Sybil's Doom

She stood now in the recess of a deep Maltese window, wreathed with roses and honeysuckle and all things sweet—an exquisite picture in an exquisite frame. The rich June sunshine glowed in the deep red hearts of those fragrant roses, and sent shafts of fire athwart the brownish blackness of the girl's splendid hair. The white muslin robe she wore, with its rosy ribbons, fluttered in the faint, soft wind. She was neither a pronounced brunette nor blonde. She wore pink, and looked lovely; she wore blue, and looked lovelier still—wear what she might, she must ever be beautiful and thoroughbred; do what they would, she must ever be queenly. If you found her sweeping a crossing for pennies, and she flashed upon you the light of those glorious eyes, you would have bated your breath and passe don, and left her "La Princesse" still.

She was quite alone, save for a frisky little Italian greyhound and a big, majestic Newfoundland, stretched at full length near, and looking up at her with great, lazy, loving eyes. As she stood in a dreamy reverie of the hero of her life—the "Count Lara" exiled from his father's halls—Cyril Trevanion—she espied a slender young man, dusty and travel-stained, sauntering slowly up to the house, smoking languidly as he walked. One glance, and the young lady went hastily forward to meet him.

"It is Charley!" she said, aloud. "Come, Cyril," to the stately Newfoundland; "come, Sybil," to the frisky little Italian, "here is your old tormentor, brother Charley."

She tripped away down the linden walk and encountered the languid traveler under the trees. He was her only brother, two years her junior, and just free from Eton. The resemblance between them was very marked as far as looks went. Charles Lemox was singularly handsome, and as vain as his almond-shaped eyes and slender feet and hands as any reigning belle; but there all resemblance ended. "Dolce far niente" was the motto by which Master Charles regulated the lazy tenor of his life.

"How do, Sybil?" Charley said, languidly, throwing away his cheroot, and permitting himself to be impetuously kissed, with a gentle sigh of resignation. "Happy to see you again, and looking so nicely, too. Surrounded by puppies, big and little, as usual, I see—four-legged ones. Really, my beautiful sister, doing the grand agrees with you. You are as rosy as a milkmaid. And how's the governor?"

"Don't be irreverent, Charley," Sybil answered, pulling his ear. "Poor dear uncle is no better. His physicians all agree that to return to England was certain death. Still, he would come—his heart was set on it. 'What does it matter,' he answered them, impatiently, 'whether I die this month or next? Sybil, take me home,' and so here we are."

"Eminently characteristic," Charley said in his slow, drawling voice. "Stubbornness, I believe, is one of the many agreeable traits of the Trevanions. The best of them will die before they yield an inch. Don't catch the distemper, if you can, Sybil; there's nothing in life worth that tremendous earnestness, and it must be so very fatiguing! You have a look in your face now sometimes that reminds me of those determined-looking Ediths and Alices in farthingales and diamond stomachers over there in the old hall at Monkswood. By the bye, are the family portraits left to go to the dogs with the rest?"

"Yes," Sybil answered, with a sigh, "It is all desolation at Monkswood Waste. The woodland is as wild as some American forest, the ivy trails desolately over everything, and moth and mildew, the wind and the rats, have the grand, romantic old house all to themselves. There is no living thing there—not even a watch-dog—and General Trevanion will not hear its name mentioned, the dear old manor in which hundreds of his race have lived and died."

"Ah!" Charley said, listening to this impassioned outburst with serene calm, "that unfortunate constitutional stubbornness again. Here we are at the house. My dear Sybil, permit me to sit down, and be good enough to ring for seltzer and sherry. The journey from London and the walk from the park gates yonder have really completely done me up."

"And mamma?" Sybil said, obeying his behest; "when does she come to Trevanion?"

"Much sooner than is agreeable to her only son. I am mamma's avant coureur. She comes before the end of the week, and Mrs. Ingram with her."

"Mrs. Ingram! Who is she?"

"Ah, I forgot—you don't know, of course. Mrs. Ingram is Lady Lemox's bosom friend—a gushing widow of five-and-twenty—if one may venture to speak of a lady's age. She's very pretty, very petite, very good style; is past-mistress of the art of putting on a Jouvin kid and tying her bonnet-strings; waltzes like a French fairy, sings better than Malibran, has the whitest teeth I ever saw outside of a dentist's showcase, and a chevelure of inky blackness that would make any hair-dresser's fortune. She ready to my lady, writes her notes, sings her asleep, and attends to the comforts of her pet pugs and poodles. They met in the Highlands last year, and were struck with a sudden and great love for each other, after the fashion of womankind. The little widow was companion, then, to the worst-tempered old woman in the three kingdoms, Her Grace the Duchess of Strathbane, and after putting up with her for two years, you will own, Sybil, she can be but one remove from an angel. The duchess went to glory up there at Strathbane Castle and Lady Lemox pounced upon is petite. They have been female Siamese twins since—Orestes and Pylades in petticoats. Where my lady goes, the widow goes—her country is the widow's country—where she dies, the widow will die. Isn't that Scripture, or something, Sybil? It sounds like it. Ah, think Heaven! here is the sherry and sherry, and I am really so parched from constant talking that—hand me the glass, my dear"—to the little waitress—"it must be that garrulity is infectious, Sybil, and that I catch the disorder from you. I'm not like this upon ordinary occasions. I find conversation rather a bore than otherwise; but when I come to Trevanion, I beat all the gossiping dowagers I ever met.'

Sybil laughed.

"You do talk, Charley, and as much nonsense as ever. Well, if your Mrs. Ingram is agreeable and amuses mamma, I shall be very happy to welcome her to Trevanion."

"Don't call her my Mrs. Ingram,' Charley remonstrated, plaintively. "She isn't. I would have kissed her when I came away, but she declined. She's one of the intensely proper sort, you perceive. As though," said Charley, still more plaintively, "a seraph might not embrace me, and come to no harm by it."

"Charley, don't be absurd! I spend the evening at Chudleigh. Suppose you come."

"Thanks—no—too much trouble. And it's so dreadfully exhausting to watch that girl, Gwendoline. I hate girls that bounce, and bang doors, and make eyes at a fellow. She's jolly, I admit, and sings 'The Pretty Little Rat-catcher's Daughter' to perfection; but— By the bye, Sybil, I met a cousin of hers, a gallant major in the cavalry branch of the service, deer-stalking last autumn at Strathbane. He came up with Lord Angus—home from the Crimea, with his blushing honors thick upon him—and he told me lots about your demi-god, Cyril Trevanion.'

"Oh, Charley!" with a little gasp. "And you never told me before!"

"Don't be reproachful, my dear. You can't expect everyone to dream by night and muse by day on the lost heir of Monkswood. No, I never told you before, because I hate writing long lettters, and it would have taken a ream at least of best Bath laid to have satisfied you on that subject. And then there is really nothing to tell you but what you take for granted, and the Times has told you already. He came down like the wolf to the fold, dealing death and destruction to Sikhs and Sepoys, and woe to the turban upon which his sabre descended. They made him a captain out in India, a major before the walls of Sebastopol, and a colonel when he rode with the Six Hundred up the heights of Balaklava. It really turned me uncomfortably warm to hear Major Powerscourt talk about him, he grew so terribly enthusiastic. He got a bullet in the hip, and a saber-cut across the face, and no end of unpleasant things of that sort. So don't heave away your young affections upon him, my hero-worshipping sister. He must be ugly as a Hindoo idol by this time."

But Sybil's delicate cheeks were flushed, and the great, deep eyes flashing through unshed tears.

"I knew it!" she said under her breath—"I knew it! The Trevanions were ever 'without fear and without reproach.' And to think that I—that I, a useless, good-for-nothing girl, should usurp his rights—should reign where he ought to be king! Oh, Charley, I hate myself when I think of it!"

"Do you indeed?" said Charley, politely struggling with a yawn. "Very likely. You are always absurd. But could you intimate as much quietly? It is rather preposterous in General Trevanion making you his heiress, while I am to the fore; but these old antediluvians are always blinder than bats. As to your Chevalier Bayard, he may be without fear; but he certainly is not without the other thing. He ran away at nineteen with a ballet-dancer. You know that story. Good Heaven!" exclaimed the Etonian, growing almost excited, "what an inconceivable donkey he must have been! The idea of any fellow taking a wife at nineteen, though she were a princess royal! Don't fall in love with a married man, Sybil, and don't flash the light of your angry eyes upon me for suggesting it. I'm your only brother, and it's my duty to improve your morals. Besides, you'll never see him. He's gone to Spanish America."

Sybil's face, almost inspired while she listened to Cyril Trevanion's praise, fell and clouded suddenly.

"Did Major—I forget the name—tell you that, too?"

"That, and no end besides—I don't remember half. He's gone to South America, however; and very likely civil wars, or tropical fevers, or earthquakes, or some of the others delightful things in style out there, have sent him toes up long ago. At lease, I hope so for my own sake—it will be so nice by and by, when you come into the property, and can pay off a fellow's debts, and keep him in unlimited small change. Please don't burst out indignantly, Sybil, as I see you are about to do," Charley concluded, deprecatingly, getting up. "I'm exhausted already, and I really couldn't stand it. What time do you dine in this primeval wigwam? Like George the Third, I dare say, at one o'clock, upon boiled mutton and turnips."

"We dine at seven, when General Trevanion is able to leave his room. He will not come down to-day, and I am going to Chudleigh Chase; so unless you accompany me—"

"'Oh, Solitude, where are thy charms!' Yes, I'll go, Sybil. Anything is better than a lonely knife and fork and plate—an oasis in a vast desert of dining-table. I'll go to Chudleigh Chase, my Sybil, and face that terrible Gwendoline, in her violent pink dresses, her bouncing and her banging, and all the cut and dried platitudes of that old stick, Sir Rupert, rather than impair my temper and digestion by dining mournfully alone. I suppose to-morrow will be time enough to pay my respects to the lord of the manor? One can't endure too much in one day. Farewell!"

With which the Etonian strolled away, and left his sister alone in the sunlit, rose-wreathed window.

"Gone to Spanish America!" she thought. "Will he ever come back? Will he ever know that his memory and his image are dearer to Sybil Lemox than any living man can ever be! I remember that last night at the gate—does he, I wonder?—when he kissed me, a little child of four, under the oaks at Monkswood, and bid me wear this ring for his sake." A solitaire diamond glittered on the third finger of her left hand, the only ring she wore. "Except my mother and Charley, I have kissed one since. My hero! my brave, lion-hearted Cyril! If he would only come back and take all! If I could only see him safe and happy once more, I would have nothing left on earth to wish for."

Miss Trevanion drove her brother over to Chudleigh Chase in the pony phaeton a little later, through the amber haze of the June sunset. Sir Rupert Chudleigh was their nearest neighbor, and Miss Gwendoline Chudleigh the aversion of Charley, and Sybil's devoted admirer and friend. They visited each other at all times and all seasons after the fashion of girls, and little Gwendoline, who was only sixteen—plump as a partridge, and rosy as any female "chaw-bacon" in Sussex—pretty well idolized beautiful Sybil Trevanion.

Next morning Charley paid his respects to General Trevanion, and announced the coming of his mother and her companion. The old lion, with hair like a winter snow-drift now, and a face deep-plowed with hidden care and cureless illness, lay in his darkened room, and listened impatiently.

"Let them come!" he said; "a poodle dog or a widow—what does it matter, so that Lady Lemox and her pets don't trouble me. Keep your mother and her widow out of our way, Sybil, my dear; and Charley, the less I see of you, the better I shall like it. Hobbledehoys were always my aversion."

"Pleasant!" said Charley, in soliloquy, "very! Hobbledehoys, indeed! Really, Sybil, the old men of the present day are the horridest barbarians that ever cumbered the earth. I hope his venerable noddle won't ache until I ask to see him again."

Sybil barely expressed a laugh at her brothers wrath and astonishment.

"Charley, don't talk slang—I hate it! And I must insist upon your speaking more respectfully of my guardian, or not speaking at all."

The morning of the next day brought a telegram from Lady Lemox. She would arrive at Speckhaven by the four-forty train from London, and they were to meet her at the station with the carriage. Sybil told the general the news.

"Very well," was the response. "I don't care when she comes, but I can't spare you to go and meet her. Let Charley take the carriage and go, and inform Lady Lemox that when I desire to see her I'll send her word."

So Charley went alone, and in state, to meet my lady and her companion. The station, like all stations, was at the fag end of the town, a dreary island in a sea of swamp and sandy plain, which the young man barely reached in time as the afternoon train rushed snorting in. He sauntered forward leisurely to meet his mother—a little dark woman, with a fretful, faded face that had been pretty once; and her companion, a bright little beauty with great black eyes, a pleasant smile, and abundant glossy black hair.

"Had Sybil come?" Lady Lemox peevishly asked. "No? How very unkind and ungrateful of her, when she, Lady Lemox, had not seen her for three years. Children, nowadays, were utterly heartless—no doubt General Trevanion absorbed all her affection by this time. And how was the general? Fit to die of chronic crossness and ill-temper. Really, Charles, such language was intolerable. Edith," to the black-eyed widow, "pray see that all those boxes and parcels are carefully disposed of. Those railway porters are so rough and uncouth. Charles, do make haste and get us home—I am almost dead of fatigue and headache."

All the way to the Park, Lady Lemox ran fretfully on in a sort of dismal monologue, growing so monotonous that it lulled Charley into gentle slumber before they reached the house. Sybil met them at the door, and threw herself, after her impulsive fashion, into her mother's arms.

"Dear mamman! darling mamma! how glad I am to meet you again. How long it seems since we parted at Lemox. And, dearest mamma, how very well you are looking, too!"

"Looking well!" her ladyship murmured, reproachfully. "Sybil, how can you, when I am almost dead! You are looking the picture of health, I must say—quite too healthy-looking for my taste; but there are people who admire that red and white style of thing, I dare say. My dear, this is Mrs. Ingram—Edith, my daughter, Sybil. I hope you have seen that her rooms are as convenient to mine as possible—I really could not exist without her help now. Delphine," to her French maid, "take these things up—I am completely worn out and must lie down before I dress."

Sybil herself led the way upstairs, and showed the travellers to their apartment. Lady Lemox was made happy—or as happy as it was in her nature to be—by finding Mrs. Ingram's rooms immediately adjoinng her own.

"We dine at seven," Sybil said, "and quite alone. General Trevanion is not well enough to quit his chamber, and Charley, I believe, will mess with the officers at Speckhaven. You will find our life at Trevanion a very dull one, I fear, Mrs. Ingram."

"I am used to quiet, dear Miss Trevanion," the pretty widow said, with a brilliant smile, "and prefer it. How very charming these rooms are, and what a delightful place Trevanion is!"

She closed the door gently after the young lady, and lingered for an instant alone, before joining Lady Lemox, standing by one of the windows and gazing over the wide domain, very fair in the light of the radiant June sunset.

"A delightful place indeed!" she repeated, under her breath; "and at last I enter Trevanion in spite of them all. To think that all this—all this, and more, might once have been mine! To think that I might have been mistress here, instead of that imperious girl! And for me he has lost this noble heritage—for poor little me! If Cyril Trevanion were my worst enemy, I could hardly wish him worse."

The three ladies dined alone together and the pretty widow was the most gorgeous of the three, in amber silk and fluttering ribbons. Sybil, graceful and stately in dark blue, with pearls in her rich hair, and a half-shattered rose in her breast, looked at her across the table, with great clear, earnest eyes, as she talked gayly in the sweetest and most silvery of voices.

"Why do I not like her?" Miss Trevanion thought. "She is very pretty, very pleasant, and a lady without doubt. Why do I dislike her, then? and are those great dark eyes bold, and that brilliant smile false? or is it only my unkind fancy?"

It was the old rhyme of "Doctor Fell" over again.

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I only know full well,
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

They lingered late in the drawing-room. Lady Lemox had an aversion to "early to bed and early to rise," and there was musci to while away the hours of the summer night. Mrs. Ingram played as brilliantly as she talked, and sung more sweetly than she smiled, in the richest of contraltos. Sybil listened enchanted, and sung duets with her, and half forgot her unreasonable dislike. They lingered so long that Charley, riding homeward, through the misty moonlight, a little flushed and heated after the wassail, found them still chanting their canticles, and my lady turning over a volume of prints.

"What a dissipated lot you are!" the Etonian said, politely; "singing matins, I suppose, as those gay old coves, the friars, used to do over there at Monkswood. Speaking of Monkswood, Sybil," said Charley, hiccoughing, rather, "I heard a piece of news to-night that will interest you. I met a man at the mess—a Captain Hawksley, of the Fortieth Heavies—and he told me he saw the idol of your affections, Cyril Trevanion, a week ago in London. He'd been sick, it seems, not to say seedy, and an object of compassion to gods and men. Told Hawkesley he thought of coming down here to recruit—native air, and all that sort of thing. Good-night, ladies. Suppose you sing, 'We won't go home till morning,' by way of finale, and wind up the performance."

(To be Continued.)

A MOTHER'S PRAISE OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mrs. Allen Mason, Carleton, N. B., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets ever since I have had children, and that is going on fifteen years. I have always found them entirely satisfactory for all the ailments of little ones, and feel that I cannot praise them too highly." Mrs. Mason's praise is just that of thousands of mothers who consider Baby's Own Tablets the only safe and sure remedy to keep in the house for their little ones. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or my mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SANTA CLAUSE THE WORLD OVER.

Christmas is essentially the children's time, but they would think there was something radically wrong if it lacked the visit of their dear old Father Christmas, or, as he is often called, from the example set by our American cousins, Santa Claus.

The original Santa Claus was St. Nicholas, the wonderful boy bishop of Myra, who died in 343, and who was the particular friend of children. He was the patron saint of Russia, and often represented also as being that of butchers, thieves, maidens, parish clerks and sailors. This no doubt has something to do with the remarkable energy displayed by Santa Claus in December.

When he reached Holland the Dutch called him "St. Nikolass," and soon the name became abbreviated to Sauklass. This latter title was carried to New York by the Dutch emigrants, where the English colonists Anglicised it to Santy, and afterwards Santa Claus.

The date allotted to Saint Nicholas in the church calendar is December 6, and it is on this date still that he visits Austria. When the saint's feast is being kept up, the house door is suddenly opened. A fair-haired boy, dressed in all in white, carrying a sceptre in his hand and wearing a mitre on his head, enters the room. He is symbolical of the boy bishop. Following him are two little bands of children, one tot dressed in white to represent angels, and the other in black to typify demons. "The bishop" then is given a chair, and the children of the house are put through their paces. There who succeeds well receives a nice gift from the "angels," and the others are given a black dog by the demons.

The black doggies are so fascinating that, what children have been known to misbehave badly in order to obtain one!

In Holland, too, St. Nikolass pays his yearly visit to the children on December 6, when he finds many pairs of shoes on the various hearths waiting to be filled with gifts.

French children also put their shoes on the hearthstone or mantel piece, to receive presents from Jean Noel.

In Germany, Christmas is an even greater festival than it is in England. Santa Claus as the Christ-child comes before Christmas Eve, in order to discover how the children of the house have behaved during the past year. A very delightful custom is still preserved on Christmas Eve among some of the German peasants. A table is spread for a meal in the feast room, and many candles kept burning throughout the whole night, in case the Virgin and her Child, when bringing the children's gifts, should need refreshment.

Despite St. Nicholas being the patron saint of the country, Santa Claus, strangely enough, pays no recognized visit to Russia.

The little Finns, however, look forward to the visit of Santa Claus with great zest, who comes from an unknown island in the Arctic seas to bring them all that they want most; and in Finland he wears an immense fur coat and rides in his own traditional sleigh, drawn by four galloping reindeer.

In one country only is Santa Claus supposed to receive any help in the distribution of presents. This is in Switzerland, where he is always accompanied by his wife Lucy, who wears the Swiss peasant costume and carries the things which are given to the little girls.

In China, Santa Claus pays his annual visit on New Year's Day, which is, of course, the great day of the year to the yellow man. In that country he is represented by a tea trader, who carries on a bamboo pole two ordinary flat Chinese trays slung across his shoulders. These are filled with presents, which are distributed among the children.

In America and the colonies, as in England, the children hang up their stocking on Christmas Eve for Santa Claus to leave his gifts in. He is generally regarded in these countries as being a very jovial, burly old gentleman, with a long white beard and a fur trimmed scarlet coat, which has very capacious pockets.

The latter garment he must find rather warm and cumbersome while doing duty in Australia and India.

LAUGHS WITH JOY! NO MORE INDIGESTION

Montreal Man So Ill, Thought He Would Die of Stomach Disorders.

Just read what Mr. Larose says of the curative powers of Dr. Hamilton's Pills:

"I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for five years. I suffered so much that I could hardly attend to my work. I was weak and lost all courage. I enjoyed no rest until I decided to follow your treatment. To my great surprise I immediately began to feel better. I am now using the second box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I feel so well that I want to tell you that I owe this great change to your famous pills. I recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills to every person who is suffering from dyspepsia. Your grateful servant D. R. Larose, 338 Jolliette St., Montreal, P.Q."

All who have weak stomach and those who suffer with indigestion, headaches, biliousness, can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Successfully used for many years, mild and safe, 25c per box of all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

NOTHING LIKE THEM FOR A SORE BACK

Dodd's Kidney Pills still doing great work.

Mrs. T. G. Alexander, of Hawthorne, After Twelve Years' Suffering, Tells the Public What They Are Doing For Her.

Hawthorne, Ont., Dec. 18.—(Special)—There is nothing like Dodd's Kidney Pills for a sore back." That is the statement of Mrs. T. G. Alexander, of this place, and all her neighbors agree that she should know. "I suffered for twelve years from a pain in my back, Rheumatism and Heart Disease," Mrs. Alexander continues. "I was always tired and nervous and my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. Since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I am feeling so much better that I feel I must say a good word for them."

No matter how long you have suffered Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot fail to help you if your trouble is of the Kidneys. If you use Dodd's Kidney Pills early the cure will be quick. If your trouble is of long standing it will take them longer to cure you. But they always cure. People from all parts of Canada who have been cured are telling about it in the newspapers almost every day.

WHY HE SPANKED CHILDREN.

How the Settler Prepared the Young Ones for Christmas.

On the morning of the day before Christmas I dismounted at the door of a North Dakota cabin to inquire the whereabouts of a man living in that neighborhood, and the sounds from within told me that one of the children was being spanked. When the spanking had been concluded the settler opened the door and invited me in. I saw nine children standing up in a row, and the tenth one sitting down on the other side of the room. The man thought some explanation should be made, and he said:

"It's the way I do every Christmas time, and I had just begun when you rode up. Can you wait till I have spanked the other nine?"

"Of course, but may I ask why you do it? They look to me to be nice, well-behaved children."

"They are as good children as you will find in the state, sir; but the spanking must go on."

"Yes, the spanking must go on," added the wife.

"I couldn't say any more, of course, and I went out to the gate and waited. The nine were called up one after another and put through the machine, and then the man, who was breathing hard from his exertions, joined me at the gate and said:

"There, the last one of 'em has been licked, and now I'll show you where Brown lives."

"Thanks, but would you take it amiss if I asked what you ten children had done to deserve punishment?"

"You may ask, sir, and I will explain," he repeated. "They hadn't done nothing. I was licking 'em so they wouldn't expect any Christmas presents in their stockings to-night!"

DOGS OF WAR.

(From the London Chronicle)

The dogs which are helping the British forces against the Abors by performing sentry duty are by no means the first to figure in the British army. When the Earl of Essex went to Ireland to suppress the rebellion in the reign of Elizabeth, his forces included 800 bloodhounds with which to track down fugitives, after the battles; and in all our wars with Scotland the bloodhound was largely used for the same purpose.

Specialist Did Skin Trouble No Good

Very Itchy and Disfiguring. Got a Little Cuticura Soap and Ointment and Was Cured.

"For two summers I suffered with skin trouble on my nose, and on my legs from my knees down. My nose was very itchy, disfigured and I took fever easily. It came like the hives, and was very itchy. I consulted a specialist, who gave me medicine, as well as an ointment, but seemed to do no good. It was beginning to appear on my face.

"I got a little Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap. The first touch of Ointment seemed to relieve, and before the Cuticura Ointment was finished I was cured. I have not the least sign of trouble. I think it would have spread over my whole body if Cuticura Soap and Ointment had not cured me. I am delighted with them, and do feel pleased to think I have such a thing I have confidence in. I tell all my friends about them, and I think Cuticura Ointment is the best I ever saw." (Signed) M. J. Bodily, '75 McCaul St., Toronto, Dec. 22, 1910.

Cold-Sore Began to Heal With First Use of Cuticura Ointment.

"Cuticura Ointment cured a very bad cold-sore that gave me hours of severe pain and loss of sleep. I tried lots of other remedies but nothing did me any good till I tried Cuticura Ointment, and from the very first application it began to heal and now there is not even a scar left." (Signed) Mrs. W. Boyce, Mermaid Farm, P.E.I., Jan. 3, '11.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the speediest, safest and most economical treatment for skin and scalp troubles, of young and old. Although they are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each may be obtained free, from the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 57 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

Strange Actions by Father, Mother and Children at Christmas Time.

The mystery began with the husband coming home half an hour later than usual, so as to have the cover of darkness when leaving a package behind the vestibule doors, while he entered the house with a very innocent look on his face and told of his street car being blocked.

At midnight of that night, while his innocent-hearted wife was sleeping by his side, he sneaked out of bed and down stairs and secured the package and hid it in a closet.

The next step was taken by his wife. She took down from the pantry a pitcher in which she had been storing up dimes and nickels and pennies for months and months, and, after counting them over, she sneaked down town in the forenoon and bought and lugged a parcel home and hid it away on the top shelf of a clothespress.

Then one of the children came in one day and looked and acted very mysterious, and shortly afterward might have been found hiding something among the rafters of the garret.

Then, as the mother suddenly and unexpectedly entered the parlor one afternoon, she almost stumbled over a daughter who was down on her knees and reaching under the sofa. The mother cried out in her surprise, but asked for no explanations.

Then desk and bureau drawers that had not been locked for a year were found closed tighter than a drum. Closet doors that had stood wide open were made fast. There was lingering behind when others went to bed. There was getting up before the others in the morning. Each member of the family went around trying to look as innocent as a sheep, but at the time bearing a load of guilt on his conscience.

The strain was intense. The mystery could not last. The day came when the murder was solved. It was the day before Christmas. That family had simply been preparing to Santa Claus each other. It always acts that way, and it always turns out happily.

TO STOP A CRYING BABY

Babies cry because they are sick. It may be a pain in the stomach, colic, or cramps—but in any case a few drops of Nerviline soothes away the distress and allows the baby to sleep peacefully. Where there are young children there should also be Nerviline. It cures all the minor ailments just as promptly as the doctor—and not so expensive. For nearly fifty years, Polson's Nerviline has been the great household remedy of Canada. Sold everywhere in large 25c bottles.

SANTA ON THE WAY.

(W. D. Nesbit in 'The Land of Make-Believe," in Harper's.)

I can hear him singing faintly,
As he urges on his deer,
And his song is mellowed quaintly
As the measures strike the ear.
But the lilt of it is jolly,
And the words of it are gay:
"Get the mistletoe and holly;
I have started on the way."

I can hear the hoof-beats thudding,
As the snow is flung behind,
While the laden sleigh is scudding
With the swiftness of the wind:
And the echoes now are flinging
Broken murmurs of the song
That old Santa Claus is singing
While the reindeer speed along:

"Little fellow, little fellow, while you
sit and dream of me,
And the marvel of the morning that
shall show the wondrous tree,
For your trust in all the fancies of the
shadow and the gleam,
I am starting on my journey down the
highway of your dream."

BIRD IN CHRISTMAS TREE.

A half-starved partridge was found in a Christmas tree shipped from Maine to A. Dallas, in Waterbury, Conn. The tree had been tied so the bird was made a prisoner. When found, warmed and fed it revived.

"My doctor said I needed a change." "And did you act on his advice?" "Yes; I employed another doctor." —Boston Transcript.