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of the hospital children in the wn symptoms of ans are unable ren in the hosif there was a oisoned milk. tried to ascerthat the chilfrom some une akin to menscout the idea ere not cogniz-

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fax Aitken, the Montreal, now al Parliament, Quebec autoof \$1,500. In tken owned an Iontreal. One auffeur took a joy ride withge and drove St. Catharines man named t and incapaer the Quebes automobile in it does, so litken for M. was unaware when the acciwere proved s nothing for ess the dam prise to auto ime this stacourts.

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four steam-23,510 tons. INED.

arold ire-\$25 by Matheft of pignight in Jorka, The ve made the for circum-

Sybil's Doom

You have heard of the search that | He put on his shooting jacket "You have heard of the search that was made," Sybil continued; "long and thorough, and in vain. The secret of Monkawood Waste is its secret still—well kept: I know nothing against Mrs. Ingram. Common sense in every way preves it to be an absolute absurdity that she can in any manner be implicated. And yet—Oh, Mr. Macgregor, help Monkswood Waste is its secret still—well kept: I know nothing against Mrs. Ingram. Common sense in every way proves it to be an absolute absurdity that she can in any manner be implicated. And yet—Oh, Mr. Macgregor, help see if you can. Fathom this terrible mystery, and I will thank you forevert I thanks when Cyvil came—But Cyvil has west when Cyril came—But Cyril has e, and what does he care? The woman who slept on her pest, by Me to-ther's dying bed, holds him fettered body and soul. He has no thought, by night or by day, but for her."

passionate, impetuous tears started to her eyes. She turned away proud-T, lest he should see. But Macgregor's dark eyes saw most things, and his face

"And do you care?" he asked in a deep, intense voice, "whom he loves or whom he hates? Can it signify to Miss

The question might have been insolent on any other lips, and haughty Sybil might have turned upon him in amazed anger. But, somehow-ah! who knows why?-it was Macgregor who spoke; and the deticate face drooped away, and the lovely, transient glow arose and faded, and the haughty heart fluttered

under her sable corsage.
"No," she said, "it is nothing to me less than nothing. But I loved my uncle very dearly, Mr. Macgregor, and Cyril is his son. Once I loved him, too tong ago a little child of four when he was, oh, so different. He gave me this ring. I have worn it for his sake for fifteen years. I will never wear it egain!"

She drew it off. There was a sparkle of light; then it was flung impetuously into the depths of the fish-pond, a glittering morsel for pike and perch.
"Let the waters take it," she said,

"less faithless than he! And you promise me, Mr. Macgregor, you will do your best to help me in this dreadful darkness which shrouds the poor general's fate?"

"I promise, Miss Trevanion, I will do my utmost, and succeed, if I can, where the best detective of Scotland Yard failed. The mystery of Monkswood will be a mystery no longer, if mortal man can solve it. I will do my best, I promise."
He held out his hand. He had long,

slim feet and hands intensely patri-cian and Sybil laid her delicate roseleaf palm therein, with still another moseste blush. It was quite a new trick on Sybil's part—this blushing—and became her beautifully.

"How kind it is of you!" she said,

grateful tears standing in her eyes. had muttered something surlily between his teeth, and the old woman's glitterher anxiety, and this matter was

"Ever so much nicer!" the young lazy answered, saucily. "I don't half like your tone in print; and the sneering, screenic, bitterly cynical way you speak of women is simply false and detestable. You may say what you coming crawling back, chame-faced and please, sir—you and the rest of the seld-blooded cynics—but there are women alive hosts of them true and and raising her voice to a shrill, cracked

brightly flushed, the violet eyes flashing, the proud little head thrown Back. Ah, Angus Macgregor, your cynical as well let me go. If I'm a coward, I heart needs a triple corselet of steel to must have inherited it from your side heart needs a triple corselet of steel to must have inherited it from your side ward off the blind god's arrows shot of the house. The Trevanions, at least,

from those killing eyes of blue!

"I believe it now," he said, very quietly. "I did not before. I spoke of wo.

Were never that."

"Nor ingrates," cried the old woman bitterly. "But a fool and a coward is men as I found them. I can never speak of them like that again." And then he lifted the fair, white

hand to his lips and kissed it, and let it fall. And the dinner-bell mang, and Charley's serene face appeared suddenly through the hazel bushes skirting the fish-pond near.

"Are you two flirting or fighting? You look tremendously in earnest; and really, how one is to me in earnest about anything, with the thermometer at boiling heat—— Let's go to dinner."

The effort of speaking had exhausted him; he was unable to finish his own sentence. They went to dinner, where ed, penniless governess, who laughs at my lady greeted them, and did the most you for your pains!" of the talking. For the heat had wilted Charley, and left him nothing on earth to say; and Sybil, in a "tremor of sweet falling fatally in love, though she did not know it, eat something-who knows what? —and hardly looked across once at the dark tenant of the

Lady Lemox and Mr. Macgregor sat down in the lamp-lit drawing-room to Cyril Trevanion, and you have reason their eternal whist; and my lady made a good thing out of the author's preoccupation, and won two or three handfuls of shillings. And Sybil, away in a corner where the piano stood, and the lamp-light never came, played dreamy improvisations, with a quiet, tender hap-piness in her face. The moonlight fell on the graceful, girlish figure, the stately little head, the delicate, perfect profile, and the author's eyes wandered often from the cards to that fairy vision. It it. met a man last night—curse him! was late when he went away, and Sybil said good night with a shy grace all new, and "beauty's bright transient glow" coming and going on her exquisite face. It was late when he left, late when he reached the Retreat, his pretty home, hidden as the covert of a stag amid the towering elms and beeches; but not too late for working and smoking, it appeared. He threw off his dress-coat, lighted a cigor, drew a pile of MSS. before him, and sat down to write; and while the summer night like a man half choked. were on he smoked and he wrote, the pen scrawling at a railroad pace over the paper, the only stoppages when

soffee and turning in."

wilderness reigned. The author turned in the Prior's Walk -the grand old avenue where so often the hunted monks had paced, telling their beads. He end cauntered about half way down, when he suddenly stop-ped and drew back, for at the other opening a man and a woman stood, where, at that hour, he would have looked for no one-where, at any hour, few ever came. They were standing very still, talking very earnestly, and in the man, tall, dark and muscular, he recognized at first glance Cyril Tre-

But the woman-who was she? Surely not the widow? No. She turned her face toward him even as the thought crossed his mind, and self-possessed as Macgregor was, he barely repressed an exclamation of amazement as his eyes fell upon her face.

CHAPTER XVI. It was old Hester-crazy Hester, the witch, the fortune teller-who stood facing the lord of Monkswood Priory, is the rosy dawn of the new day, leaning on her staff, with her weird face and weird witch-like dress, looking very like one of three beldames who occosted the Thane of Cawdor on the blasted heath of Fores.

Angus Macgregor barely repressed a whistle of intense surprise. Then sud-denly his face cleared and brightened. Hawkisey told me there was an old grandam somewhere, and, by all that's sensational, it turns out to be old Hester, the witch! I always fancied there was method in the cute old fortune teller's madness; and, by Jove! if she is er's madness; and, by Jove: It sae is the grandam, she's the cleverest old lady in England. Shall I play eves-dropper for once? It is for Sybil's sake. I am not a particularly humble Christ-ian, but I think I could stoop to even ower degradation—if there be a lower

deep than envesdropping—for her sake."

He stood quite still, screened completely by the huge branches of a giant alm, seeing them plainly, yet all un-seen. The tableau was worthy more spectators. The old woman-withered. wrinkled, Indian colored stood with both hands clasped on the head of a stout cane, a red cotton handkerchief knotted under her chin, her locks of eld fluttering scantily beneath, two piere-ing black eyes fixed fiercely on the face above her. And Cyril Trevanion stood with folded arms, silent, moody, sulky, his eyes fixed on the greensward, a look of sullen fear in his swarthy face. He

how you ran like a frightened school boy the other day and left the girl, who thought you a hero, to face an angry bull alone? Another man came to her rescue, and you-you cut a fine figure,

tender and faithful, and good to the treble, "I am ashamed of you myself!"
eore."
"Hadn't you better arouse the par-How beautiful she looked! The cheeks | ish?" Cyril Trevanion said, with a suppressed oath. "If you only sent for me here to begin your old nagging, you may

> always an ingrate. What did you come to this place for? Tell me that. Was it to woo and win the heiress of Trevanion, with her splendid beauty, her splendid dowry, her grand old lineage, or not? And what do you do? You see a wax-doll widow, a penniless adventuress, and you go mad and blind and besetted for love of her. Fool! dolt! driveler! Why did I not leave you to starve, or rot, or die a dog's death in a ditch, as you deserve? You allow the golden prize to slip through your fing-ers, between your idiocy and your cowardice, and you run after this paint-

The rage flaming in the fierce old face, in the flashing old eyes, in the high cracked voice, was something quite appalling. The man before her shrunk like a whipped hound. His fear of her was unmistakable.

"I will endure it no longer-not one day longer!" old Hester went on. "Drop the widow and win the heiress, or dread

"I have reason to be afraid of a good many people," the heir of Monkswood retorted, stung into sullen defiance. "I believe in my soul I'll go down to the sea yonder, some fine day, and make an end of it all. What with your nagging and my own plotting, and running the risk of discovery each hour of the day, my life is not so pleasant, Lord knows, that I should wish to keep -and he knows who I am as well as

you do.' "Where did you meet him? Who is he?"

"I met him at Chudleigh. He calls himself Angue Macgregor-an author, or something of the sort—and he is the tenant of the Retreat. That stupid fool, Reedworth, rented it before I came here; and he as good as told me, last night, he had seen me at-" He stopped and grasped his throat, ing on the dressing table.

coolly. "Very likely he did. I've heard her bugbear, was sleeping the sleep of of him, and he has been a great travel- the just, Miss Chudleigh's governess sat he paused to ignite a fresh Havana. er. He may fancy he has seen you. He there, with that darkly frowning face, The rosy glimmer of the new day was will find it difficult to prove it, and staring at the red coals. lighting the east when he pushed the he will hesitate before slandering a "Who is this man?" she thought—
MSS from him and arose.

gentleman in your position. But you're "this mysterious hermit of Monkswood"

country. Avoid France and England as you would a pastilence. The Continent is wide. You may seep your fingers at the whole world, if you possess common produce, with General Trevanion's lairens, for your wife."

"She will not marry me," Cyril Tre-vanion said, mosdily, "She disliked me from the first; she basely telerates me now. I believe in my soul," with a deep eath, "she is half in love with that in-fernal Macgregor over since—"

"Ever since he saved her life- ev since you ran away," interrupted the fortune teller, with ansering emphasis. "It is very likely insed, Ob, poor, weak, miserable coward! Why did I not disown you at your birth? You, with all the chances ever man had to win and marry her out of hand, let them alip one by one, and allow a stranger to step in and hear off the prize. No wonder she hardly tolerates you — moody, sullen, eilent, making an in-fatuated fool of yourself about a simpering doll of a widow, and treating her, pering doll of a widow, and treating ner, the proudest girl in England, with gloomy indifference. But I tell you to beware of me! Don't rouse my angar any higher—don't, I warn you. You

smoldering embers are easily rekindled -marry her; take her out of England, and do it at once." She struck her stick fiercely into the yielding sod and turned to go. The man before her stood motionless as a figure of dark marble.

know what I am Give up your sicken-ing folly; devote yourself to Miss Tre-

vanion; woo her, win her-old love and

"And if she refuses?" he said, between his teeth.

"Then look to yourself. It will be my turn to act then, and you will see what mercy I will show you. If she refuses and persists in refusing, there will be no one on earth to blame but yourself. I will show you then how I treat fools She hobbled away; she reached the

end of the avenue; then she turned

Cyril Trevanion still stood where she had left him his face literally black with rage and fear and hatred. "When Sybil Lemox Trevanion says yes, come to me and tell me," she said.

'I don't want to see your face before "And if she says no?" ground out through his set teeth.

"Then I will come to you; and the day that sees me come will make you wish you had never been born!" She turned this time and hobbled out of sight; and Cyril Trevanion threw one arm over the branch of a tree and laid his face thereon.

"'Wish I had never been born!'" he repeated, with indescribable bitterness My God! how often have I wished that! They say my mother died raving mad. I think my mother's son is likely to follow her example. Hester—Macgregor—Mrs. Ingram; I have reason to fear the three; and Sybil Trevanion beautiful, gentle, and sweet-I fear most of

He stood there so long, motionless, his face lying on his arm, that Angus Macgregor came out from his leafy screen, coolly struck a match and lighted a ci-

his worst enemy might afford to pity him; and I suppose I ought to be that." He sauntered out up the avenue, deliberately, to the spot where Cyril Tre-vanion stood. At the find of the ap-proaching footsteps, the heir of Monkswood lifted his head and stared at the

unexpected apparition, with the wild, hunted look of a stag at bay. "Colonel Trevanion, I believe," Macgregor said, quietly, as though it were noonday and the Prior's Walk the high-road. "I had no idea you were fond of day-break constitutionals. We poor de-

ly. His landlord had not spoken, nor attempted to speak. He was gnastly pale.

splendor trailing behind her, always serpentine in its glimmering twists, her jewels sparkling, her ribbons fluttering.

She kissed Miss Challing is ribbons fluttering. She kissed Miss Chudleigh, on the upper landing, and gayly bid her "Goodnight, and "pleasant dreams," as sne swept into her own room.

Speckhaven beaming luminous through er harmful drugs—they cannot possibly the rosy clouds of sleep.

But her own dreams, waking and sleeping, were not pleasant. She sunk down into a chair, a miracle of amber satin and downy puffiness, and the smiles, and the radiance, and the happy brightness dropped away from face and eyes, like a mask, and left a dark, brooding, careworn countenance in their stead.

She elevated her slim, arched feet, clad in the daintiest of high-heeled bottines, upon the steel fender, and frowned thoughtfully into the fire. For all the rooms at Cudleigh Chase were vast, and apt to be chilly, and Mrs. Ingram was as fond of warmth and light as a tropical bird. So, these August evenings, a wood-fire glowed in the grate, and rendered superfluous the wax tapers burn-

Long after all the household were at "At Toulon," finished the old woman, rest, long after Mr. Angus Macgreg r,

WITH PALE CHEEKS

lealth and Vigor by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

worm-out women are designing out their weary lives simply because they don't know what alls them. Nine times in ten it's indignation, which directly leads to ensemin, poor circulation, and eventually invalidism.



The first step towards relief to to flush out all wastes and unhealthy matter. Loosen the bowels stir up the liver etimulate the kidneys. Once this is done, Dr. Hamilton's Pille will quickly manifest their health-restorng qualities.

"The best way to correct impaired digestion, to cure constipation, head-ache, liver trouble, and other ailments of the stomach and bowels, writes Mrs. Uriah A. Dempsey, from Woodstock, "is by the frequent use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I didn't knew what it was to enjoy a good meal for months. My stomach was sour, I belched gas, was thin, tired, pale, and nervous. I simply house-clean of my system with Dr. Hamilten's Pills, and have been rebust and vigorous ever since."

To keep the machinery of the body in active working order, no remedy is so efficient, so mild, so curative as Dr. Hamilton's Pills good for men, women and children, 25c per box, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

pite of all, the real Cyril Trevanion. alive and in the flesh?" The next moment she could have

laughed aloud at her own folly in even supposing such an impossibility. (To be Continued.) DAINTY DISHES

MHLK SCONES.—Take one pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Mix this with sufficient milk to form a stiff dough, then form into two little twists or small loaves, and bake in a quick over. MCCK ROAST FOWL.-Take three

in her anxiety, and this matter was so very near her heart. "They say, mr. Macgregor, all authors are more or less like their work; but you are not in the least like yours."

"Nicer, I hope?" the author suggested.

"Ever so much nicer!" the young lazy

"Ever so much nicer!" the young lazy

"Ever so much nicer!" the young lazy

"Is a fright and the whole fire, and the whole face flamed red with anger.

"Poor devil!" he said; "it's not a bed ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of breadcrumbs, where ounces of breadcrumbs, but ounces of breadcrumbs, where ounces of breadcrumbs, where ounces of breadcrumbs, where o

CHEESE STRAWS.-Mix together two ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, and a pinch of salt and cayenne pepper. When mixed, roll out like pastry to about one-quarter of an inch in thickness. Cut into strips and hake on a sheet

inch in thickness. Cut into strips and bake on a sheet.

SPONGE JELLY—Take six sponge cakes (stale ones will do, cut them up, and place in a dish; mix and pour over them one pint of raspberry jelly (made from jelly cuttings), and leave to set overnight. Before serving, pour over it one pint of cold custard, flavored with almond sauce, and decorate with crystallised cherries and almonds.

ENGLISH SHORTBIEDAD.—Take half a pound each of butter and moist sugar

day-break constitutionals. We poor devils of scribblers, who sit up half the night over our foolscap and our lost highly sensational chapter, find this sort of thing necessary. Don't let me disturb you. I'm going back, and going to bed. Good-morning."

He strolled away, puffing energetically. His landlord had not spoken, nor at-CROQUETTES.—Take a walnut of but- about them.

tempted to speak. He was ghastly pale.

"I have eased my conscience a little by showing myseif," Macgregor said, entering his domicile. "I can't say 1 find listening pleasant. And so he's to woo and win Sybil? Ah, well, we'll see! As the Turks say, Kismet! What is written, is written!"

CHAPTER XVII.

On that rainy night, while Charley Lemox drove the tenant of the Retreat through the darkness, the elegant widow had sailed away to her room, her silken anlendor trailing behind her always ser-

A SAFE MEDICINE

FOR LITTLE ONES. Perhaps the agreeable widow had her charitable wish, for Gwendoline's dreams were apt to be pleasant, with the angelic an absolute guarantee of a government analyst not to contain narcotics or oth.

Baby's Own Tablets are a safe medical fall, And we shall watch ye there; Ye shall say teh word we bid ye say.

Ye shall praise our baldest wile.

Ye shall praise our baldest wile. Baby's Own Tablets are a safe meddo haim-always good. Thousands of mothers who have used them can vouch for this, and once a mother has used them for her little once about them for her little once a her little once a mother has used them for her little once about them for her little once a her little once a mother has used them for her little once a her little once a her little once a her little once a her little once and the little once a her little onc them for her little ones she always keeps them in the house. The Tablets quickly relieve and cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, expel worms, break up colds and make baby healthy, happy and fat. So that which was done, twixt sun and They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

THE EASIER WAY.

(Montreal Star.) "Hello! Is that the Notes and Quer-ies, editor?" asked a voice through the telephone. "Yes."

"Please tell me how many inches there are in a meter?"
"Haven't you a dictionary in your "Yes, but it's less trouble to call you up and ask you."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE. (Harper's English.)

ing been perviously located by sendin

ing been previously located by scaling out shikars some time shood tying up buffale calves for kills, etc., on approaching the spot the elephants are formed into line, those carrying the howdale with the rifles being along the line, with a certain number of pad elephants in between. Fed elephants, it may be explained, are those which carry a pad or cushion only, and as a rele no one except the mahout or driver. They are used chiefly to assist in beating the jungle and to carry game.

A captain, whose word is law, in appointed to carry out all the arrangements, and on his giving the signal the long line of ponedrous animals advances slowly through the waving grass. Sometimes one or two of the guns are Sometimes one or two of the guns are sent on ahead on elephants to endeavor to prevent the tiger breaking out in front. The line advances steadily, smashing through every obstacle. As soon as a tiger is discovered the flanks of the line extend forward and inward: by signals the line follows the tiger, wheels, doubles, turns, marches, coun-ter marches until it fairly runs the tiger

By this time the elephants have been brought very close together, their heads

almost touching. This renders it less easy for them to turn round and bolt,

gives confidence to the mahouts and also prevents the tiger slipping through a gap as well as very often stopping his charging home. The tiger frequently lies close, in which case two or three hig tuskers move quietly about inside the ring, lifting up each tussock of grass and breaking down every bush. Then the tiger breaks cover and as a rule charges straight at one of the howdah elephants Then it is time to pray that your elephant is really stanch and will stand the charge. Nothing is more difficult than trying to shoot a charging tiger from an elephant which will not stand steady and nothing more dangerous than being on one which suddenly turns round and bolts, taking its rider under branches of trees, to the imminent danger of life and limb. Sometimes as many as four or five tigers are inside the ring at once, together with other animals, such as wild boar and deer, so what with the crashing and trumpeting of the elephants, the shouts and cries of the mahouts, the crack of the rifles. with perhaps a tiger or two rushing round the ring giving their hourse grunting "waugh" at intervals the scene is a regular pandemonium and quite de-fies description.—From Country Life.

QUEBEC FARMER **TELLS GOOD NEWS**

Found Complete Cure for Cramps and Kidney Disease.

Suffered for Six Years, But Found Health and New Life in Dodd's Thy h Reliable Remedy.

Marie East, Bonaventure Co., Quebec, Feb. 26.—(Special.)—Mr. Peter Bernard. a prosperous young farmer, living near there, is spreading the good news that he has found a complete cure for his

kidney troubles. "I suffered for six years from cramps in the muscles and kidney disease," Mr. Bernard says, "but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely. Yes, I am feeling so well that I want other sufferers to know just how easy it is to be cured." It is a good old saying that it is easy to do anything if you just know how. And Mr. Bernard and hundreds of others are telling you just how to cure kidney disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it. And as kidney disease is the direct cause of rhoumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, heart disease, pain in the back and urinary troubles Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them by removing the cause. If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills yourself ask your neighbors

LITTLE PU YI.

Over the hills to Fairyland, To the royal palace, Jehol. Goes little Pu Yi with sober eye, Clutching his Manchu doll: The road is hard, the road is long,
But the palanquin moves fast
From the dragon thrown and incense blows Full with the songs of the past.

Over the hills from Nowhere Land. With the naked lust for power. Swept an eager horde whose biting sword Changed the world in an hour.
Little Pu Yi your kin was there That day in the ages flown.
They squeezed the land with a hungry band And took it for their own.

Your gods shall pass," the victors said. "Our Buddha shall hear your prayer; Ye shall creep and crawl and cringe and

grace. And crave our lightest smile." Thus they spoke in the long ago sun.

How could it come to die?

Three hundred years to crawl and creep.
Pray, how could the millions stand?
But the gods of brain shook wide their rein
And stirred the paisied hand.

sun.
Has happened again, Pu 11:
And the dragon chair must shimmer And the dragon chair must shimme bare
Food for the vulgar eye.
Over the hills you go, Pu Yi.
To the wondrous place, Jehol;
One will be true as he looks on you—
Your little Mancau doll.—Percy Show

-Percy Shaw. STRIKE COST.

(Philadelphia Record) The financial fosses resusting from the

the rosy glimmer of the new day was ghting the east when he pushed the he will he lit difficult to prove it, and staring at the red coals.

Who is this man?" she thought—
"Who is this man?" she thought—
"There, with that darkly frowning face, staring at the red coals.

Who is this man?" she thought—
"Who is this man?" she thought—
"There of the actual fact; but there can be no doubt of very heavy loss. The loss borne by outsiders, who are not parties to the fact of the suit to there impostor calling himself Cyril that other impostor calling himself Cyril the car. In 160,000

Harper's English.)

French Chauffeur (to deaf farmer on a Malne road)—Can you tell me, sare, vere I get some of ze gazzoline?

Farmer (with his hand to his ear)—

Farmer (with his hand to his ear)—

French Chauffeur (to deaf farmer on a Malne road)—Can you tell me, sare, vere I get some of ze gazzoline?

Farmer (with his hand to his ear)—

Farmer (with his hand

IA GUERES VEIRE

Late Week, Missrable and Prov

One of the most treacherous disease afflicting the people of Consets during the winder months is in galgo or it fineme. It should investibly sale vide a complication of treathles. It terture its victims with alternate favors an chille, headsches and backsches. It haves thin an easy prey to piterment broadtin, and even communities. It duet the deadly after-eithele of it frippe may leave the victim a chronismalid. You can avoid be galege or tirely by keeping the blood the ned retirely by keeping the blood the milliant fink Pills. If you have not done the and the disease attacks you, you on and the disease attacks you you banish its deadly after-effects through banish its deadly after-effects through the use of this same great blood-building, nerve-restoring mediains. Here proof of the wonderful power of Diwilliams' Pink Pills over this trouble. Mr. Emmanuel Laurin, St. Jerome, Que., caye: "I was seized with a severe attack of la grippa. I was obliged to atop work and remain in my bed for several weeks and while I appeared to get over the first stages of the trouble I did not regain my usual health. I can fered from headaches, bees of appetite and extreme weakness. I did not sleep well at nights, and would arise in the morning feeling tired and worn out. This continued for about two months during which time I was taking treatment. during which time I was taking treat-ment, but apparently without avail. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and I got a half dozen boxes. By the time I had taken three boxes there was a decided improvement, and actually before I had completed the sixth box I was enjoying my old-time health. I was strong as ever, could sleep well and eat well, and no longer suf-fered from lassitude and headaches. I have proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the pernicious after-ef-fects of la grippe, and can therefore re-commend them to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the trouble in the blood, which they enrich and make red and pure. These pills cure all troubles due to had blood, and if you are alling you should start to cure yourself to day by taking this great medicine. 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.

A VALENTINE TO MEAVEN.

(Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly). I know not how these lines to send, Dear coul that took the starward

And yet our Pest a hope doth lend That thou caust read me as I write. And if not so, thou yet wilt know These whispers that are thine and

For God hath ways to make it so-And thou shalt be my valentine. But if by some good messenger This word must seek thy cherished

M yet inter Wherefrom the earthly message came, Some little ways of thought or phrase— Some hidden thrill 'twixt line and line That we two knew in olden days-Will tell who wrote the valentine.

Sweet one, they cannot make me fear That stately Heaven can check thy Or bar me from the comrade-cheer

That made the earth lie Heaven to For e'en amid thy toil to rid Of pain and ain our suffring race, Oft came the merry laugh unbid,

That never lost its girlhood grace. So while the silver jest goes round, And while the air gives gold of mirth, feel thy heart may yet be found Among the merriments of earth: Heaven were a task, could I not bask

Within that merry glance of thine: And so, 'twixt smile and tear, I ask Thee, Dear, to be my Valentine! HELP FOR THE SEMINOLES. "The remnant of that once powerful tribe of Indiane, the Seminoles, now make their homes in the Evergiades of Florida," said Captain George B. Sebas-

tian, or Orlando, Fla., at the Rennert.

"I doubt whether the total exceeds 300.

and their condition is none too flourish-With the drainage of the awamp lands these Indians will be disposeemed of their small holdings in the Evergindes and what their future fate may be is sad to contemplate. They are by nature an admirable race, and I have it from old men who have known them from childhood that unfaithfulness among the women or lying among the men are unknown vices. It would seem that so great and rich a government as ours should see to it that these descendants of the aborigines should not be put into a condition of pauperism, and that in lie uof their present homes in the tsolated swamps better habitations should be given them."-Baltimoer American.

Shiloh's Gure STOPS COUCHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE. 25 CENTS

3 WAYS TO COOK RICE.

Plain Boiled Rice—Have ready on the fire a large pot of boiling water. Wash it he rice well and sprinkle it in. Add salt, allowing a teasponful to a quart of water. Boil rapidly so that the water tosses the grains about loosely for 25 minutes without touching. Then if perfectly tender throw it into the colander and leave it over the pot of hot water to steam for ten minutes. Dish and serve. Nover cover it, either while cooking or when served.

Boiled Rice and Onions—Chop four medium sized boiled onlons very fine. Boil one-haif cupful of rice until soft, salting well. Butter a baking dish and put in first a layer of rice, then a layer of chopped onion, then butter, a lifting salt and pepper, then rice again. When the dish is full bake until contents are firm, or about fifteen minutes.

Rice with Prunes—Boil one-half pound of prunes. When cold spread in the bottom of mold, then fill with one-third of a pound of boiled rice packed in firm—ly. When set turn out of mold and of a pound of boiled rice packed in firm-ly. When set turn out of mold and ly. When set turn out of mold and serve with sweetened juice of the prunes.

"The dinners my wife get drive me to drink." "I thought she was a good cook!" "She is, but her favorite dish in salt mackerel."—Houston Post.