Saved From the Sea

CHAPTER XIV.

Nine o'clock. Falconer St. Maur paced to and fro his spacious apartment in a restless impatience that grew more unbearable every minute. Wild warfare raged within once more.

She would be under his roof with him as of old—years ago; and how—how could he let her go?—how could she leave him, or tear herself away? She must yield to his persuasions—his power over her now!

Then he stopped at his secretaire, unlocked a drawer, took up the packet of notes his uncle had given him, and put it into his breast-pocket, then stood listening, his heart beating almost painfully as a hand touched the door.

It opened, and Rahunee's voice said: "The sahib is here!!" as a graceful figure passed in, throwing off disguising mantle, veil, and cap the moment the door quietly closed again.

St. Maur took two quick steps forward, and Christine was in his arms—brow, and cheek, and tender mouth covered with his kisses.

"My precious one, my darling, back to your right place under my roof, my home, your shelter!"

He felt her tremble as he loosed his clasp and drew her to his side on th couch.

"For an hour or two—yes!" she whispered.

"And then," said Falconer, slowly, "darkness, blank desolation for both of us."

"Yes—heart-breaking torture!" Her low, soft tone shook. "And only your hand can end it!"

"Can it?" he said, with a kind of fierce despair that startled her. "It is just that question which I wanted you here to fully understand. The whole sum is wrong in the first figure; for the very first time I met you on the river and you told me your name, I knew who you were, and that I could not openly wed Leonora Berenger's child while my uncle lived. I ought never to have looked on your witching beauty again; but I could not—would not tear myself away. I yielded to my own will and passions, and married you secretly. I was a gambler—or something very near it— even then was indebted considerably. Well, you knew, learned all that in the first six months; and it's ten times worse now, in all these miserable, reckless years. I owe Morley, the money-lender, more thansands than I can tell you exactly—more than I know myself off-hand, at any time, because it varies. When I have a run of luck, I clear off some; when fortune is against me heavily, I go to him again."

"Of course at ruinous interest?" said the listener, her slender hands locked before her on her lap.

"Nay; it would be unjust of me to say 'yes' to that. Very high interest, certainly; but then he has absolutely no security but an inheritance which depends entirely on my not offending my uncle, and on the faith of that understanding only Morley has advanced his money. I may say that tacitly my honor is involved, if not so far as actually pledged, not to destroy his security by any deliberate act of my own. Against the chances of my death—and I've near getting it many a time—he holds a heavy policy of insurance, though that doesn't cover half my liabilities; but for my living he holds none, except by good faith and William Orde's will. If that one flimsy security, such as only a money-lender would take for the sake of high interest, is swept away, what then? He may even charge me with dealing dishonorably with him; he will certainly be exasperated at losing his thousands, and sue me.' He got up, and began walking to and fro near his wife, passing and repassing her. "He has been very easy and kind, and has even a strange, unaccountable liking for his worthless client. But that wont make a man lose so heavily for nothing, will it? It is not human nature."

"No—not human nature. Well?"

"Well?" he repeated, desperately. "I tell you, Christine, that your terms of reunion may mean ruin—black ruin! That sounds harsh, but it's plain truth. I have been brought up— spoiled, indulged, if you will—in wealth and extravagance unchecked. It is too late now, and nearly two-and-thirty, to revolutionize all nature and habit. I have no profession—never been made to work—I would to Heaven I had—and I could never plod and plod on day after day, just to earn a paltry pittance for daily bread—no, not even with you at my side! I should go mad—mad—break loose! The ready means of quick gains, with excitement for toil, would be ever in my sight. Hand of skill, the tempter, the passion for play, would master me again of I had abandoned it, and I should be a more desperate gambler than before—crushed, maddened by the load of debts that nothing honest can now clear. And one of your conditions was to give up play—as if there is much else I live and spend by for years. I cannot give it up, and fortune too. I could not make head against a poverty weighted with debt. It would drive me straight to perdition—faster even than I am going now, if that is possible. I wish I were dead—Heaven! I wish I were dead, for your sake-'

"Hupsband!"

The passion of excitement and despair had reached a climax, and that one tremulous word, piercing the wounded heart like a knife, gave vent for the fevered blood.

He flung himself on his knees beside Christine, wound his arms about her waist almost convulsively, and buried his face in her bosom, hot tears falling on her white bare throat.

"I do! I do! I am only a misery to myself, and you, whom I love more than life a thousand times! It is all sin and shame to me and all I touch. Why wasn't I drowned last autumn in the gale? You would have been free then!"

"Hush, Falconer! Husband, you break my heart!" she said, bowing her own pure face to the stricken, sinful head, her clinging hand pressing it closer against her breast. "Dearer to me in sin and shame than when my girlish ignorance knew nothing of either. Don't talk of death for you. I cannot bear it!"

His clasp tightened around her, but he kept his face hidden in its resting-place for minutes, till he could master the passion of emotion that had shaken him to the centre, like a reed shaken by a strong wind. Then she felt his warm lips kiss the soft, bare throat, left uncovered by the pretty square-cut dress, and he lifted himself back to his former place at her side, still keeping her within his embrace, dropping the dark head on her shoulder like a sorrowful, tired-out child; only that here, for the child's innocence, there was the man's sin and bitter trouble, and the infinite pothas of the man's silent appeal to the womans love, and the woman's moral strength and help, so eloquent in its voiceless language, that when the loving woman, loyal to honor and him, could speak at all, she answered it as if he had spoken in words.

"Yes, darling, I know how hard it is to make even the first slight break in such a mesh of iron chains. I fully understand now how you are involved, and at least for the present I will not urge you to yield to my terms, nor will I yield to yours for your sake. If I lived with you again as I did before, it would be—and you know it, dearest one—to veil honor for love, principle for passion, and so strike with my own hand the death-blow to the very core of your strong, deep love, that has hitherto outlived all storms and temptations, however sometibes shadowed. You know well the absolute truth of Lovelace's noble sentiment, and that key-note of your love for me, and as power in Heaven's mercy to save you, is the honor—the reverence, shall I dare say?—out of which all its harmonies and melodies have grown."

"Which nothing can touch," St. Maur said, hoarsely; "nothing can lessen my worshipping love, my deep reverence. You are my wife, whatever the outward seeming."

Tenderly, caressingly putting back the dark, wavy locks from his brow with her free hand, he held the other fast, Christine answering steadily:

"Yes, and because I keep the honor of that name unstained by a breath, I hold your love in strength and purity undimmed. But if I now deliberately put the honor of my wifehood unler yours and the world's feet——"

"Christine——"

"Hush! hear me—and whether in retirement, or, as before, in the vortex of an equivocal society, live with you practically as less than your wife, you would gradually, insensibly, but only too surely, change to me; the reverence of your love would be dimmed, then both slowly, subtlely, lessen and change, till the first were well-nigh replaced by half-despising, and the latter almost sink to the character worthy only of what I seemed; for as I, the woman, sunk, so surely would you, the man. In your heart you know I am right; but if I am stabbing you, it is with a two-edged sword that pierces my own breast, too."

"I know it," he whispered, brokenly—"my worshipped wife, I know it!"

Still the soft fingers touched his brow as the mellow tones, deep with intense, suppressed feeling, went on:

"Moreover, if I yield to you you would gain your object without striking a blow for it, get possession without paying the price for it; and the one, the strongest incentive to warfare against your bitter enemy and mine, would be gone."

"No, no!" Falconer broke in, eagerly, and flushing hotly. "With you by me I could, I would strive with double strength; the incentive would still be there to fight for your sake."

She shook her head sadly.

"I know you better than you do yourself, Falconer, and the hold the cruel vice has gained. You would have grasped the prize—myself—and, insensibly, you would give back in the battle, and you will recognize the truth of this when you can face it unblinded by the passionate yearning to have me back at any price. Ah, husband! it is quite as hard for me to refuse to return as for you to be refused; but you will lay lance in rest, however lightly at first, just for my sake, if for no higher aim yet."

"Christine—Christine, how can such a woman as you love me still? so utterly unworthy, so lost—a gambler, and the demon is in me, brain, and body, and soul, past casting out, I fear!"

"Never! That were to doubt Heaven and the redemption," said Christine, strongly. "You are not utterly unworthy, not lost, not wholly given over to this demon of play, else I had not loved you as I do. There is gold under all the dross, and it is that which I found out and loved you for. You can strive, and you will, if it is but the smaller, most trifling step at first—a stake lowered instead of raise, the tables deserted an hour sooner than usual, and with each slight victory the next grows less hard to win. You will be tempted and yield often, fall back a hundred times, maddened by loss or spurred on by success, the more because you say to yourself, I live by it, I must play—ay, in the gayest excitement that you despise even while you crave its false glamor. You will forget your Christine, and then be wild with remorse afterward that you have fallen back. You see, I see all and spare not the knife; but then, in your darkest hours, husband, see me or write to me; but never—never fear for shame's sake to face me—a poor mortal like yourself—a sinner like yourself before the perfect Creator!"

"You a sinner!" exclaimed St. Maur, vehemently; and lifting his head quickly to gaze upon her face with glowing eyes, half lover's, half devotee's, before a saint; "you—you are perfect to me, at least."

"Oh, Falconer, Falconer!"

"My Saint Christine!" he whispered, laying his cheek against hers with a kind of passionate [illegible] dear sake I will strive, even at this eleventh hour, to [illegible] play—I dare not promise more, my dear wife."

"And your wife asks no more," she answered, gently.

For some minutes neither spoke nor moved, till Falconer [illegible] ed the bank-notes. He drew forth the packet and put it into Christine's hand, smiling now at her questioning look of surprise.

"It is a roll of notes," he said, quietly—"two hundred pounds. I want you to take it and use it; it's far better in your hands than mine."

"But, Falconer, I don't understand," she said, a little hurriedly, her color rising painfully. "I don't want money."

"Whether you do or not, sweetheart, you can take it from your husband; it is not money won at the gaming table of the race coarse. It is a present Uncle Will would give me when he came up, and I told him it should be well spent; so take it; it's what I meant when I spoke."

"No, no, Falc, take it back; indeed I don't want money, and—you may."

He put her hand back, half smiling, but coloring as he said:

"I do not—keep it, child; it will only go perhaps in that accursed play if I have it; keep it safe—so." He took it from her hand and put it into the bosom of her dress. "Use it, dearest, if only to give me pleasure."

"Ah, Falc, you have not forgotten your persuasive arts."

"And you, sweetheart, never needed any at all," he said, smiling down on the beautiful face. "But tell me now of yourself since we—since your Aunt Stanhope's death; tell me in detail, and especially how you came across these Cliffords?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale, Falconer; for to Dr. Clifford's skill and generous care I partly owe my life last September—partly to him and partly—firstly, indeed, to the daring courage of a man I would give—ah, how much!—to discover and thank, for he flung away his own life, so far as he knew, to save mine, an unknown nobody, a stranger."

"Christine, your precious life in peril! and I not there to save it! Oh!" he said, turning aside, "this is bitter punishment indeed, deeply grateful though I must be to the man who was so blessed. Go on; tell me how it was."

His hand was gripping hers with a force he was scarcely conscious of; his other he kept half shading his eyes. Her very first words made him start and catch his breath; but he controlled himself instantly with a strong effort.

"I was shipwrecked in the last and wildest of the September gales. I had been stranded in New York, and to get to England shipped aboard the Red Star liner Undine, as stewardess; we had a terribly bad passage, and in the Channel caught the gale—the worst I have ever been in; the fires were swamped out, the steering-gear damaged, and we drove helplessly on to a lee shore. The skipper and I and four men were the last to leave the vessel in th gig, and she was capsized. I remember clutching a piece of wood and striking out, and that is all except those few awful minutes which only the drowned know. They told me afterward that this gentleman had already gone out in the lifeboat, and after that saw a woman drowning—that they tried to keep him back, crying that it was certain death; but he threw them fiercely back, saying, 'his life was worthless,' and flung himself into that raging sea. Ah, it is such noble deeds as that which—"

"Hush! no more!" And Falconer dropped his hand to lock that too in hers, and faced her with passionate joy in his eyes. "It was I—oh! thank heaven! —it was I who saved your priceless life—my wife—my love!"

"Falconer!" She almost threw herself on his breast, too deeply agitated for many moments for one word save that dear name.

Nor was he less moved, but held her folded in his arms, each soul living over again that awful night of peril; he, perhaps, with the inward cry:

"Oh, if I had but known it then! I had won you back—all mine!"

Yet he spoke first, almost in a whisper:

"My heart sprung to the truth of this happiness the moment you spoke of the shipwreck in last September's gale; it was of that night I thought when I said they had better have let me drown. Heaven forgive me for the words; but if I had known— Oh! Christine—Christine! if I could have my life to live over again!—if I could only blot out the past!"

How often has that vain cry of anguish gone up to heaven, and who can undo that which is done? Even the fabled waters of a Lethe can only give a darkened oblivion by destroying memory; they can not wash away the deeds that are graven in stone!

"We can never do that," she said, softly; "but we can atone. And you will try again, my heart's dearest, I know!"

He stooped and kissed her lips reverently—a worshipper at the shrine of his saint.

"Now, tell me of your life, Christine," he said, presently; and listened in silence—he could have listened forever to the sweet music of that low, tender voice.

"And so," she ended at length, with her present position, "that is how I came to the Cliffords'. One thing more I must tell you, Falconer, cruel pain though it is to me. On her death-bed my aunt told me, without the name of the lover, the truth about my mother's treatment of Mr. Orde—"

"Let me spare you, darling," interrupted St. Maur, quickly. "Uncle Will told me early this morning as we drove home. I had not known before how cruelly she had deceived him—how bad it had all been—and I can scarcely wonder at his implacability. My dear, I fear he will never relent unless by almost a miracle; the more that now, unhappily, he has taken a fancy to Blanche Leroy as a prospective niece-in-law. I could laugh at the comedy of the idea—I, married so long—if it did not vex; the only use of the notion is, that I can make use of it to see more of you under cover of a careless flirtation with that little flirt."

"No, Falconer, not that; Blanche needs no aid to make her flirt, for since she has been out more, and admired and sought—the 'pretty heiress'—she has shown to my watchful notice that, without being so overly a flirt as many girls, she is exactly one who, if she likes, makes men flirt to the top of her bent. I saw her last night. You are handsome, attractive, heir to a rich man (she is not indifferent to that), and she flirted with you as desperately as she dared. She is young, vain, pretty, flattered, dazed and intoxicated with the frothing champagne of her first season; but not heartless, though not deep-natured—not like Mimie—and you are too reckless; you may go too far, and turn her head."

"Faith, sweet wife, I'll try to keep off that shoal, for I don't want Clifford to be asking too much about me; he wouldnt hear enough to my advantage. If I judge him right, I should not have one chance if I were free, and wooed either niece or daughter—that is, if I asked him first," he added, characteristically. "If Miss Stanhope had opposed me when I told her I meant to have you, I should have carried you off."

"Falconer! Falconer! how wicked you are," said Christine, obliged to laugh. The speech was exactly like the reckless, dominant-willed lover she had always known, who had wooed and won her so masterly eight years ago. "But I suppose you would if I had said, 'No—wait,' myself. See how late it is; I must go, dear Falconer."

"No, no; not yet. Ah, don't leave me yet—it is hard, so cruel to part—for both," he pleaded, his beautiful eyes more eloquent even than his golden tongue. "One short half hour more, wife, and I will let you go without a word."

What woman who loved could have resisted him? She stayed the full half hour, and then he took her into his arms and their lips met with one accord in that "sweet sorrow"—the close, parting embrace, the long, parting kiss.

Then at last the man released her, and summoned the Indian to escort her into a cab.

How blank the room was when she was gone—the star of his night!

(To be continued.)

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless, because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

WOES OF WOMANHOOD

Weakness and Suffering Banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for men and women, and growing boys and girls, but they are good in a special way for woman. At special times a woman needs a medicine to enrich and regulate her blood supply, or her life will be one round of suffering. That is when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, for they actually make new blood. There is not a month in her life from fifteen to fifty that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a boon to every woman. They help the growing girl safely over the critical time when her blood is overtaxed by new demands. To the woman of middle life they bring relief and bring her strength for her time of change. And during the thirty odd years that lie between, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill a woman's life with the happinses of health, giving her strength and energy for every function. A woman's surest protection against all the ills that come to her because of her sex, is to set her blood right at once by a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—and then to keep the blood right by taking the Pills occasionally. Mrs. Eliza Clouthier, St. Jerome, Que., is one of the many unfortunate sufferers restored to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "It would be difficult for me to say how much I suffered. I was tormented by headaches and backaches; my appetite failed and I wasted away to such an extent that I was unable to do house work. I was constantly taking medicine, but it did not help me any. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured a couple of boxes. By the time these were done I felt some improvement, and, thus encouraged, I continued the use of the Pills, gaining strength day by day, until after I had taken six or seven boxes, I was again well and strong, and I have since continued in the best of health. I can strongly recommend these Pills to all weak and ailing women."

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.

Coleridge's Stick.

Of walking sticks there is no end. We have heard of Mr. Haldane's cordite one and now we read of a stick in the Guest collection at Christie's which belonged to the very last Bond street watchman. For interesting sticks however the one which Coleridge was in the habit of losing during his tramping days must take first place. The philosopher was never happy till he had got it back. He sent the crier round. Here is the cry, as noted by Mr. Lucas in one of his essays: "Missing, a curious walking stick. On one side it displays the head of an eagle, the eyes of which represent rising suns, and the ears Turkish crescents; on the other side is the portrait of the owner in woodwork. Around the neck is a Queen Elizabeth's ruff in tin. All down it waves the line of beauty in very ugly carving."

And then came the appeal and warning note "If any gentleman (or lady) has fallen in love with the above described stic kand secretly carried off the tinuance of which must prove fatal to same he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a passion the con his (or her) honesty. And if the said stick has slipped into such a gentleman's (or lady's) hand through inadvertence he (or she) is requested to rectify the mistake with all convenient speed. God save the King!" The stick came back!—From the London Chronicle.

AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of loss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from $10 to $35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Goderich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars.—Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

DIZZY SPELLS, HEADACHES

A Sufferer of Twenty Years Comes Forward With a Real Cure.

"I can't remember any time during the past 20 years when my head wasn't aching. If I bent over, dark spots would come before my eyes, and it seemed as if all the blood in my body wanted to rush to the head." Thus opens the letter of Mrs. Enoch S. Spry, of Putnam P. O., and continuing her interesting statement she says: "Work or exertion made my heart beat terrible, and going up stairs caused such shortness of breath that it fairly frightened me. My doctor told me that it was poisons in the blood and if that was the cause Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the greatest blood renewer on earth. I tell you how I feel to-day and you can understand what a great cure Dr. Hamilton's Pills have made. I feel strong enough now to work like a man, as for going upstairs on the run, it doesn't bother me at all. I eat and sleep as any well person ought, and as for dizziness which used to frighten me so much, it has entirely disappeared. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. They helped me in other ways too, and I know every woman that uses them will have comfort and good health." Refuse anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

An Artist's Revenge

Brushington is a Chicago artist who came back from Paris with what seemed fine prospects of fame and fortune at home. He was saturated with the spirit of art. He had already had a whiff of the incense of praise. He thought that all he had to do to establish himself with honor and profit was to set up his studio in Michigan avenue and show Chicagoans what the home bred artist can do when he gets a chance.

But he soon found that a weak picture dated "Paris, 1897," is a better bait for some "connoisseurs" than a strong homemade work, and when all his foreign products were sold at a sacrifice to help pay his rent he began to debate with his conscience whether it would be doing violence to his high ideals to use the magic name of the French capital on the canvases that he painted in his sky high quarters overlooking Lake Michigan. He decided that he would rather starve than resort to fraud, and so he continued to stigmatize his pictures with the name of his native city. Then he discovered that if he meant to be honest and survive he must paint portraits, and with a sad heart he abandoned the fields Elysian and began to paint merchant princes and kings of commerce at prices that made him feel like a guilty thing.

He called these lowering presentments of millionaires "potboilers," but he waxed fat on the profits, and as hostages to his better self he continued to paint "serious" things which attracted neither praise nor purchasers. Brushington thought it was bad enough to have to stare at and study for hours the rich "sitters" whose patronage he disliked even while he lived upon it, but when he got orders to paint portraits of the dead with no better guides than a photograph and lock of hair his conscience smote him and his heart became sick. When he accepted a "commission" to paint Millionaire Slupsky, deceased, and stood alone in his room with a solar print of the subject, a lock of gray hair and the gold spectacles of the departed great man his degradation seemed complete.

In order to stifle his bitter thoughts he resolved to put a high price on the Slupsky portrait, and so he set to work upon it, determined to learn whether money could ever be an emollient for bruised ideals. The son of his subject, who expected to pay for the portrait, used to come in every day to give the painter hints about the color of the old gentleman's skin and hair, the droop of his eyes, the shape of his ear and the expression of his face. But, work as he would, inquire as he might, no art that he could command seemed to satisfy the exactions of young Slupsky.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Slupsky was astonished at the fidelity of the portrait; but, being a good business man, he knew that by finding fault with it he might be able to get it at a reduced price when the day for payment came. Brushington never suspected the guile of his patron and worked away till it seemed as if every alteration possible had been suggested and made. Slupsky himself admitted that it was time to bring down the widow and all the surviving Slupskys to view the life size "picture of papa," but when he conducted the family into poor Brushington's studio every member was instructed to suppress admiration and, as Slupsky put it, "take a little rap at the picture."

The artist was expecting his visitors. His smoking jacket was brushed; his vandyke was twisted to a sharp little point; he had chalked over the spots on his shirt front and turned his cuffs; also he wore a smile which was not heartfelt. The portrait was in a show frame on the big easel, the chairs were arranged, and the painter was wondering whether he would get a check or currency.

"How do you like it?" he asked of Mrs. Slupsky and all the lesser Slupskys when they were seated before the likeness.

"There's something the matter with it," she said.

"What is it?" the artist asked, holding out the solar print. "Is it the pose or the complexion?"

"Oh, no! Those are all right, but there is something wrong."

"Is it the hair?"

"No!" said they. "Those are all right. But it isn't papa. It isn't Mr. Slupsky at all!"

The artist was in a fury. Slupsky, the son and financier of the family, thought it was a good time to say something about the price.

"We don't like it very well," he said, "but if you'll make a reasonable reduction."—

That was as far as he got. Brushington leaped at the painted sire of his his tempter and put his fist through the canvas, while all the Slupskys held their breaths in horror.

"I didn't like it myself," said Brushington, trying to smile, "and I can't afford to let inferior work go out at any price. Here are the spectacles and the look of Mr. Slupsky's hair. Good day!"

When the painter had escorted all his visitors to the door and closed it on them he heard the widow say to her son, "My gracious, James, I'm afraid we'll never get another picture so like papa!"

"Wait a minute," said the son. "I'll go back and make an offer on the pieces."

"I wouldn't take $1,000 for them," said Brushington, sticking his head out of the doorway. Then the Slupskys fled.—Chicago Record.

BIG AUTO TRUST.

Big Figures of the New Industry—A Combine Coming.

Who is this newcomer in the ranks of the nation's capitalists? He is the maker and seller of a toy—of the most popular toy of the ages. With a hand of magic he devised that modern sensation and wonder, the automobile, and he proclaimed its merits so effectively that he has swept the nation into a frenzy of buying. So great has been the success attending his efforts that if he should be able during 1910 to meet the demand already made upon him for his product he could truthfully boast a volume of business near to a quarter of a billion dollars. As it looks now, his probable production for the coming twelve months, according to conservative estimate, will reach a total of around $160,000,000. And for his entire output—if he lives up to his reputation—he will get CASH!

Now the maker of the automobile has pursued the typical American policy in placing his product upon the market through the independent retailer, but he has not "financed" his distributing agencies. As a matter of fact, from the beginning, the distributing agencies have "financed" him. With their contracts for cars the agents have been compelled to surrender a considerable bonus to the manufacturer and to pay in ready money the remainder due when the cars are delivered. Organization, consolidation of forces, is incessantly at work in this new industry. With the passing of the ownership and control of accessory plants turning out the more essential parts into the hands of the big makers, the competition of the small producer—who is merely an assembler of parts—will become nominal, only, and may be entirely wiped out in case of any sudden slump in the demand. The "powers that be" wil regulate the supply to meet the capacity of the public to consume. Thus the price of the product will remain where it is, enabling the motor car magnate to continue to reap bonanza dividends based on his "expanded" capitalization.—From "Our Billion Dollar Toy," in June Technical World Magazine.

ONE WOMAN'S STATEMENT

Tells Her Suffering Sisters to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Proved a Blessing to Her When Her Pains and Weakness Were Almost More Than She Could Bear.

St. George, Man., May 30.—(Special.)—Hoping to save her sister women in the West from pains and aches which come at the critical times in a woman's life, Mrs. Arsene Vinet, of this place, has given the following statement for publication:

"I have brought up a large family and have always enjoyed good health until the last two years. I am fifty-four years of age and at the critical time of life that comes to every woman, I had pains in my right hip and shoulder. I could not lie down two minutes at a time without suffering the greatest agony. Sometimes I awakened with a feeling as if some one had laid a piece of ice on my head. Another time it would be a burning pain under the left shoulder.

"I took many medicines, but could get no relief, till reading of cures of similar cases to my own by Dodd's Kidney Pills, led me to try them. They did wonders for me.

"I want all women to know what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. The woman who has sound Kidneys is safeguarded against nine-tenths of the suffering that makes life a burden to the women of Canada.

In Praise of Piney Lands.

The pine is the greatest American tree. It has been of the widest use, is most in demand, and has enriched its tens of thousands of men. The most fashionable tourist and health resorts in the south are in the "piney woods" regions—vide Aiken, S. C.; Pinehurst, N. C.; Thomasville, Ga., and others. It is the resinous quality of the ozone that attracts the health and pleasure-seekers. Also the piney woods country affords the finest fruits, vegetables and melons. Living is cheap among the pines, health good and the people well fed.—Dallas, Texas, News.

Not for Him.

Johnson—That girl is a jewel.

Morrison—Why don't you marry her?

Johnson—I can't furnish the setting.—June Smart Set.

"I understand she said I was a man of deep peentration." "Yes—she said something like that." "Something like that? How?" "Well, penetrate means bore, doesn't it?"—Cleveland Leader.