Right at Last

"No? Eh? Eh? How do you mean?" Royce took out a cigar and lit it carefully.

"You must be blind," he said, with a smile—"blind, if you don't see the whole thing at a glance. Stuart Villiars have discovered what you and I have failed to do, but what I might have done if you had told me the story of this girl and the portrait sooner. He has discovered the owner of the Arrowfield money and estates."

"Ah!" sighed the old man, with a gasp. "And it is——"

"This girl, Miss Joan Ormsby," said Royce, coolly.

"You think so! You think so, Royce?"

"I am sure of it," responded Royce, knocking the ash off his cigar. 'I read it in his face, saw it in his face.

"He has found the will——"

"Found the will!" shrieked old Craddock.

"Yes, my friend, he has found the will and more than that—discovered this girl to be the rightful owner of the property! The resemblance to the old portrait gave him the clue, and not being a fool—oh, no fool by any means!—he persuaded her to run off with him!"

"And—and now!" whispered the old man, in a fever of anxiety. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to find Joan Ormsby, and marry her!" was the cool reply.

The old man gazed up at him, awestruck.

"Marry her, Royce!—marry her!"

"Why not?" demanded Royce, with a smile. "Is it so difficult?" All the better; it will make the thing more enjoyable. Keep Lord Villiars quiet, and leave the rest to me. By the way, I shall want some money!"

"Yes, yes, Royce!" assented the old man, weakly. "How much?"

"A hundred pounds! Oh, don't be alarmed!" he added, as he pocked the cheque. "The day I marry Joan Ormsby I will pay you ten thousand pounds—I shall not miss it out of two millions!" and with a cool nod he left the office.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lost in London! Beneath the leafless trees Joan paced the gravel path of the park, her cloak drawn tightly round her, her head sunk upon her bosom.

Whither she went she neither knew nor cared. Her brain was at one moment in a whirl, and seemed on fire, the next dull and numbed as ice.

She had been walking for hours, but she felt no sense of fatigue, no sense of exhaustion as yet.

Presently she came to the river. The night was dark, but the lights on the embankment shone unsteadily in the water, and the silent stream, flowing down to the sea, suddenly took to itself a strange fascination for her.

With a strange, awful fluttering at her heart, she stole to the steps, and bent down to the water wistfully, but in that moment—that critical moment, just when it seemed that the spirit was taking its farewell of the weary body—a man put his hand upon her, and addressed her with the gruff warning:

"You're too close. You'll fall over. Move on!"

And with a sudden recoil she drew back, and obeying his command, "moved on."

Along that smoothly paved embankment whose stones have been trod by so many weary, hopeless feet she dragged herself, her eyes fixed on the river so wistfully that at last for very fear of herself she turned aside and entered one of the quiet Chelsea streets.

Beyond the street lamps, which burned murkily in the darkness, there was no sign of life in the streets. Even the long coated policemen seemed to have no business in this locality.

With an awful sense of loneliness she drew one weary foot after another along the cold pavement. To her it seemed as if many hours had elapsed since she had realized her position, and she glanced up at the sky almost expecting to see the gray glimmer of dawn; but the dark clouds of the night still frowned down upon her, and in the despair of physical exhaustion she was sinking to the ground when she saw at the extreme end of the quiet street a streak of light proceeding from some window, and at the same moment heard the faint sound of laughter.

With an effort she dragged herself to the spot from whence the sound came, and, half-unconsciously, found herself standing before a door, which was three parts of the way open, and from which poured a yellow stream of garish light.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, conscious only of a wild, almost fierce, longing for human companionship, she pushed the door open and entered.

For a minute or two the strong light almost blinded her, and she covered her eyes with her cold, trembling hands; then she looked round and an awful horror fell upon her. In front of her, and seemingly protruding from the wall, was a line of hideous faces; they were four times the size of a human face, and were grotesque exaggerations of the human features. They were all lifelike, and yet out of all proportion to the human form, and either hideously ugly or grotesquely weird.

Joan leant against the door, staring at them in wild terror. Then, with a wild shriek, she fell lifeless upon the threshold.

When she came to, she found herself lying back in a chair, with an old man, with pale, wrinkled face, and a young girl standing over her.

The old man was holding a basin of water, and the girl was perseveringly and tenderly bathing Joan's forehead.

"Come, that's better, Emily," said the old man. "She's coming to! Go on with the water; there's nothing like it!"

"How do you feel now?" asked the girl, anxiously. "Better?"

Joan raised herself and looked at them, her hand pressed to her forehead.

"Where am I?" she asked, faintly. "Am—am I dead?"

"No, no, not dead! You fainted, that's all! Don't speak for a little while; you feel strange just coming to; one always does."

Joan leaned back and gazed dreamily round her. The room was a plain workshop, with whitewashed walls and uncarpeted floor. The fire burned in a singular-looking open grate at one end of the room, and a strange smell of glue pervaded the place. But, strangest of all, and most bewildering, were the grotesque faces protruding from the walls! Joan saw that there were several more lying about the floor and leaning against a bench.

The man was very small and old, his face a mass of wrinkles, and his clothes were covered with an enormous apron almost large enough for a blouse; the girl, too, was small and fragile-looking, with a thin, sharp little face, from which a pair of keen blue eyes peered knowingly.

She had a mass of beautiful golden hair, which she had pinned up, but which had escaped from its bondage, and fell a glittering shower over her small body.

Whether she was child, girl or woman, Joan at that moment of exhaustion and weakness could not have told.

"You are better now," said the girl, her keen eyes fixed pityingly on Joan's white face. "Your hands feel warmer; they were as cold as ice when you came in. Do you think you can walk to the fire? I'm afraid father and I ain't strong or big enough to carry you, or we would."

Joan rose and walked slowly to a chair near the grate and sank into it.

"That's better," said the old man, cheerily. "You'll be as right as nine-pence directly."

The girl got a cup from the bench and some milk and poured out some tea for Joan, drawing a stool for a table, and with truest delicacy saying nothing.

Joan sipped the tea, and it and the warmth gave her strength to speak.

"You—you have been very good to me," she said, tremulously.

The father and daughter exchanged a swift glance as the sweet, musical voice fell on their ears.

"I think I should have died if you had not helped me."

"You was ill and faintish, and no mistake," said the old man.

Then in a shamefaced fashion she told them that she was alone in London, and friendless.

Emily smothered her curiosity and insisted that Joan should share her hospitality for as long as she wished.

Joan was only too grateful, and would have wept tears of thankfulness.

But Emily, with admirable tact, began to talk about herself, and explained that she was a stage fairy and the masks were made by her father for use in the pantomime.

Joan's cares began to grow lighter under the glow of the merry-hearted girl's talk.

Suddenly Emily started to her feet, and said in her shrewd manner:

'But now, you must be tired. Come upstairs, and I'll show you where you are to sleep. I dare say," she said, suddenly, "you'll think it very poor and makeshift, you being a lady; but," she added, "it is better than the workhouse—anything is better than that."

"No place will seem poor or unwelcome to me," sai dJoan. "If I do not tell you how grateful, how deeply I feel your kindness to me—a stranger—it is because I seem as if I could not find words," and her eyes filled for the first time.

The girl watched her.

"You speak like the people on the stage in the dramas and comedies—like the grand lady, I mean," she said, smilingly. "I like to hear you. Father, she's going up to bed. If anyone comes for her——"

Joan seized the tiny arm with a low cry of fear.

The girl looked up at her reassuringly.

"If anyone comes for her, father, and says, 'Have you seen a tall young lady with large, beautiful eyes and a pale face?' you say that you haven't seen anybody like her. That's right, isn't it?" she said, looking up at Joan with a smile.

Joan pressed her arm and the girl walked before her to a corner of the room which started a narrow staircase.

It led to some rooms built over the workshop; they were small but scrupulously clean, and on the wall of the one into which Emily took Joan was hanging a white muslin dress, a diadem of glittering brass and stage jewels, and a spangled wand.

"My fairy things," said Emily, nodding at them. "There's a candle, and I'll put some more things on the bed. Good night," and she held out her tiny paint-stained hand.

Joan took her hand, and drawing her towards her, kissed her gratefully. The girl flushed, and a soft look came into her keen blue eyes.

"Poor thing!" she said; "you are quite upset. Never mind, you'll be better when you wake up to-morrow. Good-night."

But a moment afterwards she came back.

"You haven't told me your name," she said quickly. "Mine's Emily—Emily Harwood."

"And mine is Joan—Joan Ormsby," said Joan; then her face flushed and she looked alarmed.

Emily's sharp eyes missed nothing.

"What name did you say?" she said, as if she hadn't heard. "Never mind, perhaps you'd better not tell me; then if anyone asks I can say I don't know. And yet you must have a name, must't you. I've got two, my own and my stage one. On the stage I am Florence Montressor—that's grand, isn't it?" and she laughed. "You shall be—let me see, what shall you be?" and she stood regarding Joan with her head on one side, as if she were measuring her for a name. "Hem! I think Ida is pretty—Miss Ida Trevelyan. I read a story once with a girl in it of that name."

A smile dawned upon Joan's pale, beautiful face. Certainly she must be a-sleep or dreaming!

"That will do," she said. "Any name will do, will it not?"

"Oh, no," retorted Emily, sharply. "The name's half the battle. Besides, you ought to have a pretty name."

"Why?" asked poor Joan, gently.

The girl opened the door and looked over her shoulder at her naively.

"Oh, never mind why," she retorted. "Good night—don't dream of the masks!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Joan lay awake for hours, too weary to sleep, too full of the misery of her position, of the loss of all that had made life sweet and bearable. To hear fevered imagination Stuart Villiars presented himself in all sorts of distorted forms. Now, in her dreams, she stood upon the terrace, listening to his love vows; now he was by her side on the Embankment urging her to throw herself into the black river beneath; and again she saw him as she had last seen him, when he turned at the door to tell her he should not be gone long.

She fell asleep at last, the heavy sleep of exhaustion, in which no dreams came to break the spell of intense forgetfulness; and when she woke the sun was righting its way through a London fog, and shining murkily in at the small casement.

While she dressed herself she tried to realize her position and form some plan for the future. But what plan could a girl alone in London, with no friends or occupation, formulate?

The sound of Emily's voice singing the latest popular burlesque ditty, though Joan did not of course know it, recalled her to the present; and a minute or two afterwards Emily came to the door and knocked gently.

"Are you awake yet? May I come in?—oh, you are dressed! You look better this morning," she said, scanning the beautiful face. "Nothing like a good sleep. I've been up twice, and you were asleep each time. Breakfast is ready. Let me fasten your dress for you? I suppose you have been used to a maid; all ladies have one, don't they?"

"I have not, at any rate," said Joan, as cheerfully as she could.

A cloth was laid on the work bench, and some coffee and hot rolls were steaming before the fire. The old man was still in his huge apron, as if he had slept in it, and there was still the smell of glue and paint in the room.

He made a kind of bow as Joan, tall and slim, and patrician looking, entered, and smiled a little welcome.

There was only one cup and they gave it to Joan, drinking their coffee from tin mugs. They selected the tops of the rolls also for her plate, and insisted upon her taking the only chair.

The old man marched up and down while he ate his breakfast, stopping every now and then to look at a half-finished mask, as if he begrudged every lost moment, and immediately Emily had finished she jumped up, pushed her mug away, and seized her paint brush.

Joan watched them for a minute or two, then she got up and went to the bench.

"Will you let me help you?" she said, timidly. "I think I could do that."

Emily looked up with her sharp bird-like eyes.

"You!" she said, naively. "Oh, no! Besides, you'd make your hands dirty!" and she glanced at Johan's white fingers. "You go and sit by the fire and rest."

"I would rather help you," said Joan.

"Very well, then," said Emily, holding out a brush daintily, "if you will have your way, you must, and you are one of those who will, I can see. There. You'll spoil your dress and mess your fingers, of course, but I can't help that. Finish off that head; don't be afraid of putting too much red on his cheeks, and draw a line of blue round his eyes. Make him as ugly as you can, and he'll do."

"Will that do? Am I doing it right?" she asked, after she had been working in silence for some minutes.

The old man peered at it through his glasses.

"Rank nails!" he said, approvingly; "rank nails! You'll be a first class artist, miss, and no mistake! Couldn't have made him uglier myself!"

"I am afraid you only say it to please me," said Joan, "but I shall do better directly. It seems strange at first."

"Dear me!" said Emily, suddenly. "It's time I started for rehearsal. It wouldn't do to be late there! It means a two-shilling fine!"

She ran upstairs, and came down again with her golden hair tucked under her hat and her small, elfish figure wrapped in a cloak.

At the door she paused.

"Perhaps you'd like to come with me?" she said.

Joan shrank a little at the thought of facing the streets and the crowd, and Emily nodded intelligently.

"All right," she said, "you shall do as you like. I thought you'd like to come perhaps, and it would have been company——"

"Stop!" said Joan instantly; "I will go," and the two set out.

Presently they stopped before a large building with pillars and a portico, and Joan looked up at the grimy front with surprise and disappointment.

"Is this the theatre?" she said.

"Yes, this is the Coronet," replied Emily. "Oh, it isn't one of the grand houses, though mind, the Coronet is more fashionable than some of the big theatres. But we must go around to the stage door," she added, and led Joan to the side of the building, where, in a dark and still more grimy entrance, sat a grimy man reading a grimy newspaper.

He nodded with mingled respect and familiarity to Emily, and opened the half door which he guarded, and the two girls passed in.

After traversing two or three passages they reached a large room in which sat or stood, or moved restlessly about, a concourse of people, young and old, male and female.

Some of them, the girls especially, were in the highest spirits, and were laughing and chattering with each other and petting some children, who ran here and there like a lot of rabbits.

"They wear the masks," said Emily, pointing to them. "Look! You see that tall girl there, she is our Columbine, and there is the Harlequin, that thin man. And there—look—here comes Miss Mazurka," she added in a low voice, as a tall, handsome-looking young lady, attired in a splendid suit of sables, came sweeping across the room.

"Isn't she handsome?" said Emily.

"Yes," said Joan; "very!"

At this moment a short gentleman, with a good looking face and a dark mustache, came hurrying in.

"Mr. Giffard, the manager," said Emily.

"Now, then!" he shouted, quickly and imperatively. "That's right! All sit here as if you've got two years before you, instead of two weeks! Why on earth don't you begin? The band is waiting, and so am I, and for goodness gracious sake get on the stage."

The whole company, thus forcibly extorted, rose and made for the door, and Emily, holding Joan's hand, carried her with her.

"Stand there," she said in a low voice, placing her in the wings, "and don't move or say anything to anyone. I shall soon be done."

Then there was a strain of music, and Emily—now Miss Montressor — came down the stage on her toes. Presently there was more music, and Miss Mazurka started forward and struck an attitude.

A wire which Joan could just distinguish was let down from the stage, and Miss Mazurka put her hand on it.

"I'm not going up now," she said, decidedly; "not till the dress rehearsal."

Then there was a rush of girls dancing down to the foot-lights, someone called out, "That will do!" and Emily came tripping to Joan's side.

"All over," she said; "and now we'll go home. You've seen a rehearsal, dear."

As she spoke she reached the stage door, and was passing out, when Joan felt her arm pulled, and stopping, stepped back.

"What is it?" she said.

(To Be Continued.)

Are your hands chapped, cracked or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin. Anoint the sore places at night, Zam-Buk's rich healing essences will sink into the wounds, end the smarting, and will heal quickly.

Mrs. Yellen, of Portland, says: "My hands were so sore and cracked that it was agony to put them near water. When I did so they would smart and burn as if I had scalded them. I seemed quite unable to get relief from anything I put on them until I tried Zam-Buk, and it succeeded when all else had failed. It closed the big cracks, gave me ease, soothed the inflammation, and in a very short time healed my hands."

Zam-Buk also cures chafing, rashes, winter eczema, piles, ulcers, festering sores, sore heads and backs, abscesses, pimples, ring-worm, etc., cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, sprains. Of all druggists and stores, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Price 50c a box.

Zam-Buk

Cynthia Grey's After-Supper Talks.

DO YOU KNOW ANYBODY LIKE THIS?

He had not spoken to her for a week. Then they met on the street.

"Haven't you noticed," he began, "that I have been displeased?"

"Certainly," she answered, "how could I help it?"

"Why didn't you try to find out?"

"I did not care to know."

"Then you do not care whether or not you hurt my fellings?"

"I have done nothing to hurt your feelings."

"Maybe I heard something or misconstrued something you did."

"Then you should have come to me and given me a hearing."

"I wanted you to come to me; I wanted you to care that much."

She smiled. Suddenly he burst out:

"I would care if I hurt you."

"That is what you have been trying to do for a week."

"Well, if I did not care so much for you I would not mind your indifference."

"You do not care for me at all; you care only for yourself. You enjoy having me like you; it is agreeable to your self-esteem."

"I would do anything in the world for you."

"You would do nothing for me, alone; you would do anything to induce me to flatter your vanity by noticing you."

"It makes me miserable to see you happy with other men."

She looked at him with undisguised contempt.

"Yes, you are always wretched when I am happy."

"Oh, come; that is not true; I want you happy, but I want you to be happy through what I do for you."

"Or miserable, otherwise."

"Don't you understand love?"

"Yes; and that is just the trouble. I can distinguish between love which desires the happiness of its object, and self-love, demanding to be flattered. I might burn incense before some man's shrine perpetually, but it would be a man who cared too much for me to demand anything except what I gave voluntarily—and was happy in giving."

IMPOVERISHED BLOOD

A Common and a Dangerous Trouble—You Must Enrich the Blood to Escape Danger.

Anaemia is simply a lack of blood. It is one of the most common and at the same time most dangerous diseases with which growing girls suffer. It is common because the blood so often becomes impoverished during development, when girls are too frequently allowed to over-study, overwork and suffer from a lack of exercise. It is dangerous because of the stealthiness of its approach, often being well developed before its presence is recognized, and because of its tendency to grow so steadily worse, if not promptly checked, that it may run into consumption.

The value of the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be known to every mother in the land. These Pills make new, rich blood, tone the organs and nerves, bring a glow of health to pale, sallow cheeks, and drive away the weakness, headaches, faintness, heart palpitation and loss of energy so noticeable in young girls who are suffering from anaemia. To all such Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an actual life saver. Miss Mabel McTavish, Prince Albert, Sask., says: "In my case I can only say that life had lost its magic; all work was a trial, and even pleasure only a task. When I went up a flight of stairs I was ready to drop from sheer weakness, and I had begun to think life would be a continued burden. But all this is now changed, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These were recommended to me, and after taking them for about a month I found my health renewed. I could sleep better, my appetite returned, and I was so strong and well that housework was no longer a burden to me. My sister seemed to be going the same way last summer and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were at once sent for and two boxes made her as well as ever. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are now the prized medicine in our home, and doctor bills have been fewer since we discovered the virtues of this great medicine."

Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOUTHERN MILL VILLAGES.

Afford Better Conditions Than the People Encountered Elsewhere.

In South Carolina 150,000 persons, or one-fifth of its white population, live in cotton mill villages, while in the counties of Greenville, Spartanburg and Anderson one-third of the population is in these villages, and the villages continue to grow.

The South Carolina mill village is usually a separate community, sometimes having a population of over 5,000 inhabitants. It is entirely owned and controlled by the mill and its residents have no village corporation of any kind.

These villages are built by the mill managements for the simple reason that their people could not otherwise be housed near a mill. They attract much more attention from strangers than from Southerners; for strangers, seeing in them for the first time the general poverty and other distressful conditions of our people, handicapped as they have been with legacies from slavery and war, associate these only with the village.

But all Carolinians know, says the South Atlantic Quarterly, that these villagers are of the same stock as themselves, being composed as a class of the less successful, to whom the mills have offered much better wages, with better labor and living conditions, than they had before.

It is undeniable that South Carolina mill managements, owing to various causes, come into closer personal touch with their individual operatives and feel more interest in them as a body than do Eastern cotton manufacturers, and that South Carolina operatives have been benefited by coming to the mills; that the separate cottages of Southern mill villages, with plenty of air and larger grounds, are better than the city tenements generally used by such operatives in the East, and that the village living conditions, as a rule, are steadily improving.

A DEFINITION.

(Harper's Weekly.)

"Pa," said little Willie Wantaknow, "what is a 'don't worry' philosopher?"

"He is a man who makes his living, my son, worrying about other people's worries," said Mr. Wantaknow.

POETS AND THE BIBLE.

The Scriptures a Constant Source of Inspiration to Famous Writers.

Direct, but not always accurate, quotations from Scripture and allusions to Biblical characters and events are very numerous in English literature. They are found in all sorts of books. Prof. Albert T. Cook has recently counted sixty-three in a volume of descriptive sketches of Italy, twelve in a book on wild animals, and eighteen in a novel by Thomas Hardy. A special study of the Biblical references in Tennyson has been made, and more than five hundred of them have been found.

The references to the Bible in the poetry of Robert Browning have been very carefully examined by Mrs. Minnie Gresham Machen in an admirable little book. In his longest poem, "The Ring and the Book," there are said to be more than five hundred Biblical references.

With what pathos does Sir Walter Scott, in "The Heart of Midlothian," make old Davie Deans bow his head when he sees his daughter Effie on trial for her life, and mutter to himself, "Ichabod! my glory is departed!" How magnificently does Ruskin enrich his "Sesame and Lilies" with that passage from Isaiah in which the fallen kings of Hades start from their thrones to greet the newly fallen with the cry, "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?"—From Henry Van Dyke's "The Influence of the Bible in Literature" in October Century.

NEW KIND OF COAST LIGHT.

Claimed That It Will Burn From One to Five Years.

"The adoption by the Government of acetone gas, acetylene dissolved in acetone for use of lighthouses, beacons, lightships and light buoys, will soon revolutionize the whole system of coast lighting in this country, and the lighthouse keeper and buoy tender will be forced to find new vocations," declares L. William Thavis in Popular Mechanics. He explains further:

"Acetylene in its various forms is the only commodity yet produced that will give a light next in power to that of the sun. By its use inventions have been perfected to produce lights for a continuous period of from one to five years or more, according to the amount of fuel installed.

"The most wonderful light in the world and now in use by the United States Government is the one invented by Delan, the Swedish scientist. It is produced by acetone gas and has a 'human working' sun instrument containing a glass tube of several rods of varying reflective powers which automatically opens and closes the valve in accordance with the light absorbed. In other words, the light burns continuously until affected by the heat of the sun, when it goes out, only to be revived at dawn. It also contains a flashing apparatus in the lantern."

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

RICH KANSAS NEGRO FARMER.

A few days ago Joan W. Thomas, a negro, planked down something like $10,000 cash for a piece of farming land south of Hutchinson. Thomas also closed the deal about the same time for the sale of a farm southwest of town for $15,000.

Thirty years ago Thomas came to Kansas without a dollar and took odd jobs such as he could get. But, unlike the majority of his people, he did not stay in the city, but sought the country and began farming. To-day Thomas is worth not less than $30,000, owns a couple of farms and some city property, has a touring car and enjoys other luxuries of life. He has wrung every dollar of it from Kansas soil by hard work.—From the Hutchinson News.

THE LATE KING'S UNIFORMS.

When King Edward's clothes and uniforms were to be disposed of, King George was asked what should be done with them. It was presumed, naturally, that he would have some scheme in mind. But, as usual, he replied: "I must ask Queen May." And when the Queen was approached on the subject, she suggested that men SK subject, she suggested that Queen Alexandra ought to be asked to give her advice in a matter concerning her late husband. Alexandra desired to keep King Edward's field marshal's uniform and orders. She then made out a list of persons to whom she desired that certain small souvenirs should be given. What was left has been placed in a special room in Buckingham Palace.

TELLS THE PUBLIC THE REASON WHY

Quebec Man Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Of Rheumatism, Gravel and Diabetes Says He Wants Other Sufferers to Have the Benefit of His Experience.

Rousseau Mills, Portneuff Co., Que., Dec. 5.—(Special)—"Tell the public Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Gravel, Rheumatism and Diabetes." These are the words of Serapain Carpentier, of this place.

"For ten years I suffered," Mr. Carpentier continues. "Then I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and decided to try them. Almost from the first they relieved me and now all my Gravel, Diabetes and Rheumatism have entirely left me.

"I want others to know what cured me, because I do not want them to suffer as I have suffered."

There are thousands of just such living proofs in Canada that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Kidney Disease. If you take the disease early they will cure it easily and quickly and you will be saved much suffering. If you have neglected it and let it reach its more dangerous stages, such as Gravel, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. They never fail.

Lace and Fur.

It is a heresy which puts all in danger of excommunication, for lace and fur are to-day the favorite fashion. One very fashionable cloak is of peach-colored satin, the revers faced with Venetian point, a sable skin arranged as a collar, more sable round the edge of the tunic and the wide over-sleeve, and a gorgeous undercoat appearing at wrists and from the knee down made of antique golden brocade from a Venetian palace.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.