Sweet Norine

Then he discovered that there was! no train, that it might be a matter of a day or two ere it reached Hadley, and, in fact, might not come through any further than Spokane, his intense terror and annoyance knew no bounds.

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"If we are to have a through train at all," said the ticket seller, "it will be on Wednesday night at this time; this is dionday night; the chances look fav-orable to me, for it is getting warmer, and that means a thaw, and if that occurs the Eastern express will have little trouble in making headway. I think I can promise you will have little difficulty in getting off Wednesday night."
"I am caught like a rat in a trap,"
thought Carlisle, wildly, "there is no

escape from this accursed place.'
But one course presented itself to his mind, and that was not to go back to Barrison Hall, thereby arousing the suspicion of Florice Austin, but to remain in hiding in the mountains until the great battle between the villagers and the Pawnees was well over, then watch out for the Eastern express, which was bound to come through sooner or later. Clifford Carlisle had a natural horror

of all hardships; camping out, as he proposed to do, was most horrible to him, but he saw no other way out of the difficulty which hedged him in. With cunning foresight he made his

way back to the village, and there purchased a stock of supplies which should last him far beyond the time for the train to arrive.

He had little fear of the weather, for his heavy sealskin overcoat would amply

At the juncture of the mountain road and the road to Hadley there was a deep hellow in a pile of rocks, which he had discovered during his ramblings quite by chance. This place had served him well on several occasions when he had been forced to find a retreat quickly. Neither the villagers nor the Pawnees seemed to know of its existence, he soon discovered, and therefore in it he felt safe from both alike.

With Clifford Carlisle, his own safety was of the utmost importance to him; he would never face danger when there was a way to avoid it. Therefore he hied himself to his place of concealment with all possible despatch.

Thus that night passed, as did the following, and as there was as yet no sign of the encounter which the half-breed had spoken to him about, it dawned upon him that the Pawnees were waiting for him to join them.

He realized, too, that the half-breed was probably searching for him, furious over the delay he was causing in their plans

He knew, too, that if he fell into their hands after that length of time they would be pretty apt to wreak their vengeance upon him.

From his place of concealment he knew that he could easily reach the de pot when he heard the welcome whistle of the locomotive from afar off.

He was well enough acquainted with the Pawnees to know that they would not attempt to interfere with the train, for they steed too much in fear of the big, puffing engines, that had once upon a time swept over a score of them who refused to stand off from the track as it approached.

He knew that Florice Austin must have discovered ere this that he had not caught the train; but, as he had not returned to Barrison Hall, no doubt she suppesed he must have gone over to Spokane to try to get a train from there.

Thus he settled the matter and dismissed the subject from his thoughts. There was only one thing that troubled his conscience, and that was the fate little Norine had met with at the hands of Chowsky. During the lonely hours he spent in his place of concealment he could think of nothing else.

In those hours he learned a startling truth, and that was, that he cared for Norine ay, cared for her a thousand times more than he had dreamed possible that he could ever care for anyone save himself.

The eventful Wednesday night rolled around, and Clifford Carlisle waited with all the impatience imaginable for the welcome whistle of the train. He was glad to think that it would come and go ere the raid of the Pawnees would take place; perhaps that was the very thing that they were waiting for.

He wondered that that solution of the mystery had not occurred to him before; the Pawnees would not put their raid against the villagers into execution until after that train had gone, if it were a month

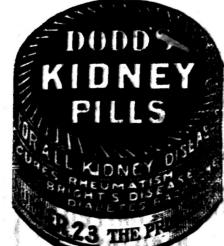
White these thoughts were drifting through his mind, quite a thrilling scene was being enacted less than haif a mile from the spot where he was so securely concealed a scene in which Norine and Joe honest, faithful Joe were the ac-

Although so near freedom, they had been unable to venture from their place of concealment ere darkness fell upon them, owing to the roving bands Paymees that passed their hiding place from time to time.

When at length they did venture forth, they were too late to encounter

any of the stages going either way.

It was with a feeling of joy at their beant that can better be realized than described when their feet struck into the mountain road at last.



"Our worst danger is over now, little Norine," murmured Joe. "We shall have to walk at Ithe way into Hadley. but that will be only a little over a nile from that bend in the road you see you

Norine could have cried sloud. very joy, but Joe was strangely silent; when his compainon rabled him upon it, he made her evasive answers. How could be tell her the fear that weighing down his heart so heavily-

that, of Chowsky's threat was true, there was no village and no kindred for them to return to. If the Pawnees had carried out the half-breed's threat. Halley was now lying in ashes, and every man, woman and child in the village

No, no, he dared not tell Norine of the brooding fear that tay like a dark pall over his troubled heart. He thank-ed heaven that he would be with her when she entered the village.

But—ah, me!—how strangely the wisest and best laid plans miscarry. How little Joe knew what the next moment was to bring forth.

So deeply was he engrossed with his own thoughts that for a brief instant he forgot to watch the treacherous road before him, walking, as they were, in the dense shadow of the trees; the result was he made a misstep and fell

headlong to the ground.

He did not rise quickly to his feet, as Norine supposed he would do, and when she reached his side and bent over him a moan of intense pain, which he vainly endeavored to repress, broke from his lips.

"Oh. Joe! Joe! what is the matter? Are you hurt?" piteously cried Norine, throwing herself down on her knees be-"I am afraid I—I have sprained my

unkle," he whispered; "but it is nothing, Norine, nothing." "Nothing!" exclaimed the girl in the greatest terror. "Oh, Joe! haw can you

walk and further if if your ankle is vorained ?" He took her trembling hand in his.

I am afraid I cannot, little one," he said, with almost a sob in his voice, "but let me tell you what you must do, Norine. You must go on to the village without me. Tell them, if you find any one, what has happened me; if you can get no one to-to come to me, come back yourself, little Norine."

She was too excited to notice how strangely his sentence was worded then, but it all came back to her afterward. In vain she begged to stay by him, but Joe made her understand presently that the plan he suggested was best, and the only feasible one. So, laying her tears. Norine set off bravely on her

mission to summon assistance for him. feared his last hour had come-that he vas dying

ward, swifting nearing the bend in the that she had regarded so curiously many and many a time. At last she was abreast of them, and then suddenly in the clear, bright moonlight she saw a dark figure. The next instant Norine had failen senseless in the path, and knew no more.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Norine had made the fatal mistake of believing the dark figure which suddenloomed up before her to be a Pawnee. while in matter of fact it was some other than Clifford Carlisle.

He had ventured forth from his piace of concealment to stretch his cramped timbs, and the first object be beheld was a woman hurrying down the mountain One glance, and an exclamation of the

most intense amazement broke from his astonished line: "Norine, by all that's wonderful!"

He instantly divined that she had just made her escape from the Pawnees. "Well, now, if this isn't a piece luck!" he ejaculated, springing toward her, his handsome, evil face lighting up with delight. "Norine will be just in time to take the train with me." Before he had time to call to her, he saw her halt quickly, then drop sudden-

ly down in the path. "Confound it!" he muttered. "She has fainted, I do believe."

As soon as he reached her side he found that his surmise was correct. "Of course, I frightened her." he muttered. "I suppose it is little wonder. A pretty fix I would be in, to be sure, if the train came along his veins as he answered: sciousness. By George! there's luck in on these wild western plains. I'll transplant her to the gay metropolis, and I'll warrant there won't be a beauty in

Gotham who can compare with my little western wild flower. I'll-" But here his soliloquy was suddenly cut short by the loud, shrill, earsplitting screech of the eastward-bound express whistle, resounding far over the plains and dying away over the mountain. "The train at last!" he cried, with

wild enthusiasm. "Come. Norine!" he cried, catching the slight figure up in his stalwart arms. 'I haven't time to attempt to restore you to consciousness new; when next you open your bonny eyes, it will be

far away from Hadley." Louder and more shrill sounded the whistle of the far-off train, as it thundered over the frozen rails.

Clifford Carlisle knew that it would reach the station now quite as soon as he could; he had not one moment to lose. Down the mountain road he ran swiftly, though the burden which he carried was no light one.

For a moment he paused to see if the coast was clear; he had no wish to encounter anyone, for take Norine aboard of that train he would he told himself. no matter what occurred; but he trusted to the darkness and the excitement to escape attention.

He more than suspected that Florice Austin would take that identical train. but it would be a very easy matter for him to come in contact with her by boarding a different car.

CORNS CURED
You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractive. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and haims. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists see, bottless. Befuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

for Norine, thus being obliged to step up to the ticket seller's window, but would pay for her on the train.

Thus he settled the difficulties of the

carrying out of his dastardly scheme, one by one, as they presented themselves. Reaching the depot, he cautiously erept around to the other side of the der, and a deep, husky voice, trembling with mighty passion, exclaimed, hoarsely: "So I have caught you at last, my fine fellow! What or whom have you there ?"

Before he could collect himself to utter a word, or, in fact, to gather his scattered senses, he was hurled backward by a heavy blow and the girl grasped frem his hold.

The instant he had heard the voice. even ere he had beheld his face, he knew that he was standing face to face with Daniel Gordon-Norine's grandfatherand that he need expect little mercy from him.

As Mr. Gordon spoke he threw off the heavy cloak which was wrapped about the slender form and held a lantern down close to her face.

"Yes, it is Norine-my little Norine!" he cried, with intense excitement, "and she is dead! Great God!-my little Norine is dead!" he wailed.

"She has only fainted," responded Clifford Carlisle, coolly, adding: "Now that she has passed—even though forcibly-from my care to yours, I leave her to you."

He was about to spring upon the train. but, quick as a flash, the sturdy old man intercepted him.

in a voice which made Clifford Carlisle's heart quail in spite of his nonchalent bravado. "Norine has been away from our home two days. Have you made the girl your wife?" "She has not been-"

Answer me yes or no!" cried the exasperated old man, grasping Carlisle by the throat and hold him there in a grasp of steel. "Is Norine your wife, or

"No:" spluttered Carlisle, struggling furiously to free himself from that herculean hold, and at the same time recover his breath, which his antagonist was nearly shaking out of his body. "Then you don't board this train tomight!" roared Daniel Gordon.

"You shall come back to the village with me, and there answer me for what you have In vain Clifford Carlisle attempted to

expostulate; he might as well have endeavored to reason with an enraged lion of the forest. Daniel Gordon did not even hear him. The heart almost stood still in Clif-

of this man's duplicity; he was fleeing poor, how beautiful she is, how loved Meanwhi Norine sped rapidly on- with another. Now he shall feel the and admired—nay, idolized—by all with road where were the huge pile of rocks duping. Bring him back to the village, ing her as you do, dear reader, you do good Mr. Gordon. It will be my turn not wonder at it, knowing how you have when you have done with him."

this to your satisfaction if you will but allow me to do so-if you will only listen for one moment to my side of the

She laughted a hard, bitter laugh, fool of Florice no longer. Listen, everyshrill, high key; "I denounce Clifford ny, sweet Norine." Carlisle as the worst of frauds! I saw him force Mrs. Barrison, on her deathbed, to sign that will which he offers to the world as the genuine article. My price of silence was that he should make me his wife, sharing with me the illgotten fortune. Ay, and worse! He systematically swindled the old lady out of money for years, pretending that he invested it in a gold mine for her in Arizona, but the gold mine had no existence save in his own brain. Ay! and his rascality does not even end there." she went on, with growing rage; "our handsome, dapper gentleman is a highwayman as well!

"Florice!" cried Clifford Carlisle, livid more, if you expect me to fulfil my pledge of marrying you. You will bitterly rue all these tales you are telling I never thought that it would be you of any names being left off the lists.

who would try to ruin me." Again she laughed that horrible, bitter laugh that made the blood run cold in

this opportune encounter. Norine is far think of throwing myself before this "Marry you! Why, I would as soon too beautiful to pass the rest of her days train. I shall never marry a man who would deceive me-ay! and willfully desert me for another. I can hate a thousandfold more bitterly than I can love, tants of the republic may be secured and this I say to you, Clifford Carlisle: within a close margin of accuracy. I am your mortal foe, and all I want is revenge and I have it in this hour.

"It was he," she wildly continued, "who made away with the young express agent for the money he had with him. I was an evewitness to it; I followed him he intended visiting some village maid,

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and I repeat that I witnessed the robbery and the tragedy.

The effect of those words on the crowd which had gathered was electrical, they would have hanged him to the nearest tree but for the stern decision of Daniel Gordon that he must be taken to the village and the truth of the woman's assertions clearly proved. This was accordingly done, a jerring

crowd following. It was not until Norine was taken to the town hall and they had worked over her for some time that consciousness was restored to her.

Who shall attempt to describe excitement that followed when she told of the safety of Joe Brainard from death, but of the accident he had met puffing train, and was just about to with, and that he lay on the mountain board it with the still unconscious figure about in the greatest pain awaiting help, of Norine clasped closely in his arms, which was despatched to him without an instant's delay.

Norine was as much amazed as any of them when she was told of the attempted abduction, and she thanked Heaven indeed for the timely interference through which she had been so mercifully saved. Finding that fate had closed in around

him, and his wicked career was brought to an untimely end, Clifford Carlisle confessed everything from the forging of the Barrison will to the attempt to make away with the young express agent—for the thirty thousand dollars in cash which he had about him-and promising to make full restitution if they would but set him free and let him go his way. It was Joe who pleaded for the man

who tried his best to be his slayer. "All is well that ends well." Joe, "and since little Norine has promised to marry me at once, I can feel no resentment against even this man.

say, let him go, if he will promise nev

er to come near the western plains again." Very reluctantly the villagers consent ed, and a hooting, jeering men followed the dandy of other days to the train to see him safely away from their locality. Foremost among them was Florice Austin, and her face was the last he saw "Stop!" thundered the old blacksmith as he crept aboard the train and the ex-

press moved eastward toward the rising sun. Norine kept faithfully her promise to Joe. In the hours of her peril she had learned his true worth, and that his was a heart of gold-not one of tinsel. And the love that awakened in her heart for noble, heroic Joe, she knew to be the true love of her soul, and she realized that it had been only the glamor of infatuation which she had experienced for the handsome, debonair stranger who had come into their midst.

The amazement of Norine on learning of the relationship between Mrs. Barrison, the deceased, and herself was great -and greater still was her surprise to find herself the possessor of the great wealth that was hers through her poor young mother who had been so cruelly disinherited long years ago.

Daniel Gordon lived long enough, did his good old wife, to see their darling wedded to the man of their choice, and it is safe to say that not a jollier wedding ever took place in the far west. Joe was suffering far more than he ford's bosom when another voice fell upon had intimated to Norine; the world his ear—the voice of Florice Austin, vou read in the daily papers of our little heroine being worth many millions; and diagnosed and remedies prescribed. convinced beyond all doubt now you also read how good she is to the vengeance of the woman whom he was whom she comes in contact; and, knowcome to love her vourself, from the first "Florice!" exclaimed Clifford Carlisle, moment you saw those dear, dainty litin intense agitation; "I can explain all the hands accomplish the wonderful feat of fashioning a real horseshoe.

There was never a more adoring husband than Joe: but while he clasps his dearly-won darling in his arms, straining her to his heart as he covers her "What my eyes behold, that I shall blushing face with kisses, he whispers, believe!" she cried. "Yeu can make a teasingly, ofttimes:

"They say you were false, but I still body!" she cried, raising her voice to a believed you true; your're my own bon-THE END.

TAKING CENSUS OF MEXICO.

President Diaz and Other Men Prominence Will Help in the Work.

The central committee on census work appointed by the local authorities to draw plans for the taking of the census in the Federal district has completed arrangements for making an accurate estimate of the inhabitants of the capital and outlying with terror, "you are mad! Say no towns and has decided to appoint prominent persons in every town to take down the names of residents about me. Can you not realize that? personally to preclude the possibility

In former years it has been the experience of census takers that a large majority of the natives refused to give the names of all the members of their household for fear that they might be recruited in the army. The Government has decided to appoint prominent persons as census takers in order that the actual number of inhabi-

President Diaz will personally take the census of the block on the north side of Calle de Cadena, where he lives; members of the Cabinet will perform a similar duty in their respective neighborhoods; the Archthat night because I was suspicious that | bishop of Mexico will take the census of population in his own quarters and an effort will be made to have all prominent citizens accept the oppointment for their neighborhoods generally in order that confidence may be inspired among the natives and the figures may be as accurate as pos-

But in interior Mexico an uphill task is in store for the authorities, as the majority is bent upon thwarting the census work, being formed of illiterate peons and farm laborers who are still afraid of compulsory military service.-From the Mexican Herald.

> HIS OCCUPATION. (Louisville Cour.er-Journal.)

"He had a good business, but he lost "Did he drink?" "No; but he was too busy being

prominent citizen to attend to anything

It is impossible to make a record without breaking an old one.

A Happy Mother's Letter

Tells How She Brought Her Sick Daughter Back to Health.

"My daughter enjoyed a vigorous and happy childhood," writes Mrs. Eugene Jardine, from Shepherd's Point. "Being an only child, our anxieties were great. when just at her approach upon womanhood her strength failed and her mind became somewhat depressed. Her appe-tite became so variable that no effort I could make to supply variety and changes of diet would induce her to take comfortable meals. I never saw a girl tire out so quickly—she had nothing to fall back upon, no resistance at all. Her natural functions were checked, and her color was blanched. It looked like pernicious anaemia until I found how quickly Ferrozone was building up her blood. Even the first sign of redness in her cheeks, and the improved interest she began to take in things, gave us courage. This improvement was only the beginning of good that Ferrozon started. Jennie's appetite improved, and her daughter's case proves Ferrozone the best tonic treatment for growing girls. It restored Jennie's health when we were almost in despair, and I hope many other mothers will see their girls use it, too."

It's from twelve to twenty that every girl needs iron for her blood-a bracing tonic to keep her vitality high-all she requires is combined scientifically in Ferrezone; try it, one or two tablets with meals: 50c per box, or The Catarrh. ozene Co., Kingston, Ont.

DR. BUDIN

Honored by France for Saving the Lives of 5.000 Babies.

This one man saved the lives of 5.000 babies in Paris, France, alone during 1908. Then he died. Though dead, it may be said that he is still saving lives, over 2,000 children of Paris, during the first five months of 1909, owing their lives to him.

He said: "To instruct the children is good, but to instruct rothers is the most important of all educational work, for what's the use of having schools for children when the children die because of the ignorance of their mothers?"

Prof. Pierre Budin said this: then he went to work. He inaugurated in Paris a "school for mothers." Being a physician himself, he headed a small body of volunteer doctors who agreed to give part of their time each week to the cause of saving the lives of babies-that is, children from birth to the age of two years. That was ten years ago. First there was only one small bureau. Here, each day, two or three practitioners (the doctors taking turn about) had "office hours." and mothers were invited to bring their babies for examination and treatment. They came in droves. Infants were weighed, their little ailments were But that was only a very small part

of the work. While babies were cared for in this manner, the mothers were instructed in the art of caring for their own. When baby acted in this way, it meant so and so. When it had colic, do this or that. Hold baby in this manner; never the other way. Feed it on this food or that. Take it out in the open. In fact, mothers were taught the thousands and one little

details of the proper care for babies. This opened up another channel for doing good. Proper food being half the battle with babies, and milk being the principal commodity of food. pure milk was urged as an absolute necessity for the little ones. In ten years the death rate of babies

between the ages mentioned has dropped from about 10,000 per year to not more than 5,000. The mothers' schools are now in all the principal cities of France, and in every instance the result has been about the ratio shown by the Paris

A monument is now building in Faris to the memory of Dr. Budin. Ex President Loubet, Dr. Henri de Rothschild and other notables are lenders in the movement.

Mending Men's Clothes. (Mary Evans.)

Lots of little things may be done to make a man's garments last longer and look better than if he has no womankind to care for him and his wardrobe. A man's clothes are expensive and usualoff or coats wearing shiny at the seams.

Now, every man has a theory about the way a button should be sewn on. He knows it should have a "neck," and nothing will persuade him that his womanfolk share this knowledge. He is body broke out in boils—some six or therefore firmly convinced that if he eight in a nest. These were so painful sewed the buttons on they would never come off. He wouldn't believe it if you told him that the fault lay not in omit- family doctor. I got no better; in fact ting to give the button a "neck," but in neglecting to finish it off properly after and at times were so offensive that I the neck had been twisted. At least half refused to sit at the table with my fama dozen firm stitches are needed to do ily. A friend asked me one day why I

It trousers fray at the edge and it is necessary to turn up a slightly deeper hem, open the hem out all around, brush it and soap it on the wrong side. This makes it set well, giving it a firm froned apearance. Of course, it is necessary after slip stitching the hem to press on the wrong side with a damp cloth between the cloth and the iron.

COLD TEA FOR BLACK SUITS. Shiny seams and shoulders must be sponged gently with warm water to which a little ammonia has been added. Sponging with cold tea will do wonders toward restoring a black suit. Inking the seams is a time honored method which cannot be recommended, as the ink is apt to leave stains and noticeable marks.

When putting away clothes housh them thoroughly and hang them out in the sun for eight hours. Repeat the brushing process. The object of expos-Repeat the ing them to the sunlight is to cause any moth eggs in the fabric to hatch, and then the young caterpillars are easily ing done this, put the suit, or whatever am, it is!"

it may be, away, with some moth preventive, taking care to place the preventive especially down the front of the vest, on the lapels of the coat, in fact, anywhere grease is most likely to be.

When darning large holes in under-

wear place a piece of fine net under and extending a half inch each side of the tear; herringbone over the joint with half the stitch on the webbing and half on the garment itself. When the ribbing is quite worn out it may be replaced by the special ribbing sold at most outfitters.

MEND GLOVES WITH WAX THREAD Men's gloves should be mended with wax thread-not silk, as that cuts. Use number forty cotton drawn across a piece of beeswax. Be sure to finish off the ends carefully.

Lastly, do all these things in time: don't wait to have your attention called to them. He doesn't want to be reminded before started out to business. and your business, equally important, if not so well defined, lies in just these little things, which make all the difference between a comfortable, happy man and a neglected one.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT FLYER. I own the lightning of the storm. the thunder of its roar.

My eye a blazing meteor is, and sees what lies before. I carry a volcanic flame within my bow

els of steel. A pent-up majesty of might within my breast I feel. I do not stop to eat or drink; I do these

as I go; In lakes whose bottoms and sides are iron I quench my thirst below. With mouth aflame I seize my foed and

roar with savage glee When it is quality number one, for then it just suits me.

When I am fed a glory red I throw upon the sky; And on my cloud, white as a shroud, I see that glory die.

glare upon strong strands of steel. from them I echoes wring, proud are they to be my slaves and own me as their king. Bright signals fall before my glance,

they feel its mighty power. And the stars fade out and slink away behind my meteor shower. My guards stand all along the line in uniforms of blue and green and white and blood-red light

to see me safely through. carry the power of light and death: I'm a god of weal and woe, As o'er the blazing lines of steel omnipotent I go. leap within deep caverns dark that

man has made of me. the earth a-tremble quakes with fear as my midnight revelry. shoot from the bores of tunnels glum like a shot from a mighty gun,

I my aim is true as I fly to greet the first beam of the sun. and old Father Time keeps close to me with every turn of wheel, As I fly and thunder o'er my course:

I'm a thoroughbred in steel. -John Clouston.

SPRING BLOOD IS BAD BLOOD

How to Get New Health and New Strength in the Spring.

Even the most robust find the winter months trying on their health. Confinement indoors in often over-heated and nearly always badly ventilated roomsin the home, the office, the shops and the school-taxes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thin and watery, or clogged with impurities. Sometimes you get up in the morning just as tired as when you went to bed Some people have headaches and a feeling of languor; others are low spirited and nervous; still others have pimples and skin eruptions. These are all apring symptoms that the blood is out of order. Many people rush to purgative medicines in the spring. This is a mistake. You can't cure these troubles with a medicine that gallops through your system, and is sure to leave you weaker still. What you need to give you health and strength in the spring is a tonic medicine, and the one always reliable tonic and blood-builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish spring ills, but guard against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anaemia, nervous debility, indigestion, rheumatism, and other diseases due to had blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new. rich blood, which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body. Try this medicine this spring ly well made, but the best tailoring in and you will have strength and energy the world can't prevent buttons coming to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer

Mr. Geo. W. Johnson, Hemford, N. S., says: "A couple of years ago when I came home from a lumbering camp where I had been employed my blood was in such a condition that my whole that I was confined to the house and for three months was treated by my did not give Dr. Williams' Pink Pille a trial, and decided to do so. I got six boxes and before they were all gone the sores began to disappear and my system was much strengthened. I con-

had disappeared, and I have since enjoyed the very best of health." 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.

tinued using the pills until I had taken

twelve boxes, when every boil and sore

WONDERFUL CAVERN.

(Chicago News.)

"That cavern seems to be popular with the woman visitors," remarked the stranger. "Yes," responded the guide. "Is has

such a wonderful echo. Every once in a while one or the women stands on a ledge of rock and shouts: 'Is my hat on straight?" " "And the echo responds?"

dislodged by the second brushing. Hav- "Yes, the echo answers: 'It is, mad-