO COOK COOKIES.

Crisp Cookies-One cupful of sugar and 1-2 cupful of butter, creamed toge ther; add the yolks of 3 eggs and beat until light. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff roth and beat them in alterna

tion, add them and the sifted flour in alternation. When well mixed roll out very thin on a board covered with gran-ulated sugar; cut in rounds, and bake in tins in a quick oven.

Brown Sugar Cookies-Cream together 2-3 of a cup of brown sugar, then add 1 egg. When well beaten together stir in 1 cup of rolled oats and 2-3 of a cup of English walnuts chopped fine. Lastly add 1 cup of flour and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the baking powder with the flour.

Sour Cream Cookies-Two eggs, 11-2 cupfuls sugar, 3-4 cup butter, 3-4 cup sour cream, or milk, 1-2 teaspoonful cinsour creati, or mile, the teaspoonful nutner, 1-2 teaspoonful nutner, 1-4 teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt, 31-2 cupfuls flour, 1-2 teaspoonful baking powder.

### SNOW AND FROST BITES. (Montreal itnesWs)

(Montreal itnesWs) A pitiful think occurred at a recent hockey match through the strange sur-vival of the pitsine but aburd theory that frost bites are to be cured by the application of snow, and further, by rub-bling snow on the part. It is true that when a frozen inember is brought into the house the use of snow or tap water relieves the nain by reducing the spread with which the blood finds its way into frozer and injured vesicles. But the very opposite is necessarily the effect in below zero conditions cut of doors. Thawing snow gives forth cold, lee cream is pro-duced by snow or ice being meliced by the body through the heat of the body it creats freezing conditions about the snow to be rubbed upon the injures part and can only aggregate frost bits. If the stat can only aggregate frost is to cause hard snow to be rubbed upon the injures part and can only aggregate frost bits. If the strange bow mertimeticus this paradoxical heresy is.



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