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Sweet Miss Margery

What explanation would she give him? slowly; "the news is sather sudden." He Perhaps none; and he had no right to pased for a little. There is no mis-demand any. The difficulties of the situation seemed to become greater and greater as he pondered it in his mind. He moved from the window, and walk-ed slowly up and down the room. Margery, the girl he had loved, trusted, revered, the girl he was about to seek in a far-distant clime, was under the same roof with him at that very instant, the wife of his host, the Earl of Court. It was inexplicable. His mind could find no solution to the problem; he could but wait for morning light.

Stuart was not the only one who was awake and disturbed that night. Margery, elad in a silk dressing gown as white as her cheeks, was pacing the floor of her chamber. She had pleaded illness, and begred to be left with Pauline; and, once alone, she sent her maid sorrow, despair, anguish, had come to her before, they visited her now with redoubled force. It stery of her birth has hung over darling like a dark cloud; and now by Stuart replied in the redoubled force. redoubled force. It seemed to her the very irony of fate, a mockery of her good intentions, that she should be so tried as such a moment-a moment when she had thought herself a conqueror over her weakness. Of what avail had been ber struggles, her earnest prayers, her resolutions? The sight of Stuart's grave, a long corridor to a door hung with lived for the woman who had deceived me. But I will always occasionally handsome face, the intoxication of his heavy curtains. presence, had left her weak; the memory of his insults, his deceit, had banished everything but the knowledge that she loved him still. She longed for the weary night to pass, yet dreaded the coming of morning, when she must meet him, speak to him, when his every word would be as a dagger thrust into her heart

Dawn was creeping over the sky when thoroughly wearied and ill, she flung herself upon her bed. As she lay, her eyes fell on the sapphire ring that she were, and the memory of Enid-her patience, her suffering, her courage-stole into her heart. Then her mind wandered to her husband, and to all his great goodness; and, remembering this, she sent up a fervid prayer for strength to do her duty to this man; and, as the sighing plea left her heart, she grew com-

"And grief shall endure not forever, I know; As things that are not shall these

things be; We shall live through seasons of sun and of snow. And none be grievous as this to me.

We shall hear, as one in a trance that hears The sound of time, the rhyme of the

years: years; Wricked hope and passionate pain will

TEOW. As tender things of a springtide sea."

Stuart left his room early, and, despite the cold, gloomy morning, made his way into the grounds to think, and nerve himself for the coming orders. He looking a faint voice.

ed pale and wan; his eyes had neves Their fingers m he told himself-his cousin was found. meeting was almost greater than she the silence. Presently the door was He must just state the truth, and then | could bear. go away from her fair, false sweetness, buck to the long, straight path of duty, so long and so well, back to his pledged and, standing with her husband's arm word and the burden of life.

He was walking to and fro beneath the leafless trees, his heart almost as dead and withered as the leaves beneath his feet, when a cheery voice hailed him, and, turning, he saw the earl.

"You are out early, Crosbie," eried Lord Court, as he approached. "I saw The earl, wrapped up in his thought you from my windows." Then, in a tone for his wife, took no notice of Stuart's of surprise, he added: "But you look ill; agitation and pallor. He did not think is anything the matter?"

hurriedly, "for I have had a shock. I am going to tell you all about it."

"A shock," repeated the earl, with a smile. "Don't say the manor is haunted. I believe it is most unorthodox not to have a family ghost, but I have never heard yet that we have one." "It is not a ghost! it is a reality. I

but I was so surprised that I could hard- be content, and there would be no barly realize the truth of what I saw. I rier to their complete happiness. will explain now." "Come indoors," said Lord Court, Margery raised her head.

looking a little bewildered; "it is scarcely sultry out here. New, Crosbie, I am all attention-begin," as they entered the house.

You are aware I was about to start

"No," 'answered the earl, "and, to tell you the candid truth, I was just a little | we must eat, or we shall sink beneath nuzzled as to the cause of your hasty departure."

"It was to fulfill a wish of my dead cousin, Douglas Gerant. He left a was Australia to consider, it was andaughter; it was in search of her I was other thing."

So the earl chatted on, eager to rouse

Gerant was married!" "It was a secret," said Stuart: "but I have the whole history in a letter which tion and plunged into other topics. he confided to my care. Now comes the strange part of the story. This daughter Tos thought to be in Australia, was even last she could bear her distress no longfraced to that part of the world, when er, and with a murmured apology she suddenly, as I am shout to start to find her, by one of those extraordinary turns of fate, I come face to face with the

cousin I seek-here-in your house!" Lord Court stood still and looked at Stuget earnestly.
"In my house!" he echood, slowly, as if doubting his ears. "Who is it?"

"Your wife." "My wife-Margery! You are jest-

Jesting!" repeated Stuart, grimly. "I was never so serious in all my life! Sir Douglas Gerant's lost daughter bore the name of Margery Daw. She was placed in a home at Hurstley - my native village. Evidence was forthcoming that she had gone to Australia with
Reuben Morris, the husband of the woman she had called mother. I knew long hours walking about the grounds ly, and her hand called mother. I knew long hours walking about the grounds ly, and her hand called mother from believe that kept him. He spent the large way softlong hours walking about the grounds ly, and her hand called mother from believe that kept him. her well, and last night, when I came with the earl, forcing himself to dis a sound came from behind:

take you are sure?"

"I am sure," answered Stuart, em-The earl was silent for a minute, then

ing has found her rights, and she is your comfortable, handing him at the same cousin. The feeling of friendship for you time the batch of newspapers that had which came so strongly to me, Crosbie, just arrived from London. has now a solid basis beneath it. How "Now you are settled," he said, gen-happy she will be! And yet it is sad, ially. "You look as if sleep would not

at one and the same moment, almost, to come amise; and, such being the case, find a father and lose him. Fate must I shall have no hesitation in leaving have led her to his bedside on that day. you. I must drive to Beverley Town, Thank Heaven he saw her once before a good distance away; I have an imhe died! Come—let us go in and tell her. portant interview on hand with a Words seem so feeble to-day that I can troublesome tenant. I shall be back.

down the stairs. would attend the dejeuner," the girl and desire. The love that he had no cough, no bad breathing spells, said; and the earl walked quickly down thought was treasured only for his ideal not a sign of a cold or catarrh about

and in another moment they were in trouble and sorrow had soothed and Mrs. E. L. Osgood, Johnson, P. O., Ont. the room.

The complete \$100 outsite of Co. the room.

pale cheeks and a wreath of red-gold to him the personificatin of truth and curls before him. She had her hand clasp- sweetness in the summer that was zone. ed in the earl's; and, as his senses re- There was something altogether strange turned, Stuart saw her deep-blue eyes and incomprehensible in Margery's margrow dark with surprise, and her face riage. The earl had casually mentionbecome whiter than the folds of the heavy serge gown that draped her.

In a soft, low voice, tender and passionate, the earl told her all; and Margery stood beside him, hearing nothing save the words:

"Sir Douglas Gerant's daughter, the cousin of Crosbie, my friend." Stuart drew back while the earl murmured soothing words in her ear, and she gradually awoke to the reality.

"He was my father," she said, dreamily; then, with a sudden rush of remembrance-"Ah, now I understand all!" She sunk into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Presently she rose, saying to the eari, "Tell me every-

Lord Court put his lips to her hand. "Crosbie will do that, my darling: he is your cousin now, you must remember. Give him your hand, and bid him welcome to your home as your kinsman and your friend; you were too ill last night

to do so." Margery's heart seemed to stand still,

"You are welcome, cousin," she said, Their fingers met for an instant, then

She was too weak to offer any resist- the chair. back to the woman who had loved him | ance was even glad of the support; around her Margery heard the story of her father's sorrow and her mother's martyrdom slowly but distinctly from Stuart Crosbie's lips. The words went home to her heart: the despair, the misery, caused her unspeakable pain; and tears rained from her eves.

"I did not sleep well," returned Stuart, Crosbie Castle should have been so surprised at seeing Margery. His sister had told him the girl's history, as she had heard it from Miss Lawson, and, remembering that his wife had been called a village girl, it was not likely her actions would be known at the castic. He only felt a great wave of graticule and happiness fill his heart. The mystery meant to have spoken to you last night, of her birth solved. Margery would now

As Stuart spoke of Beecham Park,

"The estate is mine?" she said, slowly. "You are the next heir," answered Stuart.

"Therefore you are a great lady," put in Lord Court, smiling. "Beecham for Australia next week. De you know Park is one of the finest places in England. But come, Crosbie; sit down. This has been a morning of surprises, but them altogether. You must pay us a long visit now, for you have no reason to go-has he, Margery? When there all the time."

"A daughter! Why, I never knew Margery from the dreams into which she had fallen; and with a glance at Stuart he adroitly turned the conversa-

> Margery was silent. She could not eat-her brain was in a whirl; and at

went slowly to the door. "Yes, rest, my darling," said Lord Court, as he followed her-"this news has been too much for you; but, before you go, tell your cousin that if he departs it will be at the risk of your

grave displeasure." Stuart had risen, and their eyes met. "You will stay," she said faintly; and then the door closed, and she was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Should he go or stay? was the burning question in Stuart's mind all that morning. Duty and honor bade him tear himself away; yet there was some-

obliged to confess that he was quite exhausted and could welk no further. "Come back to the house. Would

"Come back to the house. Would you prefer to go to your own ream? If not, rest in my 'den.' I can answer for its silence and connece."

Stuart preferred the "den"; the misery of the previous night haunted him—he hated the thought of his luxurious bedroom. The earl led the way to the north wing of the house, and, going to the extreme end of a corridor, pushed oney the door of an apartment, that ed open the door of an apartment that seemed to warrant his statement. It was three cornered and quaint, and at the end branched off into another room The earl was silent for a minute, then the end transned our into anusuar room his face cleared and brightened. He put which led through a long French window out his hand to Stuart, who grasped it to the grounds. Lord Court closed the silently. "I can think and speak now. My darl- ing a chair to the fire, made his gnest

"Now you are settled." he said, genhowever, before dinner. Are you sure

Stuart replied in the negative, and, Heaven's mercy it is gone, and she will after seeing him cosily ensconsed, Lord

heavy curtains. him, and swept away all memory of "We will tell her now." he whispered; that other girl who through all her Stuart's vision was obscured for the call him away, yet he felt he could not first few seconds, then it cleared, and he go until he had gazed once more on saw a slender, graceful girl with fair the delicate beauty that had seemed ed the love that his dead sister had had for his wife, and Stuart would have followed up the remark in order to learn how it was that the village girl had become the Countess of Court; but the earl would talk of nothing but Sir Donglas Gerant and the wonderful discovery of his daughter.

Stuart toop up his paper and forced himself to read; but the words seemed to run into each other, and his mind refused to be diverted from the mystery and perplexity that tormented me. As he lay back wearily gazing into the glowering coals, he saw his duty clearly—he must leave the manor and put every barrier between Margery and himself. Vane had been true, taithful, devoted; to her he would return, and by earnestness and determination try to thrust out all remembrance of his false love from his heart, and forget that she ever exitted.

The struggle was ended now, he told himself; his path was clear and well defined. A sense of peace stole over him: then, nerving herself for the effort, she the fire-light flickered amid the fast-stretched out her hand. was soothed in slumber.

The afternoon grew into winter dusk; across his breast. closed all night, his restless thoughts dropped apart; and Margery turned the fire had settled in a glowing mass of had never left him. His task was ended, have left him and opened gently, a white hand pushed The earl drew her gently toward him. aside the curtain, and Margery stood in

"I was dreaming," he answered, hurriedly; "but I am awake now. Lady Court."

The color faded from Margery's face. "Your husband has gone to Beverly Town," Souart continued, in a voice that sounded strange in his own cars. "He settled me comfortably in his own 'den' before starting, and told me that he would be home to dinner."

Margery bowed her head, and turned toward the door, when Stuart moved forward as if to arrest her.

'As I shall leave you this evening," he said, hurriedly, "I will take the present opportunity of informing you, that the letter and proofs I spoke of this morning shall be sent to you as soon as possible.'

"You are very kind," responded Margery, as calmly as possible; "thank you for all you have done."

There was a pause. Margery felt as if some strong unknown power held her to the spot, she wished to move away. yet could not; and Stuart let his eyes rest on her fair loveliness, feeling that his resolution to depart was growing weaker and weaker a she gazed.

'I have done nothing," he said, almost harshly, trying to hide his agitation. "It is all so new and strange," murmured the girl, putting one hand to her throat and speaking as if to herself. "How often we have discussed the story of my mother, yet how far we were from the truth! And we were cousins

"What use is there in recalling the past?" asked the young man, hoarsely. "It can bring nothing but pain." Margery looked up at his pale drawn

face. "Pain," she repeated, slowly. "I wonder if you know what pain I have suf-

She spoke unconsciously, urged by the memory of all her sorrow, her girlish despair and her humiliation.

"What should give you pain?" cried Stuart, harshly, folding his arms in his agitation. "You have riches, title-you can do as you will-you are Lady

The bitterness of his heart went to her very heart. "How cruel you are!" she murmured,

"Cruel!" he repeated, moving to her side, mad with the intoxication of his love and the remembrance of her deceit. "Were you not cruel when you coquetmotionless form, her eyes fell on Stuart's motionles form, her heart gave one great leap, then sunk again; she let her gaze rest with unspeakable sadness and ten-

face to face with her, I was overwhelmed by the discovery that Margery Daw gery's birth the while he was growing that Coupters of Court were one and faint and weary with the struggle that his hand outstretched.

The same person."

"Margery!"

She turned at once to see Stuart with the same person."

I am acry," she faintly. "I Lord Court passed his hand across his The surprise, the sleepless night, the did not know you were here. I came to rew.

Teament think clearly yet," he said, the afternoon advanced, Stuart was you."

BY ACTING TO-DAY YOU CAN QUICKLY GURE CATARRH AND AVOID BRONCHITIS PER HAPS CONSUMPTION

Most Agreeable and Surest Gure is Catarrhozone, Which Gures Every Curable Case.

Catarrhozone prove especially good in those chronic cases where mucous drops down the throat, sickens the stomach, and pollutes the breath. When the nostrils are stuffed, only a few breaths through the inhaler are needed to clear the passages, and where there is coughing and sore bronchial tubes the soothing, healing properties of Catarrhozone act almost as magic.

Once you stop taking medicine into the stomach and get the healing oils and pure balsams of Catarrhozone at work you can be sure of quick and lasting cure for nose colds, catarrh, weak lungs, bronchitis, and speaker's sore throat

IS YEARS OF CATARRH CURED. "As Catarrhozone has cured me of a Catarrhal Cough and Asthma that be free and happy."

Court quitted the room, and made his lasted thirteen years, I feel I can honestly recommend it. I really used along the hall. Pauline was tripping Left to himself, Stuart leaned back all kinds of medicine, but Catarrhwearily, and gave way to thought. Once ezone was the only one that did any "Miladi is in the south room—she again the struggle raged between duty real good. I am entirely cured—have

> The complete \$1.00 outfit of Catarrhozone is sufficient for two months' treatment, and is guaranteed. Smaller size, 50c., at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston,

> Stuart's hand feit, and ne bowed his lead to the arm of the chair. "You are ill!" Energery went on

Stuart raised his head and rose to his feet, steadying himself with one hand on ted with me, led me on, lied to me, and then deceived me?" "Deceived you! What do you mean?"

Stuart met her clear blue eyes, startied yet strangely steadfast. "Why do you say such wicked, such cruel things of me?" she asked.

Stuart hesitated for a moment; a sudden strange fear crept into his heart. "You may give them other names," he said, huskily. "I call it deceit, I call it wickedness to act as you did - to laugh at me, to send false tender messages the while you were fooling another man, and suddenly to leave the village for him, forgetting me and all the words you had spoken only three days

hefore Margery had moved slowly to the table. She still wore the long robe of white serge that she had donned in the morning. She looked up at Stuart, mysgrowing shadows. Stuart's head drooped, bified and pained by his words. She put one hand on the table and gazed at her old lover, whose arms were still folded

"Let me recall the past," returned Stuart, letting his hands drop to his sides, while he moved nearer to her. "On the day we plighted our troth, the words I spoke, Margery, were from my heart. not lightly meant or lightly given, but solemn and serious; while yours-

"While mine," she cried, raising her head proudly, "live as truly in my heart now as they did on that day! Ah, what have I said?"

(To be Continued.)

TEETHING TIME WORRY.

Baby's teething time was once source, of worry to all mothers-it in vet a time of worry to many, though there are thousands of mothers who have learned the secret which banishes this worry. Mothers who worry, who see their little ones suffering from difficult teething; who are worn out by day and kept awake at night by the cries of the baby in distress, should folow the example of the thousands and give their little ones Baby's Own Tablets-the remedy for worry-the neverfailing banisher of baby's pains. Concerning this Mrs. H. Monette, jun., Ra-pide de l'Orignal, Que., says: "My baby eried day and night and suffered from his teeth. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets made him healthy and happy, and his teething easy and painless. would not be without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WIT OF ROSSINI.

Wagner and Liszt Among those Who Felt the Sting of His Tongue. Although Rossini seldom went to the

opera he could not resist the temptation of hearing one of Wagner's works. says a writer in Musical Opinion. It was "lannhauser." Afterward, when asked to give his opinion of the opera,

"It is too important and too elaborate a work to be judged after a single hearing, but I shall not give it a second."

Somebody cace handed him a score of one of Wagner's latest music dramas and presentely remarked that he was holding it upside down, "Well," said Rossini, "I have already read it the other way and am trying this as I really can make nothing of it."

Rossini had scant patience with amsteur composers. One such once accompanied the manuscript of his latest comosition with a Stilton choese, of which he knew Rossini to be fond. He hoped, of course, to have a letter praising his work. A letter came, but all it said was, "Thanks! I like the cheese very much."

Prince Poniatowski, the composer of the popular, "Yeoman's Weidling song," had written two operas and wanted very much to have Russini's opinion as to which of the two he should choose for production in public. Rossini fought shy of the matter for a long time, but Poniatowski's importunity at last prevailed. Highly clated he accompanied Rossini home. Prince Poniatowski, the composer of

chair with his fact on another end placed a large hardens lauditerwise, over his type. Positionable ast down to the plane and worked every butily for an hour. When almost exhausted and bathed in perspiration, he was about to begin on the second opera. Essaini awoke from a dose into which he had fallen and touched him lightly on the shoulder so as to arrest his progress. "Now, my good friend, I can advise you," he said sleepily; "have the other opera performed."

opera performed."

A kindred joke was tried on Liest, who had just played one of his so-called symphonic poems to Rossini.
"I prefer the other," said Rossini, enigmatically. List naturally asked, which "other."

was the withering reply.

On one occasion a gentleman called upon him to enlist his aid in procuring

or him an engagement at the opera. He was a drummer, and had taken the precaution to bring his instrument. Rossini said he would hear him play, and it was agreed that he should show off in the overture "Semiramide." Now, the very first bar of the overture contains a tremolo for the drum, and when this had been performed the player remark-ed, "Now I have a rest of 78 hars; these, of course, I will skip."

This was too good a chance to be lost. "Oh, no," said the composer, "by all means count the 78 bars; I particularly want to hear those."

Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on February 29, in leap year, he had, of course, a birthday only once in four years, and when he was 72 he facetiously nvited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan made his

acquaintance in Paris. One morning when Sullivan called to see him he found him trying over a small piece of

"What is that?" asked Sullivan. "I's my dog's birthday," he replied, very veriously, "and I write a little piece

for him every years."

All his life he had a dread of the number 13, as well as of Fridays. He never would invite more than 12 to dinner, and once when he had 14 he made sure of an understudy, who would, at a moment's notice, have been ready to come should one guest have missed And, though this was a double superstition, he died on Friday, November

When Rossini was rehearsing one of his operas in a small theatre in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune. "Who is that playing the horn in such an unholy way?" he demanded. "It is I," said a tremulous voice.

"Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his own father.

Rossini was an epicure and several of the stories connected with his name bear on the pleasures of the table. He had a fastidious palate, and declared that he could cook rice and macaroni

better than anyone he knew. "Maestro," said some one to him, "de you remember that famous dinner given you in Milan, when they served a gigan tic macaroni pie! Well, I was seated

next you."
"Indeed!" replied Rossini; "I remember the macaroni perfectly, but I fail to recognize you."

On another occasion, at a dinner in Paris, at which he was observed to remain silent and absorbed, a banker who was on anything but friendly terms with him passed savories to the lady on his right, saying: "I have already eaten as many of these as Samson slew of

Philistines." "Yes, and with the same weapon," retorted Rossini.

THE BEST WAY.

To clean a gas mantle, is to remove the globe, get a salt shaker and shake all the salt on it that it will hold, turn on the gaslight, and let it burn until all black is off, turn off the light, replace the globe and light it the usual way. and you will find the light restored to its former brilliancy. Try this if the

mantle is black and it burns poorly. To clean white furs, moufflen, rabbit swan's down and ermine, first beat out lay the article upon a table covered with a clean white cloth and saturate it with a mixture of grain alcohol, three parts, and other one part. With a clean whisk work the fluid into every hair and down to the skin. Then sift into the fur all the boracic talcum it will hold, litting the fur so that the powder reaches the roots. Then put into a closed box and leave for three days. Take out the turs. shake out the powder, removing that which cannot be so easily distodged by brushing with a perfectly clean whisk. Then put the furs well on the wrong

side to raise the nap. To press woollen clothes, lay the garment over a heavy strip of tan linen and dampen it lightly, with a wet sponge, and the npress with a hot iron. Do not dampen the article itself.

EVERY PLACE ON THE WIDE PRAIRIES

Tells of cures made by Dodds Kidney Pills.

Thos. Griffin, cf Peace River Landing, Tells How He Got Rid of His Rheumatism — Honestly Earned Popularity.

Cold Springs, Peace River Landing, Alta., Oct. 10.-(Special.)-Just why Dodd's Kidney Pills retain their wonderful popularity is easily shown by a trip across the prairies. Every town, village and post office has at least one man or woman who is ready to tell of pains relieved and health restored by the great Canadian Kidney Remedy. Let Thos. Griffin, of this place, add his statement

to the hosts already published. "When I came to this part of the country," says Mr. Griffin, "I was troubled with a bad back and rheumatism in my shoulders and hips. I sent for six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they gave me relief at once. I also recommended them to my eldest son, who was confined to his bed from rheumatism.

THE LEE SE VITUS DANCE

known St. Time dame, is a disease that usually attacks the young children, though older persons may be afflicted with it. Its most common symptoms are a twitching of the nuncles of the face and limbs. As the disease progresses this twitching takes the form of spanns in which the jerking motion may be con-fined to the head, or all the limbs may be affected. The patient is frequently unable to hold anything in the hands or to walk steadily, and in severe cases even the speech is affected. The disease is due to debility of the nevres and is always cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis, which enrich the blood, tone and strengthen the nerves and thus restore the sufferer to good health. The following is a striking instance of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do in this trouble. Mrs. Charles Phipps, Pelee istand, Ont., says: "At the age of fourteen my eldest daughter, Edith, became much run down, and the trouble developed into St. Vitus' dance. First her left arm became affected, then the left leg and entire left side. She grew so bad that she actually could not hold anything in her hand, and could only go about with a sliding, jerking motion. Notwithstanding that we were giving her medicine, she seemed to be growing worse, and finally her speech became much affected. We became so much mlarmed about her that finally her father got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we began giving her these. In the course of a few weeks she was much better, and before all the pills were gone she was again enjoying perfect health. This was in 1908, and as she has not had a symptom of the trouble since I feel justified in saying the cure is permanent."

Be sure you get the genuine pills, which are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LATE INVENTIONS.

An electric meter has been invented for measuring the flow of steam in

Artificial wood for matches made from straw, has been invented by a Frenchman. To a Massachusetts man has been

granted a patent for a nelectric lamp and reflector for inspecting the inside of In France there has been invented a flouriess bread-making machine that transforms the while wheat into dough.

may be fastened of a bottle to leave one hand free when liquids are poured is a Californian's invention. The bottom and sides separate and can be adjusted to any size desired in a

A swiveled clamp by which a tunnel

baking pan invented by a Pennsylvan-A barrel-shaped packing case that has been patented by an Illinois man can be folded for transportation when empty and used many times.

A Pennsylvanian has equipped the head of a piano tuning hammer with a ratchet so that it will not have to be lifted from a peg every time it turned. A California inventor's wave power motor consists of a small truck with a

broad tail. A wave, striking the tail,

pushes the affair up a trake and a pis-

ton in the head of the truck compresses air in a cylinder.

DROPPED ALL OTHERS. "I dropped all liniments, but Nerviline, because I found Nerviline the quick est to relieve pain," writes E. S. Benton of St. John's. "If my children are croupy or sick, Nerviline cures them. It a case of cramps or stomach ache turns up, Nerviline is ever ready. We use Nerviline for neuralgia, rheumatism and all kinds of aches and pains; it's as good all the dust, gently but thoroughly, then as any doctor." The great Canadian remedy for the past fifty years has been Polson's Nerviline-nothing better made.

CLEAN MONEY AS AN "AD."

One of the big, successful hotels in this big, successful town has the custom of never returning as change to patrons paper money in anything but erisp. hrand-new bills, right off the government printing press. By an arrangement with a nearby bank, it always has an ample supply of bills of all denominations in the original bands in which they come from the United States treasury; also new, bright smelling coins. All the people in all the dining rooms of the establishment might give odd, old, seited notes in payment of checks, but all change would come back to every mother's son in glittering coin and immaculate, crinky bills, the old, soiled money received by the cashier being put aside for deposit. Tip noticed this the second or third time he dined in the big hotel; he never realized what a nest advertise ment it was till he heard it spoken of approvingly in the south and west and even in Canada.

A STRETCHING EXERCISE It imparts elasticity.

And it is good for one. It will lift the vital organs. It gives strength and poise to the

The clothing must be loose and com fortable. To begin any exercise one must stand

The chest should be high, the head up. and the chin in. The body should rest on the batis of the feet, not on the heels. At first it may be enough to breathe

deeply and slowly (mouth closed) standing thus. This alone is a fine thing if practiced in the open air, or before a window open top and bottom, for five or ten minutes

twice a day.

Now for the stretching; sweep the arms alowly outward and upward until they touch above the head, lifting the chest walls and stretching the arms.

Lower the arms with the same sweep, stretching them all the time. Five times will be enough at first, breathing deeply and slowly all the time.

The fellow who is all I's expects the