Right at Last

"A week to-day," said Emily, resting for a moment and looking at Joan's beautiful face with shrewd scrutiny. "Only a week. How quietly you take things, Ida dear! Now, if I was going to be married, I should be all in a flutter. But I suppose ladies aren't like us common folks; they never get excited, not even over a wedding."

"I think they do sometimes," said Joan, absently.

"Hem! Why don't you, then?" retorted Emily, sharply. "You don't seem a bit glad or sorry. It might be my wedding instead of yours."

"I wish it were!" breathed Joan, fervently.

"What?"

Joan's face flushed as she bent over her needle.

"I wish it were your marriage instead of mine, Emily," she said, with a smile. "You would make such a charming little bride."

"Thanks, dear," said Emily, "I'll remind you of that compliment when I come to be married. Charming? I shall never be a patch upon Miss Ida Thevelyan. They always call the bride lovely, don't they? But they'll be within the truth this time. Oh, Mr. Royce is a very lucky man. When I get married I should like to have a really big wedding. Let me see, what could I have? I'd have a carriage with six white horses, with postilions in blue and silver."

"Like the Prince of Wales," said Joan, smiling.

"Oh, ever so much grander than the Prince's! And I'd have at least a dozen bridesmaids in white lace and pearls, and then I'd get Mr. Giffard to lend me all the banners and emblems out of last year's pantomime and have people in armor to carry them, and the chorus girls should form a line with baskets of flowers, and I'd have a full string band in the gallery——"

"And a harlequinade after the service," said Joan. "That would be a theatrical marriage with a vengeance."

Emily laughed.

"And I wouldn't go into the wilds of the country for a honeymoon! No! catch me boring my husband and myself to death in some outlandish spot where it always rains. No. I'd take a box at each of the theatres for a fortnight, and go to one of 'em every night, and throw a bouquet costing a guinea to my favorite actress!"

"How loyal you are to your profession!" said Joan, with a little sigh.

"Loyal? Of course I am. I was brought up behind the scenes, and I've lived in a theatre more than two-thirds of every minute of my life. Loyal! I don't think there is any profession in the world like the theatrical. But as for you, sometimes I think you wouldn't care if you never went on the boards again."

Joan looked up thoughtfully.

"I don't know," she said, dreamily. "No, I am afraid I should not. I am unworthy to be an actress, am I not, Emily?"

"You're worthy to be an empress, dear," said Emily, warmly. "I sometimes think, Ida, that you are really a very great personage, only you don't know it."

Joan laughed quietly.

"And that I was changed in the cradle, like the young countess in the novel," she said. "You remind me, Emily, of the gentleman who said that he was really the heir to an earldom—only the rightful owner kept him out of it."

Emily laughed.

"There, that's done!" she exclaimed, holding up a length of white muslin. "Only seven days, heigho! I wonder what I shall do without you?" and the sharp little face grew grave. "It will seem dreadful when you are gone, and I shall count the days till you come back."

"Only fourteen," said Joan; "they will soon pass, dear."

"Yes, for you, with your new husband by your side," said Emily; "but not for me. Do you know where you are going to live yet, dear?"

"No," said Joan, listlessly. "Mr. Royce has not told me yet. He said something about it, but nothing definite. There is plenty of time."

"He is very strange sometimes," said Emily, pausing in her work. "Almost mysterious, isn't he, dear? I wonder he hasn't taken a house——"

"There is no hurry," said Joan, as listlessly as before. "When we come back will do."

"You don't seem to care much," remarked Emily, looking at her curiously. "I suppose when one is so much in love one doesn't mind a bit where one lives."

"I suppose not," assented Joan, quietly.

There was a pause, then Emily looked up again.

"I wonder when Miss Mazurka is going to be married to Lord Villiars?"

Joan started, and the work fell from her hands. She stooped to pick it up, and turned her face, which had grown deadly pale, from Emily's sharp eyes.

"It hasn't been announced in the society papers yet. What a lucky girl, isn't she?"

"Very," said Joan, with dry lips.

"After all, she can't be a bad sort of girl, can she, dear?" went on Emily. "Look how she nursed him through that long illness. I didn't think it was in her, did you?"

"I—I scarcely saw her more than once or twice," said poor Joan, in a low voice, which she tried to keep firm and steady.

"I am sorry I was so hard upon her," said Emily. "I expect I was jealous, that was it. You can't understand that, I suppose, dear. You were never jealous of anyone, were you?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Joan. "No, I think not. Aren't you tired of working, dear? Won't you rest for a little while?"

"I should never be tired of working for you, dear," said Emily. "And I'm not tired a bit. Who's this coming up the steps? Wh. Ida, it's Lord Bertie Dewsbury. I'll go!" and she jumped up.

Joan put a hand on her arm.

"No, no, don't go," she said; "there is no occasion," and her face flushed.

"Oh, how are you, my lord?" exclaimed Emily. "Here's a chair," and she swept the litter from one. "We're in the midst of dressmaking, you see. we're very clever? I suppose you thought we could act and that's all!"

Bertie laughed and nodded to her as he held Joan's hand.

"I think you could do anything you chose, Miss Montressor," he said. "I'm afraid I'm intruding and in the way. No, I won't sit down. I—I only came to ask how Miss Trevelyan was and—and to say good-by."

"Good-by!" said Joan, quietly.

"Yes," he said with affected heartiness. "I'm off to the continent! Going to take a regular run around for—for the benefit of my health," and he flushed and laughed.

"Well, you do look rather pale," remarked Emily, in her blunt fashion.

"Yes," and he nodded. "I want change of air."

"Been in the London smoke all my life, and it hasn't hurt me," retorted Emily, laughing. "But then I'm not a lord, am I, and lords are delicate. Well, I hope you'll enjoy yourself, and so does Ida, don't you, dear?" for Joan had stood silent, with downcast eyes.

She knew why Bertie was going away and that was because of the wound she had, all inadvertedly, caused him. Her heart ached for him as he stood smiling bravely and looking round at the wedding finery with a wistful expression of his eyes.

"Lord Dewsbury knows that," she said.

"Yes, yes! Thanks, thanks!" he said; then he looked at her. "I've heard—Mordaunt Royce has told me of his approaching happiness, Miss Trevelyan. I—I thought I would come and say that I wish you every happiness."

"Thank you," said Joan, in a low voice.

"I'm sure you'll be happy," he went on, awkwardly. "Royce is an awfully good fellow, and—and clever, and all that. I have known him for a long time, and"—he paused and hesitated—"and I am an old friend of his, and hope to be an old friend of yours some day, perhaps you will let me give you, perhaps you will accept this small trifle as a token of my good wishes, Miss Trevelyan."

As he spoke he took a small case from his pocket and held it out to her.

Joan took it and opened it.

It was not a costly present. Bertie loved her, and understood her nature too well not to know the simplier the gift the better she would be pleased, and he had searched the jewelers' shops for something that would convey his meaning to her.

The case contained a pendant of frosted silver, with the single word, "Friendship" embossed upon it.

Joan's eyes grew moist, and she held out her hand to him with a sudden, impulsive gesture.

"I understand," she murmured, "and thank you."

"Yes, yes!" said Bertie, nervously. "I hope you'll let me consider myself your friend, Miss Trexelyan. I wish you every happiness, and—and, if at any wards it, I'll be grateful to you for letting me do it."

Joan raised her eyes to his, with the expression of warm gratitude was one of vague doubt and unrest.

"Thank you. Yes, I know that! I know how good you are. If wishes can I shall be, shall I not?"

"Yes, yes, of course!" he added cheerily. "You will be very happy. It—it is only a week now," showing how well he knew and remembered the date of the wedding. "I—I am sorry I shall not be there, but you see," he went on calmly, "I must get away. But," and a smile, that for all his rourage grew sad, lit up his face, "I shall think of you. Good-by!"

Joan gave him her hand.

He raised it half way to his lips, then paused and let it go with a suppressed sigh, and without another word he left the house.

When he got outside he drew a long breath and widened his chest. The effort to carry himself bravely had cost him more than could be put into words.

But it had been done; he had said good-bye, and now the best thing he could do would be to take himself out of the sound of the wedding bells and try to forget her if he could.

He went back to his rooms and told his valet to pack up, and when the last portmanteau was nearly ready, he placed the picture that was so like Ida Trevalyan, and in which he had found the will, at the top.

A couple of hours later he was on the tidal train.

He did not know where to go. Wherever he went he would carry the image of the beautiful girl he had twice rescued—once from Stuart Villiars and once from the flames—in his heart.

It would be no use to bury himself in some outlandish rural spot where he should do nothing all day but think of her, and all night but dream of her, and so, after dawdling about Paris in the dreariest season of the year and getting infinitely bored, he, in a moment of desperation, told his man to take tickets for Monaco.

If he could do nothing else he could play there, and that would be something.

They received him at the hotel as they always receive an English nobleman and Bertie, having dined, set out for the great casino.

But even to the green table the sweet face of Ida Trevelyan followed him.

The half-doubting, half-frightened look which had dwelt in her eyes when she had said, "I shall be happy, shall I not?" haunted him, and after losing, or winning a little, he neither knew nor cared which, he rose and sauntered into the garden.

It was a lovely night. The wind which, when he had left London was sweeping from the east like a death-dealing scythe, was here, in Monaco, murmuring in dulcet whispers through the trees.

He threw himself down upon a bench, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, after the fashion of Englishmen when they are miserable and out of sorts, gave himself up to thinking of Ida Trevelyan.

"If I had only had a chance before Mordaunt Royce," he thought, "would she have cared for me? I wonder what that look meant when she said 'Shall I be happy?' Is it possible that—that she does not love him? He is a good-looking fellow and clever, and yet—I wish she had not looked so sad when she said that. Ah, my friend Royce, if you knew what a treasure you have got! And how I envy you! Oh, my darling, you are lost to me for ever; but I would do a great deal to gain happiness for you.

As he sat and mused ,the people came out of the play rooms.

Some sauntered along talking and laughing, others hurried down the path with quick, uncertain steps, and there were some who staggered as if under the weight of despair.

Bertie watched them listlessly for a time, but suddenly his attention was caught by a figure coming slowly along the smooth gravel path.

It was the figure of a man, tall and once stalwart, but now thin and worn.

There was a patrician grace and haughtiness about it that would have attracted the attention of the least observant; but it was not these features which struck Bertie, but the resemblance of the figure to that of Stuart Villiars.

He leaned forward on the seat and watched him.

With downcast eyes and listless steps the tall figure grew nearer.

As he approached, the saunterers and idlers made way for him and looked after him, whispering among themselves.

That he was a person of some notoriety was plain, and Bertie got up and moved into a seat nearer the broad path

Presently the figure came in a line with the seat, and as the moon poured full upon his features Bertie saw that it was Stuart Villiars.

The blood rushed to Bertie's face. This was the man who had, in cold blood, sought the ruin of the girl Bertie loved. It was from this man that he had saved Ida Trevelyan.

A passionate indignation and revulsion took possession of him, and set every nerve vibrating.

Almost unconsciously he moved forward, so that he stood almost directly in Stuart Villiar's way.

Stuart Villiars, pacing forward with slow steps, moved a little aside, and as he did so raised his head, and the eyes

For a moment Stuart Villiars looked at him without a sign of recognition on his pale, worn face, then he raised his hand to his hat and touched it by way of greeting. Lord Bertie looked him full in the face, and neither returned the greeting by word or gesture.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Stuart Villiars paused a moment and looked at him keenly; then slowly, with listless step, passed on, and Bertie, trembling with rage, sank on to the seat.

An awful longing was taking possession of him; a longing to seize this man by the throat and demand explation for the crime he had meditated against the girl he, Bertie, loved.

He sat brooding until the keepers of the garden requested him to withdraw, and all the next day the longing haunted him. Hour after hour he brooded over it, recalling the misery which the girl whom he had rescued had endured, recalling every word she had uttered, every expression in her eyes when she learned that she had been deceived by this man, this Stuart Villiars, who was here at Monaco within reach of his vengeance.

Half mad with rage and the passionate desire for revenge, he went down to the Casino on the following night and watched and waited.

Towards midnight Stuart Villiars arrived and took his place at the table directly opposite Bertie's.

As he sat down he glanced across as if prepared to repeat his greeting, but Bertie stared him full in the face and went on playing without a sign of recognition. Not a trace of surprise or chagrin made itself visible on Stuart Villiars' face. He played, and lost a large sum, then rose, and, with the same listless step, left the table and walked towards the garden.

Bertie threw his chair back and, walking at a quicker pace, reached the seat in had occupied the preceding night.

In a minute or two afterwards Lord Stuart Villiars appeared. He came abreast with the seat, he paused, and, Bertie rising, the two men confronted each other.

For a moment Stuart Villiars stood silently regarding him, the moonlight falling upon his handsome face, worn by illness and suffering, yet to some eyes all the more handsome. Then he said:

"Lord Dewsbury, I think?"

"I am Lord Dewsbury," said Bertie, sternly.

Stuart Villiars inclined his head slightly.

"I flattered myself that I had once the pleasure of enjoying Lord Dewsbury's acquaintance," he said. "But seeing he has declined to acknowledge my greeting, I fear I have been mistaken.

Cold and clear the words rang out in the moonlight, and at their sound Bertie's blood bounded in his veins. If he could but draw this man on to a quarrel, and, under the pretence of demanding satisfaction, punish him for his wrong to Ida Trevelyan!

"You are not mistaken, Lord Villiars," he said, slowly, and with flashing eyes. "We were acquainted once, I believe; but you will be the first to acknowledge my right to choose men of honor for my friends!"

Stuart Villiars' face flushed for a moment, then grew pale again.

"Certainly!" he said. "But am I to understand that Lord Dewsbury declines to return my greeting because I am not a man of honor?"

"You may put it so if you please!" said Bertie, who could not command phrases so easily as could Stuart Villiars.

"Ah!" said Stuart Villiars, drawing in his breath. "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain! At present I am at a loss to know how I have incurred the character Lord Dewsbury has assigned to me."

"I will," said Bertie. "I call a man a scoundrel and a villain who deceives an innocent and confiding girl."

Stuart Villiars' lips twitched, but a cold smile swept over his face, leaving it grave and courteous.

"I endorse that, Lord Dewsbury," he said: "but I do not see how it applies to me."

"Look back," retorted Bertie. "It is not long since you induced a confiding girl to place her trust in you! Have you forgotten Ida Trevelyan, Stuart Villiars?"

Stuart Villiars looked at him coldly, with a glitter in his eyes that was ominous.

"I never heard of anybody bearing that name!" he said.

The two men stood and looked at each other. Stuart Villiars with cold hauteur. Lord Bertie with scorn and passion in his eyes.

"You deny all knowledge of Miss Trevelyan?" said Lord Bertie.

"I believe the lady is an actress of some repute," replied Lord Villiars, coldly; "I know nothing of her."

Bertie's face burned.

"Your denial is consistent with the rest of your conduct, Lord Villiars," he said, slowly and scornfully.

Stuart Villiars regarded him under heavy eyebrows.

"Since when has Lord Dewsbury considered it incumbent upon him to censure my conduct?" he demanded.

"It is the duty of every man to protect the honor of an innocent and friendless woman," replied Bertie.

A faint smile, more sad than scornful, curved Stuart Villiars' lips.

(To be Continued.)

BOWEL TROUBLE MAKES SICKLY BABIES

Bowel trouble is the cause of most of the ailments from which little ones suffer. When baby's bowels are not working regularly illness is sure to appear, but when the bowels are regular the little one is usually bright, active and happy. No other medicine for babies has such good effect on the bowels as has Baby's Own Tablets. They make their action regular, sweeten the stomach and promote good health. Concerning them, Mrs. Freeman Feener, of Barry's Corners, N.S., writes: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets for all the troubles from which little ones suffer. My baby girl was troubled with her bowels and was so small and puny I thought we would lose her. I saw Baby's Own Tablets advertised and began giving them to her and now she is a big, healthy baby. For this I thank the Tablets, and I always keep them in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NO COD FAMINE IN SIGHT.

Hundreds of Millions of Pounds of the Fish Are Taken Annually.

The cod is probably the most prolific of all sea fish, though its habitat does not extend over as large an area as other species. It is found only in Northern waters, and will live and thrive only in certain temperatures.

Some day, owing to the wonderful asset which Newfoundland possesses in her cod fishery, says the Wide World Magazine, she is destined to be the greatest fish depot of the world.

It is not alone on the great "banks" many miles off her coast, that cod are found in countless millions, but around the whole island—on the "ledges" and "grounds" off the capes and promontories that jut into the Atlantic, as well as on the Labrador coast, for a stretch of a thousand miles.

In these regions you require no hatcheries to aid the wonderful fecundity of nature; indeed, it is doubtful if you require any laws or regulations to protect these fisheries, unless it be in the shoal waters of the bays.

Notwithstanding that for 300 years the fisheries of these waters have been prosecuted by the rival fishermen of two hemispheres the largest catch of cod evertaken on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts was that secured in 1909, the yield being estimated in weight at 1,800,000 quintels, or 20,000,000 pounds, to which may be added 200,00 quintals—the quantity locally consumed fishing season. The value of the fish alone without any regard to the by-products—oil, roes, skin, offal etc.—is $10,000,000.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

Dodd's Kidney Pills the Sure Cure for All Aches and Pains.

Mrs. Vaillancourt Adds Her Experience to the Great Mass of Proof That Dodd's Kidney Pills Are Woman's Best Friend.

Lafond, Alberta, March 6. (Special).—That the women of the West are finding in Dodd's Kidney Pills a sure relief from those aches and pains that only women know is becoming more evident every day, and Mrs. Agnes Vaillancourt of this place gladly gives her experience as an addition to the mass of proof that is being piled up.

"For three years I suffered intensely with Kidney Disease," Mrs. Vaillancourt states. "I had pain everywhere. I only used six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am completely cured of all my aches and pains. I am in perfect health to-day."

Woman's health depends on her Kidneys. If they are not in perfect order the impurities are not strained out of her blood and she cannot be healthy. She feels it in every part of her body and the result is that she is weary and worn and full of aches and pains. What every woman should know is that there is sure relief and perfect health for her if she uses Dodd's Kidney Pills.

WHAT THEY DID.

Some Unknown Facts About Some Well Known People.

Marie Corelli is a great student of Plato, and a constant reader of the Bible.

Clara Barton, of the Red Cross, laid out the grounds of the National cemetery at Andersonville in 1865.

Chauncey M. Depew was once given the post of Minister to Japan, but, after carrying the commission in his pocket for a month, declined the office.

James Bryce is a mountain climber, and in 1900 was President of the Alpine Club. He is also a botanist.

Henry Watterson, the Louisville journalist, is the author of the phrase "A tariff for revenue only."

Samuel Untermeyer, New York lawyer, is an art expert, and owns one of the most valuable collections of paintings in America.

R. H. Sothern, the actor, is an artist, and studied painting in Spain for several years.

John W. Gates, the capitalist, made his first fortune manufacturing barbed wire fencing.

Oscar Hammerstein, grand opera manager, has invented and patented numerous labor-saving devices.

Tom Lawson, the frenzied financier, is the author of "A History of the Republican Party."

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst is an authority on Sanskrit, and has translated many Sanskrit documents into English.

Thomas Fortune Ryan, the financier, was formerly in the dry goods business in Baltimore.

GIDEONS AND THEIR BIBLE.

(New York Tribune.)

The Gideons, a band of religiously inclined commercial travelers, who recently placed 6,000 Bibles in Chicago hotel rooms, are much pleased with the reception of the innovation. Their secretary, in a statement to the Chicago papers, says: "We have received numerous letters, pathetic and thankful, telling us of the work accomplished by placing the word of God before the transients who occupy rooms in Chicago's hotels. One man wrote that he looked forward to the time when the rooms in every hotel in the world would contain as a part of thtir furnishings copies of the Bible. The hotel people and those in touch with the men and women who are reached by these Bibles are enthusiastic about the work."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes
AND GRANULATED LIDS
Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain
Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00.
Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00.
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

ONTARIO MARRIAGE LAW.

(Detroit Journal.)

A runaway couple from Sandusky, the boy 13 and the girl 14 years of age, were married by a Windsor clergyman Saturday night. The law of Ontario, it seems, does not prevent school children from getting married if they have the few dollars necessary to pay the marriage license issuer and the clergyman. In this case the minister says he questioned the couple closely, and they gave their ages at 21 and 19. A girl of 14 might dress up to look like 19, although it is doubtful; but to mistake a boy of 13 for a man of 21 seems absurd.

That the minister had his serious doubts is evidenced by his own statement that he questioned them closely. As they stuck to their false statements as to their ages his conscience was absolved from making a mock of the holy institution of matrimony by pronouncing the blessing of his church on the union of two school children who could not possibly understand the nature of the obligation they were taking upon themselves.

There is this to be said for the minister, however, that the children came to him with a license issued by an agent of the Ontario Government, authorizing him to perform the ceremony. The person who issues the license is supposed to swear the applicants, but this safeguard has never proved to be very effective, for the records of the high court of justice of Ontario show that on one occasion at least a child several years younger than the Sandusky girl found no diffiently in being married.

The law of Ontario puts a premium on this kind of thing, for it makes it to the interest of the government official to issue as many licenses as he can. The fee is $2, and of this amount he retains $1.40 as his charge for filling the blank and swearing the applicants. He knows that if he is too particular, some other license issuer will be more complaisant, and he thinks that he may as well get the $1.40 as anybody else. He is appointed by the Government for services to the party in power at election time, and it is up to him to make the most of it. If he issues ten licenses a day, he pockets $84 for his week's work, so why should he be particular? The Government of the province makes itself a partner in business of this kind for the 60 cents it gets from each marriage.

Windsor ministers cannot be too particular if they would live in anything like comfort, for they are as a rule very poorly paid, their congregations taking it for granted that they will share in the profits of this peculiar industry.

DIDN'T BLAME IT.

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)

"Yes," said Tommy Kane, "the worst hotel on earth, barring none, stood some years ago on the main street of Winchester, Ky., I had been bunking at this hotel with a fellow ball player about a week, and in that short time we had enough experiences to fill a book.

"One night I found myself unable to sleep, as is often the case after a hard game, and along with this a feeling that something was wrong. I then arose and to my surprise discovered that there was a leak in the gas jet.

"'Wake up, Hank!' I shouted in my friend's ear, shaking him violently. 'The gas is escaping!'

"Well, can you blame it?' growled he, as he rolled off the corn shucks that served as a bed."

Borowell—I'm stone broke; down to my last dollar. Izzy Mark—Not to mention a few of mine.

RHEUMATISM CURED TO STAY CURED

Liniments of No Avail—The Trouble Must be Treated Through the Blood.

This article is intended as a talk to the man or woman with rheumatism who wants to be cured. Not merely relieved, not half cured, but actually cured. The most a rheumatic sufferer can hope for in rubbing something on the swollen, aching joints is a little relief. And all the while the trouble is becoming more firmly seated. Medical authorities now know that rheumatism is rooted in the blood, and that while rubbing on liniments or hot fomentations may give temporary relief, they cannot possibly cure—you must go to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism. They make new, rich blood, which expels the poisonous acid, and the rheumatism disappears. There are thousands of former rheumatic sufferers in Canada, now well and strong, who thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they are now free from the aches and pains and tortures of this dreaded trouble. Mr. Joseph Luddington, New Harbor, N. S., says: "Some three years ago my wife was stricken with rheumatism, and suffered so much that we despaired of her ever getting well again. At first she was able to go about, but in spite of all we did for her she grew so bad that we had to lift her in and out of bed, and finally the pains grew so excruciating that we could only move her little by little, with the sheet under her. Finally we were induced to get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for her. I do not remember just how many boxes she took, but I do know that they were the first medicine that reached the disease, and that she continued to improve until she was again as well as ever, and could do her household work. To us it is simply marvellous what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for her, and we are glad to give this testimonial in the hope that it will benefit some other poor sufferer."

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 writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ABOUT DOGS.

(Canadian Century.)

A Montreal teacher recently asked her class of little girls to write a composition on the dog. Here are a few of the gems gleaned from among the bundle of stories submitted:

"A dog is a kindly disposed quadruned. He is found in Asia, Africa and all parts of America. He loves mankind and loathes insects."

"A dog swallows his food without chewing, which goes to show that he belongs to a preantideluvian aren."

"A dog is a kind creature to children and goes out of his way to harm no one except when she has puppies or is gone mad."

"Bulldogs are terrible fighters and fight all the time they are not eating or sleeping or otherwise doing no harm. They have big heads and massive jaws, but are in no way related to the whale."

"A dog is man's most inmost friend."

"A dog eats meat and bread and bones. A dog runs sideways when he runs because he does not run straight when he runs. He runs when he is not standing up still, sitting, walking or lying down."

"Dogs are taught to kill cats. They catch the creatures behind the head and kill them instantly and quickly."

"There are many varieties of dogs as well as poodles and other kinds much devoted upon by the ladies."

ATTACKED BY BRONCHIAL CATARRH

Bound Brooke P. O., Port Antonio, Ja.,
June 4, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering from dreadful attacks of Catarrh and Bronchitis for a period of one year and four months, during which time I spent most of my earnings in trying various remedies, but, alas! without any satisfaction. I was just about giving up hope of enjoying life for the future when in our Daily Telegraph papers of Jamaica I saw your advertisement for Catarrhozone, and tried one bottle. That was sufficient. I now know Catarrhozone is the best and only medicine for my trouble. It has made a thorough cure.

(Signed) T. C. White.

Large size, sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, price $1; smaller sizes 25 cents and 50 cents. Beware of imitations and substitutors, and insist on getting "Catarrhozone" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

SIMPLE WAY TO REMOVE RUST.

A recent issue of the Brass World contained a simple method for removing rust from surfaces that were afterwards to be electro-plated; but the method might be applied equally well to other rusty surfaces. It consists in dipping the articles first into a strong, hot potash bath for about half an hour, and then immersing in a cold muriatic acid pickling solution, composed of two parts of water to one of acid. This removed the rust in a few minutes, leaving the metal apaprently attacked but very little. The previous soaking in the strong hot potash solution is responsible for this rapid pickling, as a test proved, for without the previous dipping 65 minutes were required by the acid bath, against four minutes when previously treated in the potash bath. Apparently a chemical reaction is set up, changing the character of the rust, softening it, and making it readily soluble. The appearance of the rust as it comes from the potash kettle testifies to this, as it is black and soft, and may almost be rubbed off with the hand. The pieces that have been treated in the potash bath have a smooth and glossy finish.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

VALUE OF A COAT ROOM.

Coat room privileges of a hotel are often sold, bringing from $5,000 to $10,000 per year.