

face Scared the noa.

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GIBSON

Woman's Build- inhibition.

Spoke of the Ladies.

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ve with its to- conclusion, Lieutenant-ly consented her sister-ner stone of Mr. Gooderham

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# Right at Last

As she spoke she drew forth the will and held it towards him. "It is yours. A gesture of assent. "He is yours, Joan. Joan," he said, like a man demented, "why do you speak to me like this?" "Why?" she exclaimed, a flame springing suddenly to her eyes. "That I may repay you for the wrong you sought to do me! See! Here is the will which gives me all you hold! I will not take it from the hands of the man that wronged me! Take back your wealth, Lord Villiers, I will have none of it! There is not a shilling of it but would burn me at the stake. Not a shilling but would remind me of the man I trusted, and who deceived me! and with a superb gesture she raised her hand and flung the will on the fire. Stuart Villiers stood and stared at her.

"I—deceived—wronged you!" he cried. "Great Heaven, be just to me! If I—I—who loved you as never man loved—I wrong you!" "Yes!" she retorted, stretching out her hand accusingly. "You would have wronged me beyond reparation but for an accident which revealed your base-ness. Lord Villiers, look me in the face—eye to eye, heart to heart!—and deny it!"

He stood, the great drops of perspiration on his brow. "Great Heaven! what is this?" he cried, hoarsely. Then suddenly he thrust his hand into his breast pocket and brought out a crumpled and folded paper. "Joan," he exclaimed, "I see it all now, and here is my answer," and with a touch of manly dignity not to be put into words, he held the paper towards her. She stretched out her hand and took the paper gingerly, like a woman, and let her glance drop upon it. Then she started, and the color came flooding to her face. It was the marriage license!

"See, my darling Joan!" he cried. "I wrong you! I, who would have died to save you a moment's pain! I wrong you! Ah, Joan, Joan, it is you who have wronged me!" She stood for a second, looking first at his white, haggard, haggard face, and then at the crumpled and torn li- cense, then, with a cry, she threw up her arms and staggered forward, the one word "Forgive" upon her lips. "He caught her as she fell, and for a moment held her against his heart, while more eloquent than words reigned between them.

Then, in the half dusk that had fallen upon the evening, he still holding her in his arms as he sat beside the glowing fire, told her the sad story of her supposed death, and she made plain to him now in all innocence Bertie had parted them. They sat hand in hand, heart to heart, there was so much to tell, such joy and sorrow and wonderment in the telling, that often the tears blinded Joan's eyes and choked her voice, and he would catch her to him and kiss the dewy eyes and trembling lips. How wonderful it seem, that story of the dead girl whom he had taken for his lost love!

How wonderful the way in which Fate had apparently played into Mordant Royce's hands! But now the dark clouds had rolled away and the sky was blue and brilliant with the sunshine of future hap- piness. "After night cometh the morning, and after sorrow joy," murmured Joan. "If our troubles had brought us no other good, dearest, they have taught us how true and deep our love was, seeing that it has braved the storm and outlived the tempest!" "Ah!" he said, as the shadow of all that he had suffered swept over him and darkened even that moment of bliss, "but it was nearly wrecked, Joan! We were both so nearly lost!"

The minutes fled, feather-footed, while they solved the riddle which had held so much sorrow for both of them in its meshes, and it was not until the great clock had chimed the half-hour after seven that there came a gentle tap at the door, and there entered Bertie Mazurka and Emily. Joan was for escaping from the wrong, glad arms that held her, but he kept her fast prisoner still. "Come in, friends," he said, looking up at them with a light that had never before been burn in his eyes. "Come in and rejoice with us in our joy! Ah Bertie, you told me to be prepared for a shock, and I laughed at you; but it was almost too much for me!" "Miss Mazurka, if the sight of hap- piness which we ourselves have brought about is happiness itself, you ought to be happy indeed! My love which was lost to me is found!" and in the sight of them all he lifted Joan in his arms and kissed her.

The World again! Emily says that the roses are already out and that the lawns are looking like velvet." "He laughed. "Emily is an enthusiast about the World," he said. "And is the new play a success?" "Yes," said Joan, smiling, "and Miss Montessoro is now the public favorite in place of Miss Ida Trevelyan, resigned."

He drew her towards him and kissed her glowing hand. "I've had a letter, too," he said—"from whom do you think?" "I can guess," she said, with a faint blush and a frank upward glance. "Lord Bertie?" "Yes—Bertie," he said, smiling as over some welcome tidings. "And it con- tains some news; can you guess what?" She thought a moment while she car- ried her hand. "Is it about Miss Mazurka?" she said. He laughed. "Right again. He proposed to her a week ago, and they are to be married when we get back! To this pass has their love conspiracy brought them. Well, I wish them joy."

"And I—and I!" she murmured, nest- ling closer to him. "But for those two friends, Stuart, should you and I be walking together here now?" He stooped and kissed her, and they turned back towards the hotel. As they entered the narrow alley which leads to that palatial hostelry a ragged figure struggled out of the shadow, and dragging itself towards them, held out its hands. "For the love of heaven, senora, pity!"

Joan, startled by the suddenness of the appeal, shrank a little, but some- thing in the tones of the voice awakened an echo in Lord Villiers' memory, and he looked over his shoulder at the squallid beggar. "Pity!" groaned the poor wretch, hoarsely, as he followed them. At that moment they came within the flicker of one of the hotel lamps, and the miserable creature looked up at them and renewed his appeal. "For heaven's sake help me!" he cried hoarsely. "I am English, like yourself! I am friendless, penniless, in a foreign city! Enough to buy a meal is all I ask!"

They had reached the door by this time, and Lord Villiers gently signed to his beautiful young wife to enter. Then he stepped back into the lane and confronted the beggar. "You are English, are you?" he said. "And you are hungry? Here is some money for you. What is your name?" The beggar's dirty cap closed over the coin and he mumbled an inarticulate reply. "I think I know it!" said Stuart Vil- liers. "It is Mordant Royce, is it not?"

The man raised his haggard face and looked at him, then shot a glance into the lighted vestibule in the hall. "You! she!" he hissed. "Curse you both!" and uttering a string of mal- edictions he raised his hand and flung the coin at Stuart Villiers' feet, and the next instant he was swallowed up in the darkness. "What did you say to the poor fellow, Stuart?" asked Joan, as he rejoined her, looking grave and thoughtful. "Nothing—nothing much, dearest," he said.

"But you helped him, dear?" with her beautiful eyes moist with pity. He shook his head. "No, dear. I would have done so if it had been possible; but there are some who are so utterly lost that no help can reach them in this life, and Mor—this man is one of them!" THE END.

# The Lighthouse

much time to consider such things, you know." "I've about given up," Frank said. "You used to be happy all the time, and easy to please, until you got so bored in up pianos and pongra- phs, and then automobiles and ladies and things. I guess it ain't any more use, Mary. You'd just about die, living alone with me in the lighthouse; and that's all I know how to do. I can always keep a light going, and every- thing ship-shape, but I couldn't go to work as hard to be a city chap now; I'd lost out of a lighthouse. So there it is—you want a nice place with all the fixings, and all I've got to offer you is a whitewashed boat on a rock, with a dory to run back and forth to market with."

Mary got up off the string, and fur- tively smoothed her skirt and patted her fluffy hair. "Here's Mr. Trent," she said. "I guess that's my answer," muttered the lighthouse-keeper. "Hello!" cried Trent gaily, as the boat came along the wharf, and then he looked anxiously at the other man, and said, "Good-morning," a bit cur- tly. "Morning, sir," said the other, and turned away with bowed head and list- less feet. "That's the chap that keeps the light- house, isn't it?" asked Trent. "Yes," said the girl. "Friend of yours?" he asked, dryly. "Known him all my life," she an- swered, frowning slightly. "A mighty good man."

"The best," said Trent. "A man would hate not to be pretty good, or a good deal of a claim, I guess, to add down a job like that year in and year out. Most chaps would drink them- selves to death the first year, cooped up on a rock like that." "Are you going?" asked the girl, un- patiently. "Course we're going!" he laughed, and helped her down into the boat. "Toward evening, after the sun had gone down, the motor boat returned to the wharf. The man and the girl got out and stood stark blank of clouds along the horizon. The girl's face was flushed, and she seemed on the verge of tears. The man was nervous, and he frowned as with vexation.

"There aren't many girls that would think twice about such a chance," he grumbled. "Mind, I'm not holding my- self up as a paragon, but I've got all the things to make a woman happy, I guess; and it isn't every woman that gets a chance at them." "You might give me a little time to think," pleaded the girl. "I ought not to take any time at all," he replied, gruffly. "I'm going back to the city to-night for a few days, and I want my answer now. I'm not used to waiting for things I want, any- way."

The girl shook her head and twisted her fingers together desperately. "It's all come so sudden!" she said. "It's only fair to both of us that I should take time to think. I've always lived right here, you know, and I never thought about going away. Think what a surprise all my old friends would be!" The lighthouse janitor, for instance, taunted the man like that!" she warned him. "Frank has been a good friend to me."

"By Jove!" he laughed disagreeably. "Perhaps you're in love with the honest, frank man. That would be a romantic life for a girl, wouldn't it? Living in two whitewashed rooms, with about as much furniture as a jail-bird has; and cooking the keeper's por- ridge for him 265 days in the year. Once in ten years you might get someone to tend the lamp while you went up to Boston to look in the window and go to the theater. My, but that would be a life!" And now you're having a bad time over the thought of taking up with me and the best house in the city and servants, and dresses, and jewelry, and horses, and automobiles!"

"It's going to rain and blow," said the girl, huskily. "Let's hurry home." The waves were already snapping about the wharf, and the wind was howling around the light. "The squall is here," said Trent, as a few big raindrops fell. "We'd be soiled before we could get to your house. Come in here." He took her hand and drew her into an oysterman's shack at the side of the wharf. Presently the rain beat upon the roof and swept around them in floods; the wind moaned through the sea, and made the timbers of the shack and wharf about them like a suddenly lowered curtain. The girl shivered, not only because she was cold, but from a vague dread of the man with whom she was standing there in the narrow, dark place. "Poor little girl!" said Trent, with an effort at tenderness. "You're wear- ing a cold, and, for the matter, his arms around her and held her close to him. "Don't!" she cried, fearfully. "Please don't do that, Mr. Trent!" She tried to push him from her and free herself, but he laughed and still held her. "You're going to kiss me, Mary," he whispered suddenly, "and tell me that you're going right to the city with me to-morrow by night, you know. You'll answer now, you know well enough, that you've too much sense to refuse, but you wanted to hold off a while. Say 'yes,' Mary!" "Let me go!" she protested. Within, she wondered fearfully if the man were not right. Had she not al- ready accepted his offer of wealth and social position, deep down in her heart? pounce upon her less strongly, as well as upon her less strongly. He clasped her close, and kissed her

# GRAND OLD MAN OF THE PRAIRIES

## Declares he owes his splen- did health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered for Twenty-five Years From Rheumatism and Kidney Disease— Three Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him a New Man. Swift Current, Sask., May 8.—(Spe- cial.)—Seventy-six years of age, but strong and healthy, Mr. J. P. Lackey, of this place, is one of the grand old men of the prairies. But Mr. Lackey has not always enjoyed his present health. "For twenty-five years," he says, "I suf- fered from Rheumatism, which I inher- ited. I was nervous. My limbs would swell and I had a severe pain across the back. I also had a heavy dragging sen- sation across the loins. I am a well man today, and I attribute it all to three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. My Rheu- matism and Kidney Disease have en- tirely disappeared." Mr. Lackey is showing his appreciation of Dodd's Kidney Pills by buy- ing them and presenting them to his friends. He has joined the great army of those who have learned from their own experience that as a giver of new life to old and young Dodd's Kidney Pills stand without an equal.

lips hotly and passionately. She threw out her arms and struggled against him, but he laughed aloud and held her with brutal firmness, while he kissed her roughly again and again. She cried out in terror, and looked into the surround- ing darkness for some sign of help. The rain still came down in sheets, and the sky was black. Not even the early even- ing lights of the nearby houses could be seen through the stormy gloom. And the blackness was in her soul. She felt dishonored and undone. This man, who seemed like some rude animal as she strove with him, was conquering her with his superior strength and cunning. Her head swayed backward limply, and as she looked at the shadowy figure of her captor a faint light sud- denly flashed upon his face, illuminating it but slightly, but enough to show her a leering mouth, and gleaming, horrible eyes.

She turned her head quickly to see whence came the light, and then she started convulsively as she beheld a pure white beam of light piercing the angry darkness, like a keen, bright sword penetrating the armor of evil. "See! see!" she cried wildly, without knowing why. The man started nervously and fol- lowed the gesture of her hand with his eyes. "Ah!" he muttered hoarsely. "That's the light house!" She gathered all her strength and freed herself from him with a single desperate effort. "Yes, yes!" she almost shrieked, in an ecstasy of relief and triumph. "It's the lighthouse! It's the light that never fails—that saves ships, and people, and sometimes souls—it's faith- fulness and hope, and love and purity; it's stronger than all the storms and darkness! It's my light and it's my love and life! I'm going to it!"

She ran out fearlessly into the beat- ing rain and disappeared in the dark- ness. The man stood motionless in the shelter of the shack—silent, though he knew not why. "Now, professor, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my eyes?" "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck."

# OBSERVATIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

Girls begin to be attractive when they quit trying to be fascinating. It's a lot harder for us to keep up ap- pearances to ourselves than to others. The girl who acts like thistles always expect to be treated like sensitive plants. Where's the girl who hasn't one draw- er in her dresser stuffed full of things that don't belong anywhere? "One man a woman marries can make of her either a slave or a slave-driver. Some of us managed to get along all right even if our mothers weren't suf- fragettes. Women do a lot of things themselves that they would cut their best friends for doing. An experienced old bachelor of twenty said the other day: "Girls that kiss you are a waste of time. Why is it that the more people agree with us, the more we value their opin- ions? Somehow, witty, sarcastic girls are not the ones soonest married. No spit—no consumption. An anaemic child is the ghost of civi- lization. Summer—the time to shun meats and take to vegetables. To relieve worry and sleeplessness take a bath—hot followed by cold. When you must drink, drink Adam's ale. Regular bathing prolongs life; under- bathing cause overwork for kidneys and liver. Dirty milk is better food for bacteria than it is for babies. Specialization. Doctor—What can I do for you? Patient—I have cut my index finger. Doctor—Very sorry. But I am a spe- cialist on the middle finger."

# WOMAN'S LOGIC.

"My opponent's argument," said Sen- ator Dilliver in a recent campaign, "is about as much logic—Did you ever hear about the young woman in Fort Dodge? One spring morning she sat on the piazza of her pretty little home sewing a button on her husband's coat. The husband himself appeared and she said, fretfully, 'It's a perfect shame the care- less way the tailor sewed this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on again for you.'"

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# DISCOVERED NEW ISLAND.

Captain Quatrevaux, of the French steamer Thiers, who has just arrived at San Francisco from Newcastle in Aus- tralia, announces that he has discover- ed a new island in the Pacific waters near the Galapagos group. According to the captain navigation in the latitude of these islands is most dangerous. It was only with the greatest trouble that he navigated them in safety and that his vessel escaped being dashed on the rocks. The island is situated in 25 de- grees 25 south latitude and 129 degrees 30 west longitude.—London Globe.

# How to Cure Neuralgic Agony

No affliction is so painful, so hard to bear, as neuralgia. It may strike any organ, one nerve, or perhaps a whole set of nerves may be affected. Physicians who have had large experience with this malady say that local applications are best. A well tried treatment consists of rubbing the affected parts thoroug- ly with Nerviline. The rubbing should be continued until the skin shows a warm healthy glow. This invariably re- lieves the pain. Protection against re- lapse is best secured by wearing a Ner- viline Porous Plaster on the weak spot. These plasters absorb deleterious secretions through relaxed pores, and when used along with Nerviline, act as a sure preventive against all muscular aches, pains, and stiffness. If subject to neuralgia or lumbago cut out these directions and keep them for reference.

# The Sky.

Keep your eye on it. To glimpse flying machines? No, no, not at all, nothing like that. For what possible reason then, pray? Why, just to look at our beautiful October sky. On many of these rare days it is as fine as skies people go miles to see. Even Frank Kemble, the English ac- tress wife of Pierce Butler, found the American autumn and the autumn sky exquisite. And if she found it so it must be, so everything American, especially the "peasantry," was impossible to this inter- esting, impatient character.

# BANISH PILES AND ERUPTIONS

## In the Spring Most People Need a Tonic Medicine.

If you want the best of health and new strength in the spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Following the long, in- door winter months most people feel depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood is impure and watery. It is the state of the blood that causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheu- matism and lumbago; the sharp, stab- bing pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite, frequent headaches and a desire to avoid exertion. You cannot cure these troubles by the use of purga- tive medicines—you need a tonic, and a tonic only—and among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic, life-giving, nerve-restoring powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired out, ailing men, women and children. If you are feeling out of sorts, give this medi- cine a trial and see how quickly it will restore the appetite, revive drooping spirits and fill your veins with new, health-giving blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

# A SEAL FOR CAR DOORS.

(From the Chicago Tribune.) A new seal for a car door or for other locked mechanism, such as a water meter, electric or gas meter, and designed to prevent opening without discovery, has been perfected in Europe. The chief feature involved is a triangular bit of steel, each of two angles formed in the triangle being to a knife edge, while the opening for inserting the metal in the loop occupies the position of the third angle. This bit of steel is of a composition and temper to stand the biting crimp of a stamp pliers, which may have initials or numbers in the jaws. As the triangle is coated with tin these marks are easily made. But when the triangle once is put in- to place and crimped fast and an at- tempt to spread the triangle sufficiently to take it out of place is made the tri- angle in cold state snaps at one or both the other angles. If the unauthorized meddler attempts to heat the steel sufficiently to open the triangle and release the lock the heat necessary will melt the coating of tin and expose the attempt.

# ZAM-BUK CURES PILES

Read What Those Who Have Proved It Say. Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes: "I must thank you for the benefit I received from Zam-Buk. Last summer I suffered greatly from piles. I started to use Zam-Buk and found it gave me relief, so I continued it, and after using three or four boxes I am pleased to say that it has effected a complete cure." Mr. G. A. Dufresne, of 182-192 St. Joseph street, St. Ron, Quebec, P. Q., writes: "I can highly recommend Zam-Buk to everyone who suffers from piles. I have also found it most effective in curing a sore thumb with which my lit- tle son was suffering. The thumb had begun to swell and fester and had lost the nail. I persevered in the application of Zam-Buk and the sore is now entirely healed."

Not only for piles, but for inflamed sores, ulcers, eczema, ringworm, boils, eruptions, scalp sores, itch, children's sore heads, old wounds, etc., Zam-Buk is without equal as a healer, and also for cuts, burns, stiffness and wherever and whenever a handy balm is called for. All druggists and stores at 50c box. Zam-Buk Soap will be found as superior amongst medicinal and toilet soaps as the balm is amongst salves. Mothers should use it for baby's bath. 25c tab- let, all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

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