Sybil's Doom

"No," said the fairy; "because there isn't one of them half so big or so beautiful as you, Cousin Cyril. The officers from Speckhaven come here; but some of them are old, and most of them are ugly, and I don't like them at all. Oh! what a nice evening it is, and how sorry I am you are going away!"

They were walking down the long, winding avenue that led to the portico entrance of the house, the stately trees meeting above their heads, the golden stars a-glitter in the cloudless blue.

Very beautiful—mysteriously beautiful—looked the black depths of woodland, the yellow groves of fern, the glimmering pools and lakelets, the velvet sweeps of sward.

The young man sighed as he looked, then laughed.

"I am a modern Lara going forth from his father's halls, the "world ill before me where to choose.' And my little Sybil is sorry I am going away? Well, it is pleasant to know that, even though you do usurp my rights by and by. What a charming little heiress you will make, my pretty Sybil, and what damage those big black eyes and flowing ringlets will do after awhile! You don't like the officers from Speckhaven now, but you'll change your mind presently, my little one, and forget even the existence of Cousin Cyril."

"Forget you!" cried Sybil, indignantly. "You know better than that. I wish I were grown up a young lady now, and then you would marry me, wouldn't you, Cyril? And I might go with you always. I should like that. I should like to go with you always, and go with you everywhere."

The shrill whistle of intense amusement with which Lieutenant Trevanion greeted this piece of intelligence scared the nightingales chanting vespers in the green gloom.

"By Jove! for a young lady of five years you know how to pop the question astoundingly. Highly flattered as I must be by your honorable intentions, Miss Lemox, yet permit me to decline. This is not leap year, and matrimonial propositions emanating from your sex are not for an instant to be tolerated. Besides, my precious little beauty, I have one wife already."

Sybil's black eyes opened to their widest, but before she could express her surprise or disappointment, there started out from the coppice near a tall, gaunt old woman—a weird figure, half clad, with naked feet, and streaming iron-gray hair, gleaming eyes, and dusky face.

Sybil recoiled with a little cry, more angry than startled.

"It's old Hester—Cracked Hester!" she said. "How dare you come back, after what Uncle Trevanion said to you yesterday? She tried to steal me away, Cyril, and she snares the rabbits; and uncle says he'll have her transported for poaching, if she comes here any more."

"He says it, but he won't do it, my little queen," replied the woman in a husky treble, harsh and shrill. "He won't do it; for I know his secret, and the curse that is to fall. The Trevanions have flourished long, but their end is near. The doom is at hand; and then, my handsome soldier—then, my pretty little lady—look to yourselves!"

She turned away with a tragical sweep of one bony arm, a spectral glance of warning out of the gleaming old eyes—turned slowly away, chanting as she went:

"The Doom shall fall on Monkswood Hall,
Our Lady and her grace!
Dark falls the doom upon the last
Fair daughter of the race.

The bat shall flit, the owl shall hoot,
Grim Ruin stalks with haste;
The Doom shall fall when Monkswood Hall
Is changed to Monkswood Waste."

"She always sings that," Sybil whispered, with a little shiver. "But, then, she is mad, poor thing! Here we are at the gates, and there is your fly. Will you come back soon, Cyril?" wistfully.

"I may never come back." He stooped and kissed her tenderly. "But don't quite forget me, my dear little Sybil, and, remember, I will always have a tender spot in my heart for you. Come, we will exchange love tokens, little one! Here is this ring. Wear it round your neck until these fairy fingers grow large enough for it. If I meet you a score of years from now, a stately and gracious young lady, I will know Cousin Cyril is still remembered by this token."

He kissed her again, and set her down.

"Will you be afraid to return, Sybil—afraid of Cracked Hester?"

"Oh, no! I will run all the way. And, Cyril, I will wear your ring, and love you forever. And when I am a young lady, please come back for me, and I will go with you anywhere in the wide world."

"You will live with me and be my love," the gay hussar said, laughing. "It wouldn't be proper, Sybil, unless they introduce polygamy into this narrow-minded country, pending your growing up. Good-bye, my little one. I may remind you of all this in years to come. Meantime, farewell—a long farewell—my darling little Sybil."

He leaped into the fly and was gone, and the pretty fairy stood regretfully gazing after him, with a solitaire diamond flashing in her hands—to meet again—how?

CHAPTER IV.

"But he will surely relent, Cyril. You are his only son."

"He will never relent, Rose. You don't know my father. We Trevanions are a bitter and vindictive race, and, as Shakespeare says, 'Fathers have flinty hearts; no prayers can move them.' No, my dear little bride, all hope is over there. I would die of starvation at his threshold—die ten thousand deaths—before I would ever stoop to sue to him more."

"And see me die too!" Rose Trevanion said, bitterly; "for it will come to that, I suppose. You have nothing but your lieutenant's pay—a brilliant prospect for the future."

They were at Brighton, whither the honeymoon had brought his bride, walking on the West Cliff. The November day was shortening fast; a chill wind blew over the sea. Few were abroad in the raw, autumnal twilight — those few strangers to them. He had brought his bride to Brighton—this discarded heir—that she might be near, in case his father consented to see her.

That hope was over now. He had but just returned from that fruitless pilgrimage to Monkswood, to find their lodgings deserted and his three-weeks' bride sauntering drearily up and down the West Cliff.

"Or I may go on the stage again—take to rouge and spangles once more, and earn the daily bread and damp beef of every-day life," she said, still more bitterly. "Other women of my profession do it, and have done it—why not I? Mrs. Cyril Trevanion will be a taking and high-sounding name for the bills."

Lieutenant Trevanion looked in wonder at his wife. She stood gazing at the mists rising on the sea, her pretty yellow curls blowing back, the rose bloom bright on her cheeks—youthful and sweet as a dream. But the fair brows were knit, the dark eyes gleamed angrily, and the rosebud mouth was rigidly compressed.

"It will hardly come to that, Rose," he said, gravely. "Cyril Trevanion's wife will never tread again the theatrical boards, and she knows it. I have influential friends, my Rose. They will use their influence in my favor, and obtain me an appointment abroad—a lucrative one, in some of the colonies. You will not object to going abroad with me, my darling."

Rose Trevanion shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"It is that, or starve, I suppose. If we must become exiles, we must; but I confess I hardly looked forward to this sort of life, Lieutenant Trevanion, when I married you."

The young man's powerful dark eyes fixed full upon her in a look she felt, but did not meet.

"Then you regret your marriage, Rose? You loved the name, the wealth, and the position of General Trevanion's heir—not the man who loved you?"

"If you wish to put it so—yes," the bride of three weeks answered, with bitter recklessness. "Of one thing you may be certain, sir; if I had known this was to be the result, I should not have been your wife to-day. Let us talk no more about it. It is too late now."

She turned petulantly away from him, and looked moodily seaward. Very fair and childish she appeared—very sweet and delicate looked the rosy mouth that uttered such cruel words. Her young husband stood beside her, his handsome face more darkly stern than mortal man had ever seen that face before.

"It grows cold. Do you not wish to return to the hotel?" he asked, briefly, after a pause.

"No. What does it matter? The sooner I take cold and get my death, and make an end of it all, the better."

He took no notice of the taunt. His face could hardly grow more darkly rigid than it was; but he turned to leave her.

"In that case, then, you will have the goodness to excuse me for a moment. I think I see some one yonder I know."

He walked hastily away in the direction of the road. Friendly faces had very little interest for him just at that moment, but anything was better than standing with his wife's frowning brow before him.

Left alone, Rose Trevanion drew her mantle about her, shivering a little in the bleak blast.

"Was it worth while," she thought, moodily, "to risk so much to gain so little? How much better off shall I be out yonder—in some dreary colonial town, the wife of a besotted, moon-struck simpleton, than I was before? Better to have remained Rose Adair yet awhile longer, and waited for the luck that must have come."

Lieutenant Trevanion joined his friends—two military men—one a young and eminently handsome man, the other a tall, fine-looking, powerful personage of nearly forty, whose bronzed face and scars told of battles lost and won.

"Major Powerscourt," the young hussar said, holding out his hand, "they told me you were home on sick leave, but I confess I hardly looked to see you at Brighton in November. When did you arrive?"

"Cyril Trevanion, by all that's surprising!" exclaimed the stalwart major. "Why, how the lad has grown since I saw him last, and as like the general, my old commanding officer, as two ——! My friend, Captain Hawksley, of the ———Lieutenant Trevanion. When did I arrive? This afternoon, to please Hawksley here, who has friends in the place, and if I had known we were going to have such beastly weather, I'd have seen my friend Hawksley very considerably inconvenienced before I came."

"There's nothing the matter with the weather," said Captain Hawksley; "rawish, to be sure, but what would you have in the middle of November? If a man leaves his liver out there in India, he has no right—eh! by Jove! it's not possible, is it? I say, look there, Powerscourt!"

Both men stared, for Captain Hawksley had all at once fallen into a state of alarming excitement in the middle of his sentence.

"Look there, Powerscourt! Rose Dawson, for a ducat!"

"Eh?" cried Powerscourt; "little Rose, the girl who was with you last year deer-stalking in the Highlands? Where?"

"Yonder—alone on the West Cliff. She doesn't see us—how she will open her big black eyes when she does! And see how the little sorceress is dressed—got up regardless of expense. What's the name of the latest moth whose wings she has singed, I wonder?"

"Lucelles was speaking of her the other day at the club," said the major; "told me she had found some rich fool to marry her. Poor devil. Why didn't she cut his throat at once! Let's go and congratulate her."

"Stop!" said Cyril Trevanion. He was deathly pale, and his eyes glittered like live coals. "I happen to know that lady, and I—for God's sake, Powerscourt!" with a sudden fierce cry, "what is it you mean?"

The two men looked at him, then at each other. Major Powerscourt had been smoking—he took his cigar from between his lips, and laid his hand on the young hussar's shoulder.

"You know the lady?" he said; "don't tell me, Cyril Trevanion, that you have married her!"

"I have married her!" Cyril Trevanion cried, loudly and passionately; "she is my wife—what then?"

"Why then," replied Powerscourt, dropping his hand and replacing his cigar, "I have nothing more to say; only the sooner you take your pistol and blow your brains out, the better. Heavens and earth, Trevanion, what an egregious young ass you have been!"

"Stop!" the young man exclaimed, hoarsely, "even such old friendship as yours, Powerscourt, gives you no right—" He stopped short, literally unable to go on, almost suffocated with the horrible emotion within him. Captain Hawksley looked at him compassionately.

"I will leave you with your friend, Powerscourt," he said. "I will go back to town, and wait for you on the Parade. Devilish ugly piece of business this altogether!" in a low voice. "I'm glad to be well out of it."

He bowed to Trevanion, but the Hussar never saw it. His face was ghastly, as Major Powerscourt took his arm and led him away.

"I'm sorry for you, Trevanion," the elder officer said, gravely; "sorrier almost than if I saw you dead before me. Good heavens! what will your father say—the proudest old martinet in the three kingdoms! Was there no friendly voice to warn you—no friendly hand to reach out and save you from the maddest act of a madman's life? Lucelles told me some one had married her, but, by Jove! I couldn't believe it. I couldn't imagine the existence of so infatuated an idiot!"

Lieutenant Trevanion burst into a harsh, discordant laugh.

"I have heard of Job's comforters, Powerscourt; they should have had you to give lessons. Speak the truth, man!" turning upon him with sudden fury, "and speak at once, or I'll tear it from your throat! Who and what is yonder woman?"

"She is the most vicious and unprincipled little adventuress the wide world holds. I met her in Paris. Hawkesley and I both know all about her. Did you never hear of her first marriage—of the poor fellow who was her first husband?"

"Her husband!"

"A bad business, old boy—yes, she had a husband. He was a private in Hawksley's company—that's how Phil got to know her first. It apears she was originally a Miss Rosine Lemoine, the only daughter of a drunken Frenchman, an actor, a savant, a broken-down roue, and she ran away with this soldier—Joe Dawson, I believe he called himself—at the precocious age of fifteen. He was a brute, I must say, a sort of the lowest order, and when she left him and his youngster, three years after, for life in Paris—well, I for one, who don't set up for a rigid moralist, did not blame her. She returned to him, however, four months later, and a heavenly life he led her, if the truth were known, in a state of chronic and beastly drunkenness. Finally, after a flogging, he deserted, taking his wretched little drab of a wife with him, and the next we heard of him he was dead."

"Dead!"

"As a door nail—murdered—struck with a stone, right on the temple, by some one all at home in the anatomy. Don't ask me who did it—give the devil his due—he had earned it richly. There was search made for his wife, but she had vanished—the authorities at Leamington never found her from that day to this. They buried poor Joe Dawson, and sent his child to the work-house. A year later, a pretty little actress, a Miss Rose Adair, appears, and the initiated knew her at once, but kept their own counsel. Why should Hawksley, and such fellows as that, turn Rhadamanthus, and haunt to perdition a poor little wretch who never injured them. There's her story for you, and the sooner and the quieter you get rid of her the better. You may depend upon Hawksley and me, dear boy—very few know of your mad marriage, very few ever need know. I will muzzle her effectually in five minutes with the threat of the rope and the hangman. Come, cheer up, Trevanion," with a hearty slap on the shoulder. "Nil desperandum."

But Cyril Trevanion was staring straight before him, with an awful, blind, vacant stare. It was fully five minutes before he spoke, his face wearing the dull, livid pallor of death.

"Let us go to her," he said, in a hoarse, breathless sort of way. "Oh, my God! I can not believe what you tell me! There is some mistake—some horrible mistake. Let us go to her, Powerscourt, and tell me you never saw her before, or I shall go mad where I stand!"

"My poor boy!" Major Powerscourt said, compassionately, "heaven knows I would spare you if I could. But it is best you should know the truth. Let us go to her, as you say."

They spoke no more; in dead silence they drew near the lonely little figure, still gazing moodily at the gathering mists upon the sea. She recognized the clank of the spurs, and spoke without turning around.

"How long you have been, Lieutenant Trevanion," she said, in a tone of peevish impatience. "I am famished and half frozen. Let us go back at——"

She never finished the sentence. She had turned around, and was face to face with the Indian major. He stood before her, tall, stalwart, stern as doom, and, like a galvanized corpse by his side, stood her deluded husband. Her face turned of a dead waxen whiteness from brow to chin, and the words she was uttering froze on her lips.

"Major Powerscourt!"

"Yes, Rose Dawson," Major Powerscourt answered, sternly, "it is I. You hardly expected to see me again so soon, when we parted in Paris, did you? I confess, for my part, I should as soon have looked for the Empress of the French promenading the West Cliff at Brighton. I thought it was an understood thing you did not come to England, Mrs. Dawson?"

She made no reply; she stood, white and trembling to the very lips. The major looked up before her, big, stern, pitiless as death itself.

"I came here with another old friend of yours, Rose—Captain Philip Hawksley. And I have told Lieutenant Trevanion all. Do you hear, Rose Dawson? for I deny your claim to any other name—all. That nasty little episode of poor Joe Dawson among the rest."

She uttered a low, wordless cry of abject terror, and hid her white, frightened face in both hands.

"You're a clever little woman, Rose, and I rather admire your pluck in putting an end to that drunken beast Dawson; but, by Jove! when you delude infatuated young men into marrying you, you come it a little too strong. Not that you have the shadow of a claim upon my young friend Trevanion; boys of nineteen can not legally contract marriages; but lest you should grow to fancy you have, I may as well put an end to your delusion at once. I give you just one week to quit England, my dear Mrs. Dawson: if, at the end of that time you are still to be found, I will have you in the Old Bailey in four-and-twenty hours. And I can hang you, Rose, and I'll do it, by all that's mighty!"

She dropped her hands from before her face, and looked him straight in the eyes, her own brightly defiant. The first shock over, and the little golden-haired sorceress could be as insolently defiant as the bravest.

(To be Continued.)

THE VETERAN ON THE FIRE HORSE.

(Toledo Blade)

(Niagara Falls Gazette)

So they're buying a bunch of autos—the old style is too slow?
A lot of motor engines—and the fire horse has to go?
Well, maybe the auto is better—a sort of an upward climb—
But I'm glad that I'm near my pension, for it's not like the good old time!

Why, the horses we had was human—you couldn't fool 'em on calls,
And before the gong was stopped tinglin' they was ready out of thir stalls;
And you didn't have to urge 'em, as they buckled down to their work—
In fact they was better than humans, for some of the latter might shirk.

You'll not see the childer folk foolin' round them motors, I'll bet,
Like they always was with the horses, when the little cusses was let—
And the horse that would pull an engine like a freight car rnunnin' wild,
Would step around like a kitten, for fear of hurtin' a child.

Yes, maybe the autos is better for it surely busted your nerve
To save a fool guy on the car tracks and kill your team with a swerve,
To see em crash into a pillar—it seem-kind of less than fair,
When they was doin' their duty, and the guy was just out to stare.

It's a hardening life in aw ay, this insin-sass of rushin' to fires,
But we all have a spark of sentiment—a spark that never expires,
So the horses we've pal'd with so long, perhaps they no longer will do,
But all the same I'm not sorry my own time is nearly through.

A WARNING TO MOTHERS

No mother can expect her little one to escape all the ills of childhood, but every mother who accepts fair warning as to the treatment of these little ills can save her baby much suffering. Thousands of mothers of young children keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house—all mothers should do so. The Tablets are a never-failing cure for all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. They can be given with perfect safety—they always do good; never harm. Constipation, indigestion, colic, simple fevers, colds, etc., all rapidly disappear under treatment with the Tablets. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SUPREME TEST.

(Youth's Companion.)

"There never was Amos' equal for an up-and-down good nature," said Mrs. Clifford, in speaking of her deceased husband, to the new summer boarder. "My son Joe always said pa was more patient than Job."

"I tell you," she continued, "you can figure for yourself how patient Amos was by this. Our old horse, Dandy, would get the rein under his tail and keep it there off an' on for ten mile without Amos getting mad."

A WOMAN'S GAINS DESTRUCTIVE TO HEALTH

ANAEMIA, BAD BLOOD, HEADACHES, AND LASSITUDE VERY COMMON

Mrs. Wilkinson's Letter Gives Advice That Every Mother Can Well Follow.

From her home in Newton, where she resides with her large family, Mrs. Wilkinson writes: "For years I was pale, anaemic and lacking in vitality. I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and the distress and pain it caused me, coupled with ever-increasing anaemia, made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before the eyes and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My constitution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and dullness in my eyes showed what a sick woman I was. I began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement, although slow, was sure.

"I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger, and I enjoyed my meals thoroughly. I felt happier and more contented and the sickly pallor of my face was replaced by a bright, rosy color, which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deathly pallor to robust health."

You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills — beware of the substitutor that offers you anything except Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

4 Ways to Cook EGGS

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND TOMATO TOAST—Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls flour and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cups stewed and strained tomatoes, to which has been added one-fourth teaspoon soda. Put in double boiler and add one-half cup rich milk. Dip slices of toasted bread in sauce, and when soft remove to serving dish. Pour remaining sauce over all. Scramble eggs in a little butter and serve on the toast.

EGG VERMICELLI—Three hard-boiled eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, two and one-half tablespoonfuls butter, four or six slices of toast, half teaspoon salt and saltspoon of pepper. Make a white sauce by melting butter, add flour, milk salt and pepper. Chop the whites of the eggs, add to the sauce and pour over the toast. Rub the yolks of the eggs through a sieve and sprinkle over the top.

STUFFED EGGS IN TOMATO SAUCE—Cut six hard boiled eggs in half, crosswise, and remove the yolks. Mash the yolks fine, adding one teaspoonful of butter, half a cup of bread crumbs slightly moistened with milk (three tablespoonfuls), one teaspoonful of finely minced parsely or scraped onion, one half teaspoonful of salt and one-half salt spoon of pepper. Fill the halves firmly with this mixture, press two together and serve in hot tomato sauce. Garnish with parsley.

EGGS AND TOMATOES—Take cold mashed potatoes, add a little milk, to make them soft, one teaspoonful of melted butter; beat up well; put on a granite pie dish which has been greased and a little flour dusted over it; put potatoes on the dish in mound shape; have them nice and smooth; put in oven to get ice ad brown; when done remove carefully onto a round, flat dish; scramble as many eggs as you need, and put them around the potatoes. Serve hot.

DATE LINE ECCENTRICITIES.

(New York Herald.)

"Had it occurred to you," said the bookkeeper, "that there'll be a day this month when you can set down the month, day of the month and the year with six straight lines? No? Well, I'll show you," and the bookkeeper wrote down this:

11-11-11.

"There you are," he said, "the eleventh month, the eleventh day and the eleventh year of the century, all made with just six straight lines."

"Yes, that's so," said the stenographer, "and you can work up triples like that just once more in the present century, in December, 1912. You can write the 12th day of December next year like this—" and the stenographer put down his row of figures:

12-12-12.

Then the bookkeeper turned to his books again and the stenographer began banging the typewriter.

THEY ACT QUICKLY AND ALWAYS CURE

Postmaster tells of quick relief Dodd's Kidney Pills give

Two of Them Taken Before Going to Bed Clears Away His Pain in the Back—Why They Always Cure More Serious Kidney Diseases.

Buck Lake, Ont., Nov. 27.—(Special.)—How quickly Dodd's Kidney Pills relieve pain in the back when taken in time is evidenced by Mr. James Thomas, the well known and highly respected postmaster here.

"I wish to inform you that I always find relief for pain in the back by taking Dodd's Kidney Pills," says Postmaster Thomas. "Sometimes in the mornings I cannot straighten up for hours, but if I take two Dodd's Kidney Pills before going to bed the pain all disappears and I have no trouble in the morning."

Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the Kidneys. When pain in the back is caused by slight Kidney disorders the pain is relieved at once. Where the complaint is of long standing and the Kidneys are diseased the cure takes longer, but Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail. Thousands of Canadians tell of the cure of Kidney Disease of all forms, from pain in the back to Bright's Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is not on record a single case of Kidney Disease or of diseases resulting from diseased Kidneys, such as Rheumatism or Dropsy which Dodd's Kidney Pills have failed to cure if taken regularly and according to directions.

A CANINE NEGOTIATOR.

An amusing story concerning the Morocco negotiations is going the rounds of the French press. Herr Von Kiderlen-Wachter possesses a beautiful dog, of the boarhound type. The dog and his master are inseparable. One lives for the other; in fact, they remind one of Wordsworth's "Two Thieves" for their attachment. The dog takes part in the negotiations, lying at the feet of his master, and for the most part motionless. But in the course of the conversations, sometimes the French diplomatist unconsciously raises his voice. Then a low growl from the dog leads M. Cambon to modulate his voice. When Von Kiderlen-Wachter had to visit the Kaiser on board his yacht at Kiel some time ago the dog, more so, accompanied him. The two friends at the port seemed likely to suffer a short separation, but the Kaiser saw what was going on between the statesman and harbor officials and solved the difficulty, observing, "When two brothers come to see me, I cannot do otherwise than receive them together."—London Globe.

WOMEN IN SWEDISH ELECTIONS.

Women seem to have played a considerable part in the recent elections in Sweden. They have not got the vote, of course, like the women of Norway, but they have been carrying on an active campaign for the suffrage for several years, and they seem at last to have made an impression on the governing powers, for the Conservatives, against whom they threw all their energies, have been beaten. To assist their allies, the Liberals and Social Democrats, the suffragettes established a committee in every constituency and held 217 meetings during the election. One of their leaders made thirty-five speeches, but their campaign was not marked by any outbreaks of violence against their opponents or the Government. The Swedish suffragettes seem to have campaigned on the lines of peaceful persuasion from the first, and perhaps that is why the move was in Sweden seems to have mellowed to them.—Westminster Gazette.

THE STAIRCASE TEST

If You Cannot Pass It Your Health is Failing

When you suffer acute palpitation of the heart, dizziness or faintness every time you go up stairs; when exertion of any kind leaves you breathless and trembling, it is a warning that your blood is defective—that you are anaemic. If these warnings are neglected worse disorders will follow—perhaps decline and dearly consumption. If you are in this condition, you need the new, good blood of health that has been given to thousands of sufferers by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills banish all the ailments arising from poor blood, tone up the system and make weak men and women well and strong. Miss Elizabeth Campbell, Almonte, Ont., says: "I was living in Pembroke at the time my health failed me. I kept growing weaker every day until I at last grew so weak I could not walk up stairs without help, and I could not go down street without sitting down and resting. My mother got quite anxious about me, and took me to a doctor, who said he was quite sure he could restore my health. He gave me a bottle of medicine, and I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, but instead of getting stronger I was growing weaker all the time, and was only a mere shadow of my former self. My parents believed I was in a decline and could not get better. My mother had heard so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that she decided I ought to try them. I did not notice much change until I had taken five or six boxes, when a decided improvement set in, and from that on I grew stronger and stronger each day, until through a continued use of the pills I was back to my old-time health and strength. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best remedy on earth for sick people, and cannot too strongly urge other weak girls to give them a trial."

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.

THE SHIPS THAT ARE SELDOM HEARD OF.

The ships that are seldom mentioned! Montreal's big port is full of them—in fact every harbor, river and sea in the wide world teems with the unnamed craft. The big ships come and go. Continents watch their arrival and departure, and long after their masts have sunken beneath the horizon the wireless whispers its messages from them to the friends on the shore. Eager worlds await anxiously the first word from the incoming ship. They live their days in the full glare of publicity. From that day when they take their first plunge from the ways into their future element until that other one when the old bones rest on some forbidding reef or in a shipbroker's yard, they are public characters in the social and commercial worlds they occupy prominent places.

But the unnamed ships come and go without mention. Not a line in the paper announces their launching and few journals of people even note their disappearance from the sea unless they figure in some dire accident. They are the peasantry of the great deep and, like the peasantry of the nations they are individually unknown. The barges and scows of the water "underworld" bear unknown names, moor in the out-of-the-way berths in the harbor with none so poor as to do them reverence. Like their twin brother in obscurity, the coal barge, the last vestige of paint has long since vanished form their sides and fittings. There no thorough scraping, cleaning, painting for them at the end of each voyage. But year after year they make their monotonous routes unheralded, unknown, uncared for. They labor into port under their own weary engines, or, more often at the end of a tow rope behind a noisy, puffing tug.

But like the poor son of the soil, these unknown sea-goers are the essentials of commerce. From a thousand ports and rivers where the big ships cannot go, they gather the products of nations, and bear it to the ocean port. Barge loads of coal fed the hungry furinaces of the 'liner' while in her cavernous hold is stored the lumber, the dairy products, the fruits gathered from the hamlets of the great Dominion, the things the people beyond the great sea desire and the production and sale of which enriches the humble toiler.

So here's to the ships that are never named—the barges, scows, tugs and schooners of the marine underworld—the peasantry of the sea—the essentials of ocean commerce.

THE TRAINED DOGS.

A troupe of trained dogs is an interesting study.

The intelligent animals play dead, jump through hoops and do other highly diverting things, all at the command of the trainer.

The trainer bows in acknowledgment of the applause; he also receives the reward for the performance of the dogs.

The trainer voter is also an interesting study.

He refuses to perform for any but his trainer.

Let another urge, argue and plead with him, he will not do a single trick until his trainer snaps his fingers or cracks the whip.

When the troupe of trained voters is jumped through the hoops, played dead, waltzed and otherwise demonstrated its allegiance to established principle, the trainer bows to the applause and receives the reward for the performance.

Whose poodle are you.—Chicago Post.

SPRAINED HER ANKLE

"I slipped off an icy step and sprained my right ankle very badly," says Miss Minnie Burgoyne, of Glenwood. "It swelled to a tremendous size and caused intense pain. I applied Polson's Nerviline and got prompt relief; the swelling was reduced, and before long I was able to use my foot." For sprains, swellings and muscular pains Nerviline is the one sure remedy. Strong, penetrating, swift to destroy pain—that's Polson's Nerviline. Fifty years in use.

WHO AM I ANYHOW?

I married a widow who had a daughter. My father visited the house frequently, fell in love and married my step-daughter. Thus my father become my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. My step-daughter had a son, he was, of course, my brother and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I must be my own grandfather.

There are 730 species of roses known, and 448 of chrysanthemums.