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Sybil's Doom

She stood alone in the picture gallery of Chudleigh, one afternoon, a little after a week after the coming. As usual, her toilet was simply perfection—rich green silk, that trailed and wound after her, a crown of ivy on the glossy black hair, rare old lace draping the rounded arms, the Strathmore emerald gleaming greenish as she moved, and a gold serpent bracelet with emerald eyes on her dimpled wrist. She stood, amid the long array of court beauties by Kneller and Van Dyck, herself a lively vision, gazing out with bent brows and steady eyes at the ceaseless, falling rain. Those melting, starry eyes had a trick of growing very hard and steady when no other eyes were near, and the smooth brow bent into sharp lines that turned her ten years older in as many minutes. "She was very pale, too. It was out quite time to go down to dinner, and that wondrous range in which she bloomed in perennial youth, and the helladonna that lighted up the velvet eyes, were safely locked up in the widow's drawers.

The August day had been dull, sunless, sultry, overcast; the August evening was closing down, hopelessly windy and wet. The trees rocked in a high gale, the red-dress trooped away to their shelter, sky and sea blended afar off in one long, gray line. It was a very fair domain, this Chudleigh Chase, even in the rainy twilight of an eerie day—a grand old place—and the wife of Sir Rupert Chudleigh and the mistress of these broad acres might consider herself a very lucky woman indeed.

"And not one word of it all is entitled," the widow thought, her dark eyes wandering greenly over meadow and park and copse. "And he doesn't care for Gwendolyn. If she were to die to-morrow, he would shrug his shoulders and lift his eyebrows, and say: 'Poor child, however unpleasant to finish like this' and go back to Voltaire and Condorcet, and forget her in a week. As Mrs. Ingram, I am nobody, less than nobody, barely tolerated, as admitted with an admiration that is as insincere in itself, an object of suspicion, a toset for the mealy-face, but as Lady Chudleigh, this dreary life of plotting, of intrigue, this dreary life of plotting, on which I have gone up and down for the past twenty years, of which I am wearied to death, might end. I might forget the past, I might turn Lady Bountiful, grow as saintly and as orthodox as Miss Trevanion herself, and pass the remainder of my days free from guile, embroidering elaborate stoles and surplices for newly-fledged chorists, and leading the choir in the village church. I could turn my mind to the care of beef and to blankets at Christmas, to eat and state bims for the charity children, and forget the bad, bitter past. And by and by there would possibly be an heir, and I might be simply and honestly happy, like other women, an honored wife, a loved mother. Oh, lost wretch that I am!" She covered her face suddenly, slithering from head to foot. "Can I forget I once had a child? Where in all the wide earth, or under it, is the baby I deserted eighteen years ago?"

The dinner-bell sounded while she stiff stood there, while and cold, so altered, so haggard, so old, so worn, that Sir Rupert Chudleigh would not have believed his own eyes had he seen her. But at the sound of that loud clanging in the lofty turrets, she turned slowly away and went up to her room. She was a first-class actress in the great drama of life, and it was her turn to go on and smile, and look happy and beautiful, and play the dreary play out.

The many clustering lights were lighted in drawing and dining-room when the elegant widow swept in, the dark eyes brilliantly sparkling, the delicate nose-ridge bright on cheek and lip, the soft, subtle smile at its most winking. The brilliant green of her dress, the color that rich, brilliant complexion, and the curiously plaited coronet of ivy lay like some chaplet on the abundant black tresses.

There were strangers in the long drawing-room when Mrs. Ingram swept in; but strangers at St. Rupert's hospitable board were nothing to marvel at. And two of the guests were not strangers either to the widow.

Cyril Trevanion, turning over a volume of engravings, all by himself, and feverishly watching the door by which she must enter, and Charles Lemos, leaning on the back of Gwendolyn's chair, and talking in his usual slow, lacy voice. A third gentleman—a tall, dark-bearded man, with a sunburned, striking and eminently handsome face—stood leaning negligently against the marble mantel, arguing some question animatedly with his host.

Mrs. Ingram looked at him, and looked again. Like Queen Elizabeth of virgin memory, she had a great and mighty admiration for handsome men, and adored (but most women do that) the awe and sinews and physical might. Regarded from this point of view, the dark stranger was really a magnificent specimen of kindly man. It was much to come some of glance as Henry the Eighth's royal daughter gave poor Katherine, and Essex, and Leicester, and hosts of others, equally approving and equally fatal.

There was a lull in the busy hum of conversation as the handsome widow smiled forward, her long silk robe trailing, her emeralds gleaming in the soft, mellow light. Colonel Trevanion, and Charley rose to greet her, and the baronet advanced and presented his guest, the stranger, as Mr. Angus Macgregor.

"I've heard of him, and you've read him, so don't," the baronet said, "it's a very delightful in type, and cheap, in cloth, lettered, at three-and-sixpence a volume. He's been everywhere, and seen everything; and you safely recommend him as amusing, when the time permits you to draw him out."

The little widow laughed, as she held out her ringed right hand to the superb stranger.

BACK FULL OF AGES HEADACHES AND DEPRESSION

Much of Women's Sufferings is Head-ache and Can be Prevented by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

For some reason, dead silence fell for some reason every one looked at Cyril Trevanion. And the winking, bewitching glance of which Macgregor had spoken could never have been more horrible in the eyes of the half-widow than it did in his eyes then.

"Come, come!" Sir Rupert cried, rather startled, "this won't do, Macgregor. Really, you are singularly unfortunate in your topic, for me. My dear Trevanion, for Heaven's sake, don't glare at us so! We are these air-lental resemblance every day, and half of them are on my imagination. Your imagination, Macgregor, is getting overheated, I think. You must have off scribbling, and take to the stable, and the part-ridges next month. I can promise you more sport at Chudleigh."

Five minutes after, Mrs. Ingram and Miss Chudleigh left the gentlemen to themselves. It was the author who held the door open for them to pass out, and as Gwendolyn looked up at him in solemn wonder the smile that met her was rarely sweet.

"You're not the gentleman with the cloven foot, are you, Mr. Macgregor?" she whispered, "I've frightened out of a year's growth. It will be my turn next, and you'll tell me I'm twin sister to a murderer, I dare say."

"Close up, gentlemen—close up!" cried the pleasant tones of the baronet. "Colonel, no back-handing so soon. You sit as grim as the Watcher on the Threshold, and about as silent. Charley, are they going to banish you up to Oxford next term?"

But all the baronet's efforts to force the conversation were in vain. Cyril Trevanion sat like a statue of stone at the feet. He peeped his walrus and dipped them in his sherry, and glowered vindictively every now and then at his opponent across the way. But Mrs. Macgregor took little notice of these black looks. He and his host had got into some animated argument, which lasted until they joined the ladies.

Mrs. Ingram sat at the piano, playing softly; Cyril Trevanion crossed over and stood beside her. The baronet and the author sat down to a game of cards, and Charley, who had, like the widow, made an innate talent for flirting, curled up on an ottoman at her elbow.

"Who is that man?" Cyril Trevanion asked, in a hoarse, breathless sort of way, "who knows me, Mrs. Ingram, and who knows me?"

"Colonel Trevanion!" the widow cried, inexpressibly startled, "how dare you? What do you mean?"

Colonel Trevanion laughed a harsh, mirthless laugh, and that wild light was in his fierce black eyes again.

TORONTO FACTS

Size, Growth, Expenses, Etc. Put in a Nutshell.

(Toronto Telegram.) According to the Dominion census, Toronto has a population of 270,000. The average increase for the past five years in Toronto's population has been 24,000.

The city hall is estimated to be worth \$2,250,000. Toronto was founded as a French trading post in 1749. Toronto's Exhibition grounds cover an area of 250 acres.

The first electric cars appeared in Toronto in 1894. There were 10,000 births in 1911, 5,312 marriages, and 3,228 deaths.

Toronto was incorporated as a city in 1827, with a population of 9,254. The ordinary expenditure of the city during 1911 was \$9,975,927.

The total expenditure of the works department for 1911 was \$5,977,711.04. During 1911 the city issued building permits to the value of \$25,000,000.

Toronto customs returns for the fiscal year ending March, 1911, reached the sum of \$14,397,112. The postal revenue for Toronto for the fiscal year ending March, 1911, was \$1,833,000.

During 1911, over 700 employers of labor located in Toronto. Toronto has nine public hospitals for the care of the sick. Altogether there are 65 hospitals, asylums and public homes.

Each year there is the largest exhibition on the continent held in Toronto. In 1911, 925,500 people attended the exhibition, as against 877,000 in 1910.

In 1911 the city spent as follows for school purposes: Public schools, \$1,477,235; high schools, \$215,396; technical school, \$77,581; separate schools, \$108,567, a total of \$1,878,869.

Toronto has the following number of educational institutions: Public schools, 74; high schools, 8; technical, 1; separate schools, 22; Protestant industrial schools, 2; Roman Catholic industrial schools, 1; 40 colleges, seminaries and pay schools; three cathedrals, about 245 churches, 10 synagogues, 48 missions, five missionary training schools, and nine convents.

WHEN STILL ARE PRAISING THEM

Mrs. Geo. Butler tells what Dadd's Kidney Pills did for her.

She was tired, nervous, and had Dizziness and Headache from Pain in the Back—Dadd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

"My trouble was brought on by hard work," Mrs. Butler tells her friends. "For four years I suffered from pain in the back. I was always tired and nervous. My head ached, and I had dark circles under my eyes, which were also puffed and swollen."

"I was in a generally run-down condition, and feeling very much discouraged when I started to take Dadd's Kidney Pills, and I can only say I found relief at once."

"The mainprinciple of women's health is the kidneys. If the kidneys are right the blood will be pure. Pure blood is absolutely essential to good health. Dadd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right."

SAID ABOUT WOMANKIND. Women's memories are like statues; you may break them in pieces, you may leave them out in the storm until they are all discolored, you can always put them together again. No matter how stained they are they always retain their shape—Amelia River.

There is not on earth a more merciless exacter of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman, and the more unscrupulously she exacts love to the utmost farthing—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

There is seldom harm in infusing a little fear into a woman's liking for you—Anthony Hope.

Every woman's fault is every man's misfortune—Gail Hamilton.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity—Martin Luther.

The Bible says that woman is the last thing which God made. He must have made it on Saturday night. It shows that woman is Alexander's woman.

Women need not be beautiful every day of their lives. It is sufficient that they have moments which one does not forget and the return of which one expects—Victor Cherbuliez.

Woman is born for love and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it—Margaret Fuller Osoul.

Learned women have lost all credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit—Jonathan Swift.

Kindness in women, not their beautiful looks. Shall win my love.—William Shakespeare.

There are three things that I have always loved and have never understood—painting, music and woman.—Bernard de Bover de Fontenelle.

No man has yet discovered the means of giving, successfully, friendly advice to himself—not even to his own.—Honore De Balzac.

SHILOH'S CURE

HEALS THE LUNGS STOPS COUGHS PRICE, 25 CENTS

SNORING IN NEXT ROOM. In the gray light of the early morning the traveler faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the hotel!" he began indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before to-night, I shall look up other lodgings."

"There's no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied, respectfully. "If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."

"I know it is. By a man who snored all night and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."

"The beds are all alike sir. That man has been here before, and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."—Chicago Post.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. Baby's Own Tablets are a most valuable medicine for infants and young children. They break up colds, expel worms, regulate the stomach and bowels, and in a natural way promote healthy sleep. They contain no injurious drugs and cannot possibly do harm.

Concerning them Mrs. J. A. Rix, Ebbesfleet, P. E. I., writes "My baby was troubled with her stomach, but Baby's Own Tablets speedily cured her and now she is a bright healthy child."

The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An ounce of silence is sometimes more eloquent than a pound of sermons.

Shiloh's Cure HEALS THE LUNGS STOPS COUGHS PRICE, 25 CENTS

Shiloh's Cure HEALS THE LUNGS STOPS COUGHS PRICE, 25 CENTS