WORLD

--------FARMERS' AIDS.

pt on the farm is trouble and expense them they are sonable fowls that en ich better ineect den nd will not scratch they will destroy ens will not disturb rry worm and the heir liberty, a flock ens will forage over acres and by their ng bugs and insects they want to vay they should be ruth it is not profiraise them on small ed up the same se will not thrive wellmake. They are ough uniges some re, and whether anikeep up their obrill left in peace again. ve little chance to poultry when they

his reason they are

in guarding fowle

it is just as good to ore of them through for anything at all, lav 125 eggs of se can generally be t as good as hens ind out where the er, for guineas will sometimes in obcarefully watching ng season, the nest as the guines will Il noise when she eading to its detambers of the flock further trouble after rienced, provided the properly. It will not out with the hand. tell immediately it touched the next will leave it at one ace to lay. The entre removed with with a long-handled vided one is always hey can be gathered this way with no he hens leaving the

pearl, both of which me shape and size, midered of a milder white, and as a to conceal its nest. er, either breed, afids in search of ear the farm build

O days for guines, when the chicks first quite wild, but kind ing from the hand m tame. The maninte to be about the is ordinarily given Not until the down by feathers is it o run out in the or them consists of ith curds and cornshould be avoided.
od and grit if conare susceptible to with sanitary surv. On attaining full tion, like turkeys, but quarters should m the same as for

ata, when properly mental Stations are are aure methods ong practical lines. earing for the fowle red for by a practiwithout pampering. ne breed is the very n the strain. They o egg type, that the er as many eggs in r sister. They will est production from mount of feed that of a poultry raiser find that they can on much less beef usually given. The can do much good

the farmer should noultry should be iv for market, for ronism between reng of much fat in as a mere question the material there reason why a fowl of her full weight, egin to lay. Fat in erally as foreign to pantry, and yet a of it seems to rule trying with the in-

'earned about poulwn fact that much miltry seen at the on reared in towns bitious fancier who e rolls for his breedder to make it pay. and as he has but a they are generally of the good results only in the show of the yards of the breeders.

purchase pullets ection. The up-toe, instehes and rears operly house during air price. Many of on free range, and ion. The fall is the ire then lower then - a. J. 313

MANY brands of Baking Powder contain alum, which is an injurious acid. The ingredients of alum baking powder are never printed on the label. Magic Baking Powder Patrice

contains no alum and is the only baking powder made in Canada that has all the ingredients plainly printed on the label.

EW.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. NO ALL CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY



Winsome Winnie

"A splendid present, certainly," she anid, coldly, feeling annoyed that she had allowed Trewhella to perceive her displeasure at new nephew's rich gift; "but I think, if Captain Tredennick had asked me, I could have told him of something which Miss Winnie would have liked better. If he had sent her a nice gold watch and a black slik dress they would have been much more useful to her than one expensive article like that. Hand me the Times, Trewhella, and spread the sofa blanket over my feet, I shall not go down again, I think

"Not a bit of it!" thought Miss Trewhells, vindicating herself, as she glided softly about with a meek, sorrowful expression, attending to her mistress' wants. "You are in such a rage at the eaptain's giving her that fur jacket that you don't want to see her again. The young mins! How ever did she get him to promise it to her? I'll make madam tell me some time when she is in humor. I am with his aunt, slaving and waiting on her these ten years, and I never got but a few half sovereigns from him at Christmas and that vulgar old cook and the butler the same. Miss Winnie Caerlyon, a young chit he never saw before, gets a twenty guines jacket from him! Upon my word, he! didn't admire her fine long hair for nothing! A keepsake-no less! I thought Pascoe, the purser of Tolgooth, was the one to give her keepsakes, and not madam's nephew-Captain Stephen Tredennick of Tregarthen. And isn't madam vexed! She knows there more in it than she knows about;

and that sly young one to pretend she se taken all of a surprise! And isn't My, too! Sober Captain Tredennick, you wouldn't think knew whether body had a head on 'em or not! Madam's up to him more than other That's what put her out so the morning I told her he'd been admiring Miss Winnie' hair. 'And how came Captain Tredennick into the housekeeper's room?" says she, as sharp as vine-

Aloud the obsequious attended inquired, meekly and respectfully:
"Shall I send Miss Winnie up to read

to you, madam?" "No, thank you," replied her mistress,

very quietly.
"She's studying that one page a long time," said Miss Trewhella, to herself, with an inward succer. "I wouldn't stand in Miss Winnie's shoes for something. She'll eatch it heavy enough, some time or other, about the captain's grand

keepsake. I wonder what will Pascoe "Madam isn't coming downstairs again, Miss Winnie," Miss Trewhella antwenty guineas, and is fit for madam with a cat-like step to find Winnie sitfing in the window seat, her face press-

ARE YOU AS WELL AS A to send, and madam thinks so too, and Miss Trewhella." YEAR AGO?

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Point the Way to Health and Strength.

Ask yourself the important question whether you are as strong as you were · year ago, as bodily fit as you should be. Many a render has to confess "No." Some weakening ailment has during the past year laid hold of the system, unfitting you for the duties of life and seriouely clouding the outlook of the coming days. It may be rheumatism with its sharp twinges of pain, indigestion, headsche, nervous debility, depression and lack of energy, or the pains and ailments which only common folk know. It ie well to know that all these weakening disorders arise from an impoverished condition of the blood. Renew and enrich your blood, and all your troubles will cease. This is a strong statement, but it is made on the testimony of thousands who once suffered, but who have gained health and strength by the aid of the new, rich blood supplied by Dr. Williams Pink Pills. We can quote thousands of eases similar to the following: Mr. Jos. Grandmaison is a young she went sadly and slowly across the min well known in the town of St. grounds. Jerome, Que. He says: "For a couple of to doctor, but it did not help me. The my lovey, don't fret. She'll-be a grand least exertion made my heart palpitate la-lady yet!" violently, my stomach seemed out of order, and my whole system became so cel of dainties could not carry much conrun down that I was finally forced to solation with it, though her old nurse's quit work. I had now been doctoring tender kindness touched Winnie's sore for almost six months, and was very heart. She wished the children were saturally growing discouraged. At this there, and opened the paper to see how functure I read of a case similar to mine, best she could divide her present. cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pille, and decided to try them. I all have a bit and a piece over—Tomny took the Pills faithfully for about two shall have it, as he is ill"; and then, in months, gradually growing stronger and the midst of the generous little risterly at the end of that time I was as well executation, a message of consolation as any man could be. I shall always praise the medicine that raised me from

despair to the blessing of good health." Sold by medicine dealers everywhere nick had sent with his present, which or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or madam had flung aside in her displeassix boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams | ure, and Mrs. Grose had picked up in her Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ed against the panes "Is she not? Is she not well? Am to go up and read to her, Miss Trewhella?" she asked, starting up and displaying a pale, tear swollen face to the lady's maid's keen eyes.

"She is quite well; but you're not to go up to read to her. She wishes to be alone," said Miss Thewhella, sailing about the room in a free-and-easy manner, darting sharp looks at Winnie, and envious ones at the fur jacket and sailing out again, humming a song, and

leaving the door open. "She is angry with me! Oh, what shall I do?" eried poor Winnie in despair. "Oh, why did he do such a cruel thing? I may as well go home again-I would ask her to forgive me, but I have done no wrong."

Hastily putting on her old worn jacket and little straw hat, she pulled down her veil to hide her face, and stole upstairs to the door with the green flossy mat and heavy velvet hangings shroud ing the entrance to madam's dressing

She knocked twice without evoking any response, and then softly turned the

"Who is there?" madam called sharp-"Trewhella, why do you disturb "It is I, madan--Winnie," came the

faint little voice. "Then why do you disturb me?" madam demanded, more sharply and angrily,

"If I required your presence I should have sent for you." "I only came to ask if I am to go home, madam, as Trewhella said you were not coming down any more."

"Yes you may," responded her pat-roness, shortly. "Shut the door, please, and draw the curtain." "Good-evening, madam."

For one minute Winnie stood outside the velvet hung portal, battling with her grief and mortification, and then the measure of injustice that had been so unfairly dealt her touched the spring of her yet unbroken, strong spirit.

"Madam Vivian has no right to treat me so." she said, and her tears dried as if by fire, and she walked steadily down stairs, and was passing out through the hall, when the eight of Mrs. Grose standing in the drawing. room, holding up the eesiskin jacket. and giving vent to whispered ejaculations of rapture arrested her steps.

"Miss Winnie, dear, come here!" she cried, clasping her hands. "This is what the captain sent you home. Oh, my dear herself!

"But is quite unfit for me," observed Winnie, quietly and bitterly; "it was a foelish present for Captain Tredennick

"Miss Trewhella!" echoed Mrs. Grose. getting as red as one of her own joints of beef. "And what has Miss Trewhella | The most Important City on the to say as to what's proper or not proper for you. Miss Caerlyon, to wear, I'd like to know? And, if Captain Stephen hev sent you a splendid jacket, what hev Miss Trewhella to say to it? And if Captain Stephen her took a fancy to you, Mise Winnie, aren't you a lady, same as any lady he might take a fancy

to? And where could be find-"Oh, Mrs. Grose-dear darling nurse -hold your tongue!" Winnie cried in dismay, stifling the worthy woman's indignant outpouring. "Oh, don't-lon't! I wish he had not. It was kind of him, but I shall never wear it or touch it! Good evening, Mrs. Grose-I am going home!

"Without a bit or sup," Mrs. Grose eried, "and I baked lemon cheese-cakes for supper! Wait a minute then—to please me, Miss Winnie!" she begged, as Winnie shook her head and pushed away the detaining arms.

Breathlessiy the kind-hearted rotund creature hurried down to the larder, pantingly she came up again, rushed about for a minute or two to find a wrapping paper, and overtook Winnie as

"You-you-shall have some o' my years I began to feel my strength fail-ing, but did not dream that the trouble made 'em most—a purpose for—you: was serious. As I grew weaker I began | Lor. I'm out o' breath-clean! There,

The fragrant-smelling, flaky little par-

"Four; cut them in halves, and they'll

The wrapping paper was hone other than the letter which Captain Treden-

Caeriyon. I told her that I should send her a keepsake when I went away; and I think this is the best and most suitable one I could give her. I hope she will not be offended at my doing so. Please say something nice and grazious, like yourself, when giving it, as I have only offered it in a very rough soilorfashion, and say I hope she will wear it

as a sailor's keepsake—in kindly remembrance of the giver." Courteously, kindly, gently, cordially, he had proffered his gift, and she had scorned it, flung it aside, hated it, as an

insult and a wrong!

But madam had given no gracious nessage, no kindly word-neglected his earnest request—passed by the courtesy and gentleness that he strove to put into her words.

"Madam Vivian has no right to treat me so!" she said again; and her girlish face grew hard and lined with passionate womanly feeling. "Madam Vivian has wronged me!"

And in that half hour, while she sat there by the lonely roadside, in the chill gloomy evening, gazing at Stephen Tre-dennick's words—which came like balm to the crushed sad spirit, the pained lonely heart—and thinking of Madam Vivian's insulting coldness and injustice, the gentle timidity of Winnie's girlish love passed away for ever—changed into a proud woman's deep, silent passion, which she might die for, but never deny. She folded the crumpled letter neatly, kissed it, and hid it in her dress.

"In kindly remembrance of the giver, she said; "Stephen Tredennick, while I have a heart to beat with love for

CHAPTER IX

All through the long, bot summer day -the blazing sunlight reflected from the great blue molten mirror of the ocean, from the granite face of the sheer precipitous cliffs, and with dazzling glare from the snowy whitewashed walls of the Coastguard station, the flashinglybright windows of which concentrated the rays to a focus like so many burning glasses had the hot busy hours passed in the work that seemed never to end, the tasks that were only accom-

plished in series to make room for more. Winnie had washed, starched and ironed all those neat muslin blinds, and put them up smooth and spotless again; she had finished the little frock begun two days ago for Louie, and hummed a line or two of Tennyson's "Cradle Song"-

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the Western Sea-

as she tried the garment on, and found that it fited the baby owner so nicely; she had baked the bread and "pasties," and peeled the turnips and potatoes for dinner; she had had some rifling occupation afterwards in the shape of sprinkling and folding three dozen "pieces" of clothes and despatching them to be mangled; she had darned two table-cloths and three pairs of boys' socks; she had laid the table for tea. and polished the spoons and teapot with whitening and chamois leather; and, on Tommy distinguishing himself by upactting the tea kettle on the stove, she had to undertake a hasty refilling, reboiling. replenishing of the fire, and wiping up of water and ashes.

True, Winnie had done this all untrue" that it was counted but as a down to rest. thankless matter of course, deserving of no connection or alleviation.

She thought so herself, but she had become so used to it. There are many -scores, hundreds, thousands such patient body-and-soul wearers toiling for others, not themselves, their toil evoking in return neither surprise nor grati-

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"And I also send a sealskin jacket, which I hope, dear aunt, you will give for me to your little friend, Miss Winnie In One Night

Broke Up a Heavy Cold, Relieved Pain in the Side, Stopped an Irritating Cough.

"Anyone that goes through all that I suffered last winter will appreciate the value of a remedy that cures like Nerviline cured me." These are the opening words of the solemn declaration of E. P. Von Hayden, the well-known violinist. "My work kept me out late at night, and playing in cold, drafty places brought on a severe cold that settled on

my chest. I had a harsh, racking cough and severe NERVILINE pains through CURES sides and settled in my shoulders. CHEST I used different liniments, but COLDS

darted

none broke up my cold till I ne ed Nerviline. I rubbed it on my neck, ehest and shoulders, morning and night, and all the pain disappeared. Realizing that such a heavy cold had run down my system, I took Ferrozone at meals, and was completely built up and strengthened. Since using Nerviline I have no more colds or pleurisy, and en-

joy perfect health."

It's because Nerviline contains the purest and most bealing medicinal principles, because it has the power of sinking through the pores to the kernel d the pain—these are the reasons why it breaks up colds, cures lumbago, stiffness, neuralgia, sciatica, and rheumatism. Refuse any substitute your dealer may suggest-insist on Nerviline only Large family size bottles, 50c; trial size 25c; all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

There was nothing wonderful, therefore, in this long summer day's toil, which had left Winnie's face so pallid and weary, her small thin hands and arms so soiled and discolored, which had roughened all that twisted-up mass of brown hair, and had made the old blue That haughty parting glance which gingham gown, now in the last stage of she intuitively understood, stung Winbrown hair, and had made the old blue shabbiness, so stained and frayed-only it was a pity.

Nature had meant that intellectual brow, that expressive changeful face, those deep, passionate ever, that slender, nervous, supple form, as a casket to enshrine rare endowments, if it lacked outwardly her choicest workmanship.

It was a pity, but the girl did not know it, or was only vaguely conscious of the dull pain of remembrance of months and years of toil like this. It had always been so-it would always be so in the weary years to come, until she lay in that mossy grave in Trewillian church-yard, and beneath the name of Winifred, the beloved wife of John Caerlyon," was written that of her only

Pale-faced, hard-worked little girls, in lonely hours, have a merbid fancy for this prospect of mossy graves under Caerlyon was conscious only of her soil- Caerlyon's foriorn shabbiness. ed hands, her shabby old gown, and her unkempt hair, and of a longing for her

"Winnie, is the kettle boiled?" "No, mamma-it's singing."

at six o'clock in the evening, eliv" "It was just boiling, mamma, half-anhour ago., and Tommy spilled it."

"Spilled it! That's pretty work! Whta did yet let the boy go meddling with the kettle for? And-my patience. Winiford!"-at this point Mrs. Caerlyon had entered the kitchen—"is that the set-out you are in at this hour? A perfect muck! Why, I never saw such a maid as you are for a sloven! I suppose, since you are not off to Roseworthy every evening, you don't think it worth while to make yourself decent in your father's house."

"I am going to tidy myself in a minnte, mamma-I have only just cleaned the spoons and tea-pot."

"Spoons and teapot at this hour o' the evening! What next, pray? Do you never have a proper time for your work, that you should keep yourself in a mess like a mine-girl till people are expecting to sit down decently to meals?"

Silence on unhappy, lazy, slovenly Winminute under the accustomed hail-storm of "nagging," and turned aside from her step-mother's hard brown eyes, as she stood in the middle of the floor, her brows magisterially bent on the shabby slender little figure. She the shabby slender little figure. She turned aside, and her gaze, mechanically seeking the hot calm evening sunlight, the liquid turquoise of the sleeping ocean, and the dark cool shadow of the cliffs falling athwart the little bay, new rippling smooth and deep at high-water mark, became in an instant

arrested. Forgetful alike of her deshabille and her step-mother's presence, she stood as if rooted to the spot, with parted lips and fast-heating heart, staring at two figures standing a few yards beyond, at the head of the pathway that led down the cliffs.

"Trewhella!" she gasped. "Then Madam's home again! Is she coming hither? And who is that beautiful young lady?' At the instant Trewhella turned, and at a glance her sharp eyes detected the face at the onen window.

"Good evening, Miss Winnie! Beautiful day, is it not?" she said, loudly and familiarly, advancing a step or two in glorified consciousness that the level rays of the brilliant sunshine were displaying the flounces of her light blue cilk dress, and the deep embroidery of her white petticoat, to the utmost advantage. "I dare say you are astonish-

her white petticoat, to the utmost advantage. "I dare say you are astonished to see me?"

"I—I am," stammered poor Winnie, fully aware that the level rays of sunlight were displaying her disarranged hair, soiled collar and tucked-up sleeves to the utmost advantage in another way. Ashamed to stay, but too proud to rush away and hide, she remained, in spite of her stepmother's half-audible commands before Miss Trewhella and the beautiful young lady—a tall, fine-ly developed girl, young, handsome haughty, self-willed looking, with an easy carriage of her proud hend and aristocratic figure, and with a nameless grace and elegance in the simplicity of her girlish costume, expensively-chaste as were its rich material and explaints.

"Replying to your letter, I followed your instructions and purchased two botters of SANOL. You might send me as much of the mixture as I need. If I can in any way help the sale of SANOL and by doing so help some other unfortumate. I will be only too pleased to do so, as I consider it the best remedy ever made. You have a medicine that is worth millions."

SANOL is already widely recognized by the bladder and all other diseases due to the presence of uric acid in the system. SANOL is also a great and reliable preventive and if taken at any time by those who have any weakness of the kidney or bladder will often prevent a serious filmess.

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Parisian fit and shape,
A lady undoubtedly, from the calm A lady unfountedly, from the calm insouciance of her unruffled self-possession, from the inquiring gaze of her deepset brilliant eyes beneath their haughty brows, from the light poise of the tall, full figure—as far removed from Miss Trewhella's self-assurance and familiarity as was the undiscoverable stamp of parfaction on their wenter.

able stamp of perfection on that wonderful, simple costume of dove-colored. eatin like material, with its fringes of deeper shade, its hanging folds and eleeves with silken linings, the accurate J-matched, treble-buttoned gioves, and rusaling silk and stiff white skirts. the has a mass of snowy ostrich feather and pale golden gossamer, from the

showy smartness of the lady's maid's She had quietly surveyed Winnie for a few moments as if studying the effect of her figure in the framework of the window ,and rather disapproving of it by the fine knitting of the lines on her low wide forehead, when the name pronounced in Miss Trewhella's shrill voice fell on her ear. She made a slight movement of surprise, and when a wide opening of the proud bright eyes, and a fain curve on the short full lower lip, were perceptible.

"I am surprised" Winnie said, confusedly, coloring: "I did not know that Madam was home again. I hope she is quite well, Miss Trewhella?"

"Is that Miss Winnie Caerylon?" the young lady demanded, in a clear imperious voice; and Miss Trewhella, with a confidential little aside smile, said. Yes, Miss Mildred-that's her, poor

thing!"
"Madam's home again, sure enough," she replied, in a louder tone, to Winnie, who was watching the proud handsome girl with a kind of fascination; "and Miss Mildred Treddenick's come to stay with her."

"I am Miss Tredennick, Trewheila. I have corrected you before for naming me in that school-room fashion," interrupted the young lady, haughtily; and vouchsafing Winnie only another coldly-surprised glance, she turned lightly on her heel, and walked off towards the cliff-path again, evidently to permit the lady's maid and the lady's maid's friend—the shabby hard-worked-looking girl-to have a chat togeth-

nie into remembrance of herself.

"I am glad to hear that Madam is well," she said, as coldly and distantly as Miss Tredennick could have spoken. "Good evening-the young lady is waiting for you."

Well, but-Miss Winnie-Miss Winnie!"-Miss Trewhella ran over to the window and actually thrust her smart summer bonnet, with its pink roses and white lace, into the kitchen-"aren't you coming over to Roseworthy again, eh?" You'll be coming over to morrow or next day, went' you?' She knew well that Winnie Caerlyon

was not coming to Roseworthy to-morrow ,or next day, or any day afterwards, but she could not resist the feminine hankering to flaunt over a fallen rival, made doubly triumphent -such was the noble calibre of Miss Treweeping willows. But just how Winnie her new blue flounced silk and Winnie whella's mind-by the consciousness of

"Not unless madam sends for me." omplainingly; and "pity twas 'twas toilet to be finished, that she might sit as she hastily quitted the kitchen, and ran upstairs to her little room with the dormer, shared with two of her young step-sisters, where she pulled off her "Singing! What's it only singing for, working dress whilst tears of mortification and pain rolled down her flueled

She was not 2 philosopher, poor Winnie!-only a woman-and a young, sensitive woman, of girlish years.

"That was his cousin, that beautiful roung lady, who looked at my dirty frees and untidy hair," she said, with a suppressed, bitter ery. "I cannot help it: I was doing so much work to-day. But, oh! how she despised me as a poor, common, servant-like girl! She will never

think of me as anything else." She bathed her pallid, weary face in plete cure." water; she braided up the dark, silken masses of her haid above the marblewhite brow and violet-shadowed eyes: she hastily arrayed herself in spite of her aching arms and nervous hands, in her nest, freshly-koned print dress, with its clean lace frill and tiny blue ribbon bow; but the tears came again and again

class. nie's part. She drooped her head for a "I am nothing but a poor plain, hard-

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use of SANOL, the remedy that is safe, sure and remarkably rapid in its action. It removes the necessity of an operation. Relief comes promptly, the stones being dissolved or passed off in the stool without danger to the patient and without pain. SANOL has cured hundreds of people ir Canada of this painful and dangerous disease. We have many testing monials from people who have thus head of tribal enemies has gone are monials from people who have thus been cured. For obvious reasons we cannot bublish their names but many of those who have been cured are quite willing to tell others in confidence of the results of people SANCI. We are the confidence of the results of people SANCI. We are the confidence of the results of people sanctions and the confidence of the results of people sanctions. of using SANOL. We are able to give names and addresses of numbers of these and will gladly do so to all who inquire.

The following extracts are taken from the letter of a well-known Toronto gentle-

man:
"Replying to your letter, I followed two hot-

ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED

Until She was Nearly Crazy. Began with Watery Blisters. On Ears, Eyes, Hands and Ankles. Could Not Sleep for Scratching. Cuticura Soan and Ointment Cured.

Brunswick St., Fredericton, N. B .- "I had a very had case of eczema. The trouble began with watery blisters and itched and burned until I was nearly crasy. It was on my case, eyes, hands and ankles. I could not keep the bed clothes over me at night for the smarting and itching. My cars would swell. I would acratch until the blood would run and then form a scab. I felt as if I could take a knife and cut the finsh on my hands. It would disfigure my face and make it smart and burn and swell. I could

not sleep at night for scratching.
"I tried everything I heard of without getting any benefit. I used lots of home remedies, such as lard and sulphur, and also was treated for it. Then I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they gave me great ease. I used them about four months and I am happy to say I am never troubled now. The Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me completely." (Signed) Mrs. A. S. Thompson, Mar. 9, 1912.

The regular use of Cuticura Soap for toilet and bath not only tends to preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands, but assists in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 44D, Boston, U. S. A.

servant. I should never forget that. Mildred Tredennick, never will. He never would if he saw me as she did this even-

(To be Continued.)



"No. All wrong. I'm married now."

THE MAGISTRATE'S STORY What He Owes to Zam-Buk

Mr. C. E. Sapford, of Weston, Kinge Co., N. S., a Justice of the Peace for the county and a descon of the Bustist Church in Berwick, says: "I have used Zam-Buk for piles and found it a splen-

did remedy. It cured me." Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes: "I must thank you for the benefit I have received from the use of Zam-Buk. Last summer I had a fever, which left me with piles. I started to use Zam-Buk and found it gave me relief, so I continued with it. After using three or four boxes it effected a con

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite. ulcers, sezema, blood-poison, vaficose sores, scalp sores, ringworn, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises, and skin injuries generally. All druggists and store sell at 50c. box, or post free from into the sad dark eyes as she took a last glance as the little looking.

Lam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk" on every package before buying.

PHILIPPINE MOUNTAIN FEUDS.

I recall vividly my first trop to an Igorote village in Lepanto Bontoc, the GALL-STONES barrio of Bagnen. With me was an American prospector who had picked up a working knowledge of the Igorote lan guage. Through him and our wrinkled old guide, Fu Nit, I heard the strange rapid cure for this painful and folk tales and superstitions of this an

I record here what Fu Nit said about the custom of bringing home the heads of vanquished enemies. In every village There are hundreds of sufferers from gall-stones who will be glad to know of the great results being derived from the were also many human jawbones used use of SANOL, the remedy that is safe, as handles on gangesas, or gongs, beaten, creast a peculiar tattoo mark, proclaiming that he has at some time brought human head. It is said that Igorote women prefer to marry a man who bears this badge of honor. - Christian Herald.

BEADS.

We must have them! Fachion frowned on them

But she simply had to give in. What's evening dress without glitter? And beads and sequins supply this

No particular bend is in the lead this

There are many sizes ranging from tiny beads to half-inch bugles. While white and silver beads dominate, colored ones are used to great advantage.

A man would think a lot more of the ten commandments if he could deposit them in the bank.—New York Press.