Sybil's Doom

Miss Chudleigh had hardly wiped her eyes and recovered her composure when the gentlemen joined them.

ever hear so delicious a joke? Papa's

Mrs. Ingram rose from the piano, where she was singing, and fluttered up to the new-comers as a butterfly to a cluster of roses. And presently she and the baronet were partners, and a card table was wheeled out, with Macgregor and Colonel Gaunt for the opposition.

Colonel Trevanion watched the game over the widow's shoulder, and ever and anon dark aand deadly glances shot from his eyes at his tenant's serene face.

Once or twice Macgregor met those baleful looks with bright, defiant return. With half an eye you could see that bitter hate was there.

"How the widow and her adorer do hate him, to be sure!" Gwendoline said. "They're in league to defeat him, I know; but I'll lay my diamond ring against your rosebuds, Sybil, that he beats them both."

She danced over to the piano, rattied off a spirited prelude, and sung in the most ringing, if not the sweetest of voices, Scott's war-like ballad, "The Maegregors' Gathering."

"'The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless day by day;
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful halloo.
Then halloo! halloo! halloo! Gregalach!
If they rob us of name and pusus us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames and their flesh to the eagles;
While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!'"

Colonel Gaunt looked up with a laugh.

"Do you hear that, Macgregor? By Jove! that rings out as martial as a bugle blast!"

"I mark the king," was Magregor's response, his face moving no more than the marble Agememnon in the corner.

But he met Mrs. Ingram's eyes full, with a strong, steady glance that made those velvet orbs drop.

And Gwendoline sung on, while the sensitive color flushed to Sybil's pale cheeks at the words and the stirring air:

"'Glenarchy's proud mountains, Colchum and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
We are landless, landless, landless, Gregalach!
Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer;
And the rocks of Craig Roysten, like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and their flesh to the eagles;
While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!'"

"The game is ours!" said the deep voice of Macgregor, as Gwendoline finished, and whirled round on her stool. "Thanks, Miss Chudleigh! I owe you especial gratitude for that song. Of course, you sung it for me alone?"

"Of course," said Gwendoline, coming over; "and you have won, too. How nice! It brings my prediction true at once. 'Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!'"

She looked defiantly at the widow and the dour dark gentleman frowning over her shoulder.

"No fairer Soul could be among the prophets," Mr. Macgregor said, gallantly, as the card party dispersed; "and I never heard you sing so well before."

"Her heart was in the theme," broke i nthe widow, with a gay little laugh. "Gwendoline has been practicing that delightful song, with an assiduity that was cruel, for the past week. I couldn't understand it before—I do now. Thank heaven!" with a coquettish shrug, "we shall have a respite for the future."

"You will favor us with some music, Mrs. Ingram?" insinuated Colonel Gaunt. "Half of 'Ours' are firm believers in sirens and mermaids, and their fatal power, ever since they have heard you sing."

Mrs. Ingram courtesied delightfully, and moved away to the piano, her amber drapery trailing, her opals gleaming in the wax lights. She glanced over her shoulder, with a meaning smile, to Macgregor, as she swam away.

"You always turn in the right place, Mr. Macgregor," she said. "Pray come and turn my music."

He looked surprised, but obeyed at once, his face very grave. The piano, as usual, was in a remote corner of the long drawing-room, ever so far removed from the rest of the apartment.

"You play from memory, don't you, Mrs. Ingram?" he said, sarcastically; "and I wil lturn your music. I suppose 'Maegregors' Gathering' will do to turn as well as anything else, while you sing your Italian songs for the gallant colonel?"

"Don't be sarcastic, Mr. Macgregor. I want to talk to you. Where is that picture you were to show me?"

She was playing brilliantly, while she spoke, the long, velevet eyes lifted up to his face.

"Oh, you know what I mean—the 'Rose Full of Thorns'—that improper dead person who was impertinent enough to look like me."

"She did more than look like you," with a grim smile. "It was you, madame. Not Mrs. Ingram, but Mistress Rose Dawson—late the favorite of the ballet—the charming little soubrette of the Princess Theatre."

"You are insolent, sir! I don't know what you mean."

"No? Did you ever hear of the ostrich, Mrs. Ingram, which hides its head in the sand, and thinks its big body unseen? You remind me of that foolish bird. You dye your pretty amber tresses black, and fancy yourself unrecognizable. You are an uncommonly clever woman, my little Rose; but not so clever, after all, as you think yourself. In spite of the hair dye and the pretty new name, I knew you at once, Mrs. Dawson."

"Not that name!" she cried, passionately. "If yo udo know me," with sudden insolent defiance, "you know that my name is not Dawson, but—'

"Trevanion!" Macgregor said, with a laugh; "and your husband sits yonder and doesn't recognize you. Yes, I know all about it, and your name is as much Trevanion as he is your husband."

"Who are you?" the woman said, intense curiosity getting the better of every other feeling. "Who has been telling you—fooling you—making you believe all this?"

"It is folly, isn't it?" the author retorted, sardonically. "You never heard of Joe Dawson, or the murder done in Leamington Wood? You never were Mademoiselle Rose Adair? You never befooled Cyril Trevanion—not the sulky, white livered hound scowling over yonder, but the real bonafide Cyril Trevanion, lying now at the bootom of the Pacific. Unhappily, I have proofs that will stagger your warmest admirers, Mrs. Ingram. Suppose I send for Captain Hawksley—he's an old friend of mine—and ask him what he knows about you? Or Major Powerscourt, with whom you crossed swords so cleverly, sixteen years ago, at Brighton?"

It did not often happen to the self-possessed widow to change color, but the chalky pallor that had overspread her face on the terrace, when promising Colonel Trevanion to reveal the secret of Monkswood, showed ghastly again under her rouge. But the fleet fingers still flew over the keys, although the black eyes looked up in the man's face, wild with hidden terror—this man who was her master.

"You can prove nothing," she said, daringly defiant to the last. "Don't think to frighten me. Captain Hawkseley has gone with his regiment to India. Major Powerscourt—bah! I am not afraid of him. I may resemble this very improper Rose Dawson of whom you speak; but we see accidental resemblance every day. I am Mrs. Ingram, relict of Captain Ingram of the merchant service, and a model of prudence and propriety—an exemplary instructress of youth. Like Lady Macbeth, I have risked all on the chance of the die, and am willing to abide the issue of the throw. Don't think to frighten me, Mr. Angus Macgregor. I defy you and La Princesse both. If the time ever comes when I must go, I will go. Meantime, I am very comfortable here, and I mean to stay."

And then this defiant little mouse looked insolently up into the eyes of the baffled lion, her daring smile at its brightest.

"I have never harmed you," she said, gayly. "I don't see what pleasure you take in trying to hunt down one poor little harmless woman. Whatever my past may have been, I am doing no one any harm now. It's very dull and unutterly prosy to be virtuous, and have no more cakes and ale. But, then, it's respectable; and, as the prospective lady of a fine old English gentleman, I am a great sticker for respectability. Let me alone, Mr. Macgregor. It does not become a stag to deal death to a poor little fluttering fawn. Remember, I never harmed you."

The smile was on her lips still, but the great dark eyes looked up at him full of piteous appeal. She admired this Angus Macgregor—strong, brave, commanding—and she admired him all the more that she was intensely afraid of him.

That luminous glance, the tender smile, might have softened the stony heart of the bronze Jupiter near them; but the stern face of Angus Macgregor never relaxed.

"You talk, and talk, and talk, Mrs. Ingram," he said; "and you know your talk is all empty words. You are in my power—utterly and entirely. The mercy you showed Cyril Trevanion I will show you. As you meted out, by Heaven! it shall be measured to you in return. How dare you ever come here! How dare you ever eat at the same table, sleep under the same roof with those two spotless—you, Rose Adair! One chance I offer you, and one alone. Leave this place within the week and never return. I will not pursue you.—nay, I will give you money for the journey Leave England, and never return, and you shall be spared!"

Mrs. Ingram laughed outright—laughed scornfully.

"Thanks, my friend; but if that is your mercy, keep it. I will battle to the last—I will never go. The worst that can befall me here is sot half so bad as the vagabond life to which you would condepin me. I know what it means to wander, a homeless wretch, through French cities and German Spas, herding with the outcasts of every nation, gambling at Baden and Homburg with the most abandoned of both sexes. No, Mr. Macgergor, I will not go."

"Then you will stay to be denounced as the murderess of Joe Dawson—nay, as a double murderess; for you know the fate of General Trevanion."

Again the pretty widow laughed disdainfully.

"Oh, Miss Trevanion has been telling you that little romance, has she? And you believe black is white when Miss Trevanion says so, don't you? The wisest and greatest of you men are all alike, idiots—in the hands of one woman. What does La Princesse think I have done? Poisoned his nightdraught and carried the body in my arms to the sea, and so made away with it? Or am I like those wonderful sensation heroines we read of nowadays, queen of a romantic band of robbers, gentlemanly cut-throats, who come at my beck and call, and do my bidding? Bah! I tell you I never laid a finger on General Trevanion, except to do him kindness, and La Princesse is a fool for once in her life. What was General Trevanion or his will to me?"

"You fight well, Mrs. Ingram," said Macgregor, gravely, turning to leave her; "you thrust and parry with wonderful skill, but the victory will be mine. Look for no mercy from me after tonight. Fifteen years ago Major Powerscourt spared you—I know you better—my motto shall be, 'Slay, and spare not.'

She still looked up and smiled in his face.

"Thanks for the warning, at least; it looks an unequal contest, but I will die with my sword in my hand and my face to the foe. War is declared and the battle begun; we will see who wins."

She began to sing bravely and brilliantly, and she sung many songs. Colonel Gaunt, fascinated, left his place and came and stood beside her, and Sir Rupert lay back in his chair and listened with dreamy, half-closed eyes. It was very pleasant to know this bewitching little songstress was his property. He was not jealous of Colonel Gaunt—he knew the widow wanted to marry him, and he smiled complacently of late over the idea.

"If I don't marry her," the baronet mused, "some other fellow will—Gaunt himself, or Trevanion, or Hemsgate—and what an abomination of desolation my life will be then. Her antecedents are rather mysterious, but the story she tells of herself may be true, and where ignorance is bliss, etc. I know that this house without her would be a waste and howling wilderness. I might do worse than marry the widow."

He watched her, thinking such thoughts as these, until she rose from thepiano at last, glided smilingly away from her military admirer, and over to where Cyril Trevanion sat silent and glum, in a corner by himself, turning over a book of prints.

"At last," he said, between his teeth, "you condescend to notice me. Egad! it is encouraging the attention I find paid me here."

"It is all your own fault, you great sullen mastiff," the little widow retorted, sharply. "You sit like a death's-head at the feast—black and dismal. I must have some policy, if you have none."

"Flirting with Macgregor and Gaunt is your policy, is it not? But I will not endure it. Are you going to help me find that will?"

"For pity's sake, hush! Are you mad? Of course I am. Sir Rupert goes to London in three days from this, to be absent over a week. When the cat's away—you know the proverb. This is Thursday night; on Monday night meet me at the entrance of the deer-park, and you shall know all."

"Three days to wait," grumbled Trevanion, "when every hour is an eternity."

"You idiot! You must wait. Nothing is ever done, well done in haste. Did you ever hear the Arabic maxim which Charley Lemox has taken for his seal? 'Agitel lil Shaitan' —'Hurry is the Devil's.'"

She glided away with the words. Colonel Gaunt and Mr. Macgregor were bidding their host good-night. Looking at the tenant of the Retreat before she flitted away up the marble stair, she kissed Miss Chudleigh and Miss Trevanion a gushing good-night. She was humming gayly to herself the fag end of a French ballad, as she floated from sight, still looking at Macgregor:

"To-day for me,
To-morrow for thee;
But will that to-morrow ever be?"

CHAPTER XXII.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow." You remember that story Thackeray tells in his "Vanity Fair," of the man who went about with a pocketful of acorns, and whenever he came to a vacant inch of ground, popped one in. What tremendous big timbers his successors must have had from all those little acorns! This principle runs through life—the destinies of nations hang sometimes on an undigested dinner; a kingdom is lost and won by a surfeit of lampreys, as in the case of the bereaved Henry, or by the sudden plunge of a horse. Mr. Macgregor's valet may seem to have little to do with this veracious history, but Mr. Macgregor's valet was the direct means of bringing about a rapid denouement.

Monsieur Francois, of coure, was a Parisian, and an incongruous element in that meager bachelor melange. But then the tenant of the Retreat had many such incongruities. He wore shabby coats, and was a penny-a-liner by profession; and he possessed snuff-boxes blazing with jewels, into which the white fingers of Louis, the Well-Beloved, had dipped. He had a ruby-studded fan that had once hung from the slender waist of Marie Antoinette, and rare old Sevres that Du Barri had once called her own. He worked hard, and lived meagerly; but he owned lovely little cabinet pictures, for which he might safely have claimed their weight in gold, and his bric-a-brac collection would have made glisten the eyes of the connoisseurs of Wardour street.

And Mr. Augus Macgregor had picked up Monsieur Francois in Paris returning from Suabia, at the "sell up" of a great duke, whose valet he had been. He had brought him direct from the most delightful of earthly cities, and the very best society, to bury him alive in Monkswood Waste. It was cruel. The salary was high enough to make the accomplished Frenchman endure his living death for awhile, but nature revolted at last, and Monsieud Francois gave Mr. Macgregor notice.

"For monsieur I would do all my possible," said this gentleman, with calm dignity; "but to bury alive here—to exist sans society—to see no one but the trees and the cows all the months—no! I depart at the earliest, and monsieur will himself supply with another."

Charley Lemox, dropping in during the day, the artist narrated this little contretemps.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,'" he said, pathetically; "the principle of the immortal gazelle applies equally to mortal valets. Francois says he is 'desolated' at going, and I know I am. Where shall I supply his place? He was a treasure, Charley—a Titian gem. His coffee was worthy the Trois Freres, his omelettes souffles beat the Cafe l'Anglais to sticks, and he was swift, silent, obedient and respectful—invaluable qualities in a man's dog, valet or wife. He was Soyer's equal at his best, and he leaves me helpless to the tender mercies of Mrs. Hurst. She 'does' for me now, she says, and—Heaven pity em!—she'll 'do' for me with a vengeance, if I have to devour the messes she concocts. Francois has left worn at the Speckhaven Inn to send along something to supply his place, but I know I'll never again see his equal."

That very evening, as the artist stood before his easel, painting and smoking, Mrs. Hurst entered, bobbing a courtesy, to inform him that a young man had been sent from the Silver Swan to fill the vacant office.

"Let's see him," said Macgregor, without turning his head or ceasing his work; "send him in, Mrs. H."

He threw aside his brush as the old woman left—it was rapidly getting dark. A crimson August sunset was blazing itself out in the west, and fiery lances of light shot athwart the huge boles of the trees, glancing redly amid the yellow-green waves of fern, and glimmering on the still black pools in the undergrowth. The nightingales were chanting their plaintive vesper lay, and far and faint came the flutter of the sea-wind, and the dull wash of the waves on the shore. Sitting down in the deep embrasure of the low window, among the scarlet roses and sweet-brier, puffing away vigorously at his cheroot, artist and author looked over the fair English landscape with dreamy, admiring eyes.

The door opened and the applicant came in. Macgregor glanced indifferently, and saw a shock-headed lad shuffling uneasily in his presence—an overgrown boy of eighteen or nineteen.

"They sent you here from the Silver Swan, did they?" said Macgregor. "You haven't much the look of a valet, I must say. Where did you come from? Who did you live with last?"

"I com from Lunnon, sir," the lad answered, respectfully touching his forelock. "I was helper in a stable there. But Maister Linden thought I might do you, for awhile."

(To be Continued.)

SHOWS UNIQUE HEROISM.

Weeks of isolation in an icebound lighthouse, hunger, woman's heroic battle with an ugly sea, the lonely death of the husband while at prayer and the wife's self-sacrificing devotion to duty after his body had been taken ashore, are some of the elements of the story that has come to light.

William Taylor and his wife were keepers of the lighthouse on the treacherous shoals of Chincoteague. The ice, piled up by the recent cold winds following zero weather, shut the two off from the mainland. At last the husband fell ill. The supplies had grown desperately low. In the crisis the wife volunteered to brave the ugly sea in a gasoline launch. The managed to reach the shore.

One night she noticed that the light was not burning. Undaunted by her previous experience, she boarded the launch and fought her way again through the ice. In the little bedchamber she found her husband kneeling at his bedside as if in prayer. He was dead. Mrs. Taylor tended the light and kept the lonely vigil while friends buried her husband.—Snow Hill, Md., despatch Oakland Tribune.

50 CENTS PER WEEK

Puts An Organ or Piano in Your Home.

On Friday, March 15th, we commence our annual slaughter sale of all used instruments in stock. This year sees us with double the number we ever had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among them organs bearing names of such well-known makers as Bell, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these range from $15 to $60 at the above terms. The pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Weber, Wormwith and Heintzman & Co. Every instrument has been repaired by our own workmen, and carries a five years' guarantee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and allow every cent paid. Send post card at once for complete list, with full particulars.

Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

TERRIBLE RESULT OF BLOOD POISON

After Three Operations Zam-Buk Was Tried and Proved Successful.

If people would only use Zam-Buk for chronic sores, blood-poison, etc., before permitting an operation, scores of limbs would be saved.

Mr. Robt. Patterson, of North Pelham, Welland Co., Ont., writes: "My daughter, Annie, had blood-poison in her finger. The doctor operated twice on the finger, but did not obtain the desired result, and a third operation was considered necessary.

"Three doctors were present at this operation, but after it had been performed the wound did not heal. Try as we would we could not get anything to close the wound.

"We at last tried Zam-Buk, and it was really wonderful to watch how this balm healed the wound. Each day there was a marked improvement. First the wound in the palm of the hand closed, and then the finger which had been bad so long began to heal. The diseased flesh seemed to rise out of the wound and then drop off and new healthy flesh formed from below, pushing off the diseased tissue. In a short time the wound was completely healed. Had we applied Zam-Zuk at first we might have saved the finger.

"We had another proof of Zam-Buk's power in the case of my son. When two years old he had his hand badly mangled. One finger had to be amputated and it left a running sore for some months. This wound, also, was finally healed by Zam-Buk."

For chronic sores, blood-poison, ulcers, abscesses, scalp sores, piles, eruptions, inflamed patches, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin injuries and diseases Zam-Buk is without equal. 50c box at all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Have you tried Zam-Buk Soap? 25c tablet.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, son of the Duke, the Governor-General of Canada, and brother of Princess Patricia, is taking part in advancing the cause of education for young men desiring to enter work in the trades. He has consented to become a patron of the Apprenticeship and Skilled Employment Association, which has its offices in Denison House, and he has made several suggestions of methods which have already been adopted by the association

MOTHERS RECOMMEND BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Baby's Own Tablets are recommended by thousands of thankful mothers who have used them for their little ones and have found them a safe and sure cure for constipation, indigestion, worms, simple fevers and all stomach and bowel troubles. Concerning them Mrs. Auguste Blier, of St. Damase, Que., writes: "Please send me another box of Baby's Own Tablets. I have already used them and have found them an excellent remedy for little ones. I would strongly recommend them to all mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

UNNATURAL MODESTY.

Lord Tangerville, who is sending his son to an American school in order that his boy may escape from the toadyism of English schoolboys, said the other day in New York:

"There are too many Englishmen and English boys as well—who develop, in the presence of a lord, a painful and unnatural modesty. This reminds me of a village tinker:

"This tinker had a rather crusty disposition, and the pastor said to him one day:

"'My man, you should love your neighbor as yourself.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the tinker.

"But the pastor had in mind a nasty black eye that the tinker had given the bricklayer next door, and so he went on:

"'Do you, though; do you, honestly, love your neighbor as yourself?'

"'Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir,' said the tinker; and he added, 'But I'm a modest man, ye see, and to tell the truth, I ain't a bit stuck on myself, sir.'"—Washington Star.

PAYING A NEAT COMPLIMENT.

Few ministers were better loved by their flock than Bishop Reese, of Savannah, says the Boston Journal. It is told of him that when he was rector of a parish he saw one of his parishioners talking very emphatically to his son.

Dr. Reese called out:

"Hallo, Tom! What are you going to do with that boy of yours?"

The old man advanced to the door and replied: "What am I going to do with him? Well, I will tell you, doctor; I am going to do with my son what you cannot do with yours."

"Oh, indeed!" said the doctor, "and pray what is that?"

"Why, I'm going to make a better man of him than his father."

PAPER FROM COTTON STALKS.

Cotton stalks, it is thought, may be used for the manufacture of paper. A machine has been patented which will separate the brown bark from the inner pith and it is claimed that excellent paper pulp may be made from the latter. From the bark a substitute for excelsior is manufactured.

A HEAVY ONE.

Lady Visitor—My dear man, isn't there an awful weight on your conscience?

Prisoner—No, lady, de weight is on me ankle.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Use Harsh Purgatives—A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That is the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches, and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble.

Do not dose yourself with purgatives, as so many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weakens instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What you need in spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine makes new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite and makes tired, depressed men, women and children bright, active and strong. Mrs. Maude Bagg, Lemberg, Sask., says: "I can unhesitatingly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and tonic. I was very much run down when I began using the pills, and a few boxes fully restored my health."

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.

WALLS OF CITIES

To Be Torn Down to Make Way for Improvements.

The decision to abolish the ancient wall surrounding Shanghai city is an interesting sign of the times as well as the preliminary to an ambitious scheme of development.

Scores of coolies were at work yesterday, says the North China Daily News, with pick and shovel on that portion of the city rampart which faces the street leading to the old yamen. The wall itself is several times wider than the alleyways along which pedestrians and rickshas made their devious and difficult way in that part of the city. The space acquired by the removal of the wall should therefore, if used to best advantage, be of considerable value.

It appears to have been suddenly discovered that the wall is useless as a means of defence and that it is an ugly impediment of the native quarters. The work was put in hand immediately the order went forth from the town hall works department that it was to be executed without fail.

The first section to be removed is that stretching from near the old yamen along by the Great East Gate to the United Fire Brigade Buildings. The moat or creek beneath the wall is to be filled in and it is reported a broad maloo is to take its place.

The owners and inhabitants of shanties on the wall have been ordered to remove these, and any fences, material, etc., which would impede the progress of the work. An outcry might have been expected, since the scheme had been strongly opposed, but the order has been quietly accepted. In fact, very little the work, even though it inaugurates interest seems to have been aroused by a striking change.

Two of the principal gates in the city wall of Hangchow have been removed. At Canton the Republican Government has ordered an investigation as to the population and the number of houses along the wall inside and outside the city. The officials deputed to the work are to report in a month, submitting a list of the houses and residents, together with a scheme for the demolition of the entire city wall.

WOMEN IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA

Tell of the Health Dodd's Kidney Pills Bring.

They Made a New Woman of Mrs. Elie Amirault Who Was a Victim of Kidney Disease for Over a Year.

Amirault's Hill, Yarmouth Co., N.S., April 1.—(Special.)—"Four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new woman of me." Those are the words of Mrs. Elie Amirault, of this place. They are words that have been used again and again by women in all parts of Canada who have suffered, and who have found relief and cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over a year from kidney disease," Mrs. Amirault continues. "Nothing I tried helped me. At last some one told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished the first box I felt better. Four boxes made a new woman of me."

No remedy ever given to the public has brought health and happiness into the lives of so many women as Dodd's Kidney Pills. This is because nine-tenths of the ills to which women are subject come from diseased kidneys. No woman who uses Dodd's Kidney Pills can have diseased kidneys. They always cure the kidneys.

LONG LIVED MUSICIANS.

A Dr. Roggers has been studying the effects of wind instruments on the life of musicians. The average life of the wind instrument artist is 63, while that of others is 62.

Thirty-four per cent. of the former category attain 70 years. Performers on the flute, in Dr. Roggers' "echelle de longevite" reaches on the average the age of 61, while the hautbois executant lives two years longer. Buglers go two years better, and the clarinet player lives till he is 65. He of the cornet only fails the allots span by one year. The ophicleide artist beats them all. His time of life is from 75 to 80.—

"I say, old man, is your wife a blonde?" "She was when she left for Palm Beach last month, and I haven't seen anything to the contrary in the society papers."—Washington Herald.