Sweet Miss Margery

She moved to a chair, and, flinging herself into it, buried her face in her hands, while he stood as he was, hardly realizing what it was that caused the sudden glow within his breast, the unspeakable happiness that possessed him. In a moment, however, Margery rose; pride had come to her aid. She looked at him steadily, her two small hands clasped.

"You have accused me of deceit," she said, "spoken words insulting to a true woman; but it is what I should have expected from the man who trampled on a girl's heart, her life, as you did on mine. Ah, how wrongly I have judged you! I thought you a hero, a king; you proved yourself mean, dishonorable, despicable!"

She drew a quick breath, then went on, not noticing that his face had grown as pale as her own.

"I was only a village girl, a plaything of the hour, sufficient to amuse you when you were dull, a toy to be tossed aside when I had given you all the amusement you wanted. It was nothing to you what might come to me—I served your purpose. In my foolish ignorance I gave you all my heart; I let you see how deeply I loved you, and, in return, you went back to your cousin, your equal, and laughed at my foolish weakness as a good joke. You to talk of deceit of lies—you, who offered me such insults, sending me money through her—money, Stuart, when my heart was breaking!"

She paused, her hands pressed close to her heart, which beat most painfully. Stuart moved nearer to her; he put one hand on her arm.

"Insults—money!" he echoed, in a hard, quiet voice between his clinched teeth. "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? I mean the humiliation you offered me when you sent that cruel, beautiful woman, your cousin, to me, with cold, insulting words and an offer of money as a cure for all I might suffer!"

Stuart's hold tightened on her arm.

"Vane offered you insults—money!" he said, incredulously.

"Yes," replied Margery. Then, as he turned away with a groan, she added, hurriedly: "You did not send her, Stuart?"

'Send her? Great heavens! you ask me that?"

The girl drew back, frightened by the agony in his voice, and he moved to the fire place, leaning one arm on it for support, with his face turned from her.

"Tell me what happened," he said, after a brief pause.

Margery drew a quick breath, and then in a low, sad voice, she spoke of her sorrow at Mary Morris' death, her trouble because of his accident, her meeting with Sir Douglas Gerant, and the words he had spoken. Then she told him of Robert Bright's proposal, and of the horror and agony of Vane's visit, the result of which was that she determined to leave the village at once, and to that end sought the help of Miss Lawson. A few sad words told of Enid's death and her marriage.

Stuart never moved during the recital; his heart seemed turned to stone. He dared not think of his love—the misery of his loss maddened him; it was of the treachery and cruelty he thought; and his brain whirled at the memory.

"And you believed that of me?" he asked, almost mechanically.

"It seemed so true," murmured the girl, wistfully; then, pressing her hands together, she whispered, "And it was not?"

"It was false from beginning to end!"

Their eyes met, and a shudder passed over each. Margery felt her heart grow cold as ice, a lump rise in her throat.

"We were deceived!" she said, faintly.

"Yes."

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" she cried. "How I have wronged you!"

Stuart clasped her hand with his own, then dropped upon his knees at her feet, and pressed his lips to her fingers.

"Forgive you!" he said, passionately. "It is from you forgiveness must come, my sweet, my love! I shall kneel at your feet till you have pardoned me, Margery, my darling!"

"Oh, hush!" she whispered. "Forgive you? Yes, a hundred times! Indeed, it is all forgotten now, forgotten and done with."

"Forgotten!" cried Stuart. "Ah, no!"

"We were brave in words that day, Stuart," said Margery, gazing at the fire. "How little we guessed that the battle would begin that very moment, the fight be so long! We were so happy, and now——"

"And now," he said, hoarsely, rising to his feet, "life is ended forever! You are not free. I find you and lose you forever at the same time. What have we done that fate should be so hard, so cruel?"

Margery felt the gladness, the triumphant joy, die out of her heart, her senses grow numb and heavy, she came back from the happy past to the present, she remembered all.

"Stuart," she said, slowly and impressively, "it is too late to speak of that; we must part now, never to meet again."

"Never to meet again!" he repeated, raising his head from his hands. "Oh, no, no—that is too much! Let me see you, hear you speak. If you are taken from me now, the darkness will be too terrible. Ah, Margery, have some pity! Think of our love, our dream; do not send me from you!" He seized her hands in his, and half drew her into his arms; but, as his eyse fell on her pale, troubled face, he loosed his hold, and, standing upright before her, said rapidly, "Yes, I will go—I will go to the uttermost parts of the earth—to death—if only you will tell me that you love me, have ever loved me, and me only!"

Margery buried her face in her hands. She was silent for a few seconds, and then she looked up.

"I am a wife, Stuart," she replied, slowly, drawing her breath as if in pain; "at the side of a death-bed I took upon me the most solemn and sacred vows. My husband is good; the depths of his nobility and generosity you could never fathom. To speak such words would be dishonorable, would be a sin. I can say no more."

Stuart had fell forward on his friend, the soil, and tenor touched his manliness to the core.

"Forgive me!" he said, huskily. "You are right—we must part; I will leave Court Manor as soon as possible."

"It will be best."

The words fell almost coldly from her lips; her eyes were closed in pain, her face was pale and drawn. She paused an instant, then moved slowly from the fire, from the proximity of the man bowed down by his despair. She seemed almost overwhelmed by the magnitude of this new sorrow; but, though she looked so frail and delicate, she possessed unusual courage. Her pride and honor supported her in this worst of all her troubles. The future, with its bitterness, stood before her; she had to face life—

"If that may be called life
From which each charm of life has fled—
Happiness gone with hope and love
In all but breath already dead."

And brave the struggle she would, though it broke her heart.

At the door she turned. The sight of Stuart's grief struck her painfully; she held out her hand, urged by an uncontrollable impulse.

"Stuart!" she said, faintly.

He was beside her in an instant.

"If you value what I say," she whispered, as he clasped her hand, "you will be brave. Do not speak of your life as ended. We both have duties. We have been tried; but Heaven has been very good, for the clouds of doubt and suspicion that hung over our hearts have been dispelled. To know the truth is happiness and comfort—let us be grateful and not murmur. Now, good-bye."

Their eyes met, and he bent his head till his lips touched her small, cold, trembling hand.

"I will remember, cousin," he responded; "good-bye."

The curtain was moved aside, then fell back again to its place, and Stuart Crosbie was alone.

"Then came the bitter hours, and broke
Thy heart from mise away.
And tearfully the words we spoke
We were so loath to say.
Farewell, farewell, world so fair!
Farewell, joy of soul!

"Farewell. We shall not meet again
As we are parting now;
I must my beating heart restrain,
Must veil my burning brow.
Oh, those are tears of bitterness
Wrung from the beating heart.
When two, blest in their tenderness,
Must learn to live apart!"

* * * * *

Stuart stood by the fire alone, heedless that the embers were slowly dying, heedless of the dusk that filled the room, heedless of all save his burden of misery. He was too weak to grapple with his sorrow—too prostrate, from the freshness and poignancy of his grief, to overcome it. At last he roused himself; he had to act, not think. He raised his head, he looked round in a dazed troubled way, and, with a weary step, went slowly from the room.

As the sound of his footsteps died away, the door of the inner room was opend and a man approached the fire — a man whose face all joy and happiness had fled, in whose dark eyes a world of speechless agony glowed, round whose mouth dwelt the desolation of hopelessness. He stood erect for an instant, then with a deep groan buried his face in his hands and sunk into a chair.

It was Margery's husband—Nugent, Earl of Court.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Blustering March had come round, and gossip had worn to a thread the story of Lady Court's romantic birth. It had seized on the history of Sir Douglas Gerant's long-lost daughter with avidity for it was not often that society's jaded appetite was regaled with a delightful a morsel. Many things had happened since dull November, but foremost among them were two events—Lord and Lady Court were abroad, to the great annoyance of society, as it was thus debarred from beholding her ladyship in person, and the engagement between Stuart Crosbie, jun., heir to Crosbie Castle, and Miss Vane Charteris, his cousin, came to an abrupt and strange termination just as the congratulations were pouring in. Many reasons were given in strict confidence fo this unsatisfactory affair. It was averred that Miss Charteris had quarrelled with her aunt, Mrs. Crosbie, and that Stuart, like a dutiful son, had espoused his mother's cause: that cold, beautiful Vane reufsed to become her cousin's wife when she discovered that Beecham Park had passed away from him; and that Miss Charteris had grown tired of her affianced husband. These and numerous other explanations were whispered; but no one knew the truth—none but three people—the cousins themselves and the mistress of Crosbie Castle.

Stuart had not reproached his mother; but his mental suffering caused her much uneasiness and also genuine shame. She never knew what took place between Vane Charteris and her son, for Stuart was silent, and her niece left town with her mother for Cannes immediately after the rupture. She felt that Vane must be suffering disappointment, but she could never guess the humiliation, the sullen revenge and anger that were gnawing at her niece's heart. Go where she would, at every turn Vane had Stuart's contemptuous face before her, heard his bitter words, saw herself again as he had shown her, in her true light, dishonorable and depricable. That the marriage should have been broken off was acute disappointment; but the odium she had brought on herself in his eyes was even harder to bear. The malicious spite she felt toward Margery deepened now into actual hatred; it galled her to desperation to know that the village girl should have become a great person, her equal in birth, her superior in marriage. Poor Lady Charteris was overwhelmed with sorrow at the abrupt termination of her daughter's engagement, and fretted herself to a shadow because of Vane's irritability and peevishness. She lavished all her hatred, bitterness on her daughter, hoping and trusting to see her regain her spirits, but it was weary work. Vane, crushed by her own deceit and wrong doing, was rapidly changing into an envious, soured, miserable woman.

Mrs. Crosbie was ignorant of the whole of Vane's cruel falsehoods and insults; and, knowing this, Stuart accepted as truly genuine her proud words of sorrow and vexation for her share in the matter. It had been a startling disclosure to Mrs. Crosbie when she found that Margery Daw had become the Countess of Court; but, when surprise had died away, she felt unconsciously gratified that her new relative should hold so high a social position, and was even disposed to be friendly toward her, although she had deprived Stuart of Beecham Park. She wrote a courteous note to the young wife when her excitement had cooled, welcoming her as her kinswoman, and offering her warm congratulations.

Margery was in Rome when this letter reached her. She read it through slowly, then, with a faint smile, folded it and put it away. It was not in keeping with her generous nature to bear malice, so she replied to Mrs. Crosbie's epistle with a few words of acknowledgment written in a kindly spirit. Margery received another letter at about the same time which brought a flush of sincere pleasure to her face. It was written by Miss Lawson in the name of the villagers of Hurstley, offering Lady Court warm expressions of affection, respect, and esteem from all her old friends, and at the head of the list of names were the signatures of Farmer Bright and his wife; Miss Lawson's own letter explained everything. Just after the news of Margery's parentage was made public in the village, a letter came from Robert Bright in Australia, from which his mother gathered how unjustly she had wronged Margery in her hasty suspicions; and, eager to make atonement, the good woman had headed the village letter with her name. Robert spoke of returning almost immediately, so Margery's heart was lighter on that score. Miss Lawson's words of joy at her dear child's prosperity and happiness brought tears to Margery's eyes, but they were tears of gratitude and affection, not of pain.

She was strangely peaceful and content now; the memory of Stuart's supposed deception and insults, which had rankled so long in her breast, was gone; she remembered only that his love for her had never faltered. Her girlhood was buried in her short love-dream; she was a woman now, brave and determined to fight the battle of life gallantly to the end. She looked to her husband as a guide and a comforter and he tended her with more than a husband's care. A great, true affection had sprung up in her heart for him; he was so tender, so good, so manly! In her gratitude for all his thought and care she vowed always to keep a smile for him, while the secret of her love should be locked from his sight forever. Sometimes she would sink into a reverie, then wake, to find his eyes fixed on her with such intensity, such an agony of love and pain in them, that it would startle her; but as she looked the expression would fade and the smile would come, the tender, grave smile that she knew so well. When Mrs. Crosbie's second letter came, begging the earl and countess to pay her a visit, it was he who replied; and, as if divining her secret thoughts, he wrote that his wife regretted that she was unable to visit Crosbie Castle at present.

They had left the Manor almost immediately after Stuart's departure. Lord Court suggested a short tour on the continent, and Margery eagerly agreed; so they crossed the Channel without delay. But, as the winter slipped away, it occurred to Margery that she should visit her inheritance, Beecham Park. So, bidding farewell to the clear blue skies and the world of delights that had been opened to her, they returned to England.

Beecham Park was a huge, gloomy mansion, so deserted and solitary-looking that, as they drove up the magnificent avenue of chestnuts, Margery involuntarily shuddered. Sir Eustace Gerant had neglected the estate; and, splendid though the building was within, it did not bring the pleasure to its owner that Court Manor had.

"Are you disappointed, my darling?" asked the earl, one morning, after watching her carefully.

"It is very grand; the grounds and woods are beautiful; but it is not home," she answered, with a sigh.

However, there was much to be done—for they found that the steward, who had had sole control of the estate, had neglected his duties most disgracefully—so, placing all authority in the hands of her husband, Margery turned her attention to the village near, burying all regrets and vain hopes that assailed her in untiring work on behalf of her tenants.

It was a weary trial at times, for, although she had courage, her strength would occasionally fail, and her heart would yearn for the love she had lost; but none knew of this struggle but herself—she had learned to control her emotions and smile when the burden was heaviest.

"'Tis strange with how much power and pride
The softness is of love allied,
How much of power to force the breast
To be in outward show at rest,
How much of pride that never eye
May look upon its agony.
Ah, little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart can feel!"

Of Stuart she heard nothing; but she had faith in his courage and manliness, and knew that, once the cloud which overshadowed him had passed, he would fulfill his word and face the world. He was once more her ideal, her hero, and she felt he would not fail in this duty to himself.

Engrossed in her thoughts and daily tasks, she did not notice the change that seemed to be coming over the earl. His tenderness never failed, his courtesy and love were never lacking, and she had grown so used to all his thoughful care that it seemed but the adjunct of every-day life. But she was suddenly awakened from this existence.

The Squire of Crosbie Castle had been one of the first among her new relatives warmly to welcome Margery. He had loved her father, and for his old affection's sake had opened his heart to the young girl; when therefore he learned that the Earl and Countess of Court had returned to England and were staying at Beecham Park, he wrote immediately, expressing a great wish to visit them. To this Margery and her husband replied with genuine pleasure, begging the squire to come as soon as possible.

Margery found a warm love spring up in her breast for Stuart's father, and the earl and the squire soon became good friends. It was the squire who called Margery's attention to Lord Court's quiet manner and worn appearance, as they were talking together one morning. Margery listened with a sense of regret and remorse at her blindness, and, making some excuse, she left the squire in the grounds where they had been sauntering and hurried back to the house. It was a glorious spring day; the sunshine illuminated the old mansion, darting in golden shafts through the long narrow windows. Margery crossed the hall, above which was seen a massive dome and round which ran the gallery leading to the upper apartments and bedrooms. Several servants were hurrying to and fro; and, asking for the earl, she learned that he was in the study, busy with the new steward.

Without hesitation she made her way to the room and opened the door. The earl was alone, leaning his head upon his hand, reading some papers which lay on the table.

"This lease is wrong, Robins," he said, not looking up as the door opened.

Margery moved forward softly, and then knelt at his feet.

"Nugent!" she said, with a little catch in her breath as she noted his pale worn face for the first time.

The earl turned with a smile so sweet and tender that it made Margery's lips tremble.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, gently, "You here?"

"Nugent, you are ill—worried! Ah, I have been blind not to see it before! Oh, forgive me, forgive me!"

Lord Court raised her head tenderly.

(To be Continued.)

AS GOOD AS A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.

Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are as good as a doctor; are absolutely safe and can always be relied upon to drive away any malady arising from derangement of the stomach or bowels. Concerning them, Mrs. O. G. Wheeler, Northlands, Sasks., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets an invaluable medicine. I live twenty miles from town and doctor, so am glad to have so reliable a medicine at hand. I consider the Tablets a real necessity in the home and shall never be without them. They have kept my baby well and have made him a bonnie baby." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE BOY'S SLING.

A great hulking boy with nothing to do
Was trying his sling with a hard stone or two,
And thought it good sport to shoot down and kill
Our sweet feathered songsters upon the green hill.

A dear little bluebird, perched up in a tree
Was singing the song of the happy and free.
With his pretty mate by him, how happy were they,
In God's blessed sunshine, that beautiful day.

In the midst of his song came a stone from the hand
Of that cowardly boy, skulking there on the sand;
And the bird's note of joy broke in a faint cry,
As he fell on the roadside to struggle and die.

A bright life thus ended and laid out of sight!
A helper destroyed, who well earned his right
To his share of sunshine and his place in life,
His pride in his nestlings and his dear little wife!
His song had been hushed, but woe to the heart
So cruel and so mean as to act such a part!
Oh, never, dear children, thus sully your hand
By killing for sport the sweet birds of our land.

—H. E. Delemare in Young Folk's Catholic Weekly.

WOMEN OF THE FUTURE.

(Gentlewoman.)

The woman of the future is undeniably the woman who thinks, and the feminine type whose sole ambition was to be passive and pleasing has already been relegated to the limbo of "far-off-forgotten things."

"EVER IN YOUTH NEVER STRONG"

How the Rich, Happy Possessor of Good Health Which Was Restored by

Dr. Hamilton's Pills

"Even when I was young I was not robust and healthy like other girls. I suffered from headaches and had sort of blue feelings that deprived me of the joyful spirits and pleasures other girls seemed to get. After I married I found I could not throw worries off like other women, and those dull feelings of despondency and weariness made me very unhappy. There was no cause to feel so, and my doctor said my liver was sluggish and this accounted for my poor color, my tiredness, languor and despair. The pills the doctor gave me were too purgative, made me weaker because they were too active for my constitution. Dozens of my friends recommended Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and they were so mild and healthful. Well, I never used a pill that acted so quietly as Dr. Hamilton's. They were so comfortable to use I was afraid they might not help. But in a week I knew they had been actively engaged in cleaning up my system. They did the work of a tonic and blood medicine combined. I improved to a marvellous degree with Dr. Hamilton's Pills and I now maintain the most perfect kind of health by using them just once or twice a week."

It is Mrs. E. V. Erlanger, the wife of Capt. Erlanger, well known at Gloucester, who relates the above experience. She proved what you and all others, men and women, can prove—that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are best for restoring health and best for keeping the system in perfect running order. Don't be misled into using anything but Dr. Hamilton's Pills, sold in yellow boxes, 25c. All dealers of The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

RECIPES

OX TAIL SOUP.

Chop two fresh ox tails in small pieces and put them into one gallon of cold water; add salt—not too much—and remove scum that rises with the boiling. When the meat has cooked thoroughly remove it from the liquor and add to this one bunch of celery cut fine, two small onions, four carrots, four cloves and black pepper and salt to taste. Cook till the vegetables are tender; then remove meat from the bones and put it back into the soup. If there is too much grease skim this off before putting in the vegetables.

PLAIN DOUGHNUTS.

One and one-half cups sugar, three eggs, one-half cup butter (scant), two cups milk, two spoonfuls baking powder, flour enough to roll out.

BREADED MUTTON CUTLETS.

Have eight lamb chops cut from the ribs, scrape the bones and trim the chops French fashion. Broil the chops, leaving them a trifle underdone, and let them become cold. Have ready a sauce made of one tablespoonful of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful each of salt and pepped and one cup of cream. Into this stir half a cup of cooked ham chopped fine. When the chops are cold and the sauce is cool, but not too firm, season the chops with pepper and cover both sides with mixture. Let stand on a buttered plate till firm, then "egg and crumb," and fry in deep fat till nicely browned.

TONGUE SALAD.

Cut cold boiled tongue in thin slices and arrange on a platter. Make a dressing of a small onion, six anchovies and six sprigs of parsley all chopped fine. Add half a cup of French dressing and when mixed pour it over the tongue.

CUBAN SAUCE.

Cook two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham in one-fourth of a cup of butter; when ham is well browned add one-fourth of a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and stir until frothy; then add one cup and a half of stock or water and one cup of tomato ketchup or chili sauce, and stir until boiling; let simmer ten minutes, strain and serve.

WORTH KNOWING.

Even when there is cream in the coffee, spilled on the delicate silk or satin gown, pure glycerine rubbed over the spot and afterwards rinsed off with luke warm water, then pressed on the wrong side, will eliminate all traces of the offending liquid.

Salt mixed with vinegar is excellent for cleaning copper vessels.

If bureau or pantry drawers stick, rub the edges with damp cloth.

Almonds chopped fine and browned in sugar make delicious ice cream.

To test beef, press it down with the thumb. It is rises quickly, the meat is good.

Oil of lavender, sprinkled about in the book shelves, will prevent books from mildewing.

Potato parings, dried in the oven, are good to kindle fires, as they light more easily than wood.

A pair of scissors is infinitely better for trimming off the rind from ham or bacon than a knife.

Grease on top of a hot stove can be quickly rubbed off by putting salt on the scrubbing brush.

Half a lemon placed in the water in which dish towels and kitchen cloths are soaked is said to sweeten them wonderfully. However, after a thorough washing a good hot sun will do wonders.

RELIGION AND SHORT RATIONS.

"I suppose," said Collector Loeb, "that in the past a good many people looked on a strict observance of the customs laws from a selfish and worldly point of view. They are like Aunt Mary Persimmons.

"Aunt Mary called one day on the village lawyer.

"'Well, old lady,' he said, 'what can I do for you?'

"'Ah wants to divorce mah husband,' said Aunt Mary.

"'Divorce old Uncle Bill,' cried the lawyer. 'Good gracious! Why?'

"'Because he's done got religion, dat's why,' said Aunt Mary, 'an' we ain't had a chicken on de table fo' six weeks.'"

HE COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHTS

Till he found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Fred Swanson, of Saskatchewan, Sends a Message of Cheer to Those Who Feel the Weariness and Discouragement That Comes From Broken Rest.

Macklin, Sask.—(Special.)—Those who suffer from sleepless nights and get up in the morning feeling tired and discouraged will find renewed hope in the statement made by Fred. Swanson, of this place. He could not sleep at nights. He discovered the cause. It was Kidney trouble. He discovered the cure. It is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. Swanson says in an interview regarding his case, "I was troubled with my Kidneys for over a year, so bad that I could not sleep at nights. After using one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found great relief. Four boxes removed all my pain and now I sleep well and I am as strong in my Kidneys as any man."

If the Kidneys are wrong the blood becomes clogged with impurities and natural rest is an impossibility. Strong, healthy kidneys mean pure blood, new life all over the body and that delightful rest that is the sweetest thing in life. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make strong, healthy Kidneys.

A TALK ON RHEUMATISM

Telling How Now to Cure This Painful Malady.

This article is for the man or woman who suffers from rheumatism who wants to be cured, not merely relieved—but actually cured. The most a rheumatic sufferer can hope for in rubbing something on the tender, aching joint, is a little relief. No lotion or liniment ever did or ever can make a cure. The rheumatic poison is rooted in the blood. Therefore rheumatism can only be cured when this poisonous acid is driven out of the blood. That's why rubbing and liniments and outward applications are no good. Any doctor will tell you this is true. If you want something that will go right to the root of the trouble in the blood every time, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich blood which drives out the poisonous acid and cures rheumatism to stay cured. This is a solemn truth which has been proved in thousands of cases, and the following is a striking instance. Mrs. W. H. Elnor, Sarnia, Ont., says: "I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they completely cured me of rheumatism after I had been almost an invalid for three years. I doctored with two skilled doctors and took electric treatment, but without benefit. On going to a third doctor he recommended mineral baths as the only thing that would help me. After taking this treatment for some time I felt that I was really growing worse instead of better, and I began to think there was no cure for me, and that I was doomed to be a helpless sufferer. For some months I discontinued all treatment and then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I could notice a distinct improvement, and I continued taking the Pills for several months when the cure was complete. That is some two years ago, and I have ever since been perfectly free from the trouble. I would therefore advise anyone afflicted with rheumatism to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they certainly made a remarkable cure in my case."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A FEW REMARKS.

When a pugilist quits training, his body usually becomes as fat as his head was in his palmy days.

Times really change less than the old people who talk about the excellence of those that are past.

Springing the boom at the logical time also has much to do with determining the logical candidate.

A piano contains a mile of wire, and the young lady practicing on it travels the distance too often.

Incidentally you are doing a friend a favor when you add a little bit to your savings bank deposit.

People never begin to prepare for winter until they are too cold for comfort in their summer clothes.

Family quarrels shouldn't be staged so early in the mornings as to disturb the beauty sleep of the neighbors.

A poor man's notion of a joke is to hear a rich man talk about the burdens and responsibilities of great wealth.

More women look wise when they examine a piece of goods than are able to tell the all wool article when they see it.—Atchison Globe.

Reduced a Hard Swelling.

Mr. Gus E. Geroux, writing from Pembroke, tells how he was injured in a lumber camp. "A heavy log rolled against my leg and I was laid up with stiffness and a hard swelling. When I applied Polson's Nerviline I got relief. A few rubbings with this good liniment cured me." In the bush, Nerviline is indispensable: it cures neuralgia, colds, rheumatism and internal disorders, too. No person can afford to be without Nerviline. Useful for all internal and external pain. Large bottles, 25c, at all dealers.

BUSINESS IN A PROPOSAL.

"George," said the beautiful girl, as she nestled close to him, "the last time you called, you proposed."

"I did, sweet one."

"And I accepted you."

"You did, love."

"I presume, George," she went on, in her most fascinating manner, "that you look upon me merely as a thoughtless, foolish girl, but—but"—

"How can you think so, pet?" he interrupted.

"But," she went on, in a more businesslike way, "I have something of the business instinct of the new woman in me, and—and—I shall have to ask you to repeat the proposal again to-night. The last time you called it was Sunday, and contracts made on that day, I learn, are not legally binding."

A NOBLE SON.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

Harold, aged nine, came home one day so bruised and dirty that his mother was thrown into a state of marked perturbation.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, in horror. "How on earth did you get your clothes and face into such a dirty state?"

"I was trying to keep a litl boy from getting licked," was Harold's virtuous, if hesitating, reply.

"Wel, that was fine," said his mothfied parent. "I am proud of you, sonny. Who was the little boy?"

"Me."

MADE HIS WIFE WORK.

Michael Leshke, a farmer, is to be brought before the united charities to explain his conduct. His wife, an able-bodied, 200-pound woman, complained to the authorities that her husband has been making her drive the horses and potch the hay into the barn, while he loafed and smoked his pipe in a shady spot, and that when she rebelled he beat her with a pitchfork.

She said that in addition she had to do the housework, cook the meals, milk the cows, feed the stock, hoe the garden, and perform other duties.—Wilwesbarre Dispatch to New York Herald.

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TO-DAY.

Archie—I've been takin' a course of memory trainin'. It's a wonderful system. Doubled my memory power in a month.

Friend—Really! What's the name of it?

Archie—Oh—er—dash it, it's slipped me for the moment. But it's near—you know. What's his name in Thirty-ninth street?

The fellow who becomes famous over night always wakes up the next morning.