

Sweet Miss Margery

Margery was pained and troubled as she took her way along the paddock—pained not so much at the woman's words as at the thought that the man had reached them and deemed her stupid and plain. She had grown to look on Stuart Crosbie as something bright and delightful in her life. They had played together as children, and the memory of that friendship was the strongest link in the chain that held her as a hero. When he was away, Stuart had written once or twice to Margery, sending her views of the place and the people, and her long chatty accounts of his travels. When he came home, they renewed their intimacy; there was not a shadow of surprise or fear in Margery's mind when the young squire came so frequently to see her.

She had no suspicion that this friendship would annoy his mother or was in any way strange or uncommon. She liked Stuart Crosbie; she could talk to him of her studies, her pursuits—a sealed book in her home—and gradually grew to welcome him as a companion with whom she could converse freely and naturally as with a friend who would never fail her. Mrs. Morris thought to great an invalid to devote much thought to the girl's amusements, nor would she know how to intimate the young squire and Margery had become so close that she had no constraint put upon her; she met, walked and chatted with Stuart Crosbie as freely as she liked, and no cloud had dawned on her happy life till to-day.

"The sight of that other girl, so different from her self, had brought a strange sharp pang, but that was lost in the pain she endured when she thought that Stuart had agreed with the cruel remark, and that his friendship was gone forever. She wondered her way along the paddock, and was turning through the gate to enter the gardeners' path again, when a hand was stretched out from beside her, took the basket from her, and putting a finger under her chin, raised her head from its drooping position.

"Well," said Stuart quietly.

"Give me my basket, please, Mr. Stuart," Margery murmured hurriedly, the crimson wave of color dying her cheeks.

"What for?" asked the young man calmly.

"I must get home. I am very late as it is."

"Well, why don't you go?" Stuart inquired, watching the color fade from her cheeks.

"I cannot go without my basket," Margery answered, trying to be at her ease. "Please give it to me, Mr. Stuart."

"Then I must go without it!" she exclaimed; and, suiting the action to the word, she began to move down the path. Stuart followed at once, and put a detaining hand on her arm.

"Here is your basket, Margery. I was only teasing you. What a time you have been! I have been waiting here for you for the last five minutes."

Margery's heart grew lighter again.

"You might have been better employed," said Stuart, with the quaint sharpness Stuart always admired. "But, if you have time to waste, I have not. Listen! There it is striking six and mother will wonder what has become of me."

"Yes, that is what I observed," Mrs. Crosbie, listening to the clock chiming from the castle. "You will get home by seven, Margery, if you start at once. Not that way!"—as she turned again down the path. "This is nearly half a mile nearer."

He pushed open the gate and motioned her into the garden. "Now," he continued, slipping the basket on his arm and turning beside her across the field, "we are you cross with me, Miss Margery?"

"I am not cross with you," Margery answered hurriedly.

"Yes, now, perhaps; but you were," Margery was silent.

"What was it, Margery?" he asked gently.

"I heard what that lady said about me last night," she replied, after a pause. "You are angry with me. That is hardly fair—rough on an old friend, you know."

"I thought you might have—" she stopped.

"Agreed with her. You ought to know me better than that, Margery."

"The grave tones went to her heart. "Oh, forgive me," she cried. "It was wrong, but—she is so beautiful, and I—"

"You are—"

"Only a village girl beside her."

"If you know how different you are from her," Stuart said quietly, Margery's face flushed.

"I never felt I was—common till to-day," she answered.

"She looked up quickly. Mr. Crosbie checked his words and laughed a little constrainedly.

"You must not grow vain," he said.

"Am I vain? I will remember another time," she responded gravely.

"And remember this, too," Stuart added. "That, whatever any one may say, my opinion of you does not change—never will."

She smiled with delight.

"Thank you, Mr. Stuart," she said, smiling. "And now please give me my basket; you must not come any further."

"I shall carry it home for you," he answered. "We shall not be long, and this is too heavy for your little hands. Tell me of your lesson. What have you done to-day, and what is that book?"

Margery immediately broke into a long account of her studies, and with her happy serenity restored, they walked on beside him, heedless of the dust or the sun—content that their friendship was unaffected.

Stuart Crosbie listened with pleasure to the ripple of her voice, his eyes never tired of wandering to her sweet face, lovely in its innocence; but when he had parted from her and strode home—long the lanes, his brow was clouded and a puzzled expression rested upon his face.

CHAPTER VI.

Wednesday morning broke clear and cloudless. Margery rose at an early hour, and sat looking out of her little window at the sun gilding the fields and trees with its glory. Stuart Crosbie, too, rose earlier than his wont; and he occupied the time till the breakfast-gong sounded in walking up and down his room, apparently in deep thought. As the muffled summons reached his ear, he uttered an impatient "Pshaw!" and made his way slowly down the stairs. His mother was seated at the table when he entered the room; and he had scarcely exchanged greetings with her when Vane Charteris made her appearance. It was not Miss Charteris' usual custom to honor the breakfast table with her presence; but since her stay at Crosbie's, the mood had seized her, and she descended regularly to the early meal.

"Good-morning, my dear," said Mrs. Crosbie, smiling her sweetest. "You look as fresh as a rose; doesn't she, Stuart?"

"Words always fail me to describe Cousin Vane's beauty," was his gallant reply.

Vane smiled languidly; but she was not quite happy. There was something strange about this cousin of hers; she was attentive, but his attentions seemed to be the outcome of habit rather than inclination. Was her power to fall her here, too?

"What is the programme for to-day?" observed Mrs. Crosbie. "Ah, Vane, my dear, I fear you find this place very dull!"

"Dull!" repeated Miss Charteris. "I can not tell you, my dear aunt, how happy I am in your lovely home."

Mrs. Crosbie felt her heart swell; more and more she saw the advisability of a marriage between Stuart and her cousin, more and more she determined it should take place.

"Well, Stuart, what are we to do to amuse Vane?" she inquired, turning to her son, with the pleasure called up by her niece's speech still lingering on her face.

"I am afraid, mother, I shall not be able to offer my services to-day. I am bound for Chesterham this morning," Stuart answered, vigorously attacking a pie on a side table.

"Chesterham!" ejaculated his mother. "Why, what takes you there, Stuart?"

"An appointment with Derwent. He has written and asked me to meet him at the junction on his way to town; he wants to see me."

"Why could not Captain Derwent come here for a few days?" inquired Mrs. Crosbie, coldly. She was annoyed that anything should interrupt the acquaintance that was progressing so satisfactorily.

"He can't; he is due in London."

"But must you go?" began his mother, who will vote me such a nuisance! Indeed, we can spare Stuart for one day, and I will enjoy myself with you if you will let me. We have not driven to any places yet; shall we not go somewhere to-day?"

"I shall be pleased," Mrs. Crosbie replied, though she looked vexed; and all other remarks on the subject were stopped, to Stuart's great relief, by his father's entrance. Lady Charteris never left her room till noon, and his haggard features were a look of surprise.

"Good-morning, my dear," he said to Vane. "Constance," to his wife—"I have received a most extraordinary surprise. Read that!"—holding out a letter.

With ill-concealed impatience Mrs. Crosbie took the letter he held toward her.

"What sort of a surprise, dad?" asked Stuart, putting his hand for an instant into his father's.

"Your mother will tell you," answered the squire.

"From Douglas Gerant?" exclaimed Mrs. Crosbie, gazing at the end of the letter. "This is a surprise indeed! Why, Sholto, he is in England—has been for the last month—and wants to come to us for a visit!"

"By Jove!" was Stuart's only utterance.

"It seemed like a letter from the dead," said the squire dreamily. "What years since one has heard or seen anything of Douglas Gerant! It must be fifteen at least since he left England."

Mrs. Crosbie folded up the letter.

"He is not changed," she observed—"at least his letter is as good and erratic as of old. Vane, you have heard your mother speak of Douglas Gerant, have you not?"

Miss Charteris puckered her brow.

"I don't remember his name," she replied. "Who is he?"

"Your mother's cousin—surely she must have spoken of him!"

"I have heard of Constance Gerant," Miss Charteris answered; "but he is dead."

"This is his brother. He too might have been dead for all that we have seen or heard of him. He was a ne'er-do-weel, an utter scoundrel."

"But with great good in him," added the squire warmly. "I know you did not think so, Constance; but Douglas always had a fine generous nature."

"It was well hidden then, his wife reported coldly. "I never had much sympathy with him, and I have less now. A man has no right to be lost to the world as he has been, and leave a magnificent inheritance wasting and neglected when there are others who would prize it."

"Is this the long-lost cousin who owns Beecham Park?" asked Vane, with sudden interest. "Oh, then I have heard of him, of course!"

"He came into the property ten years ago," Stuart explained, "and he has not come home till now. I must confess I always had a strong sympathy for this unknown cousin. What a strange life his has been! I am tempted to envy him the wonders he must have seen."

"I am surprised you should speak like that, Stuart," said his mother coldly. "I can understand any man of prin-

ple putting aside his duties for his inclinations."

Miss Charteris looked bored.

"Is he married?" she asked languidly.

"No, my dear," answered Mrs. Crosbie quickly; "by some marvelous chance he has escaped matrimony. I always expected to hear of a low-born wife; but he appears to have a little Gerant pride within him, and has spared us that humiliation."

"Then he has no heir?" Vane observed.

Mrs. Crosbie did not reply immediately; but Miss Charteris saw her hands some eyes wander to Stuart's face and rest there.

"He has the power of willing Beecham Park," Mrs. Crosbie remarked; and the squire broke in with his quiet monotone voice:

"I have often wished Douglas had married; he was just the man to be led to good things by a good woman."

"You always were absurd on this subject, Sholto," his wife remarked quietly; and the squire discreetly said no more.

Stuart moved from the table as the meal ended, and engrossed with the newspaper, was lost to all that was passing around.

"I will write this morning and bid Douglas welcome," Mrs. Crosbie said after a while. As she rose, she turned to the butler—"Fox, tell Mrs. Marzham to prepare some rooms for Sir Douglas Gerant; I expect he will arrive to-morrow. Now Vane, I will leave you for half an hour; then, if you will equip yourself, we will drive this morning."

"Thanks, auntie," and Miss Charteris walked slowly across the room to one of the long French windows, gazing thoughtful and not altogether displeased.

"The power to will Beecham Park," she mused; "and the heir must be Stuart Crosbie. His mother's eyes spoke that plainly."

Miss Charteris glanced at the tall, well-built form of Stuart, who was still intent on the newspaper, and for the first time the thought of a warmer feeling dawned in her heart. She found this cousin a more agreeable companion than she had imagined; she was irresistibly attracted by his manliness and charm of manner. Might she not gratify her ambition as well as her fancy if she chose this young man for her husband? As mistress of Crosbie Castle she would once again reign in her world, but as mistress of Gerant Castle she would be greater than she ever dreamed of. Vane felt her heart swell within her at the glorious prospect her imagination conjured up, and standing in the soft morning sunlight, she vowed to link lot with Stuart Crosbie, and be his wife on a side table.

She left the window and walked toward him.

"You are most unkind, Mr. Crosbie," she said, looking sweetly plaintive. "You are going to leave me all day, and bid yourself in those dry papers."

Stuart put down his newspaper quickly; he had been utterly unconscious of her presence.

"I beg your pardon, Vane," he said, smiling; "indeed it was very rude of me."

"I forgive you this time," she returned, extending her white hand, "on condition that you promise to come home early from your meeting with this tiresome man."

Stuart colored faintly. It was true that he had received a letter from his friend, Captain Derwent, also true that that friend would pass through Chesterham at some time during the day; but Stuart's appointment was not with Captain Derwent. In an hour's time he was to meet Margery, and start for their picnic in the woods.

"I shall get back as soon as I can," he said hurriedly. "In truth, Vane, I am afraid that you will find Crosbie horribly dull; there is nothing on my mind to amuse you. It will be better one or two people for the twelfth."

"I don't want them," Miss Charteris observed, raising her large blue eyes to his; "and, do you know, Cousin Stuart, strange though it may seem, I am not at all in a hurry to see you."

"You are easily satisfied," he replied; and at that moment his mother reappeared.

"Now, Vane, I am at your service. By the bye, Stuart, shall we drive you to Chesterham? I can easily order—the barouche instead of the pony carriage."

"Oh, no, thanks," he answered, hurriedly. "I prefer to walk."

Mrs. Crosbie elevated her eyebrows, but made no remark; and Vane followed her aunt from the room. On reaching the door, she looked back and kissed her hand.

"An revoir, Cousin Stuart!" he said lightly. "Don't stay away too long."

Stuart waited only till the ladies had well disappeared; then he walked across the hall, caught up his tennis racket, and made his way along the colonnade to the court yard, and whistled for his dogs, then, without another look round, started across the paddock to the village.

Margery was dressed early, and had packed a small basket with some home-made cakes and apples as provender for the picnic. She had told Mrs. Morris of her holiday and Mr. Stuart's kindness, and occupied herself with many little duties of love for the sick woman before she left her.

Mrs. Morris watched with tender eyes the slender form flitting about the room in its plain white cotton gown. All the wealth of her childless heart was bestowed on this girl, and in return she received pure and deep affection.

"Now, are you quite sure, mother, you will not miss me?" asked Margery, kneeling by the couch when all her duties were done.

"Nay, I can not say," Mrs. Morris returned, with a faint smile. "I always miss you, child; but I shall not want you. Mrs. Carter is coming in to see me, and Reuben has promised to come home for dinner."

"Reuben will keep his word then," declared the girl; "but I shall not be away long."

"Stay and amuse yourself, Margery—you are young, and should have pleasure. Now get on your bonnet and start, or you will keep your young squire waiting."

Margery tied on her sun-bonnet. At first she had been tempted to don her Sunday hat, a plain wide-brimmed straw with a white ribbon; but she checked

HE'S A CONVERT TO A GROWING BELIEF

That Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure for Kidney Disease.

Mr. Renie Moulaison was treated by two doctors, but found his relief and cure in six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Surette Island, Yarmouth, N.S., June 19.—(Special.)—Renie Moulaison, a fisherman of this place, is a convert to the growing belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure for Kidney Disease.

"My trouble started with a cold," Mr. Moulaison states. "My muscles would cramp, I had backache and I had dizzy spells. My head often ached and I had a tired, nervous feeling while specks of light flashed in front of my eyes. "I suffered in this way for over two months and was treated by two doctors, but they didn't seem to be able to do much for me. Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and soon started to improve. I took six boxes in all and now I am glad to say I am cured."

If you have any two or three of Mr. Moulaison's symptoms you may be sure your kidneys are not in good working order. Bad Kidneys mean Backache, Rheumatism, Heart Disease or Bright's Disease unless attended to. The one sure way to cure them is to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

herself and put it away, with a blush at her vanity. She took her little basket, and walking slowly toward the spring, sat down by its musical trickling to wait. She felt more than ordinarily happy; the memory of Stuart's kind words had driven away the sting of his cousin's remark; there was not a cloud on the horizon of her young life. She wanted for nothing to complete her happiness and revelled in the sunshine and the golden glory of summer as only a heart like that which has known sorrow, seen not the darkness or gloom of pain, and the sound of hastening footsteps told her that Stuart was at hand; and she bent to caress the dogs as he approached, thus hiding the pleasure that dawned on her face.

"I am fearfully late, Margery," Stuart said apologetically, as he flung himself down on the cool mossy bank. "By Jove, though, I had no idea I could walk so fast! I have come here in no time."

"You do look tired," she said quickly; "let us rest awhile. Shall I get you some milk?"

Stuart shuddered. The thought recalled all the horrors of Judy's draught that summer morning.

"No, thanks; I will have some water. Do you know, Margery, I don't believe I can go very much further. What do you say to a picnic in the Woodland?"

"I think that would be very nice. But, Mr. Stuart, where is your basket?"

"My basket?" he echoed.

"Yes—your lunch," said Margery, holding out her tiny hamper. "You have forgotten it."

"Yes, I have. Will it matter?" asked Stuart, gravely, thinking he had never seen so sweet a picture as the girl before him.

"Well, you know, to picnic it is necessary to have some food; but perhaps, I have enough for both."

(To be Continued.)

The microscope in the hands of experts employed by the United States Government has revealed the fact that a house fly sometimes carries thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body. The continuous use of Wilson's Fly Pads will prevent all danger of infection from that source by killing both the germs and the flies.

THE TEMPEST.

There was tumult in the attic,
There was beulah down below,
And the sound of children weeping,
And a grumbling deep and low,
For the dust in clouds was flying,
And the air was dark with gloom,
As the storm grew loud and louder
With its terrifying boom!

Here and there a man lay panting,
Overcome, and faint and weak,
Crouching down in abject terror,
Daring not to move or speak;
Stout the hearts that braved the battle
Feared not sword or deadly gun,
Yet they stood like arctic caravans,
Tempted sure to break and run.

Here and there were frightened children,
Laughing, howling as they roared
Running loose among the wreckage
Of that one-time happy home:
While the women, pale and haggard,
Faces set and looks astray,
Stormed with brush and broom and dust,
On that awful cleaning day!

—Charles Irwin Junkin in Puck.

Saved from Consumption
Another Startling Case That Proves the Unquestionable Merit of "Catarrhozone."

Miss Louise Murphy, a well-known society belle residing at 28 Monument street, Medford, writes: "Kindly forward me three outfits of Catarrhozone, which I have found most valuable for Catarrhal affections of the head and throat. Catarrhozone cured me of my cough, and really saved me from consumption. I am recommending CATARRHOZONE above all other treatments, knowing what great curative powers it possesses. I know others who have benefited by Catarrhozone."

In your case, Catarrhozone would be useful. Why not get it to-day. Complete outfit is sufficient for two months' treatment, and costs but \$1; trial size, 25c, at all dealers in medicine.

The old notion that women are more emotional than men has been disproved by a celebrated authority of Europe.

WIT AND HUMOR

PERSEVERING.
(Boston Transcript.)
Patient—Say! isn't the tooth I want pulled?
Dentist—Never mind. I'm coming to it.

THE LAST WORD.
(Detroit Free Press.)
A Wisconsin couple have remarried after a separation of 40 years. Did it take him that long to make up his mind to let her have the last word?

A USE FOR THE RECALL.
(New York Sun.)
Knicker—What do you know about the recall?
Booker—I believe in it for umpires.

CONSTANCY.
(Smart Set.)
"You gave me the key of your heart, my friend," said a young man to a girl.
"Oh, that was yesterday, ain't it above? And last night I changed the lock!"

EXPLAINED.
(Harper's Bazar.)
Indignant Diner—"Look here, waiter, I just found a button in this dish of roast turkey."
Calm Waiter—"Yes, sir; it's part of the dressing."

CONDENSED.
(Life.)
"What a cunning chifferton!"
"Yes," said the flat dweller, "isn't it? That was one reception room and we had a set of drawers made to fit it."

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.
(Puck.)
Employer—I hope you are saving something out of your salary, James.
Employee—No, sir; most all of it, sir.
Employer (eagerly)—Do you want to buy an automobile cheap?

CAN YOU BEAT IT.
(Boston Transcript.)
She—I'm afraid, Tom, dear, you will find me a mine of faults.
He—Darling, it shall be the greatest labor of my life to correct them.
She (flaring up)—Indeed, you shan't.

HIS CREDITORS.
(Boston Transcript.)
She—Doesn't it worry you dreadfully to owe so many bills you cannot pay?
He—No; why should I worry over other people's troubles?

THE INEVITABLE STAB.
(Harper's Bazar.)
Grace—You'd never dream the number of proposals I've had this winter.
Helen—No, dear, but I am sure you dreamed most of them.

FOREWARNED.
(Harper's Bazar.)
Mistress—When you leave I shall want a week's warning.
Bridget—It's me habit, mum, merely to give a blast on the auto horn.

NOT CONFINED TO TURKEY.
(Boston Transcript.)
Miss Young—In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband until she's married.
Mrs. Wedd—Why mention Turkey especially?

THE INDISPENSABLE BOY.
(Puck.)
Caller—How is your new office boy setting along these days?
Lawyer—Oh, fine. He's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him!

HER DISTINCTION.
(Harper's Bazar.)
A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."
A bright girl replied: "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

ITS DEGREE.
(Harper's Bazar.)
Mrs. Blouet—Are you planning an expensive gown?
Mrs. Knoll—Well, it will take at least five ceures and his favorite dishes to get it.

HER SACRIFICE.
(Life.)
Madge—What is Dolly's ambition in life?
Marjorie—She hopes to marry a millionaire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich.

READY-WITTED.
(Boston Transcript.)
Tramp—Mister, would you give me a nickel for a meal?
Pedestrian—For a glass of beer, more likely.
Tramp—Whatever you says, boss; you're payin' for it.

CREDULITY.
(Washington Star.)
"Some women believe everything a man tells them."
"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Before I married Henrietta, I told her I would be her slave for life, and her trusting nature refused to accept any compromise."

THE HORROR OF IT.
(Harper's Bazar.)
Rogers—Our bank of deposit has stopped payment.
Mrs. Rogers—Oh, John! And I have three of those lovely blank checks which will have to be wasted.

MORE EVIDENCE.
(Washington Star.)
"Here is more evidence of feminine superiority," said Mrs. Baring-Banners.
"A hen cackles only when she has laid an egg and a rooster crows merely to attract idle attention."

ALWAYS THAT DANGER.
(Catholic Standard and Times.)
"Are you proud beauty?" exclaimed little Sitters.
"No, my dear, I will not always be a clerk."
"That's so," interrupted the heartless girl, "you may lose your job."

NO GOOD FOR HIM.
(Philadelphia Record.)
The dyspeptic was discouraging on the subject of his ailments.
"Worcestershire sauce is very good for the dyspeptic," said the man who gives advice.
"But I never eat liver," snapped the dyspeptic.

ON THE HOTEL PLAZZA.
(Harper's Weekly.)
"Why don't you show a little ambition, Sitters?" asked Enke. "Go in and make a reputation for yourself."
"What's the use?" said Sitters. "I'd no sooner make it than these old ladies on the piazza here would tear it all to pieces."

STARVED NERVES

The Cause of Neuralgia—It Must Be Treated Through the Blood.

Neuralgia is a cry of the nerves for more and better blood. It literally means that the nerves are being starved. Like every other part of the body the nerves receive their nourishment through the blood. There is therefore no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the worst case of Neuralgia. They actually make new, rich blood, carrying to the starved nerves the elements they need, thus driving away the sharp, torturing pains which nearly drive the sufferer wild. So many cases of neuralgia have yielded to treatment through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that every sufferer from this dreadful trouble should use no time in giving the Pills a fair trial. Mrs. Sophia E. Johnson, Mosan, Sask., says: "For upwards of ten years I was a periodical sufferer from neuralgia. I located in the side of my face and in the jaw, which would actually click every time I opened or closed my mouth. At times the pains would be almost unendurable, and as time went on, my whole nervous system seemed to be affected. I was constantly dozing, but the doctor did not seem to be able to give me permanent relief, and at last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes, and before they were half gone I felt much better, and by the time I had used them all every symptom of the trouble had gone, and I was enjoying a comfort I had not known for years. I have since remained in the best of health, and can only say I owe the joy of living without pain to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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, Ont.

HAD THEIR DOUBLES.

Instances Among Celebrities—Dickens and Tennyson.

Many celebrities have had their doubles. Grant Duff records that he found "Prof. Schrader so ludicrously like Huxley that I went up and shook hands with him at Lady Alford's." There was a strong physical resemblance between Tennyson and Leslie Stephen, in spite of disparity in years, and between Jules Ferry and Whiteley, the Universal Provider. Edmund Yates was so like the late Shah of Persia that his photographs were sent to Brussels and the Shah, when Naar-ed-Din visited that city. Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema used to have a double in George De Maurier. So closely did they resemble each other that a lady once showed the portrait of the latter at dinner one night addressed De Maurier as Sir Alma, and assured him that he was "really not a bit like that Mr. De Maurier, but people tried to make out it is open to the fictionist who deals in doubles to point to many instances in nature. The Duke of Norfolk and the late George Manville Fenn were almost exact duplicates in outward appearance. And two such different ways as Anthony Hope and Edward George were in their earlier years, and again mistaken for each other.

"They were hardly 'doubles,' but there is a remarkable resemblance between Tennyson and Dickens. Comyns Carr in his "Bminent Victorians," tells how he once showed the poet a pencil drawing which Millais had made of Dickens after death. Mr. Carr himself had been struck by the resemblance the portrait bore to Tennyson, and was curious to see if the poet would notice it. He did, and exclaimed, "Why this is a most extraordinary drawing. It is exactly like myself."

A CANADIAN ACCENT.

(Kingston Standard.)
Lieutenant Governor Gibson advises us to cultivate a distinctly Canadian accent. The trouble is that the ordinary Canadian accent is not a pleasant one; it is a sort of half-and-half accent, a mixture of Irish, Scotch and English, with none of the softness of the Irish or the full and broad vowel sounds of the English. The Canadian accent has this advantage, however, that go where one will in Canada, except of course, in the Province of Quebec, the accent is very much the same. There are slight differences. It is true, between the accent of city people and some of the rural population; but on the whole there is great similarity.

The trouble with a dead beat is that he always comes to life.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Glanford Station, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound for years and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of the uterus, and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully until I began taking your medicine. It has also helped other women to whom I have recommended it."—Mrs. HENRY CLARK, Glanford Station, Ontario.

Another Cure
Harvey Bank, N. E.—"I can highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any suffering woman. I have taken it for female weakness and painful menstruation and it cured me."—Mrs. DEVERE BARBOUR.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It cures but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.