idents registered this is likely that this creased to-morrow. in charge of Miss B B. A., chief librarian. large staff of instrucvill also be given by g. of Toronto Universecretary of the Onsociation; Dr. Locke, and E. S. Caswell, secblie Library, and H. S. oronto University Il-

PRINCE.

arent Pitched Out of mobile.

Crown Prince Fredin an automobile acescaped injury. He e home of Dr. Von to call upon the car struck the curb. The Crown Prince sidewalk, but not The chauffeur was iking against a same ruised. The Crown trip in a ordinary

DFFICERS.

Acclamation—Conest Offices.

The Canadian Orsterday elected the acclamation: Grand Auditor, W. L. Holigh Registrar, Wilfollowing are the other offices: high Stewart and T. W. zh Vice-Chief Kangnd D. Allen, Grimstary, George Fantk-London; Chaptain nd T. W. Devila. each case the first ie name of the pre-Many nominations Executive. Balloting take place this afosed amendment to defeated last night. yed an outing proy the City Council

SHOST."

Not Have to Look

9.—Provincial In-ed to Toronto this cluding his invesn mysterious cooutside the town rein ghostly visireported to have the household efy many articles

ring others. authorities could case, and it was It took Green ntes to ascertain "ghost," showing tirely a domestic nite unnecessary. ed were warned ediately cease the etorie s going ne, and also in-ere liable to ar-ent for the disnews

NED.

sistrate Disposes r Case.

o-day Police Mag-illiam Hodan, bar-House, \$30.85, inng liquor to Geo. who is on the Infined \$19.10, tohasing the liquor. rowland Centre, charge of furnishout not appearing for him. James at Niagara Fails, me others will pplying Pearson inspector house elland, are prose-

HE CORN.

une 19.-General 00 miles in every Worth, occurred mount from one-In some sections for two months. erely. The precorn crop, which ractically lost.

ROSSED.

atch: It is reof the Royal held up on and relieved of rutally handled, of torn off in

Sweet Miss Margery

Margery was pained and troubled as she took her way along the paddockpained not so much at the woman's words as at the thought that the man had re-echoed them and deemed her stupid and plain. She had grown to look on Stuart Crosbie as something bright and delightful in her life. They had played together as children, and the memory of that friendship was the strongest link in the chain that held his as a hero. When he was away, Stuart had written once or twice to Margery, sending her views of the places he visited, and giving her long chatty accounts of his travels. When he came home, they renewed their intimacy; there was not a shadow of surprise or fear in Margery's mind when the young squire came so frequent-

She had no suspicion that this friendship would annoy his mother or was in any way strange or uncommon. She liked Stuart Crosbie; she could talk to him of her studies, her pursuits -s sealed book in her home and gradually grew to welcome him as a companion with whom she could converse easily and naturally and as a friend who would never fail her. Mrs. Morris was too great an invalid to devote much thought to the girl's amusements, nor would she have been greatly troubled had she known how intimate the young squire and Margery had become; so the girl had had no constraint put upon her; she met, walked and chatted with Stuart Crosbie as freely as she liked, and no cloud had dawned on her happy life till dear, I fear you find this place very to-day.

ly to see her.

The sight of that other girl, so different from her self, had brought a strange sharp pang, but that was lost in py I am in your lovely home." the pain she endured when she thought that Stuart had agreed with the crue! remark, and that his friendship was of a marriage between Stuart and his gone forever. She wended her way along cousin, more and more she determined she chose this young man for her husthe paddock, and was turning through it should take place. the gate to enter the gardeners' path again, when a hand was stretched out from beside her, took the basket from chin, raised her head from its drooping face. position.

"Well?" said Stuart quietly. "Give me my basket, please, Mr. Stuart." Margery murmured hurriedly, a crimson wave of color dyeing her cheeks. "What for?" asked the young man calmly.

"I must get home. I am very late as "Well, why don't you go?" Stuart inquired, watching the color fade from her

cheeks. f'I cannot go without my basket," Margery answered, trying to be at her ease, "Please give it to me, Mr. Stuart." "Then I must go without it!" she exclaimed; and, suiting the action to the

word, she began to move down the path. Stuart followed at once, and put a detaining hand on her arm. "Here is your basket, Margery. I was er, when Vane interrupted with only teasing you. What a time you have been! I have been waiting here for you he will

the last five minutes Margery's heart grew lighter again. You might have been better employed," she returned, with the quaint sharpness Stuart always admired. "But, if you have time to waste, I have not. Listen! There it is striking six and mother will wonder what has become of me."

"Yes, that is six," observed Mr. Crosbie listening to the clock chiming from the castle, "You will get home by seven, Margery, if you start at once. Not that -as she turned again down the path. "This is nearly half a mile nearer." He pushed open the gate and motioned her into the paddock again. "Now," he continued, slinging the basket on his arm and turning beside her across the field. why are you cross with me, Miss Margerv ?"

"I am not cross with you," Margery answered hurriedly. "Not now, perhaps; but you were." Margery was silent.

"What was it, Margery?" he asked gently. "I heard what that lady said about me just now," she replied, after a pause;

"and -and-" "You are angry with me. That is hardly fair-rough on an old friend, you

"I thought you might have-" She stopped. "Agreed with her. You ought to know

me better than that, Margery." The grave tones went to her heart. "Oh, forgive me!" she cried. "It was wrong, but—she is so beautiful, and I

"You are-"

"Only a village girl beside her." "I wonder if you know how different You are from her?" Stuart said quietly.

Margery's face flushed. "I never felt I was -common till to-

"Margery!" She looked up quickly. Mr. Crosbie ehecked his words and laughed a little

constrainedly. "You must not grow vain," he said. "Am I vain" I will remember anoth- dead."

er time," she responded gravely. added-"that, whatever any one may or heard of him. He was a ne'er-do-weel, say, my opinion of you does not change an utter scamp."

She smiled with delight.

basket; you must not come any fur-"I shall carry it home for you," he answered. "We shall not be long, and this tons too heavy for your little hands. Tell me of your lesson. What have you magnificent inheritance wasting and

done to-day, and what is that book?" Margery imediately broke into a long secount of her studies, and with her Beecham Park?" asked Vane, with sud"Ranken will Lean hi happy serenity restored, she walked on beside him, heedless of the dust or the sun-content that their friendship was sun-content that their friendship was

unaffected. Stuart Crosbie listened with pleasure to the ripple of her voice, his eyes never always had a strong sympathy for this tired of wandering to her sweet face, unknown cousin. What a strange life lovely in its innocence; but, when he his has been! I am tempted to envy

CHAPTER VI.

us that humiliation."

ing around.

this morning."

that plainly."

"Then he has no heir?" Vane ob-

Mrs. Crosbie did not reply immedi-

ately; but Miss Charteris saw her hand-

some eyes wander to Stuart's face and

"He has the power of willing Beecham

Park," Mrs. Crosbie remarked; and the

squire broke in with his quiet monoto-

"I have often wished Douglas had

narried; he was just the man to be led

"You always were absurd on this sub

ect, Sholto," his wife remarked quiet-

Stuart moved from the table as the

tell Mrs. Marzham to prepare some

rooms for Sir Douglas Gerant; I expect

he will arrive to-morrow. Now, Vane,

I will leave you for half an hour; then,

if you will equip yourself, we will drive

"Thanks, auntie;" and Miss Charteris

walked slowly across the room to eze

thoughtful and not altogether dis-

"The power to will Beecham Park,"

she mused; "and the heir must be

Miss Charteris glanced at the tall,

than she had imagined; she was irres-

istibly attracted by his manliness and

charm of manner. Might she not gratify

band? As mistress of Crosbie Castle

be greater than she ever dreamed or

Vane felt her heart swell within her

She left the window and walked to-

"You are most unkind, Mr. Crosbie."

"I forgive you this time," she return-

ed, extending her white hand, "on con-

dition that you promise to come home

early from your meeting with this

that he had received a letter from his

but Stuart's appoinment was not with

Cantain Derwent. In an hour's time he

was to meet Margery, and start for

"I shall get back as soon as I can."

in a day or two, for I intend to invite

Stuart, strange though it may seem, I

and at that moment his mother reap-

Chesterham? I can easily order the

barouche instead of the pony earriage."

"Oh, no. thanks-" he answered, hur-

Mrs. Crosbie elevated her eyebrows,

the door, she looked back and kissed

lightly. "Don't stay away too long."

Stuart waited only till the ladies had

well disappeared; then he walked across

to the court yard, and whistled for

Margery was dressed early, and had

packed a small basket with some home

made cakes and apples as provender for

and occupied herself with many little

Mrs. Morris watched with tender ey a

the slender form flitting about the room

wealth of her childless heart was be-

stowed on this girl, and in return she

. "Now, are you quite sure, mother,

you will not miss me?" asked Margery.

kneeling by the couch when all her

ris returned, with a faint smile. "I

"Nay, that I can not say," Mrs. Mor-

you are young, and should have plea-

sure. Now get on your bonnet and start,

received pure and deep affection.

her hand.

the village.

fore she left her.

duties were done.

one or two people for the twelfth."

am not at all dull in your society."

Stuart bowed low at her words.

their picnic in the woods.

Stuart colored faintly. It was

tiresome man."

bury yourself in those dry papers."

to good things by a good woman."

Wednesday morning broke clear and cloudless. Margery rose at an early hour, and sat looking out of her little window at the sun gilding the fields and trees with its glory. Stuart Crosbie, too, rose earlier than his wont; and he occupied the time till the breakfastgong sounded in walking up and down his room, apparently in deep thought. As the muffled summons reached his ear, he uttered an impatient "Pshaw!" and made his way slowly down the stairs. His mother was seated at the table when he entered the room; and he had scarcely exchanged greetings with her when Vane Charteris made her appearance. It was not Miss Charteris' usual custom to honor the breakfast table with her presence; but since her stay at Crosbie, the mood had seized her, and she descended regularly to the early meal.

"Good-morning, my dear," said Mrs. Crosbie, smiling her sweetest. "You look as fresh as a rose; doesn't she, Stuart?" "Words always fail me to describe Couin Vane's beauty,' was his gallant

Vane smiled languidly; but she was not quite happy. There was something of the long French windows, looking strange about this cousin of hers; he was attentive, but his attentions seemed | pleased. to be the outcome of habit rather than inclination. Was her power to fail her here, too?

"What is the programme for to-day?" observed Mrs. Crosbie. "Ah, Vane, my

"Dull!" repeated Miss Charteris. "1 can not tell you, my dear aunt, how hap-

Mrs. Crosbie felt her heart swell; more and more she saw the advisability

"Well, Stuart, what are we to do to she would once again reign in her world, amuse Vane?" she inquired, turning to but as mistress of Crosbie Castle and her son, with the pleasure called up by Beecham Park her sovereignty would her, and, putting a finger under her her niece's speech still lingering on her "I am afraid, mother, I shall not be at the glorious prospect her imagination

able to offer my services to-day. I am conjured up; and, standing in the soft bound for Chesterham this morning," morning sunlight, she vowed to link her Stuart answered, vigorously attacking a lot with Stuart Crosbie, and be his pie on a side table. "Chesterham!" ejaculated his mother. "Why, what takes you there, Stu- ward him.

"An appointment with Derwent. He has written and asked me to meet him You are going to leave me all day, and at the junction on his way to town; he wants to see me."

"Why could not Captain Derwent come here for a few days?" inquired her presence. Mrs. Crosbie, coldly. She was annoyed! that anything should interrupt the ac- smiling; "indeed it was very rude of quaintance that was progressing so sat. me.' isfactory.

"He can't; he is due in London." "But must you go?" began his moth-

"Oh, please don't stop him, auntie, or we can spare Stuart for one day, and I will enjoy myself with you if that friend would pass through Chesyou will let me. We have not driven to terham at some time during the day; any places yet; shall we not go some-

"I shall be pleased," Mrs. Crosbie replied, though she looked vexed; and ail other remarks on the subject were stopped, to Stuart's great relief, by his father's annearance—Lady Charteria never left her room till noon.

The squire came in with his curious halting gait; he carried a bundle of letters and papers in his hand, and his haggard features wore a look of surprise. "Good morning, my dear," he said to received a most extraordinary surprise. Read that"-holding out a letter. With ill-concealed impatience Mrs.

Crosbie took the letter he held toward "What sort of a surprise, dad?" asked

Stuart, putting his hand for an instant | peared. into his father's. "Your mother will tell you," answered

the squire. "From Douglas Gerant!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosbie, gazing at the end of the letter. "This is a surprise indeed! Why, riedly. "I prefer to walk." Sholto, he is in England-has been for the last month-and wants to come to but made ro remark; and Vane followed us for a visit!"

"By Jove!" was Stuart's only utter-"It seemed like a letter from the!

dead," said the squire dreamily. "What years since one has heard or seen anything of Douglas Gerant! It must be fifteen at least since he left England.

Mrs. Crosbie folded up the letter.
"He is not changed," she observed— "at least his letter is as strange and erratic as of old. Vane, you have heard his dogs, then, without another look your mother speak of Douglas Gerant, round, started across the paddock to have you not?"

Miss Charteris puckered her brow. "I don't remember his name," she replied. "Who is he?"

"Your mother's cousin-surely she must have spoken of him!" "I have heard of Eustace Gerant," Miss Charteris answered; "but he is

"This is his brother. He too might "And remember this, too," Stuart have been dead for all that we have seen

"But with great good in him," added the squire warmly. "I know you did Thank you, Mr. Stuart," she said, not think so, Constance; but Douglas al-

simply. "And now please give me my ways had a fine generous nature." "It was well hidden then," his wife retorted coldly. "I never had much sympathy with him, and I have less now. A man has no right to be lost to the world as he has been, and leave a neglected when there are others who

would prize it." "He came into the property ten years

ago," Stuart explained, "and he has not come home till now. I must confess I had parted from her and strode home him the wonders he must have seen."

Margery tied on her sun-bonnet. At limit the wonders he must have seen."

Margery tied on her sun-bonnet. At limit the wonders he must have seen."

Margery tied on her sun-bonnet. At limit the wonders he must have seen."

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Margery tied on her sun-bonnet. At limit the wonders he must have seen."

Sunday hat, a plain wide-heimmed straw ited by a celebrated authority of ly. "I can understand any man of prin- with a white ribbon; but she checked Europe.

the patting saids his duties for his in INES A CONVERT TO A GREWING BELIEF

"Is he married?" she asked languidly.
"No, no, my dear," answered Mrs.
Croshio quickly; "by some marvelous chance he has escaped matrimony. I al-That Dodd's Kidney Pills are ways expected to hear of a low-born wife; but he appears to have a little Gerant pride within him, and has spared the sure cure for Kidney Disease.

> Mr. Renie Moulaison was treated by two doctors, but found his relief and cure in six boxes of Dedd's Kidney Pills.

Surette Island, Yarmouth, N.S., June 19 .- (Special.) - Renie Moulaison, a fisherman of this place, a convert to the growing belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure for Kiduey Disease.

"My trouble started with a cold," Mr. Moulaison states. "My muscles would eramp, I had backache and I had dizzy spells. My head often sched and I had ly; and the squire discreetly said no tired, nervous feeling while specks of

light flashed in front of my eyes.
"I suffered in this way for over two meal ended, and engrossed with the months and was treated by two doctors newspaper, was lost to all that was passbut they didn't seem to be able to do much for me. Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and soon started to "I will write this morning and d Douglas welcome," Mrs. Crosimprove. I took six boxes in all and now said after a while. As she I am glad to say I am cured." rose, she turned to the butler-"Fox.

If you have any two or three of Mr. Moulaison's sysptoms you may be sure your kidneys are not in good working order. Bad Kidneys mean Backache Rheumatism, Heart Disease or Bright's Disease unless attended to. The one sure way to cure them is to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

herself and put it away, with a blush at her vanity. She took her little basket, and walking slowly toward the spring, eat down by its musical trickling to wait. She felt more than ordinarily hap-Stuart Crosbie. His mother's eyes spoke py; the memory of Stuart's kind words had driven away the sting of his counwell-built form of Stuart, who was still sin's remark; there was not a cloud on intent on the newspaper, and for the the horizon of her young life. She wantfirst time the thought of a warmer ed for nothing to complete her happiness feeling dawned in her heart. She found and reveled in the sunshine and the this cousin a more agreeable companion golden glory of summer as only a heart can that has tasted no sorrow, seen not the darkness or gloom of pain.

She had not waited long before the sound of hastening footsteps told her that Stuart was at hand; and she bent to caress the dogs as he approached, thus hiding the pleasure that dawned on her face.

"I am fearfully late, Margery." Stuart said apologetically, as he flung himself down on the cool mossy bank. "By Jove. though, I had no idea I could walk so fast! I have come here in no time." "You do look tired," she said quickly; "let us rest awhile. Shall I get you some

Stuart shuddered. The thought recalled all the horrors of Judy's draught that summer morning.
"No, thanks; I will have some water.

she said, looking sweetly plaintive. Do von know, Margery, I don't believe I can go very much further. What do Stuart put down his newspaper quickyou say to a pienie in the Weald wood?" ly; he had been utterly unconscious of 'I think it will be very nice. But, Mr. Stuart, where is your basket?" "I beg your pardon, Vane." he said. "My basket?" he echoed.

"Yes-your lunch," said Margery. holding out her tiny hamper. "You have forgotten it." Yes, I have, Will it matter?" asked Stuart, gravely, thinking he had never seen so sweet a picture as the girl before

"Well, von know, to plenie it is necessary to have some food; but perhaps, I have enough for both." (To be Continued)

The microscope in the hands of experts employed by the United States Government has revealed the fact that a house fly somehe said hurriedly. "In truth. Vane. I am afraid that you will find Crosbie times carries thousands of disease horribly duil; there is nothing or no germs attached to its hairy body; one to amuse you. It will be better The continuous use of Wilson's Fly Pads will prevent all danger "I don't want them." Miss Charteria of infection from that source by Vane. 'Constance"-to his wife-"I have observed, raising her large blue eyes killing both the germs and the to his; "and, do you know, Cousin flies.

THE TEMPEST.

You are easily satisfied," he replied; There was tumult in the attic. There was bedlam down below, And the sound of children weeping, And a grumbling deep and low, the bye. Stuart, shall we drive you to For the dust in clouds was ilying, And the air was dark with gloom, As the storm grew loud and louder

With its terrifying boom! Here and there a man lay panting, Overcome, and faint and weak, her aunt from the room. On reaching Crouching down in abject terror, Daring not to move or speak;

Stout the hearts that braved the battle Feared not sword or deadly gun, Yet they stood like arrant cowards, Tempted sore to break and run.

the hall, caught up his tennis hat, and Here and there were frightened children, made his way along the colonnade to Laughing, howling as they roam the grounds. He stopped at the entrance Running loose among the wreckage Of that one-time happy home: While the women, pale and baggird, Faces set and locks astray,

Stormed with brush and broom and dus-On that awful cleaning day! -Charles Irwin Junkin in Puck.

the pienic. She had told Mrs. Morris of **Saved from Consumption** her holiday and Mr. Stuart's kindness. duties of love for the sick woman be-Another Startling Case That Proves the Unquestionable Merit of "Catarrhozone." in its plain white cotton gown. All the

Miss Louise Murphy, a well-known society belle residing at 28 Monument street, Medford, writes: "Kindly forward me three outlits of Catarrhozone. which I have found most valuable for Catarrhal affections of the head and throat. Catarrhozone cured me of weak lungs, and really saved me from consumption. I am recommending CATARRHOZONE above all other always miss you, child; but I shall not want you. Mrs. Carter is coming in to treatments, knowing what great curasee me, and Reuben has promised to tive powers it possesses. I know others who have benefitted by Catarrh-"Reuben will keep his word then," declared the girl; "but I shall not be away

useful. Why not get it to-day. Com-"Stay and amuse yourself. Margery plete outfit is sufficient for two months' treatment, and costs but \$1: trial size, 25c., at all dealers in medior you will keep the young squire wait- cine.



PERSEVERING.

(Boston Transcript.) Patient-Say! that isn't the tooth I want uiled. Dentist-Never mind. I'm coming to it.

THE LAST WORD. (Detroit Free Press.)

A Wisconsin couple have remarried after a separation of 40 years. Did it take him that long to make up his mind to let her have the last word?

A USE FOR THE RECALL (New York Sun.)

Knicker-What do you know about Becker-I believe in it for umpires.

CONSTANCY.

You gave me the key of your heart, my

love;
Then why do you make me knock?"
'Oh, that was yesterday, saints above?
And last night—I changed the lock!"

(Smart Set.)

EXPLAINED. (Harper's Basar.)

Caim Waiter—"Yes, sir; it's part of the

CONDENSED. (Life.) "What a cunning chiffenier!"
"Yes," said the flat dweller, "isn't it?
That was our reception room, and we had a set of drawers made to fit it."

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

(Puck.) Employer—I hope you are saving some-thing out of your salary, James? Office Boy—Yes, sir; most all of it, sir. Employer (eagerly)—Do you want to buy an automobile cheap?

CAN YOU BEAT IT. (Boston Transcript.)

She-I'm afraid, Tom. dear, you will She—I'm arraid, 10m dear, you win find me a mine of faults. He—Darling, it shall be the greatest labor of my life to correct them. She (flaring up)—Indeed, you shan't. HIS CREDITORS.

She—Doesn't it worry you dreadfully to owe so many bills you cannot pay?

He—No; why should I worry over other people's treubles? THE INEVITABLE STAB.

(Boston Transcript.)

(Harper's Bazar.) Grace-You'd never dream the number of proposals I've had this winter.

Helen—No, dear, but I am sure you dreamed most of them.

FOREWARNED.

(Harper's Bazar.) Mistress-When you leave I shall want week's warning.

Bridget—It's me habit, mum, merely to ive a blast on the auto horn

NOT CONFINED TO TURKEY. (Boston Transcript.)

Miss Young-In Turkey a woman does-n't know her husband until she's married Mrs. Wedd-Why mention Turkey es-

THE INDISPENSABLE BOY.

(Puck.) Caller—How is your new office boy getting along these days
Lawyer—Oh, fine! He's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him!

HER DISTINCTION.

(Harper's Bazar.) A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."

A bright girl replied: "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

ITS DEGREE.

(Harper's Bazar.) Mrs. Blowit-Are you planning an expensive gown?

Mrs. Knowit-Well, it will take at least five courses and his favorite dishes to get

HER SACRIFICE.

(Life.) Madge-What is Dolly's ambition in Marjorie—She hopes to marry a million-aire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich.

READY-WITTED.

(Boston Transcript.) Tramp—Mister, would you give me a nickel for a meal? Fedestrian—For a glass of beer, more likely.

Tramp—Whatever you says, boss; you-

CREDULITY.

(Washington Star.) "Some women believe everything a man tells them."
"Yes." replied Mr. Meekton, 'Before I
married Henrietta, I told her I would be
her slave for life, and her trusting nature refuses to accept any compromise."

THE HORROR OF IT. (Harper's Bazar).

Rogers-Our bank of deposit has stopmrs. Rogers—Oh, John! And I have three of those lovely blank checks which will have to be wasted.

MORE EVIDENCE. (Washington Star).

"Here is more evidence of feminine su-"What is it?" said Mrs. Baring-Banners. "A hen cackles only when she has laid an egg and a rooster crows merely to attract idle attention."

ALWAYS THAT DANGER. (Catholic Standard and Times). "Ah! proud beauty!" exclaimed little Shiffkins, "you spurn my love now, but let me tell you, I will not always be a cierk. I—"
"That's so," interrupted the heartless girl, "you may lose your job."

NO GOOD FOR HIM. (Philedelphia Record.)

The dyspeptic was discoursing on the subject of his ailments. mbject of his animents.
"Worcestershire sauce is very good for the liver," said the man who gives advice.
"But I never eat liver," snapped the

ON THE HOTEL PIAZZA.

(Harper's Weekly.) "Why don't you show a little ambition, Shithers?" asked Binks. "Go in and make aregutation for yourself."
"What's the use?" said Shithers. "Pd no sooner make it than these old ladies on the plazza here would teer it all to plazza.

Maria Na

Neuralgia is a cry of the serves for more and better blood. It literally means that the nerves are being starved Like every other part of the body the nerves receive their nourishment through the blood. There is therefore no do that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the worst case of Neuralgia. They as-tually make new, rich blood, carrying to the starved nerves the elements they need, thus driving away the sharp, tot-turing pains which nearly drive the suf-ferer wild. So many cases of neuralists have yielded to treatment through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that every sufferer from this dreadful trouble should use to time in giving the Pills a fair trial. Mus. Sophia H. Johnson, Mosan, Sask., sayer "For upwards of ten years I was a periodical sufferer from neuralgia. It located in the side of my face and in the jaw, which would actually click every time I opened or closed my mouth. At times the pains would be almost unendurable. and as time went on, my whole nervous system seemed to be affected. I was constantly doctoring, but the doctor did Indignant Diner—"Look here, waiter, I not seem to be able to give me permanjust found a button in this dish of reast
turkey."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a halfdozen boxes, and before they were half gone I felt much better, and by the time I had used them all every symptom of the trouble had gone, and I was enjoying a comfort I had not known for years. I have since remained in the best of health, and can only say I owe the joy of living without pain to Dr. Williams'

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.

HAD THEIR DOUBLES.

Instances Among Celebrities-Dickens and Tennyson.

and Tennyson.

Many celebrities have had their doubles. Grant Duff records that he found "Prof. Schrader so ludicrously like Huxley that I went up and shook hands with him at Lady Alford's." There was a strong physical resemblance between Tennyson and Leslie Stephen, in spite of disparity in years, and between Jules Ferry and Whiteley, the Universal Provider.

Edmund Yates was so like the late Shah of Persia that his photographs were sold in Brussels as the Shah's when Nasr-ed-Din visited that city. Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema used to have a double in George Du Maurier. So closely did they resemble each other that a lady at dinner one night addressed Du Maurier as Sid Alma, and assured him that he was "really not a bit like that Mr. Du Maurier, as people tried to make out."

It is open to the fictionist who deals in doubles to point to many instances in real life. King George and the Czar of Russia could exchange parts without any-body noticing the physical difference. The Duke of Norfolk and the late George Manville Fenn were almost exact duplifeates in outward appearance. And two such artists in different ways as Anthony Hope and Edward German were in their earlier years again and again inistaken for each other.

They were hardly "doubles," but there was a remarkable resemblance het went Tennyson and Dickens. Comyns Carr in his "Eminent Victorians," tells how be once showed the poet a pencil drawing which Millals had made of Dickens after death. Mr. Carr himself had been struck by the resemblance the portrait beye to Tennyson, and was curious to see if the poet would notice it. Tennyson gased at it intently for a minute and then exclaimed, "Why this is a most extraordinary drawing. It is exactly like my-self."

dinary drawing. It is exactly like my-

A CANADIAN ACCENT.

(Kingston Standard.) Lisutenant Governor Gibson advises us us to cultivate a distinctly Canadian accent. The trouble is that the ordinary Canadian accent is not a pleasant one; it is a sort of half-and-half accent, a mixture of Irish, Scotch and English, with none of the strong "burr" of the Scotch, the softness of the Irish or the full and broad vowel sounds of the English. The Canadian accent has this advantage, however, that go where one will in Canada, except, of course, in the Province of Quebec, the accent is very much the same. There are slight differences, it is true, between the accent of city people and some of the rural population; but on the whole there is great similarity. Lieutenant Governor Gibson advises un

The trouble with a dead beat is that he always comes to life.

similarity.

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