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Sweet Norine

"There is no time to stop and nag you to get the lantern ready," she cried, seizing it from its peg on the wall and proceeding to light it herself. "Come on, you must see what those cries mean. Stir yourself, man; a body might die if he waited for you to move from the kitchen fire on a winter's night to come to his rescue."

The old man moved from his seat with alacrity, he knew by the rising inflection of Esther's voice that a severe tongue-lashing was in store for him, and he would have to hear all over again every mistake he had made for the last quarter of a century.

"He hated the cold blasts of the winter night, but that—any, anything was more readily endured than a fierce scolding from old Esther when her temper was up. A trot through the grounds will cool her down a bit," he thought, grimly.

Hastily donning his hat and coat, and taking the lantern from her hand, he exclaimed: "Come on, we'll investigate the cries, crazy woman. Then maybe you'll be satisfied to come in and sit by the fire, when we've both of the makin' of pneumonia."

"But, quite as soon as they crossed the threshold, the shrill cry for help, from the direction of the gate, pierced even the old man's deaf ears."

"I am sure you heard that," exclaimed old Esther, with chattering teeth, her eyes nearly starting from their sockets. The old man did not stop to reply to her; but, with all the speed his shuffling limbs could command, he hastened down toward the gate, from whence the sounds seemed to proceed, closely followed by Esther.

Norine saw the friendly rays of the lantern as the two hurried toward her. Quite as soon as they were within earshot she cried out lustily: "Make haste, good people; there is a dying woman out here in the snow. You must not refuse her shelter. We must see if we can do anything to save her."

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me, and I vow that I would have walked twenty times as far to be repaid at last by a few moments like these. But what about the old people who guard you more carefully than the crown jewels are guarded? How on earth did they happen to let you out at night, and alone?"

"I was to have been home over two hours ago—before it was quite dark. If grandpa were not feeling so poorly he would have been out to meet me. This, I shall have to make all possible haste home to them, Mr. Carlisle."

"I shall walk as far as the gate with you, Norine," he said, "and we can talk as we go along. I have so much to talk to you about."

"Will it not be a long walk for you to return?" she asked, anxiously. "The distance can never be too far when we are beside those whom we love," he answered, softly. "Yes, that is the exact situation of affairs, Norine—sweet—I love you so madly, so desperately, that I would wade through seas of ice, cross fields of blood to be with you for one brief hour. I had intended to take desperate chances to see you to-night, dear, for I have something to tell you, and it is this: 'I leave Hadley the day after to-morrow, and I—cannot go without you, Norine. Will you go with me?'"

It was so intensely dark that he did not see the fair young face grow white as death—the tender lips suddenly contract in a spasm of the keenest pain, and the lovely blue eyes fill with great passionate tears, but he could not feel the girl's slender form sway to and fro like a flower in a terrific gale. If he had not been held so tightly in his arms she would have fallen face downward in the deep snow.

"You do care for me, Norine, or you would not take my going so deeply to heart as this," he murmured, hoarsely. "Do not delude yourself in believing that you do not, sweet, for I assure you, you do; your every action tells me so. There, there, do not weep, little girl; those pretty eyes of yours were never made for tears."

been out to mail a letter or some equally feasible excuse for not hurrying sooner to her presence, for, of course, they must have been to his room to call him to her bedside.

He found Mrs. Barrison lying upon her bed, her face white as it would ever be in death, while old Esther stood by the bedside, wringing her hands in the most intense grief and muttering strange, unintelligible words which Carlisle could not quite catch.

"What in the world is the difficulty, dear Aunt Frances?" he exclaimed, in a well-simulated tone of alarm, as he sprang quickly to the bedside and bent over the sick woman.

Was it only his fancy that she shrank from him, growing icy cold under his touch, and that there was an expression of intense horror in the steadfast gaze of the dark, burning eyes flaring up into his own?

"Why don't you speak, dearest aunt?" he murmured. "I beg of you, do not keep your loving nephew in such excruciating suspense!"

"She can't speak to you," exclaimed old Esther, heaving a long sigh. "Don't you see that she is paralyzed?"

Somehow, she could not tell him how it happened; she never knew how it was that she yielded to the sudden resolve to keep her mistress's strange escapade from this young man.

With her unerring judgment, she plainly saw that Clifford Carlisle's interest in Mrs. Barrison's welfare was only assumed.

Children's Chest Troubles

Nurse Carrington Says Her Long Experience Proves the Safest Remedy is to RUB ON NERVILINE!

Every mother knows how difficult it is to get a young child to take a cough mixture. Seldom will one help unless given in large doses, and the result is to completely upset the stomach and make the child sick.

Speaking of the promptest cure for chest troubles and children's colds, Nurse Carrington says: "In all my experience in nursing I haven't met any preparation so dependable as Nerviline. It is the ideal liniment. Every drop you rub on the chest, throat, and face, cures quickly. Especially for chest colds, croup, whooping cough, colds, sore throats, and toothaches. I have found Nerviline invaluable. In treating the minor ills of children Nerviline used every year—this is the ideal liniment for the home. Refuse anything your dealer may offer instead of Nerviline. Large bottles 25c, five for \$1.00. Sold everywhere, and by The Carrithouse Co., Kingston, Ont."

SYRIAN BABY'S FIRST TOOTH. An Event Celebrated by an Exchange of Sweets and Pastries.

Among the Syrians there is no such thing as giving a party in celebration of the first anniversary of the birth of a child; the celebration of the birth of the baby cuts its first tooth. On such an occasion friends of the parents are invited to the house to eat cakes and listen to a phonograph, but whatever sweets may be prepared for the occasion are sent by the parents to the homes of the friends whom they wish to inform of the news. The friends later visit the parents and tender their congratulations.

Whatever the sweets may be, one particular dish is indispensable. Sanainieh is its name. The mother begins to prepare it soon after the birth of the child. First and foremost in the preparation of this dish is wheat. The grain is washed with sugared water until it is fit to be eaten; then it is put into hollow dishes and allowed to cool. The other materials include nuts, peeled almonds, pine seeds, candies and the like. These ingredients are spread over the grain and sprinkled with rose water and then the dish is ready to be sent out.

Sometimes one of the parents will carry a dish of this stuff to a particularly close friend. The women or the men as the case may be embrace each other and the neighbor brings into play all his knowledge of the congratulatory expressions fitting the occasion, some of which run like this: "O my neighbor and friend, may the child live long to bring joy to your heart. May it please Allah that you marry him during your lifetime. I cannot describe to you how elated and enraptured I am to know that your child has cut a tooth. O son of my uncle, I am going to make an offering to a church for the long life of your child."

Then without much loss of time the neighbor invites his visitor to a drink of araq to the health of the baby and very seldom does he let him depart without having had four or five.

WOMEN AS WINTER CAMPERS.

Best Dress and Outfit for a Healthful Camping in the Snow.

Every winter more and more women are going north to camp in the pine woods and to hunt moose and deer during the snowy season.

This is not so much of a handicap as it sounds. In the first place the cold, although in some cases 30 degrees below zero is a dry cold and therefore exhilarating and not depressing; secondly, moose and deer are far easier to track and overtake when the snow is on the ground, as they cannot move so fast. Then, too, camping in a log cabin is a much safer arrangement than a tent, and there are far worse things than eating hearty camp cooking done over a roaring fire when the snow is so cold it sings under your feet and appetites are of the keenest.

Women will not mind the cold any more than men if they dress properly for it, and right here let it be said that skirts are entirely out of place. They are no protection against cold wind or dampness. The proper costume is one of blanketing or chambray or even waterproof wool, but made with loose knickerbockers and knee or hip boots. These should be lined with fur or felt, and a woollen union suit and stockings should be worn. A great coat lined with squirrel or opossum or a muskrat fur coat is also good for very cold days, but the best thing is to wear a chambray or fur lining to the half fitted jacket or the suit, as a long coat is a clumsy thing when hunting.

The woman camper should take plenty of cold cream, but no other adjuncts to beauty except a pair of old gloves to wear at night over the hands. She should wear a pair of old mittens with a pair of ear flaps the most comfortable for wear, and she should remember that she is going into the north woods for health and solid man's sport and should dress accordingly and take things as they come cheerfully and like a good fellow.—Duluth News-Tribune.

THE DOCTOR SAID HE COULD NOT LIVE

An Almost Fatal Illness Following An Attack of LaGrippe.

The danger from grip is seldom over when the characteristic symptoms, the fever, the headache and the depression of spirits, pass away. Grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin, watery blood impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration and even consumption. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of strengthening the blood and nerves during convalescence, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which contain the elements necessary to enrich the blood and restore weakened nerves. Mr. James L. Whitman, Mulgrave, N. S., says: "Following a severe attack of La Grippe I was completely prostrated. The doctor who attended me said that my whole system had gone wrong. My heart was affected, my kidneys weakened, digestion impaired, and to make the trouble worse I had a hemorrhage of the bowels, and nearly bled to death. The doctor said I could not live, and told my wife to tell me that I had better settle up my worldly affairs. I did not care to live, my sufferings were so intense. I could not sleep, my ankles and feet were swollen, and my complexion very yellow. Friends came to see me for the last time, and one of these, more hopeful than the others, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. While I had but little faith that they would help me, I decided to try them. Quite soon they seemed to benefit me, for my appetite improved and my heart became stronger. Continuing the use of the pills, it was not long before I was able to be out of bed, and after using fifteen boxes I am in good health for a man of my age. The doctor and those who knew of my case look upon me as a living wonder, as none of them expected me to get better."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Muskrats, Raccoon, Red Fox WANTED

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The Year's End. Full happy is the man who comes at last into the safe completion of his year; weathered the perils of his spring, that blast How many blossoms promising and dear! And of his summer, with dread passions fraught, That oft, like fire through the ripening corn, Blight all with mocking death and leave no distraught Loved ones to mourn the ruined waste forlorn. But now, though autumn gave but harvest slight, Oh, grateful is he to the powers above For winter's sunshine, and the lengthened night By hearth-side genial with the warmth of love. Contentedly he glides away, serene.—Timothy Cole in the January Century.

ASKS FOR PROTECTION. "Pardon me, your honor," said the young lawyer, "but I'd like to arrange for police protection hereafter when I have business in this court."



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