Saved From the Sea

St. Maur had expected that, and a horrible fear struck him that his uncle was about to open an aggressive warfare on that vexed question by producing some selected lady of his (the uncle's) choice for a niece-in-law. He answered lightly:

"I shouldn't like to see myself, then, as 'Benedict the married man,' I assure you. I like freedom better than chains."

"Nonsense, Falconer! I am in serious earnest!"

"So am I, Uncle Will; so I hope you have not taken the idea much to heart, and, from the negative—that is, selecting the lady I must not marry—pass to the positive, and present me to a lady with a view to matrimony, as the advertisements say."

Mr. Orde looked full at the handsome speaker as he said:

"If I do, I don't think you will have to ask any girl twice. Now look here, Falc"—the old man leaned forward, but a kind of gray shadow of dread swept the younger man's fine face—"if you will marry some one I can approve of, I will act handsomely; for I'm quite sure you often outrun your allowance—liberal though it is."

"H'm! Well, yes—sometimes," said St. Maur, pulling his moustache—vexed, but irresistibly struck by the comedy of the wide difference between the reality and his uncle's very limited guess.

"Very well; if you will marry, and become a more steady member of society, I will hand you over on your wedding day a cheque for ten thousand pounds, and execute a deed of entail on you and your heir of half of my property, besides setting on you during my life your present allowance of a thousand a year. Come, is that a fair offer?"

"Uncle Will," exclaimed Falconer, "it is more than fair! You are generous indeed; but I can not promise to please you in this. I would if I could, but I can not marry a woman I don't love, and I could not fall in love to order."

"My dearest boy, I don't ask that; but there must surely be, amongst the women you meet in society, some fair and charming enough to attract you; there is far more of fire than ice about you, unless—"

"Unless what, Uncle William? Speak out, I don't mind."

"Well, Falc, I don't want to be hard on follies—I've been young myself; but if there is any entanglement—any unworthy attachment—that money—"

"There is none, on my honor," interrupted St. Maur, proudly, as he thought of his wife's pure, beautiful face. "But still, I have no thought or wish at all, or intention of marrying. We will change the subject, please, and I will ring for Rahmnee to order luncheon up soon."

He touched an electric bell, that summoned his servant, gave the order, and then began speaking of political matters.

Mr. Orde wisely fell in with these tactics, biding his time.

"I expect my business will keep me a week or town in town," he said presently, when he rose to depart, "so I shall do the sights a bit; and if you can spare me a little time as companion—"

"Why, Uncle Will, of course—with pleasure always, you know," said the young man, with affectionate reproach. "I am at your service, and I'll make you quite dissipated. Will you come to the Lyceum to-night? Snowball shall go at once and take stalls or a box—or do you prefer something else?"

"No, dear boy, no; that is the best, and I shall enjoy it. Dine with me, then, at my hotel—Brown's—at six-thirty, if you are disengaged?"

"Quite—thanks."

"Oh, by the bye," said Mr. Orde, quickly, taking a small packet from his breast pocket and popping it down on the table before his nephew, "I nearly forgot to give you that—stupid of me. Look it up, Falc."

"What is it, uncle—papers to take care of for you?" asked St. Maur, in some surprise. "All right, I will look it up."

"Papers of mine! No—no; of yours now, boy; just a trifle of loose notes—young fellows will be young fellows, I know."

Falconer started, the red blood flushing to his brow.

"Uncle Will—no, no, take it back—I don't want it. You are too generous—keep it."

But William Orde lightly struck down the impetuously outstretched hand.

"Nonsense, Falc; it's only—a little gift—only a couple of hundred—and you must take it or I shall be hurt. Good-bye—good-bye, my boy, till later."

He hurried off; but at the hall door St. Maur said, softly:

"Thank you, Uncle Will; your generous present shall be well used."

He went back to his room and locked up the packet of notes.

"Ay," he said to himself, with that rare, sweet smile of his, "it shall go to my darling, for she will use it worthily; and I—I might gamble it all away! My Christine, not this!"

So for the first time he unconsciously put temptation from him, with Christine's name on his lips.

Had her firm, loving hand been stretched out just in time to shut Pandora's box and keep hope in the world of their two lives?

A little before eight that evening St. Maur and his uncle alighted at the Lyceum, and went to their seats in the stalls, already filling fast. Mr. Orde was on Falconer's left hand, on his right were two vacant seats, into which the young man, whilst answering a question of his uncle's, did not see pretty dashing Helen Addison and Archer Northcote come—she first, of course; but as St. Maur ceased speaking, a touch on the shoulder made him turn quickly.

"My dear Mrs. Addison, what good fortune! How do, Northcote?"

"Good fortune! I thought you meant to cut me," said the lady, with a coquettish glance.

"Cut you—impossible! I was speaking to my uncle. Allow me—Mr. Orde—Mrs. Addison, Mr. Northcote.'

"I am charmed to know you, Mr. Orde," Helen said, as bows were exchanged; "for of course I have heard of you from your nephew. Are you up in town for a permanency, may I ask?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Addison, only for a week or two; and you see, Falconer has taken me in charge to make the most of the time."

"Quite right of him, and I shall hope—Ah! the bell; I must hush."

But presently, during the shifting of a front scene, she touched Falc, and as he bent his head a little, said in his ear behind her fan:

"Drop in to-night if you can; just a nice little card party.'

He nodded slightly, with the least bit of a shrug that intimated, 'If I can—doubtful."

In the wait after the first act Helen said:

"I am going to give a ball next week; you will come, of course, Mr. St. Mour—cela va sans dire—and Mr. Orde"—with the sweetest urbanity—"if you would come with your nephew, I should be so delighted."

"Madame, you are very kind to ask an old man whose dancing days are done; I fear I should be only in the way."

"No, no, Mr. Orde. I will take no refusal. Mr. St. Maur, if you come without your uncle, I won't speak to you for a month, at least."

"Too terrible a fiat to even contemplate and remain sane!" said Falconer. "I'll bring him for my own preservation."

"Very well; Mr. Orde, I shall expect you, then. I'll send your cards pro forma and introduce you both to two lovely heiresses and their friend—chaperon—such a handsome woman!"

The elder man bowed, smiling; the younger held his breath for a moment. He guessed at once, for he knew that Helen knew the Cliffords, as he had told his wife.

"Thank heaven," he thought, "that Christine is her father's image, not her mother's—so her aunt said—so the photograph proved. Malediction! I wish fair Helen hadn't asked him! Bah! what a grim mask it is—tragedy and comedy—twins ever!"

When the play was over, he drove with his uncle to Brown's, bid him good-night, and returned to his hansom.

"Wheer to now, sir?" John asked the swell fare.

"Vale Road, Kensington," was the answer

"A nice little card party," Helen had said.

Play was high at the Addisons' sometimes; but still within the limits of good form—that strong, if unwritten, canon of society.

CHAPTER XI.

The Addisons had their town house in that part of the "old court suburb" where it is still possible to find here and there a fine roomy old house with a large garden, which is precisely what Helen wanted.

The house stood forward, close to the road—detached, of course—the gardens extending away at the back, the spacious suite of drawing-rooms opening to them, and running the width of the house; so that even if Mrs. Addison had been given to the essentially vulgar fault of overcrowding, she would have found it rather difficult to do so. But she was not; there was plenty of room for entire enjoyment of everything that goes to make the enjoyment of a ballroom—dancing, promenading, sitting down to rest, and, last but not least, those attractive, well-shrubberied gardens, that seemed made for strolls in the cool evenings, and flirting, "especially" audacious St. Maur had whispered in pretty Helen's ear, "when such a charming hostess tempts a fellow to prove its efficacy in that line."

She looked very radiant to-night as she stood with her husband receiving the guests, who arrived fast.

"I do hope," she said to the major—a good-looking man of forty—"that that tiresome St. Maur won't be late. Have you seen him to-day, Frank, anywhere?"

"Yes, at Tattersall's, this morning. Archer was with him."

Helen puckered her brow; but just then her brother came in, kissed her, and asked, with a nod to the Addisons, if the Cliffords had come yet.

"No, not yet, but they won't be late. I dare say," said she, with a twinkle in her eye. "You need not go far, Archie."

"Don't mean to, Nell," said he, laughing, and moved on as St. Maur and Mr. Orde entered; and a handsome picture they made of ripe manhood and green old age, Helen thought, as she warmly welcomed them, and presented her husband to William Orde.

"I am so glad you have come in good time, Mr. Orde," she said; "one doesn't always want to keep the best to the last, you know, and I've kept a dance for your nephew, which he will have to give up to you——"

"Hard on me!" put in Falconer, with a wicked glance.

"My dear madame, you are too good," said courtly Mr. Orde; "but my dancing days are over, and relegated to these young fellows. Falc must keep his dance."

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Orde. I shall put down your initials, and if you won't dance I shall show you my gardens and hot-houses."

"I shall be delighted, indeed. Major Addison, your charming wife is going far to turn an old gentleman's head, and persuade him he is a fascinating young beau again."

The major laughed and drew him away to introduce him to some other guests, chaperons to the younger ones, who would presently drift into the card-room, while St. Maur turned to speak to some one near, and the band, concluding a lively mélange by way of overture, began tuning up for the dances, and there was a move to seek partners.

Just as the band struck up, Dr. Clifford and his party arrived, and Archer Northcote stepped quickly forward to join Helen in her greeting; while St. Maur, from where he stood, only glanced round carelessly outwardly, but with every pulse quickening as he saw his wife.

How beautiful she was! how picturesque in her graceful, flowing robe of dove-gray satin, embroidered with crimson flowers, with a cluster of rosebuds among the falling lace at her bosom, and pearls in her ears and round her throat and arms—surely, surely, the set of pearls that had been one of his own wedding-gifts to his child-bride! How fast the man's heart beat! how impossible to resist the magnetism that made him turn toward that group with a glance at Helen which she at once took.

"Allow me," she said. "My friend, Mr. St. Maur—Mrs. Errington, Miss Clifford, Miss Leroy, and Doctor Clifford."

How absurd it seemed to be to be introduced as a stranger to his own wife! Their eyes met and, through all the inevitable pain, the sense of humor in it struck both at the same time.

"I have been so favored," Falconer said then, "as to see these three ladies and yourself before, Doctor Clifford; you were at the Lyceum one evening about a fortnight ago."

"Yes, so we were," exclaimed Blanche, instantly, mentally appropriating the lion's share of the implied compliment, and eagerly longing to dance with the very handsome newcomer. "And you were there then, too, Mr. St. Maur? How odd that we should meet you!"

"Having met Miss Leroy," he said, bowing, "may I improve the pleasure to myself?" taking up her card. "I see you have not, happily, promised everything."

"Oh, no, I never do. You may have this first one, then. See, Mr. Northcote and Mimie are off already."

"And, Mrs. Errington," Falconer said, pausing, with Blanche's hand in his, "lest I be too late, may I pray you to keep me a waltz?"

His glance said, "Two—three."

Christine smiled.

"Very well; the third is yours, then."

But as her husband joined the throng with Blanche, he saw—with a jealous pang—jealous, yet proud—that several men gathered quickly about her, eager to secure a dance. One of them, a young hussar officer, carried her off.

"Who is that lovely girl my nephew is dancing with?" asked Mr. Orde of the elderly lady by whom he was then seated. "Ah, pardon me; St. Maur is my nephew, Mrs. Darnley."

"Indeed! Well, his partner is Blanche Leroy, niece to Doctor Clifford, and heiress to a nice fortune, too, I believe. Both she and her cousin, Miss Clifford, are charming girls; only," said the old lady, with an indulgent smile and shake of the head, "I'm afraid that pretty Miss Leroy is a rare little flirt when she likes, and can make any man flirt—will-ye, nill-ye. Your nephew must take care of his heart."

"Oh," said Mr. Orde, laughing good-naturedly, and highly amused at the notion of "making," "my boy can flirt nineteen to the dozen without any 'making,' I assure you, my dear madame—most men can; and as to his heart, I wish he would lose it to the right sort of young lady, and settle down. Oh, he knows I wish it, the young scamp! And I'm sure," continued the artful old gentleman, confidentially, intending every word to be repeated, "that I have put very limited restrictions on his choice; and I may tell you in confidence that, if Falconer marries where I entirely approve, his heirship to me will be un fait accompli."

"Ah!" Mrs. Darnley looked at him keenly from behind her fan. "You are very good to him, Mr. Orde. I suppose, then, if I may take the liberty to say so, he is quite like your own son."

"Indeed, he is, madame, and a very dear one, whatever his faults," returned William Orde, plainly as proud as a peacock of his handsome boy.

Mrs. Darnley, herself the mother of sons, was touched.

"He ought to give you a son's affection," she said.

"And he does, Mrs. Darnley—no question of that," returned Mr. Orde, strongly, and truly enough. Then he added: "You know Dr. Clifford, then?"

"Yes. Such a nice man—a retired physician—had a fortune left him. There he is, standing by the door of the card-room—that tall, broad-built man. Give me your arm, and I'll introuce him, if you like."

"Thank you very much—I should, though my stay in town is short now."

St. Maur, as he whirled by with Blanche, saw that introduction, with a mental:

"Whew! That will help my footing, but may mean danger. I saw him look after us."

So had Blanche.

"Oh! please—let us rest—a minute, Mr. St. Maur," she said, between breaths, "though it is horrid to lose our turn of that delicious dance; you waltz so perfectly," lifting a pair of melting china-blue eyes with a half-shy, half-saucy glance, which she suffered to droop as it met his gaze.

"What a compliment, Miss Leroy! I shall get quite puffed up with vanity."

"Get!" she said, with a coquettish laugh, but vexed that he did not at once beg for two more dances. "As if you were not already 'puffed up' enough! All men are so vain!"

"And all women—not at all!" said St. Maur, bending down with a smile of amused irony. "We have come under the merciless harrow of sweet youth's incontrovertible wisdom and experience. 'Vanitas, vanitas et omnia vanitas, dixit Ecclesiastes," only individualized to a sex, is it not?"

"How dare you be sarcastic, sir, and laugh at me?" said Blanche, not quite knowing what to make of him, and so rather piqued, though she laughed. "You deserve punishment!"

"Ah, no!" the very quality and tones of the low, soft voice were enough to quicken the pulse, "not that—only pardon."

"Indeed? I must think about it!" retorted Blanche.

"Thanks. Then I am safe!" said Falconer, with cool effrontery. "Shall we finish our waltz now? I see couples are dropping off."

He saw his Christine was seated with a group about her; and Blanche, who already fancied herself half in love with her handsome partner, would not have been flattered if she could have guessed how he hailed the cessation of the music and dance because he could take her back to her beautiful chaperon.

"Here is your fair charge, Mrs. Errington," he said, "not, I hope, too tired. Jolly rooms these, and such good gardens."

"Yes; Mrs. Addison sets great store by the garden. Ah! Mimie, my dear," as Northcote came up with Miss Clifford, "you must rest a little, I think, or your father will scold me."

"He must be very hard-hearted, then!" said St. Maur. "Miss Clifford, may I hope you have some dances still disengaged?"

Mimie looked up with her sweet, frank smile, ten times more lovely and charming than Blanche's, the man thought, and held out her card.

"I am afraid not for a long time, anyhow, Mr. St. Maur!"

"A happiness is worth waiting for!" said Falconer, marking the fifth on the programme, "although one can never be sure of its being the reality instead of a counterfeit."

"For shame! how cynical you are, Mr. St. Maur! Isn't he, chere madame?" (their pet name for Christine).

But Falconer's wife shrugged her shoulders, and half laughed—a bitter little laugh.

"My dear, I am afraid he is right. Happiness is much like the will-o'-the-wisp, ever dancing temptingly before us poor mortals, and never to be grasped."

"Oh, oh! Mrs. Errington!" exclaimed Northcote and a young man who had been meanwhile flirting with Blanche. "You don't mean to say seriously—"

"My dear Captain Darnley, I don't mean to say anything 'seriously' at all in a ball-room—only—ten years hence, if we meet, I will ask you if you have caught the will-o'-the-wisp yet. There is the band again, and Major Addison for me."

"And the next is mine!" murmured St. Maur, as she rose, and he went to seek Helen Addison.

"Several of the older people are in the card-room," said she, as this, the most favored of her admirers, led her away; "Mr. Orde and Doctor Clifford among them. Mrs. Darnley tells me that your uncle has taken quite a fancy to Blanche Leroy," glancing covertly up. "I am to introduce him presently.

Falconer's dark, searching eyes turned full on her.

(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

Apply Zam-Buk to all wounds and sores and you will be surprised how quickly it stops the smarting and brings ease. It covers the wound with a layer of protective balm, kills all poison germs already in the wound, and prevents others entering. Its rich healing herbal essences then build up from the bottom, fresh tissue; and in a wonderfully short time the wound is healed!

Zam Buk's popularity is based on merit. Imitations never work cures. Be sure and get the real thing. "Zam-Buk" is printed on every packet of the genuine. Refuse all others. 50c all druggists and stores or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

ZAM-BUK

LAY FOR WEEKS AT DEATH'S DOOR

But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Thompson's Dropsy.

It Started With Backache and Grew Worse Till the Doctor Said She Must Die.

Holt, Ont., May 16.—(Special)—All the countryside here is ringing with the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson, who lay at the point of death for weeks, swollen with Dropsy, so that the doctor five different times decided to tap her, but desisted because, as her husband said, 'It might be better to let her die in peace." After the doctor had given her up Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Mrs. Thompson's terrible trouble started with pain in the back. She grew worse and the doctor treated her for jaundice for eight weeks. Then her feet and legs began to swell, and it was realized that Dropsy was the trouble. For seven months she suffered. The doctor said there was no hope; she must die.

As a last resort Dodd's Kidney Pills were tried. The improvement was slow, but gradually her strength came back. To-day Mrs. Thompson is a well woman. She says, and the country-side knows, she owes her life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

If the disease is of the Kidneys, or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

The Story of Your Teeth.

Ever hear of tooth seeds? New-born babies have them in little sacs in their gums, the milk teeth on top. The baby begins cutting its first teeth at an average age of eight months. The milk teeth are 20 in number, and the permanent teeth 32. The milk teeth are gradually absorbed by the growing second teeth, so that sometimes the roots are practically removed. There are three sections to a tooth—the inside pulp cavity, the dentine and the outside enamel. The ache is always in the pulp cavity.

The larger the heart the easier it travels the narrow way.

Sluggish Liver Ruined Business Man's Health

Story of a Merchant Who Almost Lost His Business and His Health Through Neglecting Early Symptoms of Disease.

"My life for years has been of sedentary character," writes T. B. Titchfield, head of a well-known firm in Buckingham. "Nine hours every day I spent at office work and took exercise only on Sunday. I disregarded the symptoms of ill health, which were all too apparent to my family. I grew thin, then pale, and before long I was jaundiced—eyes and skin were yellow, my strength and nerve energy were lowered, and I was quite unfitted for business. In the morning a lightness in the head, particularly when I bent over, made me very worried about my health. Most of the laxative medicines I found weakening, and knowing that I had to be at business every day I neglected myself rather than risk further weakness. Of course I grew worse, but by a happy chance I began to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I was forcibly struck by the fact that they neither caused griping nor nausea, and it seemed incredible that pills could tone, cleanse and regulate the system without causing any unpleasant after effects. Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted with me just as gently as nature—they gave new life to my liver, strengthened my stomach, and won me back to perfect good health. My skin is clear, dizziness has disappeared and my appetite, strength, spirits are perfect."

Refuse anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are sure to cure. Sold in 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

TWO DREAMS

Rev. Dr. Hillis, of Brooklyn, and a Scotch Lady the Dreamers.

Spirited Reply to an Address Delivered by Reverend Doctor.

The following letter appeared in a recent issue of the New York Scottish American:

New York, May 2, 1910.

Dear Sir,—

The Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., took for his subject on Sunday, 24th ult., "Our Country," and in the course of his remarks had the following to say of Canada: "That ultimately the continent will be one, through its institutions, no thoughtful man can doubt. The overflow of our population into Canada will be more and more, and the time is not far distant in the terms of the century when the American element will outnumber all other votes, and the land be one from Behring Straits to El Paso. As for Mexico, we are now buying her mines, her forests, her plantations, while American capital is now starting toward South America. Already it is controlled by the Monroe doctrine. This western continent was built for a centre. We shall soon need the great southern continent for our overflow families and as a field for our investments. The hour is big with destiny for America; the institutions of to-day, like acors, hold the oaks of to-morrow."

In reply to Dr. Hillis, I would remind him that "destiny" is not exclusively limited to the United States. At this hour it is playing a very prominent part in the prosperity of Canada and other British possessions. A prominent Canadian said recently, "Canada, why, we have only as yet skirted round the edge and scratched the surface," and "the great Southern continent," and other Latin nations. "The overflow population of the United States into Canada" is proof that those good people do not care to wait for the "acorns of to-day" to become American oaks. They evidently prefer to be sturdy Canadian maples. With that idea they are leaving an atmosphere of wholesale murders, suicides, lynchings, black hands, scandalous divorces, civil and political corruption, and graft for the purer atmosphere of the rich Canadian prairies, and the blessed privileges of the good old British constitution. Like the children of Israel of old, they are entering a fair land of rich promise, literally "flowing with milk and honey," and innumerable other good things. It may be that in the course of time other nations, as well as the United States, "will need the great southern continent for the overflow of their families, and as a field for their investments."

Does any right-thinking person believe for a moment that Germany's great military and naval preparations are aimed against Britain? Bosh! I would not be the least surprised to hear that her intentions are in quite a different direction. She might exercise her navy for a little while smashing that bugaboo, the Monroe doctrine, and thus find an outlet for her surplus population. The Germans are a splendid race, and next to the British, make the best colonists in the world.

Dr. Hillis' fancy carried him to high flights when delivering that sermon—or address, rather—and after reading it, I, too, had fancies. I fell into a reverie, and had a gloriously realistic vision. The date was two hundred years hence, the scene "a solid continent, controlled by a single centre;" but the name of that centre was not Washington, and one had to look up ancient history and old maps to find the word "United States." Cecil Rhodes' great dream of empire was realized—Canada, Newfoundland, the United States, Mexico and all the West Indies, were known to the world as the "Western British Empire," with 1,000,000,000 loyal and happy British subjects, living in prosperity and harmony under the ample and beneficent folds of the good old British flag, and the beautiful maple leaf, with the brave little beaver still burowing, and the noble lion standing sentry over all.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. J. B. Campbell.

FIRE LOSSES

For the Month of April Show a Big Increase in Canada.

The Monetary Times' estimate of Canada's fire losses for the month of April is $1,717,237, an increase of $640,984 over the previous month and an increase of $996,587 over the same month last year, when the waste was $720,650. They show a slight decrease compared with the average monthly waste of 1909, which was $1,750,461. The total number of fires exceeding $10,000 was twenty-seven, representing a loss of $1,285,000. Three of these fires account for over 50 per cent. of the total. The following is the estimate of the April losses: Fires exceeding $10,000, $1,285,000; small fires, $208,250; fifteen per cent. for unreported fires, $223,987. Total, $1,717,237.

At the rate of three every two working days, the fire fiend burned the lives of 37 Canadian residents during April. This total is the highest since the Monetary Times commenced to keep these records. The following are some of the causes of these fatalities: Smoking in bed, 2; burning house, 4; bonfires, 3; overturned lamp, 3; playing with matches, 2.

CANADA'S PROSPECTIVE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

An interesting sketch of Earl Carrington, who will likely be the next Governor-General of Canada, appears in May Busy Man's.

Perhaps it is his sincere kindliness and spontaneous geniality that constitute Lord Carrington's chief assets as a person in the public eye. In the House of Lords many a tedious debate is enlivened by his welcome merriment; on the country platforms, and at National Liberal Club banquets, his jests are inimitable. Apart from the serious viewpoint of his mission—and not for a moment is that serious purpose abandoned—perhaps his special function is that of softening the asperities of provincial Radicalism, and of convincing disappointed aspirants after social fame that a peer may be really a good fellow.

In his young days, when he proved himself to be one of the most charming and pleasant young men of the court, Lord Carrington was chosen to accompany the King, then Prince of Wales, on his famous tour through India. And there, on all sides, he made hosts of friends.

In 1885, when the Earl was sent out to be Governor of New South Wales, he found the prevailing tone of Australian statesmen was one of mingled dislike and contempt for all that pertained to Downing Street, and also that they were apt to vent their dislike of the Colonial Office upon the Governors. Without any too apparent effort Lord Carrington won all hearts in Sydney, the popularity thus gained becoming a standard to which recent Governors have been expected to conform. He was long remembered as the most successful representative of the Crown who had ever been sent out to Australia.

GOOD BLOOD GOOD HEALTH

Just a Little More Rich, Red Blood Cures Most Ailments.

The lack of sufficient red, health-giving blood doesn't merely end in a pale complexion. It is much more serious. Bloodless people are the tired, languid run-down folk who never have a bit of enjoyment in life. Food does not nourish, there's indigestion, heart palpitation, headache, backache, sometimes fainting fits and always nervousness. If anaemia or bloodlessness be neglected too long a decline is sure to follow. Just a little more blood cures all these troubles. Just more rich, red blood; then abounding health and vitality and pleasure in life. To get more blood the remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. No other medicine increases the blood supply so quickly or so surely. The cure actually begins with the first dose, though naturally it is not noticeable. This is not a mere claim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been doing this over and over again in Canada for years. This is why thousands of people always have a good word to say about this medicine. The following is the experience of one of the many who praise this medicine, Mrs. J. J. Thibodeau, Bathurst Village, N. B. says: "Some years ago while teaching school I became so run down that I could hardly walk. My breath was short and I had failed in weight and lost color. I had to rest several times on my way to school and during school hours it took more than all my strength to fulfil my duty. My doctor advised me to give up teaching and take a long rest. But at this time a friend persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got six boxes. I hadn't finished the first box when I felt a little better, and by the time I had used the six boxes I was fully recovered and enjoying the best of health. At a later date I was troubled with eczema, and my faith in Pink Pills led me to try them again, and I was not disappointed, as they cured this trouble also. I can't praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too much, for they have done me a power of good."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

To Wash Oil-Painted Walls.

Oil-painted walls must be washed with soap and water, using a soft flannel cloth and taking care to wring it well before using. Use cold water to finish and dry with a linen cloth.