

"I was passing of life and suffering from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. And I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me. It restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has done for me. Complete health means so much more to me than the mere fact of being able to do my work. I have thought of this, dreamed of it, and has it come true? Joan, my darling! My love! Tell me once more! Whisper, 'Stuart, I love you!'"

Her head drooped lower for a moment, then she raised it till her lips were near his ear, and whispered the confession that cost her more than he could guess.

MISTAKE.

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Burned to Death.

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R Pink Eye, Epistaxis,
Shipping Fever,
and Catarrhal Fever,
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other, acts on the blood
body. Cures Distemper in Dogs
belly, teething troubles, Cures
the kidney, cures rheumatism,
and all. Show it to your druggist,
miner, Carpenter and Cures.
Sole Distributors,
W. J. GOSNELL, INC., U. S. A.

the polished walnut st. of
reels, etc. Boys, this is the
best only of the Statist's
lately known in all cases of
on nervous diseases, rheuma-
ism, etc. Send for a box of our Pills
When you have and the
in the Statist's Air Rifle,
to back what you cannot sell.

57 Toronto, Ont.

Lamp

amp, sold at a low price,
better lamp made as any
plate, easily kept clean, and
is in nothing known to the
of the BAYO lamp on a light
at not at your wife for
ny, Limited.

Right at Last

Her breath came forth in short, quick little pants, the color rose and waned on her cheeks, her eyes expanded, then hid themselves behind their long lashes; the music, the full meaning of his words fascinated, overwhelmed, took absolute possession of her; but she could not speak.

"And you, Joan," he asked, eagerly, "humbly, 'shall I tell you how you shall know whether you love me a little—just a little? Yes? Were you glad to see me the other night, or did it matter nothing to you that it was I who stood beside you instead of some other man? Are you glad to see me now? Would you be sorry if I said 'Good-by,' and you knew that I was going, never to return? Tell me, Joan!"

Stuart still, she looked out to sea, watching a curlew as it rose above the cliffs and soared over the down.

"No," he murmured, "you would not care! Then, indeed, you do not love me in the least, Joan, and never will. Love comes at first sight, or never at all! You do not love me, Joan! And it is good-by—and forever—and his hands grew loose on hers.

With a faint little cry she turned to him, and her hand clasped his, but still held him off.

"Yes," she panted, "I know! I love you! If—if all you say is true—I love you!"

He caught her to him, and she let her head rest upon his breast, but as his lips bent down to kiss her, put up her hands to keep them off, in simple maiden modesty.

"Oh, my darling!" he murmured, passionately. "Is it true? Can it be true? I have thought of this, dreamed of it, and has it come true? Joan, my darling! My love! Tell me once more! Whisper, 'Stuart, I love you!'"

Her head drooped lower for a moment, then she raised it till her lips were near his ear, and whispered the confession that cost her more than he could guess.

"Stuart, I love you!" and twice she repeated the sweet words, "I love you! I love you!"

His passionate kisses could no longer be kept back, and they rained upon her face and hair, until, trembling and alarmed, she strove to free herself, and then he scooped her back to courage again.

"Forgive me, Joan! I did not mean to frighten you! There, one kiss more, and I will be content for a time. But, oh, Joan, if you know how happy I am!"

rapidly toward the Wold, his brain still hard at work.

"I will persuade her to marry me soon," he said, "and the Wold shall be made fit for her; there shall be music and laughter once more in the old place, and all shall go as merry as marriage bells."

And so, manufacturing good resolutions as he went, he unlocked the door and entered his lonely rooms to throw himself in a chair by the fire, and call up a sweet vision that only a few moments ago nestled against his heart.

If it be true that the road to hell is paved with good resolutions, how sadly and with what infinite despair must those who have reached the Dismal Gates look back upon the way they had trodden!

CHAPTER XII.

Joan opened the door softly, and as softly she stole along the passage. If she could only reach her room and be alone with the new, strange joy which suffused her whole being!

To be alone, and yet not alone—for would not his face, his voice, be always with her, night and day, from henceforth, and from henceforth to be welcomed by her, and hugged and cherished as something belonging to her—to her, Joan, the happiest of heaven's mortals?

She longed to reach her flowers and whisper her love to them; she longed to be at the open window, that she might look down at the spot where they had stood and the strange, sweet, almost painful joy had first come to her!

But evil chance had willed otherwise. As she reached the parlor door, the voices of the two girls were raised in unlovely shrillness over some dispute; the sound smote upon Joan's ears—filled with the music of her lover's voice—and made her shudder and hurry past; but the door was ajar, and Julia caught sight of her dress, and called to her in stident tones:

"Is that you, Joan? Come here!"

She turned and slowly, reluctantly, pushed open the door and entered.

The two girls were seated at the round, rickety table, and the garish light of the ugly, cracked lamp fell upon a miscellaneous litter, conspicuous among which were a pair of wool slippers and a hideous smoking-cap.

"Look here, Joan," said Emmeline, holding the hideous cap in a protesting kind of way. "Julia and I have been quarreling, as usual. It occurred to me the other day that, as Lord Villars had been so extremely kind and—and—at-

tentive," she had spoken about twenty words to her," interpolated Julia, with a disagreeable sneer.

"That I ought to make some return. So I walked down to the village and got a pattern of a smoking-cap in canvas. I don't suppose he particularly wants a cap; but all the same, I thought it would look as if I were not insensible to his kindness. Well, I set to work and filled it in and made it up, but instead of keeping the thing to myself, I mentioned it, like an idiot, to Jue, and I need scarcely tell you, who know her so well, that she instantly went and copied my idea. Bought a pair of slippers, if you please! As if he hadn't enough slippers. And she must needs try and steal a march on me!"

"I should be sorry to steal anything of yours, my dear Em!" remarked Julia, parenthetically.

There was something so grotesque, so comical in the scene that Joan, looking from the cap to the slippers, and from those objects of art to the inflamed faces of the girls, felt the spirit of mirth rising within her, and suddenly broke into a peal of laughter.

"Like unfamiliar music the laugh ran through the room, and the girls, after staring at her in amazed silence, turned pale with anger and commenced to pour out the rill of their wrath upon her devoted head.

"Oh, you laugh, do you?" exclaimed Julia, starting up and clutching the slippers; "that is all the sympathy we get from you!"

"We are laughed at in our own house!" said Emmeline; "and by Joan. We have sunk low indeed. I suppose you will say that it doesn't matter whether Lord Villars gets our presents or not?"

Joan might truthfully have answered in the affirmative, but stood silent.

"And I suppose you will say that he has not shown us any attention?" said Julia; "and considering the shameless way in which you ran after him, it is wonderful that he has had the courage to speak to us at all."

Joan's color rose and fell.

"I wonder you haven't thought fit to make him a present," said Emmeline, with a sneer.

"Yes, I have no doubt that your self-conceit is equal to the occasion." The gray-green eyes scrutinized Joan's face as she spoke. "Where have you been to-day, Joan?"

"On the cliffs," said Joan, and her eyes drooped under the bold, cruel scrutiny.

"Have you been alone to-night?" demanded Emmeline, sharply.

"No, I have not been alone," said Joan, quietly, her eyes fixed on the lamp.

"Yes, an impostor. Oh, we are not deceived! We see what you are aiming at. But to-night's work settles it. You shall leave Deacons to-morrow. Wait till papa comes home!"

Joan looked from one to the other, her beautiful face pale and sad and indignant.

The truth trembled on her lips. She felt as if she must cry aloud, "I am his! I am Lord Villars' future wife!" but it seems to her as if the declaration would be simple sacrilege at such a time and to such as these.

She turned and walked to the door, the eyes of the girls following her with deep jealousy burning in each; then she paused, her lips parted as if she was going to speak, but instead she remained silent and pressed out.

She went to her room, the sneers and fury of the girls pursuing her; and it was hours before she could forget them and recall the passionate voice and handsome face of her lover.

Pale and distraught, she came down to breakfast on the morrow, and amidst a dense silence took her place at the table.

The two girls shot a couple of venomous glances at her, then stared at their plates.

The colonel—who had lost heavily at loo at the club on the previous evening—grewled at the toast and swore at the bacon, but carefully refrained from addressing her until he rose; then he said, in a would-be careless voice:

"Oh, Joan, by the way, you look as if you wanted a change. You have not been yourself lately. What do you say to going down to Marazion, in Cornwall?"

"Marazion?" said Joan, scarcely knowing what she was saying, her eyes fixed on her plate.

"Yes," she said, fumbling with his eyeglasses, "Marazion—just the place for you. I know some people there who would take charge of you; of course, it will cost me something—lodgings are awfully dear now everywhere—but I don't mind. You'd better go to-morrow—the ten-o'clock train. Look here, Joan; I've heard all about your goings on with Lord Villars, and I'd better tell you at once that it's of no use—just a waste of time and energy. You're my ward, you know, and I shouldn't countenance or give my consent to—to anything of the kind, even if Lord Villars wished it; and from what I know of him, eh? Oh, look here, it's no use, you know—Julia and Em are both older than you are, and—eh? Better go to Marazion, Joan. You'd better go for three or four months, and—eh? I'll drive you over to catch the train to-morrow. And the colonel got up and left the room.

The two girls stared at her with a malicious smile, and Joan, drinking a cup of milk, got up quickly and silently left the room.

She went up to her room and looked out at the sea in deep, distracted thought.

CHAPTER XIII.

Joan could not hope to see Lord Villars there. She could hear his voice, see his face no more—for four months were as good, or as bad, as eternity to her.

She pictured herself alone on the bleak Cornish coast, and Lord Villars miles away. No more meetings and walks on the cliffs, no sweet words or kisses fraught with love! For would not the colonel, prompted by the spiteful girls, put her under close espionage and watch? She would be a close prisoner wherever they sent her. So close that though her lover might be ever so near, she would not be permitted to see him.

Her heart, brave as it was, sank under the prospect, and was as heavy as lead as she put on the old frieze cloak and went down to the park.

She reached the stile, and a moment later Lord Villars was by her side.

"My darling, and you have come!" he said, his strong arms thrown around her.

"Yes, I have come," she said, forcing a smile. "But it is for the last time."

"The last time!" he echoed, smoothing her soft, silky hair from her forehead. "What do you mean?"

"Colonel Oliver is going to send me to Marazion."

"To Marazion? Where on earth is that?" he exclaimed. "And why?"

"It is on the Cornish coast; and—and—because he—he thinks that I am too—too—friendly with you."

"Oh, they do! Let me look at you, Joan, my darling! You look pale. Have they been browbeating you?"

She was silent, her long white fingers toying with the great buttons on his shooting coat.

"Joan, they mean to make a prisoner of you! They mean to part us!"

"Oh, no!" she breathed, unconsciously pressing closer to him.

"Yes, that is what they mean to do, say it after me! Only say the word—say it after me! 'Stuart, they shall not; nothing shall separate us!'"

"Stuart," she repeated, "nothing shall separate us!"

PLANK FELL ON HIM

Hamilton Man Badly Injured

Reuben Atherton, of 367 Ferguson avenue, Hamilton, an employee of the Otis Elevator Company, sustained serious injury while at work. A plank fell on a height on to his right foot, crushing it badly. He was taken home, where Zam-Buk was applied, with good result.

Telling him the experience of the beam, he said: "After the doctor had dressed the damaged foot with some preparation of his own I was in great pain, and as day after day I seemed to get no relief I left off medical treatment and tried Zam-Buk. From the very first application I traced an improvement. Zam-Buk really seemed to act like magic, cleaning all the unhealthy matter from the wounds, drawing out all discoloration, inflammation and soreness; and started healing in quick time. In two weeks the toe and foot were well again. Zam-Buk is certainly a wonderful healer, and I would not care to be without a box in the house. You can use the above statement in any papers, books or publications, as it may lead some other sufferer to use Zam-Buk and get relief as I did."

All workers should keep Zam-Buk handy. Applied to a cut or wound, it stops the pain, commences healing, and—that is equally fine—prevents all possibility of blood-poisoning. Zam-Buk is equally good for skin diseases, and cures eczema, itch, ulcers, abscesses, varicose ulcers, scalp sores, abscesses, various skin eruptions, cracks, chapped hands, frost bite, cures piles and all inflamed conditions of the skin and tissue. Fifty cents a box, from all druggists and stores, but avoid imitations and substitutes, some of which are highly dangerous, and none are beneficial.

Five minutes passed in absolute silence; then he said in a low voice, in which entreaty and command were skillfully mingled:

"Joan, you must be very brave, dearest. You will not be afraid?"

"Why should I be afraid?"

"Why, indeed! I am big enough to take care of you, certainly. But all the same, you will need all your courage. Is there an early—a very early train from here?"

"Yes, the mail train, at 4 o'clock."

"We shall have to go by that, dearest."

"Yes," she said, unhesitatingly; "it will be quite dark."

"All the better," he said, gravely. "Listen to me, Joan. Are you brave enough to steal out of the house to-morrow at half-past three, and to come to the end of the lane by the hill? We can reach the station in half an hour or less, and be half way to London or further before they miss us."

A faint shudder ran through her.

"They cannot overtake us," she whispered, the colonel's furious face and the two girls' bitter voices rising before her.

"Trust to me," he answered. "No, they cannot overtake us. They might telegraph, perhaps, but I can beat them even there," he added confidently.

He looked at his watch.

"I fear I must go now, darling," he said, reluctantly. "There are all sorts of arrangements to make; and—and we must not be seen together to-day, in case they should grow suspicious."

He held her for a moment, then released her, and watched her as her slim, girlish form swept up the slopes.

(To be Continued.)

GLAD TIDINGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA

Sure Relief For Suffering Women is Found in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Miss Kathleen Murphy Tells How She Suffered and How Easy and Complete Was Her Cure by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tangier Mines, Halifax Co., N. S., Nov. 14. (Special.) There is no longer any doubt that of the thousands of suffering women of Canada, nine out of every ten owe their troubles to Kidney Disease. For that reason it is glad tidings that Miss Kathleen Murphy, of this place, is sending out to her suffering sisters.

"My troubles started from a cold," says Miss Murphy in an interview. "I had pains in my head and back, and Rheumatism and Diabetes finally developed."

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cleared out my system, brought back my health."

"I could not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills, for I have given them a thorough test and found them to be all that is claimed for them."

The secret of health for women is to keep the kidneys strong and healthy. Healthy kidneys mean pure blood, abundant energy and a clear, healthy complexion. The one sure way to keep the kidneys healthy is to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Keeping Dandelions From Lawns.

There are those who say the dandelion cannot be killed. I know better—I've tried it. I have a lawn 200 feet by 150 feet without a dandelion, and I didn't rip up my lawn, either.

How do I keep the dandelions out? I dig them out carefully every spring and keep a close watch for their reappearance during the summer, thus avoiding the seeding. Every spring I scatter plenty of blue grass seed on my lawn and thus supply it with seed that is lost to it by reason of frequent cutting.

Not only that, but when I am digging dandelions I have a pocket full of seed handy and drop a pinch of seed in each hole I make when I extract the dandelion from the soil. New grass grows up quickly, fills the hole and chokes the dandelion.—Denver Post.

Shiloh's Cure

ITS OWN EXAMINER

(By H. H. Hudson.)

The state bar examination was in progress. The watchful eyes of the members of the examining committee were upon each candidate. The applicants were ambitious in the best sense. Many would be heard from in the years to come.

John Harding, esq., was one of the examinees. Harding was a broad man. One candidate before him enlisted his sympathy. This man was Victor Hope. There was a story back of the young man. Hope was a bank teller and had



"WHY DON'T YOU ATTEMPT TO ANSWER QUESTION 13?" HE AGAIN ASKED.

maintained a widowed mother, while pursuing his studies. He had studied in an evening school.

Another fact was also known to the examiner. Hope was in love with an attractive and deserving stenographer, who worked in a busy law office. While some of Hope's friends were somewhat skeptical, Myrtle Willow had never lost faith in him. The world did not understand. The examiner did. A hero sat before him.

The Hon. John Harding observed the youth—a slave to ambition. Was it a good thing for a young man to be ambitious? Still, from such material as this the world had ever derived its greatest benefits.

The examiner stepped to the window. The squirrels were playing about the lawn which surrounded the capitol building. The autumn leaves were already falling. He remembered his childhood in the years gone by. Time was a precious asset. He again pictured the group of boys he had known; the eager scanning of questions; the waiting for the posted bulletin in the hall, which would seal their fate. Some of them were dead. The count receded alone bore testimony to their zeal. The examiner realized the happiness which would come to the girl who had linked her future to the young man before him. Here was tragedy. Three years of patient study and anxiety—a counting of dimes—then failure? No, a thousand times no. He might save him and still be true to his trust.

The Hon. John Harding sauntered down the aisle. Victor Hope sat with his legs twisted about his chair. The tension of mind and body was apparent. Moisture stood on the young man's forehead. The examiner inspected his paper. Question 13 was unanswered. Ten minutes alone remained.

"And why don't you attempt to answer question 13?" asked Harding.

The eyes of the troubled student met his. "Because," was the reply, "I don't know whether to say yes or no."

The examiner paced up and down the aisle. It was a critical moment. Might there not be some suggestion that could be given—some hint that could be brought to bear without breach of trust on his part? He thought of the widow and the girl. How eagerly they would scan the list of those who passed in the evening papers. His brow contracted. This very question might lose Hope his degree. He pictured the failure and discouragement, with months of further toil and anxiety.

He glanced at his watch. Five minutes alone remained. He again stepped up to the desk.

"Why don't you attempt to answer question 13?" he again asked.

"I don't know whether to say yes or no," was again the reply of the desperate candidate.

"You don't know?" repeated the Hon. John Harding. "Didn't your girl know what to say when you asked her to marry you?"

When Harding looked over the papers the next day he found that the question had been answered in the affirmative. It further appeared that the correct answering of this question alone saved the standing of Victor Hope. Six months later Hope was appointed assistant to the United States district attorney, but his wife doesn't know to this day that she set the example which made her husband an honored and successful member of the bar.

Apple Pie.

Hornets in the fence post, locusts on the fiddle, at the barn yard, why do you wait? Open face and cross-barred, covered it you will.

Apple pie, apple pie, cinnamon and spice, better in the middle and a wee dream hid. Doves in the sweet, deep juice and spice where the bubbles bounce and 'neath the brown, lid lid!

Baked ham cooling in the sideboard, yeh, and sweet potatoes 'most done. Bumble bees growin' in the honeysuckle vine and butterflies bobbin' in the sun! Burnin' hunger in Prophet Job, the twilight in the garden.

Apple pie, apple pie, cinnamon and spice, better in the middle and a wee dream hid. Doves in the sweet, deep juice and spice where the bubbles bounce and 'neath the brown, lid lid!

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GOOD HEALTH FOR YOUNG GIRLS

What Is Needed Is the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Perhaps you have already noticed that your daughter in her "teens" has developed a fitful temper, is restless and excitable. In that case remember that the march of years is leading her on to womanhood, and at this time a great responsibility rests upon you as parents. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, feels "all tired out" after a little exertion; if she tells of headaches, or backaches, or pain in the side, do not disregard these warnings. Your daughter needs help for she is most probably anemic—that is, bloodless.

Should you notice any of these signs, lose no time, but procure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for her unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich impoverished blood and by doing so they repair waste and prevent disease. They give to sickly, drooping girls, health, brightness and cheer, with color in the cheeks, bright eyes, a lightness of step and high spirits. A case typical of thousands cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is that of Miss Grace Cunningham, Winnipeg, Man., who says: "I really cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they have made me feel like a new girl. I was pale and almost bloodless and think that on an average I missed at least three school sessions a week, because I felt like a broken down person, and too weak to do anything. The doctor's medicine I took did little more than keep me in hope; it certainly did not cure me. Then I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon made me feel like a new person. Day by day I gained strength and color, and I have your medicine to thank for it."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Gems from Ruskin.

Consider whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than from our ancestors, thinking it better to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born; and striving so to live.

Do you think you can know yourself by looking into yourself? Never. You can know what you are only by looking out of yourself.

No man ever lived a right life who had never been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion.

Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital question for individual and for nation, is never "how much do they make?" but, "to what purpose do they spend?"

To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and therefore it is written, not "blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but, "blessed is he that considereth the poor." And a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, soothes the throat and breaks up the chest.

SHORT LIVED. (Montreal Witness.)

Why are athletes so often comparatively short-lived? We have seen over and over again the seemingly robust break down at fifty or thereabouts, and have learned that they had been strenuous runners or players in former years. Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, the Harvard psychologist, asks in connection with athletics and health, "Must it really be kept in mind that the dogma of 'physical exercise is a fabric of the imagination'?" He goes on to say that millions of people are running wildly to catch a ball, lifting weights in fullest perspiration, trotting with gasping breath, and doing a hundred other useless stunts simply because a meaningless fashion has cruelly thrown them into such a habit.

Nightingales from China.