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Sweet Miss Margery

Mardie sat still, but her small hands were clasped together, and her little chest heaved with sobs. Then, as the bath was put before the fire, and, looking from one to the other, she could see nowhere the sweet tender face that had smiled on her every day of her young recollections, she burst into a tempest of tears, and, struggling from Lady Coningham's hold, ran wildly round the room in a paroxysm of fear, calling for her "mammie."

For several minutes their coaxing tenderness was in vain; but after awhile they succeeded in attracting her attention with a gaudily painted sugar parrot, which she had purchased at a confectioner's shop near by. The tears were all spent, nothing but sobs remained and the parrot came as a welcome bright spot in her small world of grief.

"Pitty—pitty," she murmured, clasping it to her breast and hugging it. Then she grew so sleepy that she was scarcely conscious of their hands removing her clothes, and her head drooped like a tired flower as they put on a nightgown borrowed from the landlady. She needed no lullaby to coax her to slumber now, and was lost in dreamland as the maid carried her gently into the bedroom.

Lady Coningham stood and gazed, as if held by some magnetic power, at the tiny face pressing the pillow, at the clusters of red-gold curls falling in such rich profusion around it. She was lost in the memory of the brief joy that had come to her only two short years before, and lived once again in the unspeakable happiness of motherhood.

The sound of a deep voice broke her musings, and, stealing softly from the bed, she entered the sitting room and gave her hand to Dr. Scott.

"What news?" she asked hurriedly.

Dr. Scott handed her a telegram, then seated himself by the table, leaning his head on his hand.

Lacy Coningham read the words:

"From Mrs. Huntley, Upton Manor, Liddlefield, to Doctor Scott, Chesterham,—am distressed to hear of accident and the poor woman's death. I can give you no information, as I have received no reply to my last letter to 'M.' Pray let me know if I can be of any pecuniary assistance."

Lady Coningham put down the paper quietly.

"What is to be done now?" she asked.

"I have telegraphed to Newtown," replied Dr. Scott, looking up, "to the post office there, but, as yet, have received no reply. They may know something, but I cannot help thinking the poor creature had some reason for secrecy, and I am doubtful as to success."

Mrs. Graham was reclining wearily in an armchair by the fire. She spoke now as the doctor finished.

"I wish from my heart I could take the child, but it is out of the question, at any rate just now. My son is studying at Edinburgh University; he unfortunately caught a severe cold, and is now prostrate with rheumatic fever. My every moment will be with him; but, if you will place the poor mite with some kind people for a time, Lady Coningham, I will add my share to the expense, though frankly I am not by any means wealthy."

"I know of a person," began the doctor; but Lady Coningham broke in eagerly—

"I will take her to Hurstley. There is a poor young woman, the wife of one of my gardeners, almost heartbroken through the death of her baby. Her cottage is not far from the Weald. I pass it every day in my rides, and I could see the child very often. Let her come there to-morrow before you start. I will see Mrs. Morris to-night as I go home."

"That seems an excellent plan," agreed the elder woman—"at all events, for a time; but we must leave no stone unturned to find her relations."

"Will Sir Hubert like the arrangement, your ladyship?" asked Dr. Scott, as he rose to depart.

Lady Coningham's face flushed slightly.

"I will make it all right," she replied, though with a little constraint. "Fortunately, Morris is a favorite with him. But now I must go; it is very late, and I have a long ride. Lest we should not meet again before you start, Mrs. Graham, let me say now how pleased I am to have made your acquaintance, though the introduction has been a sad one. I will let you know early in the morning, Dr. Scott, if I have succeeded; and may I ask you to send the child over?"

The doctor bowed, and opened the door.

"I will come down and assist you to mount. Your groom is with you, I trust?"

"Oh, yes!" Lady Coningham smiled another farewell to Mrs. Graham, and was passing out, when a thought struck her. "Suppose," she said hurriedly, "suppose I can not do this, what will become of the child?"

"She must go to the work-house," replied Dr. Scott gloomily; "my hands are too full already, as your ladyship knows, and there is no other alternative."

Lady Coningham could not repress a shudder.

"That must never be," she said, decidedly. "I must arrange with Morris. Many thanks. Good-bye."

Mrs. Graham rose early the next morning. Her sleep had been troubled and restless; but the child had never moved, and still slept on placidly as she dressed herself quietly. Dr. Scott was announced about half-past 8, and his face showed that he had gained no further information.

"The post office can give me no clue," he said. "They recollect the woman 'M.' and describe her accurately; but she received no letters save three addressed to her initial; consequently we are just where we were. Lady Coningham has sent her groom to say that Mrs. Morris will receive the child, so when she is dressed I had better take her over there myself."

Mrs. Graham assented with a sigh, and then rang for the maid to assist her in preparing Margery for the journey. The little one was very good; she submitted to her bath in brightness, and only now and then would turn her head to look for her mother. Already she seemed to know Mrs. Graham, and raised her lips many times to be kissed, her childish affection sending a pang of pain through the woman's heart. At last all was ready; the little gray coat, well brushed and repaired, was donned, a silk handkerchief tied over the red gold curls, and the beloved parrot cluttered in a tight embrace. Mrs. Graham knelt for one brief moment by the small form, and a silent prayer went up to Heaven for mercy and protection; then she led the child to the doctor.

"I will write from Edinburgh," she said, hurriedly; "perhaps, after all, I shall be able to manage something in the future; and here"—handing two sovereigns to the doctor—"is my small share toward present expenses. When will the inquest be?"

"To-day," returned Dr. Scott, picking Margery up in his arms.

"And she will be buried where?" again asked Mrs. Graham quickly.

"It must be a pauper's funeral," he answered, sadly; "any other would cost too much."

"Can we not get up a subscription? The railway company should give something. It seems so dreadful that she should be buried in a pauper's grave, with no stone above her."

"I will do my best to prevent it," Dr. Scott said kindly. "Your suggestion about the railway is good, and I will communicate with the directors to-day. Whatever happens in the future, you, madame, have acted nobly, and this child owes you a debt of gratitude."

"Ah, I wish I could keep her with me always!" Mrs. Graham responded, kissing the little cheek once more. "I must say good-bye now. I will write to you in a day or two. Will you let me know if any news reaches you, and where you bury the poor mother?"

"I will," answered the doctor; then he turned away and carried the child, still happy and unconscious of her terrible loss, down the stairs, to his trap; and taking the reins, he drove rapidly through the town to the village of Hurstley.

CHAPTER III.

"Stuart, where are you going?"

The question was put in a cold, sharp voice, and came from a lad ysitting at her writing-desk in a spacious window-recess overlooking extensive grounds. She was a handsome woman, with rather massive features and a profusion of dark-brown hair artistically arranged. Her eyes, of a light green-gray shade, were fixed at this moment on a young man standing in an easy, graceful attitude outside the French window.

"Going, mother?" he responded. "Nowhere in particular. Do you want me?"

Mrs. Crosbie examined her firm white hands for one brief second.

"Have you forgotten what to-day is?" she asked, quietly.

The young man pondered, puckered his handsome brows, and pretended to be lost in doubt.

"I really forget," he answered, after a while, looking up with a mischievous twinkle in his brown eyes. "Thursday, I believe; but you have your almanac close to your hand, mother."

"This is Thursday, the 23rd of July, Stuart," observed Mrs. Crosbie, putting down her pen and looking fixedly at her son. "And this afternoon your Aunt Clara and Cousin Vane will arrive, and you are expected to meet them at Chesterham Station."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Stuart, with a soft whistle. "I had clean forgotten them!" He pushed his hands into his tennis-coat pockets and regarded his shoes with almost a real pucker on his brow. "What time are they due?" he asked, after a brief silence.

Mrs. Crosbie took up a letter and read aloud:

"'We shall arrive at Chesterham by the 12 express from Euston, reaching the junction about 6.30. Pray let somebody meet us.'"

"I call that cool," observed the young man, shortly. "But I suppose Aunt Clara cannot do a thing for herself. However, it need not entail my going; she only says 'somebody,' and I am nobody."

"Your father will expect his sister to be treated with respect," was his mother's icy reply.

"And I trust he will not be disappointed," responded Stuart; "but to trudge to Chesterham in this heat will be enough to roast a fellow."

"I have ordered the barouche," Mrs. Crosbie told him. "Vane must lean back comfortably—she is so delicate."

Stuart Crosbie buried his toe in the well-kept lawn and made no answer to this. His mother watched him keenly, though he was unaware of her scrutiny.

"Well?" she said at last.

"Well?" he replied, looking up.

"Stuart, I do not often express my wishes, but to-day I particularly desire you should go to Chesterham and meet your aunt and cousin."

Stuart removed his felt tennis-hat and bowed low.

"My lady-mother," he said lightly, "your wishes shall be obeyed."

He put on his hat and strolled away, while a frown settled on his mother's face. She tapped her writing-table with her pen, in evident vexation; but after awhile her brow cleared, as if some new thought had come into her mind and by its bright magic dispelled the cloud.

Stuart Crosbie sauntered on over the lawn. A moment before he had grumbled at a prospective walk in the heat when the day would be declining, yet now he made no haste to get out of the sun's rays, although trees whose spreading branches promised shade and coolness studded his path. He had pushed his hat well over his eyes, and with his hands still in his pockets dawdled on, as if with no settled purpose in his mind.

He had strolled in a circuitous route, for, after progressing in this fashion for some time, he looked up and found himself almost opposite to the window—though at a distance—from which he had started. His mother's head was clearly discernible bent over her writing, and, waking suddenly from his dream, he left the lawn, betook himself to a path, and made for a gate at the end. The lodgekeeper's wife was seated at her door, having brought her work into the air for coolness. She rose hurriedly as she perceived the young squire striding down the path, and opened the gate.

"Why did you trouble, Mrs. Clark?" said Mr. Crosbie courteously. "I could have managed that myself."

"Law sakes, Master Stuart, my good man would be main angry if he thought I'd let you do such a thing!"

"Jim must be taught manners," Stuart laughed lightly. "How do you like this weather?"

Mrs. Clark mopped her brow with her apron.

"It's fair killing, sir," she answered; "I never remind me of such a summer. But folks is never content. Mayhap what tries me is good for others—your young lady cousin for one, sir. Mrs. Martha tells me she is very weakly like. She be coming to-day."

"I have vivid recollections of Vane as a child," Stuart remarked, more to himself than to the woman: "and certainly I can testify to her strength then for she boxed my ears soundly."

"Laws, Master Stuart!" ejaculated Mrs. Clark. "What a little vixen!"

"But these are tales out of school," laughed the young man; "and I fancy I tormented her pretty freely in those days. Ta-ta, Mrs. Clark! Go back and have a nap—sleep is the best way to pass these hot days."

"Now, if he ain't the best and kind-heartedest boy in the whole world!" mused Mrs. Clark, watching him as he strode along the lane. "Just like his father, poor gentleman!"

Mr. Crosbie went along the road at a fast pace, and did not slacken his speed till he sighted a few cottages that denoted a village. Then he moderated his pace, and sauntered into the one street, hot and parched with thirst.

"Phew!" he exclaimed to himself, taking off his hat and waving it to and fro vigorously. "I must have something to drink. I wonder if Judy keps soda-water?"

"Judy" was the owner of a small shop the one window of which displayed a heterogeneous mass of articles—comestibles, wearing apparel, tops and scissors. It did not look very inviting, but thirst must be quenched, and better things might be in store behind the counter. So Stuart raised the latch and entered the cottage.

"Soda-water, Master Stuart?" repeated Mrs. Judy, in amazement. "I scarce count on what you mean. There's pump-water, if you like, or may be a glass of milk."

Mr. Crosbie hesitated for a moment, then decided for the latter.

"It is a long time since I drank so innocent a beverage, Judy," he observed, putting down the glass with a slight shudder.

"Ay, there ain't much 'arm in milk," responded Judy. "But, laws, Master Stuart, you do look warm! Will you 'ave a chair and set in the door-way to cool a bit? There's a little bit of wind springing up."

Mr. Crosbie shook his head.

"No, thanks, Judy; I must get on. There"—throwing a shilling upon the small counter—"take that for your kindness."

"Eh, but, Master Stuart, I'd like you for a customer every day!" exclaimed the woman; and with a smile and a nod Mr. Crosbie strode away.

He passed through the narrow street, deserted now—for the sound of children's voices was wafted from the vilage school—and turned into a wide country lane that led to the left of the cottages. After sauntering a few yards, he came in sight of a wood enclosed by a high wall, while through the branches of the trees glimpses of a gray-stone house were visible. Mr. Crosbie's steps grew slower and slower as he approached this wall, and he walked past it in a very desultory fashion. Presently he reached a large iron gate through which a wide even drive was seen. Evidently Mr. Crosbie had no acquaintance with this drive, for he passed on, still down-hill, till he came to a tiny spring trickling and babbling by the side of the road; and here he paused. He was out of the sun's glare now, and felt almost cool; to his right hand stretched the path he had just traversed, to his left lay two lanes, one leading through the distant fields, the other turning abruptly. He thought for an instant, then turned in the direction of the latter, and just before him stood three cottages at equal distances from each other. He passed the first, and with a quick nervous hand unlatched the gate of the second, and went up the sweet-smelling garden.

The door was ajar, and as he knocked a faint weak voice answered:

"Come in."

Stuart Crosbie pushed open the door and entered the cottage. A woman was lying on a sofa, propped up with pillows the whiteness of which rivaled her face in purity. She had a woolen shawl round her shoulders, although the heat was so opressive, and looked very ill.

Stuart bent over her.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Morris?" he asked, gently.

"Much about the same, thank you, Mr. Stuart. Were you wanting Reuben, sir?"

"Yes. I did rather want to see him," replied the young man, a little hesitatingly. "I am anxious to hear about that poaching affair the other night."

"It weren't nothing at all, sir," Mrs. Morris said, in her low, weak voice. "Reuben was out nigh most of the night, but couldn't see a soul.'

"Well, I'm glad of it," observed Mr. Crosbie, warmly, "for between ourselves, Mrs. Morris, I confess my sympathies go entirely with the poachers."

Mrs. Morris smiled faintly.

"Ah, you ain't Sir Hubert, sir! He don't hold them views. You would give the whole village welcome to the birds; but he's different."

"Yes, we are rather opposed in some ways," remarked the young squire, dryly. "Is it true, Mrs. Morris, that Sir Hubert and Lady Conington are coming home?"

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, come to see me yesterday, and she says her ladyship is expected next week. Ah, I am glad I shall see her again! I began to fear I should die before she came back."

"You must cheer up," said Stuart, gently, "and not talk about dying. Why are you here all alone? Where is Margery?"

SHE IS NOW TELLING HER NEIGHBORS

What Dodds' Kidney Pills Made Her Feel Young Again.

Mrs. John McRea Had Kidney Disease. She Was Nervous, Run Down, And Suffering From Rheumatism. Two Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Previl, Que., May 29.—(Special).—Nearing the three score mark, but feeling like a woman of thirty, Mrs. John McRea, wife of a farmer living near here, is telling her neighbors that she owes her health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For two years and seven months," says Mrs. McRea, "I was a sufferer from Kidney Disease brought on by a a strain and a cold. My eyes were puffed and swollen, my muscles cramped, and I suffered from Neuralgia and Rheumatism. My back ached and I had pains in my joints.

"For two years I was under the doctor's care, but he never seemed to do me any lasting good. Then I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Two boxes made a new woman of me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make tired, run-down women feel as if life had started all over again for them by curing the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys mean pure blood, and pure blood means new life all over the body.

"She've gone out, sir. She would go all the way to Farmer Bright's to fetch me some fresh eggs; our hens are bad at laying just now. But she ought to be in directly, sir. She started at dinner-time ,and it's now close on three o'clock."

"It's a long walk to Bright's farm," observed Mr. Crosbie, rising and strolling to the window, and stooping apparently to sniff the bowl of flowers standing on the ledge, but in reality to have a good look down the hot dusty lane.

"Ay, it is, sir; but Margery would go. She takes such count on me, sir; and it's her lesson-day and all."

"Is she still studying with the rector's governess?"

"Yes, sir; her ladyship, when she wrote last, desired her to continue the lessons, and Miss Lawson speaks main well of Margery's cleverness. I expect Lary Coningham won't know her when she sees her again."

"Ten years would make a difference, Mrs. Morris," Stuart said, looking round with a smile; "and Margery was only about seven when Lady Coningham went to India. What a jolly little thing she was, too! We had some fun in those days."

"Margery is a bit of a tom-boy now," the sick woman observed, with a loving light in her eyes.

"Is she? Well, I never see it; she always seems as sedate as—well, as the rector's governess herself. But I must be off. Tell Reuben I looked in to hear about the poachers, and that I don't sympathize with him a bit for spending the night in the wood." He bent and took one of the invalid's hands in his. "And now don't get low-spirited about yourself, Mrs. Morris; you will feel better when this heat passes. I shall send you some fruit down from the castle. I dare say you can manage a few grapes."

(To be Continued.)

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TYPED.

Mr. Spotz was running his hands through his hair, shampoowise, because his stenographess had suddenly left.

"Ten dozen letters to get out to-day and no chauffeur-lady to run the typewriter! What shall I do?" he exclaimed.

Just then a young miss with yellow hair, in a fluffy-ruff-house costume entered the office.

"Need a key puncher?" was her inquiry.

Mr. Spotz bade her take a chair. Upon investigation he learnt that she had escaped from a school, where she had learned to talk stenography.

The young lady was lined up in front of the typewriter, and Mr. Spotz began to dictate. She did not take down what he said in shorthand, for he doubted if she could transcribe her own hieroglyphichs. In dictating he made an effort to assist her in punctuation. When the letter was finished it read as follows:

"Mr. B. A. Gudething,

"Hotel Dubb, City.

"Dear sir.—Looking over our leadger comma I notice that in your account don't abbreviate there is an outstanding eyetem of three pounds seves and sixpence in figures comma wich I thrust you will remit by return post parenthesis as we wish to clothes out all outstanding accounts period new paragraph.

"I beg to call 2 your atteniton the knew line of goods we are displaying in our windows and show hyphen cases dash a line of goods that will a peal to your state full stop next sentence. We have just received a large Parcesian Capitol P consignment and have sum bargains at fenominally low prices exclamation mark. As the saying goes, quotations marks a word to the wise close quotes that the end of the sentence another paragraph will not you all around two see us at your leezure interrogation point.

Trusting to be still favored with your patronage as in the passed, I remain comma Very resp. youre."

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

(New York Sun.)

Mrs. Givem—I'll give you a meal if you'll split this wood.

Weary Willie—Impossible, ma'am; I'm a conservationist.

Zam-Buk

is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat, rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!

All Druggists and Stores.—Adv.

RIGHTS OF THE WIFE.

An Important Decision Affecting Matrimonial Relations.

An important case recently decided is De Brauwere vs. De Brauwere (67 Misc. 472), where the late Justice Whitney held that an abandoned wife who has expended her own money for necessaries for herself and the children of the marriage may recover the amount so expended in an action directly against the husband.

It is, however, only the logical extension of doctrines long recognized by the law, namely, that the wife has the irrevocable right to pledge her husband's credit for necessaries in case he fails to supply her therewith; and further, that she may in such case even borrow money on his credit and expend it for necessaries, and that the lender may recover the amount so lent and expended from the husband.

These rules were, however, inadequate to meet the needs of the wife in many cases, because oftentimes the delinquent husband had no credit which she could pledge; and even if he had credit, or she could procure assistance from friends, she was placed in the position of a suppliant for favor.

The De Brauwere case, by extending the doctrine of subrogation to the wife herself, has placed her in a position of independence, where she can draw upon her own resources, if she has such, for necessaries, or purchase them with her own earnings and compel the husband to reimburse her.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

(Chicago Tribune.)

In this city in the building trades alone $200,000 a day in wages are burned up in strikes.

One million and a quarter a week absolutely and irretrievably lost to the wage earners in these trades.

The merchant keeps his goods on his shelves when business is slack. He has them to sell when demand springs up.

The wage earner can never recover the wage of the day that is gone. The idle hours cannot be stored up and sold when a strike is over.

Industrial warfare, necessary though it may be at times, lays its heaviest burden on the man whose only "goods" are the hours he spends at work. In this warfare hours he spends at work. If this warfare is perpetual as it has been in the building trades of this city, it piles up an intolerable loss.

Isn't it time to stop fighting

And there is another thing for the militant unions to consider. Not only are millions in wages lost, but the very foundation of future wages is destroyed.

Here is a paragraph from the letter of a certain business concern which is leaving Chicago for another lake city:

Our object in leaving Chicago is to avoid the many interruptions to our business caused by the intolerable labor situation, and to secure more economic and satisfactory conditions for ourselves and our workmen.

This is the inevitable final result of perpetual labor warfare.

There is a point in industrial affairs as in affairs of nations when war destroys more than it can re-create. Is the labor situation to come to this stage in Chicago? Is this community to be subjected to perpetual guerilla tactics, to perpetual revolts, to chaos and anarchy in labor matters, as if we were no better than na Central American republic?

Let us have peace!

How to Cure Stitch in the Back

This is a peculiar sort of rheumatic trouble that affects the muscles about the loins. Severe spasms of pain shoot in all directions, and become more severe on stooping. In treating a "Stitch" it is necessary to keep the back warmly covered to prevent sudden chill, and to freely apply a penetrating liniment like Nerviline. Through all the cords and muscles the healing power of Nerviline penetrates, and quick as a wink the pain and stiffness disappear. To prevent congestion returning, a second or third rub with Nerviline is advisable, and then a Nerviline Porous Plaster should be put on the weak spot. Those who have employed the Nerviline Treatment say it is quicker and more efficient than anything else.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"She is the light of my life." "Well, in that bobble gown and that big hat, she does look a good deal like a parlor lamp."—Louisville Journal.

Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen!—Martin Luther.

"Is he a capable man?" "I should say he is! He can hang pictures to his wife's entire satisfaction."—Detroit Free Press.

Why, thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful all round thee lying
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?
—Harriet W. Sewall.

"Gee, ain't it a great relief when you've been suffering from toothache to summon up your courage and go to a dentist and have it over with!" "I guess so. Did the dentist relieve you?" "You bet. He wasn't in."—Toledo Blade.

I would not live away; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
—William Muhlenberg.

"Would your wife vote if woman suffrage were secured?" "No. She'd never be able to get to the polls till after closing time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Thus adorned, the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and elbow,
Shook hands and went to it; and the word it was bilbow.
—John Byron.

"Could you give up drinking for my sake?" "I'm not drinking for your sake."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Time ripens all things. No man is born wise.—Cervantes.

"Your husband plays bridge like a man who didn't care for it." "He doesn't care for it. Oh, he makes me so angry! Why, he deliberately ignores all the precedents of the greatest experts. And that isn't the worst of it." "Mercy! What else does he do?" "He always wins!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TEACHING HER THE GAME.

(Washington Star.)

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "what did that baseball player say to the umpire who called him out?"

"He told the umpire he considered him a perfect gentleman, and was sure that he would go to heaven," was the weary answer.

A CONSERVATIVE POINTER.

(Puck.)

Reverend Gude—The question is, brethren, how shall we send salvation to the Fiji Islanders?

Deacon Tightwadde—Though I am not intimately familiar with the present case, I would suggest that we send it collect.

ONE CURE FOR ANAEMIA.

It Is Through the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

There is just one cure for anaemia—more rich, red blood. Anemia is simply a bloodless, run down condition. When the body becomes weak from overwork, worry or illness, and examination of the blood will show it to be weak and watery. The common symptoms are paleness of lips, gums and cheeks, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart after the slightest exertion, dull eyes and a loss of appetite. Anaemia itself is a dangerous trouble and may pass into consumption. It can only be cured by making the blood rich and red, thereby enabling it to carry the necessary nourishment to every part of the body.

It is a proved fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands and thousands of cases of anaemia. They are really intended to make new, rich blood and are compounded in the most scientific manner with he finest ingredients for the blood known to medical science. These Pills are not a cure-all. They are intended to cure only those diseases that have their origin in poor, water blood, and starved, weakened nerves, and the record of their success in doing this is their constantly increasing popularity in every part of the world.

Mrs. R. Colton, Golden, B.C., says: "As a matter of duty I wish to say a word in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for my daughters, one 16 and the other 18 years of age. Both were pale and bloodless and suffered from many of the symptoms of anaemia. They would tire easily, suffered from frequent headaches, were easily discouraged, and often fretful. I saw in our home paper the story of a young girl who had similarly suffered and was cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought three boxes of the Pills and my daughters started to take them. Before they were done they began to feel better and look better, and I got a half dozen more boxes, and by the time there were used, they were enjoying the best of health, with rosy cheeks and not like the same girls at all. I also gave ahe Pills to my little boy who had rheumatism, and they completely cured him."

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.

SINGED ORANGES.

Government After Those Who Make Them Look Ripe.

Dealers in oranges which have been taken from the trees when green and made yellow by placing them in artificial heat are to be dealt with as dealers in adulterated foodstuffs by the Federal Government, according to notice received by H. E. Barnard, State food and drug commissioner from the United States department of agriculture.

The Federal authorities have been studying the average sour orange of the common market, and have found that it usually comes from orchards where fruit is treated to the artificial process. This results in a skin of the proper color, but the fruit is not properly ripened, the acids of the green fruit remaining unchanged. If left on the trees to ripen properly the acids would give way to sugars.

The Federal authorities found the acids to be inimical to the health of the consumer, particularly to children, and have ruled that the artificial ripening constitutes adulteration. According to the practices of the State Board of Health, the ruling of the Federal authorities will be made a rule of the State Board.—Indianapolis News.

A spoon which permits the most careless persons to sip soup noiselessly has been invented recently.

THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Belleville, Ont.—"I was so weak and worn out from a female weakness that I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took several bottles of it, and I gained strength so rapidly that it seemed to make a new woman of me. I can do as good a day's work as I ever did. I sincerely bless the day that I made up my mind to take your medicine for female weakness, and I am exceedingly grateful to you for your kind letters, as I certainly profited by them. I give you permission to publish this any time you wish."—Mrs. Albert Wickett, Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will cure female weakness and so successfully carry women through the Change of Life as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.