

HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

"Until death," was the reply. "I shall not make much difference in my arrangements," he said. "I was going by the evening train, but now I shall leave in the noon. Say adieu to your sister for me," he continued, taking her hand in his. "Tell her I shall bear my pain like a brave man, and that I will not speak her presence again until I am cured. Tell her I pray Heaven to bless her, and make her happy, and that we shall meet again as good and true friends."

"I will tell her," replied Inez; and for the first time her lips quivered and her eyes grew dim. He thought she sympathized with him.

"Good-by," he said; "I shall not see you again before I start."

"Good-by," she replied, calmly; but the hand he held grew cold in his grasp. The next moment she was gone.

She touched her delicate hands as she went hastily up to her sister's room again.

"I hate myself!" she murmured. "I'm a traitress—a false, lying lie! Yet I swore to win at any risk, and I will!"

Agatha still slept, although the morning sunbeams were playing upon her face. Inez replaced the flower, and then bent again over her sister. There was something like triumph in the beautiful, dark face as she watched the unconscious sleeper.

"If I have done no harm," she thought; "she is not capable of loving, and he will be happier with me."

When Agatha woke she was startled to find her sister bending over her.

"How late I am!" she said; "but I was so tired, and I have had such pleasant dreams!"

Then Inez knew by the flush of warmth and light over the fair face that she remembered all. Her eyes fell upon the flower—the flower that she was to return to-day. She did not understand why Inez, who so rarely entered her room, lingered there, and then she knew her—why she talked so wittily and amusingly of the tableaux and the ball, that simple, sweet Agatha could have listened all day long to Agatha's tale of woe and tears, or from going upstairs to say that she was tired and should have some tea brought to her.

The first part of her plan had succeeded even beyond her most sanguine hopes. She lingered in her sister's room, keeping watch and guard, lest there should come some note or message, which, unless she were quick enough to intercept, would spoil all. Her vigilance never relaxed until she heard the sound of carriage-wheels and then she knew that the danger was past, that explanation was impossible, and that Lord Lynne had left the Hall.

Agatha wondered why all at once her sister's gay words seemed to her still more merry, and why she felt like a monk upon her; but she said to herself that, for the first time she heard was that Lord Lynne had left the Hall.

CHAPTER IX.

Agatha was so sorry. She could not understand what it did not seem to mean. Why had he taken her into the conservatory purposely to speak to her? What answer did he want, which was of so little importance to him, and she had left without even a message for her.

He had never been a vain girl; it was not in her to think much of her own powers and gifts; she had not felt quite sure that Lord Lynne loved her. In her sweet humility she had not seemed natural to her that she should prefer one like herself to her beautiful sister. He was always kind and tender; but when he had always been so; during her father's life-time he had petted and loved her. What could he have meant? She wished Evelyn Leigh had waited three minutes longer before she had interrupted them.

"You know what I have brought you here to say," he had said to her. Her heart had warmed and thrilled when he uttered the words a sweet, vague hope had come to her but she was not sure. Had he brought her there to tell her that he loved her, it seemed like it. At the time she had felt sure. Yet it could not be so; or why had he gone away that morning without waiting for her to give him either the flower or any answer at all. It was simply incomprehensible. Only one thing was plain he did not love her, and he had not meant that.

All day Inez watched her sister's face; it was pale, and had lost something of its bright, happy expression; there seemed to be a wondering question always in her eyes.

"When is Lord Lynne coming back?" she heard Agatha asking Mrs. Lynne.

"I hardly know," replied his mother. "He left rather suddenly; he did not say much to me. He spoke of going to Scotland for shooting in September."

"Perhaps he will not come back until after then," said Agatha gently. She would have given much to understand his strange behavior.

"You know what I have brought you here to say," he had said to her. She had brought her there to tell her that he loved her, it seemed like it. At the time she had felt sure. Yet it could not be so; or why had he gone away that morning without waiting for her to give him either the flower or any answer at all. It was simply incomprehensible. Only one thing was plain he did not love her, and he had not meant that.

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"I think so," was the false reply. "I have been so proud, so haughty, so reserved; but I cannot doubt that he loves me."

"If ever he comes to me with that request," said Agatha, "I shall remember what you have said to me to-night, and I shall tell him to hope—to speak for himself."

"Would you like me to be Lady Lynne?" asked Inez gently.

Agatha waited two or three minutes before she spoke, then she laid her head down upon her sister's shoulder again, and said, "Yes, if it would make you and Philip both happy, I should like to see you Lady Lynne."

Then a strange quiet fell upon her. The sound of her sister's voice fell upon her ear like a sound from a distance. The gentle, faithful heart was wounded night to death, but she made no sign. She felt relieved when her sister rose at length and said it was growing late; she felt relieved when she spoke and how much she had been mistaken, and what that mistake would cost her.

The few artful words had their effect. Agatha believed she understood now what had seemed so strange to her before. Lord Lynne had spoken strangely when he had taken her into the conservatory, but she saw what it was. He had wanted her to plead with Inez for him.

"Agatha," he had said, "you know what I have brought you here to tell you."

He had brought her there to tell her that he loved her sister—to ask her to give her influence for him.

"How vain and foolish I was," cried the poor girl, "to think he cared for me!"

Yet how fondly he had looked at her, how tender and musical his voice! She felt almost indignant with him that he had misled her.

"It is well that no one dreams that I care for him," she thought. "I am thankful, too, that I have kept watch and guard over my own heart, and have not allowed myself to love him as I could have done."

For some days Agatha looked unlike herself; she was gentle and patient, but the brightness seemed gone from her face. During those few days the young girl fought and won a hard battle. Inez had not spoken truly when she said her sister could not feel. She did not know how completely that gentle girl had thought and feeling under control. She did not understand the force and merits of a disciplined character. True, Agatha Lynne would never love "too well" but not wisely; her heart and affections would go with her duty. She would never have schemed, and planned, and plotted to win a love that was not given to her. Not even to herself would she or did she admit that she loved her cousin unthought or unasked. She said to herself that she had been vain and foolish, that she had mistaken her meaning, that she must cure herself of all such follies, and rejoice in the happiness that she had lost. But she never said that she loved him—because he never asked her. —and part of Agatha's code of honor was "that no girl should ever give her heart or her love until it was asked for." She would not admit even to herself that she suffered from a strange new pain; she buried herself in the interests of others; she read more, talked more, and would not think.

Agatha was not capable of loving or of suffering as deeply as her sister. Neither could she have erred as her sister did. There was no height to which that deep passionate nature could not have attained; there was not depth to which it could not have sunk; but for Agatha there were neither great heights nor great depths. She would have been intensely happy as Lord Lynne's happy because she could have loved Philip so dearly, and her life would have been so bright and beautiful passed with him. But it was not to be—Lord Lynne loved her sister—she must be happy in another way.

Although there was no deep tragedy, no broken heart, no silent despair, although even to herself she would not own that it was so, still there was a pain to be fought against and subdued.

"I should like to go away for a time," she thought, "and forget all about it."

In a strange manner this wish was gratified. Evelyn Leigh had a severe and dangerous illness. For many days she was in the greatest peril. When she had somewhat recovered, the doctors for some agreed in saying that she must have a change of air and scene. Miss Leigh took a house there. Evelyn pleaded hard that Agatha Lynne might accompany them, and Agatha herself was anxious to go. Mrs. Lynne slightly hesitated, and said that she was old, and dull and lonely; but she yielded to the entreaties of the sick girl, and it was decided that Agatha should spend the autumn with the Leighs at Hastings.

Inez watched her sister's departure with the greatest relief.

"Now I have the field to myself," she said; "and it will be hard if I do not succeed."

When Philip heard from his mother that Agatha had gone for a long visit to the Leighs, he determined to return home before he went to Scotland. It would look better and less strange, if he thought, than if he kept away altogether.

Lord Lynne had been grieved, and pained, and annoyed. He did not like to help feeling that she had done wrong, but he must have seen how much she cared for her, he thought, and she might have saved him the mortification. They had been confidential friends at least, and she might have told him that she loved Allan Leigh.

Philip could not forget Agatha. He smiled when he remembered that he had once fancied he loved Florence Wyrerne. He knew more of what love was now. He had laid his whole heart at the feet of that gentle, fair girl, and he could not help feeling that she had done wrong, but he must have seen how much she cared for her, he thought, and she might have saved him the mortification. They had been confidential friends at least, and she might have told him that she loved Allan Leigh.

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"Both myself and my wife can truthfully say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great benefit to us, and we are constantly recommending them to our friends." Thus writes Mr. Ernest L. Archibald, Truro, N. S., who further says: "In my own case I had been subject to dizzy headaches for over a year, and three boxes of the Pills completely cured me of the trouble. About a year ago my wife became ill. She seemed to be completely worn down; was very pale and weak; she would not walk up stairs without stopping on the way to get breath, and ultimately she grew so weak she could not sweep a floor without resting. She tried several tonics, but received no benefit. Then I persuaded her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she had used a couple of boxes her appetite began to improve and the color to return to her face. She continued using the Pills until she had taken the six boxes, and to-day she is perfectly well, feels stronger and looks better than she has done for some years. While she was taking the Pills she gained twelve pounds in weight."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure troubles like these because they are rooted in the blood. Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases, like rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness, and those ailments that only women folks know, with their attendant headaches and backaches and irregularities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a sure cure when given a fair trial, because they enrich the blood and thus reach the root of disease. 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.

Never had Lord Lynne felt so much inclined to love his cousin; never before had she so nearly loved his heart. She saw the impression his words produced. She was too wise to weaken them by repetition.

"I am tiring you," she said. "I forget my little troubles interest no human being but my own. I am not a saint, yet, Lord Lynne, you would like to hear that Venetian barcarole. Shall I sing it to you?"

Before Philip had time to reply, Inez was seated at the piano, her rich voice filling the room with the melody of the Venetian song. When that was finished she began another—a love song this time—with every note a sigh, low, soft, and taking with it the fire of her genius, and the love of her heart. She sang on until Philip, rose from his seat and began to pace the room. He could not withstand the charm of this song; he seemed to sing his heart away from him; his whole being thrilled with the sweet fancies that came to him with the music.

"I have won," she murmured to herself. "I watched the changes she has undergone; a little more patience, a little more skill, and he will be mine."

This skill she displayed still more adroitly by seeming to avoid him during the last two days of his stay. He had professed himself amused with her society; she knew that she amused and fascinated him. Now he should learn what it was to be without her. During those two days she only saw him at rare intervals; and when he was leaving Lynnesville he had her adieu with a regret, for she had been a most delightful companion.

"Send me a message, sometimes," he said, "when my mother writes—remember, I shall be a lonely bachelor on the Scottish moors—send me a little news."

During the first week she sent merely a single pleasant message through Mrs. Lynne; then she enclosed a sketch of his favorite hunter. Lord Lynne wrote to her, and in less than two weeks he began to look for her letters more eagerly even than for his own. Not that he loved her; Love and Inez Lynne never entered his mind together; but those letters were infinitely charming, charming. A woman's genius shows itself in her letters, and those of Inez were matchless. They were witty, sparkling and amusing; yet a veil of melancholy hung over them. Sweet simple Agatha could never have written such letters; she would not perhaps have understood them even—the graceful imagery, the daring wit, the poetical fancy that revealed themselves in every line, were all unknown to her.

So for nearly three months they corresponded, while Agatha regained her lost roses, and strove hard to find peace and tranquillity. Then Christmas came round, and Lord Lynne resolved to spend it at Lynnesville. They wrote and asked Agatha to come home—Allan Leigh was again at the Court, but she declined to leave Evelyn, who clung to her society, and seemed to love her better than anyone else on earth.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER X.

The autumn months came and went, and still Agatha remained at Hastings. Evelyn's recovery seemed at times doubtful. They had decided to remain there for the winter, and to go abroad in the spring. Lord Lynne had stayed for three weeks at Lynnesville before he went to Scotland for his shooting. During those three weeks he was thrown constantly into the society of Inez. He would have had a heart harder than marble to have resisted her beauty and her grace; she dressed so well; her toilet was recherche, and displayed such exquisite taste. During the long autumn evenings she sang to him, and when he had been struck with the rich passionate melody of her voice. All her wit, her genius, her talent, were called into requisition in order to amuse him. The consequence was, that during the whole time of his visit to Lynnesville not one moment appeared heavy or dull. She had always something with which to engross or amuse him.

"I had no idea, Inez," he said to her one day, "that you could be so amusing. I used to think you proud and reserved."

"No one ever cares for me," she replied, with a very frank smile. "When Agatha is near, small stars are eclipsed by the sun."

She looked so candid, and smiled so frankly, that her words quite misled Philip, and he inwardly reproached himself that he had been unjust to her; that he, as well as everyone else, had neglected her for Agatha.

"I have always felt myself half an interloper," she continued sadly, "although I am Lord Lynne's eldest child. Was ever fate so strange or sad as mine?"

It was the first time she had spoken of herself; and the sad, musical voice, with its half-musical accent, touched all the fountains of tenderness and chivalry in Lord Lynne's heart.

"Have you seemed cold or unkind to me, Inez?" he asked, gently.

"At times," she replied, "I have felt quite alone."

He looked at the beautiful face, and the large liquid eyes moist with tears. Could this woman, with her rare southern beauty, have felt sad and lonely? And he, forgotten up in his vain love for another, wrappened up and neglected her?

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Both Restored to Health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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SOME NOVEL COMPETITIONS.

Hunting Gold Nugget in Sand at Sidney—Prawning Contests.

Notwithstanding their natural charms and attractions seaside and other holiday resorts would not afford the enjoyment they do if it were not for the amusements of the day and the variety of prizes which are occasionally arranged.

A novel prawning competition took place the other day at Birling Gap, near Beachy Head. It was believed to be the first ever arranged, and it afforded three and a half hours of enjoyment for the contestants. The first honors went to a team hailing from Eastbourne with an average catch to a man of nine ounces.

The prize for the highest individual catch was awarded J. Bernard, who outdistanced all competitors with seventeen ounces. The competition was voted a great success and will doubtless be repeated.

Last season at Sydney, N. S. W., an exceedingly popular competition was organized by the proprietors of a "Wonderful City." A gold nugget valued at \$200 was buried in the sand, and at a given signal literally thousands of men, women and children were admitted to the treasure grounds.

They at once started digging frantically with spades and shovels with which they had come provided. As they dug and dug the excitement became intense, and as might be supposed, the onlookers numbered thousands. But, alas! nobody had the good fortune to unearth the nugget, so its value was presented to charity.

Last August sack and other races were held at the sands at Plym, west of Yorkville watering place. Among the competitors were the sons of some of the ruling chiefs of native states of India. In a sack race for boys under the age of 12 years the competitors included the heir to the Sultanate of Johore, Prince Abu Bakir and Prince Ahmed. The latter was successful in carrying off the second prize.—London Tit-Bits.

EGZEMA SUFFERERS

You Can Stop That Itch at Once

An eminent Chicago, Ill., skin specialist has discovered a simple pure, mild compound that is a positive cure for eczema and all forms of skin disease. This wonderful remedy is an Ointment of Wintergreen compound called D. D. D. prescription, and is a clean, pleasant liquid that is applied direct to the itching skin. The result is almost miraculous—the sufferer gets instant relief—and often a few applications are enough to take away the eruption, clear the skin and effect a complete cure.

The discoverer of D. D. D. has proven to medical authorities how very useless it is to dose the stomach to cure skin disease. The disease is in the skin, and must be treated there.

"Doctor the Itch where the Itch is." This wonderful remedy is now being used in all parts of the United States by physicians and in hospitals. Thousands have been cured by it.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

If you have never tried D. D. D. Prescription, write us to-day, enclosing only 10c to help pay postage and packing, and we will send you free a trial bottle of this wonderful remedy. Let us prove its merits to you—SEND RIGHT NOW FOR THE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.

D. D. D. COMPANY,
23 Jordan Street, Dept. D2, Toronto, Ont.

Makes Him Confident.

Dr. A. F. W. Ingram, the Bishop of London, said at a dinner in Washington, according to the Sun:

"They say I overdo athletics, but I don't, really. Exercise keeps me fit. I don't overdo anything more than the Parliamentary candidate, Juggins, overdid his cordiality."

"Juggins was running for a shun district in Birmingham, and his cordiality among the slum voters excited a good deal of surprise. Two canvassers fell into a trap about it."

"It's grand idea of Candidate Juggins," said the first, "instead of just shaking hands with a voter in the ordinary way he rushes up and grabs the man's two hands, shaking them long and warmly."

"But isn't that rather overdoing it?" said the other canvasser.

"Overdoing it? No, indeed. It may look overdoing it, but Juggins knows his way about. As long as he holds both the fellow's hands he knows his purpose is safe."

KEEP BABY WELL

No matter whether baby is sick or well Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in the house. They not only cure the minor disorders of childhood, but prevent them and should be given whenever the little ones show the slightest signs of illness. Children take the Tablets as readily as candy, and they are absolutely safe. Mrs. Geo. Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says: "My baby was greatly troubled with colic and cried night and day, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared. I advise all mothers to use this medicine." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How Irving Wanted to Die.

"What have I got out of it?" said Henry, stroking his chin and smiling slightly. "Let me see. Well, a good cigar, a good glass of wine—good friends—" Here he kissed my hand with courtesy. Always he was so courteous—always his actions, like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words and gave them peculiar value.

"That's not a bad summing up of it all," I said. "And the end. How would you like that to come?"

"How would I like that to come?" he repeated my question lightly, yet meditatively, too. Then he was silent for some thirty seconds before he snapped his fingers—the action again before the words:

"Like that!"—Ellen Terry, in McClure's Magazine.

When it comes to doing business even the dealer in phonographs may try to break the record.



HEAT THE SOIL FROM BENEATH

German Has a Plan to Increase Crops of Early Spring Vegetables.

Dr. Mehner, a German, is responsible for the latest agricultural idea, which is now the subject of experiment in Germany and France—that of artificially heating the soil for the purpose of pushing the growth of vegetables. It is said to promise remarkable results, especially in the quickening of spring vegetables and their development in size and luxuriance.

The method consists in burying at a depth of 20 to 40 inches under the field to be treated conduits of earthenware, through which steam pipes about an inch in diameter are laid. Steam at a temperature of about 300 degrees is forced through the pipes; it warms the air in the conduit and the heat slowly radiates through the clay conduit, slowly heating the earth.

Leakage of heat is very slow. Experiment is said to show that when the surface of the ground is about freezing point the soil at a depth of 12 to 20 inches has a temperature of 48 degrees. Assuming that the artificial heating was begun early in March, when this condition existed, a very small expenditure of heat would be needed to cause the desired stimulation, and the radiation into the air would be exceedingly gradual. In warmer weather the surface heating from the sun would actually counteract the radiation of the artificial heat.

Of course the plan does not contemplate heating the soil in the dead of winter, when atmospheric cold would kill any plants that might be artificially caused to germinate. The idea is simply to aid nature when the spring sets in.

Apparatus, lettings, young onions, cucumbers, radishes and other spring plants are the ones in which it is expected to use the system with most effect. Later in combination with forcing frames it may be used on strawberries, and experiments may be tried on various fruit trees. The method is likely to be applied to horticulture and the growth of plants for seed purposes also.

It is calculated that the expense of installation for each space of 5,000 square yards in Germany or France is about \$200 plus the steam generating apparatus, which may be large or small, according to the tract to be heated, and which may be used for other purposes. The cost of the heating is figured at \$15 a month.

The annual increase in profit for the same patch of ground sown with early vegetables is figured at \$500 on a three months' heating of the soil.

MELON PROSPERITY.

What a Few Seeds Did for One Town—Everybody Happy.

In 1885 William S. Ross, familiarly known as "Uncle Billy," having lived for some time in Texas, returned to Alma, with some melon seeds in his pocket—the bare handful. In the spring following he planted them in a piece of rich bottom land, and in August he peddled the fruit about Salem and Klamund and among his neighbors. Later, growing more fruit than the local market would consume, he shipped a barrel of the melons to Chicago. The commission merchant on Water street tore off the canvas, gave a startled glance at the little netted globes inside, and said: "What in h— will they send us next from Egypt?" However, he took one of the unnamable things to a fancy grocery; between them they split it open, dropped on a little salt at hazard, and tasted it, not sure whether they would be poisoned or not. The fancy grocer smacked his lips and said: "I'll take all of those things you can furnish. But what do you call them?"

The commission merchant wrote Mr. Ross to know what he called them, and Mr. Ross answered, "The Alma gem melon." Thus the trade in melons began. One farmer after another bought seed, followed his neighbor's example, and planted. Alma and the neighboring country has developed wonderfully as a result. Seventy thousand dollars a year has been poured into that neighborhood for twenty years, a total of \$1,400,000.

Men who were once so poor that they had no windows in their houses, or no clothes on their tables or beds, are now prosperous. Pianos, books, good clothes, fine horses and carriages have come. The whole plane of living has been raised. Land which was once worth \$10 per acre can now scarcely be bought for \$500. Where once there was only pinching adversity, and little hope for the future, prosperity now smiles. In one instance, when the melons were yielding a little better price than at present, an acre of land yielded \$250. From \$100 to \$200 an acre in return is not uncommon at all. Through the whole month of August and into the first or second week of September the industry continues. Each morning there is a jam of wagons in the little town. The good wives come with their husbands, and with the assurance of a neat cheque for their melons, the wives shop industriously. The little restaurant close to the railroad is thronged with farmers by noon. The railroad agent has a busy time of it. Everybody is happy. And why not? With a few acres in melons—seldom more than four—the children's winter clothing came easy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SEVEN SISTERS IN WEDDING PARTY.

Mrs. John Sweeney, 1579 Kenmore Avenue, and seven of her eight daughters helped to make up a unique wedding party Wednesday night when two of the daughters—Miss Katherine and Miss Alice—were married in St. Mary's of the Lake Church to Thomas J. Hyland and Gerald Dunne respectively.

Because of the close family resemblance between the young women much facetious appreciation was expressed by spectators lest the young brides to be experience embarrassment at the altar.

The brides were attended by the twin sister of Miss Katherine, Mrs. Walter Birmingham, while four other sisters fell in line as bridesmaids, one sister being ill. The bridesmaids were all similarly afflicted.—From the Chicago News.

GOLD LAID WATCH FREE!

Don't pay \$25.00 for a GOLD WATCH when you can get one of ours for nothing. These are step-wind and set, thin model, selected jewels, very accurate, guaranteed for twenty years. We will send you the same size watch FREE for selling twenty-five copies of our Free Book. The book contains the names of all the Gold Watch Owners at \$25. each. The ladies' size watch FREE for selling 100 copies of our Free Book. We will forward a package of goods and 250 FREEBIES LIST. Write to-day and we will send you the book and goods. The Queen City Supply Co., Dept. 24, Toronto, Ont.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

DIABETES, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, SCURVY, GOUT, CALCULI, SAND, GRAVEL, CATARRH, BILIOUSNESS, COUGHS, COLIC, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, INFLUENZA, MALARIA, NERVOUSNESS, PAIN IN THE BACK, RHEUMATISM, SCURVY, GOUT, CALCULI, SAND, GRAVEL, CATARRH, BILIOUSNESS, COUGHS, COLIC, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, INFLUENZA, MALARIA, NERVOUSNESS, PAIN IN THE BACK.

Silicium—How does a fellow know when he is in love? Cynicism—The girl tells him.

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