

# Sybil's Doom

"What nonsense!" Lady Lemox cried, indignantly. "Really, Sybil, you are ridiculously sentimental. Made him suffer, forsooth! A great deal you know about the life such men as he, better men than he, lead. Much time he has had for suffering—fighting Sepoys and Russians—playing 'lion' among the chamberlains of the Quarter Latin, gristles and ballet-dancers, such as his wife was—his gambling, his horse-racing, and all the rest of it. He would laugh in your face if he heard your sentimental rubbish."

"My cousin was a gentleman!" Sybil said, cheeks hot, eyes flashing, quently and proudly. "He would never laugh at me, mamma. Will you kindly permit me to go? On this subject you and I will never agree."

"You may go, certainly—only first promise me not to fetch this ruined lion of the fastest Parisian society here. You are absurd enough, I fancy, even for that."

"Quite absurd enough," said Sybil, standing very erect, and with that look of sternness and decision characteristic of the "stiff-necked Trevanions" more marked than ever. "I will fetch him here most surely, mamma, if I can, and yield every son that was to be mine, every broad acre, to their rightful lord. This very day I will beg General Trevanion for justice to his discarded son—on my knees, if necessary. I would go forth a beggar to-morrow to see Cyril Trevanion rebuked in his rights!"

Lady Lemox gave one gasp, and fell back. Words were powerless here, and her feelings were too many for her. She had recourse to her smelling salts and her pocket-handkerchief.

"And I will succeed, mamma," Miss Trevanion continued, moving toward the door. "His father loves him still. It will be no hard task to persuade him to do simple justice to his only son. I am sorry if I give you, dear mamma, more grief, but right is right the wide world over. Until we meet at dinner, au revoir."

The girls with quivering grace from the apartment, a well-to-do look on her face that made it actually glorious. As she passed down the long corridor, she caught sight of her brother stretched out on the grass under the trees, making the picture of indolent content. Two minutes later, and she swooped down upon him as an impatient young whirlwind in petticoats.

"Charley, is it true—really, really true—that Cyril Trevanion has come back?"

"It is," said Charley, lifting his head. "How much! Make that remark over again, my beloved sister, and please don't be so energetic. My head aches this morning—that's the worst of the 'sparkling cup of pleasure'—the less is better, better. The port, last night, was thick and sweet; but even old port has its drawbacks, in an unfortunate tendency to concentrate itself in a man's nose; and the Clignot champagne was heavenly—there is no other word for it—but sparkling Clignot is only bottled headache and sour stomach, after all."

"The bumper fair!" Every drop we sprinkle Over the brow of care Smooths away a wrinkle."

Sound very pretty, but the wrinkles come next day, when remorse and soda water set in. Last night I was happy; this morning my worst enemies (the tailor and boot-maker) could wish me no more wretched. What did you say, Sybil? The world is a hollow mockery, and life hath lost its charms, but I'll try to answer you—ere I die."

"For pity's sake, Charley, stop that nonsense! Is asked you if it were true that Cyril Trevanion had really returned?"

"Hawkesley said so, at least. Met him in London—seedy and sad, out of sorts, and out of pocket. Here's his address—I took it down for your especial benefit—so you can fly to him on the wings of love as fast as you please."

He tore a leaf out of his note-book and handed it to her. Sybil took it; then, without a word, turned and hurried into the house. Charley looked after her, with a sigh of gentle reproach. "Gratitude, thy name is woman! Not one word of thanks, not one expression of condolence for my unhappy state. 'Twas over thus from childhood's hour. Perhaps I had better go to sleep."

Charley sunk into balmy slumber accordingly, until the June sun reached the meridian, and beat strongly upon him. He awoke in a state a salamander might have envied, got up, yawned, stretched himself, and sauntered into the house.

As he passed into the entrance hall, his sister came flying down the stairs, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling, a folded letter in her hand. With an impetuous outburst she flung her arms around Charley and kissed him on the spot.

"I have succeeded!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Charley, I have won the victory. The general has relented. I have written to Cyril to come home. All is forgiven and forgotten. See, here is the letter!"

She dropped it into the post-bag; then flew back again upstairs, leaving Charley standing petrified. "And they call women responsible beings," the Etonian murmured, vaguely. "Good gracious! there's a victory to win—a victory that has cost the conqueror her kingdom!"

CHAPTER IX.  
"Go back to Monkwood! For pity's sake, Sybil, do I hear you right?"

Miss Trevanion laughed at her mother's horrified face. "You certainly do, mamma. The general wishes to return to Monkwood, and the general's wishes are to me like the law of God. He wishes to go back, and very natural indeed the wish is, under the circumstances."

"An invalid's sick fancy," murmured sympathetically, Mrs. Ingram. "Of course it must be indulged. But is the general in a fitting state, dearest Sybil? The damp—the rain—the roof—the chimney—the—"

"We will see to all that, Charley has gone to Mr. Redworth, the land steward, to see Uncle Trevanion's orders. The general will be in a fitting state to receive a fortnight at most."

"I'll never go!" Lady Lemox exclaimed, indignantly. "I am very comfortable here. I like a modern villa, such as this, infinitely better, any day, than a ruined old pile like that. It is the home, the birthplace of all the Trevanions, it is true, but still—There, Sybil, I shall not go, so don't look at me so imploringly. I should expect to see the prior's ghost every moonlight night under the trees, and hear the goblin bell in every cove of the wind in the turrets. I shall stay where I am—that's decided. And you shall stay, too, Edith."

"Very well, mamma," Sybil said, quite resignedly. "It must be as you please. We will do tolerably well, I dare say, with Mrs. Telfer, the housekeeper, Roberts, the butler, and a few more. You and Mrs. Ingram will be visitors of state, when you condescend to come over and look in upon us."

"And when is this precious will to be made?" inquired her ladyship, testily. "Oh, Heaven help you, Sybil Lemox! What a little fool you are!"

"Thank you, my lady," with a merry little laugh, and a housemaid's courtesy. "The will is to be made as soon as we are safely settled at the Priory. Colonel Trevanion, in all likelihood, will be here himself long before that."

The rosy radiance that always lighted her face at the bare mention of her hero dawned softly there again, and the disinherited heiress left the room singing a gay chanson. Mrs. Ingram looked after her, with a careless laugh, but with a look of bitter hatred and envy in her glittering eyes.

"How nice it must be to feel young and sentimental, and quixotic like that. I have seen so much of life, partly in my husband's lifetime, partly since, that at times I feel as though I were a hundred. But if your daughter had been born a kitchen maid, her sweet simplicity could not be more refreshing."

It was very seldom indeed the piquante widow alluded to the late lamented Mr. Ingram. He had been a merchant captain, it appeared, and his devoted wife had gone with him pretty well over the world.

She had tried Baden Baden and Homburg, and all the charming little Bads of Germany, on her own responsibility since, playing cards, viing-et-un, etc., like any old soldier of fortune, but this was not her style.

It had been rather a vagabondish life, she frankly admitted, with a strong flavor of Bohemianism, and she had resigned it and her liberty to dance attendance upon the Duchess of Strathmore—a vicious old Scotch woman.

Since the death of that patroness and her espousal by "dear, dear Lady Lemox," she had gone upon velvet, her rose leaves had been without a thorn or a wrinkle, and life was one long dream of bliss. So at least she said, and my lady very complacently believed it.

The refitting of the Priory went rapidly on. The seigneur had all the patience of a petted invalid and the fierce old centurion used to play despot over his brigade.

Sybil walked or rode over every day to superintend in person; and under the trees, grand and majestic in the leafy splendor of early July, the wrinkled crone, Heester, sat, watching the heiress with malignant old eyes. Sybil heeded little those weird, baleful glances. With the princely spirit nature and custom had given her, she never passed the witch-like figure without carelessly flinging her a handful of shillings. And old Heester gathered them up avidly, and crooned still her ominous dog-grel.

"The Doom shall fall on Monkwood Hall, Our Lady send her grace! Dark falls the Doom upon the last Fair daughter of the race!"

The bat shall flit, the owls shall hoot, Grim Ruin stalks with haste; The Doom shall fall when Monkwood Hall Is changed to Monkwood Waste!"

And Sybil, fearless, like a true Trevanion, listened and laughed, and swept along, princess-like, to issue her sovereign behests, and rule liege lady of all around her.

Before the fortnight had expired the preparations came to an end, and General Trevanion and his ward, and a small staff of servants, left the Park for the Priory. And Cyril Trevanion, contrary to all expectations, had not yet appeared to claim his own, to take his old, his rightful place in his father's house and home.

There had come a letter—a letter which had given impetuous Sybil a chill, so brief, so cold, so formal was it—saying they might look for him shortly, that business of a pressing nature detained him in London.

The old general read it through his gold-rimmed eyeglass, propped up in a drift of pillows, with sad, wistful eyes. "It does not sound like Cyril," he said—"like my brave, impulsive, warm-hearted boy, ever ready to forgive and forget at the first pleading word. The very writing is changed. Ah, well! he is nineteen then, he is thirty-eight now; and time changes us all, and rarely for the better. He will come, Sybil; and that is something. I will see him again before I die."

There was one room at the Priory—the "Adam and Eve chamber"—they called it—where many Trevanions had been born and slept away their wedded lives, and this apartment the general had particularly desired to be got in readiness for him. It was a vast and lofty and spacious room, with a great oak door, a slippery oaken floor and wainscot, a yawning gulf of a fire place, where a wood fire blazed now night and day, despite the sultry July weather; for the great rooms were always draughty and the invalid ever chill.

On either side of the great stone chimney piece, wonderfully carved with scrolls and legends, were two life-length figures of the "grand old gardener and his wife," wrought with marvelous skill in the shining oak. And the walls were out and shined with representations of sun-floets, things of fishes that swam and birds that flew—passing in review before their earthly king to be named.

Deep in their millioned elements were

set the dim, diamond-paned windows, half blind with climbing ivy and wild roses. The furniture was quaint, and old, and spindle-legged, and in the centre of the floor stood the bed—a huge four-poster, that centuries ago had come from Belgium, and in which ladies of the blood royal had slumbered before now.

Mrs. Ingram, going over this chamber with Sybil, fell into raptures.

"How charming! How beautiful! How quaint! Such a marvel of ancient art! Such a dear, romantic old room! Really, now, if there were adding panels in the Priory, one would look for the secret springs somewhere amid all this fantastic work—wouldn't they, Sybil, dearest? And this was the monastic end of the Priory, too, where all such delightfully mysterious places were most likely to be found."

General Trevanion, lying back in a great sleepy-bellow of an arm-chair, darted a keen, angry, surprised look at the widow as she said this. But the pretty, smiling face, all sweetness and dimples, looked innocent and unconscious as a babe's, new-born.

"Call Cleante, Sybil," he said, sharply. "I am cold and tired. I want to go to bed."

Miss Trevanion rang for the valet, and left the room; but the next time she was alone with him the general turned upon her sharply.

"Sybil, who is that ever-smiling, honey-tongued woman your mother has picked up? Who is she, and where does she come from? And where is that fellow Ingram, or was there ever such a fellow at all?"

"Dear uncle," Sybil said, smiling, yet a trifle shocked, "you know quite as much about her as I do. She is mamma's special pet and friend, and," with a light laugh, "the solace of her declining years. 'That fellow Ingram' was a merchant captain—dead years ago—peace to his ashes. Further than that, I know, and seek to know, no more."

"Keep her out of this room," said the general, sharply. "I don't like her, and I won't have her here. She is like sugar-candy, Sybil—too sweet to be wholesome. If you told her black was white, she would simper and say, 'Yes, dear, I know it,' mimicking the widow's dulcet tones. 'I like people like you, Sybil, who stand up stoutly, and tell me, 'No, it is not!' Don't let her come here again; I don't like her.'"

Sybil promised dutifully, of course; "but the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley."

The widow was destined to come again, and yet again, and to deepen the dark mystery so soon to electrify them all.

Whether in the removal he had caught cold, whether the "Adam and Eve" room was still unairied, whether secret trouble over the prolonged absence of his son Cyril had done it, no one knew; but the general fell suddenly and dangerously ill. Inflammation set in; a great physician from London was summoned; a telegram despatched to the lady heir, and all was dimmy and confusion at Monkwood Waste.

A lawyer was summoned, and the will that left all—every shiver—to Cyril Trevanion, was made. Sybil insisted upon this. It was all Cyril's by right, and to Cyril it should go.

"He doesn't deserve it," Sybil, Cyril's father said, bitterly. "See how he lingers, while they count my life by hours. But he will come, and you, my darling, will be his wife; so it will end in the same, after all."

The great London doctor shook his head portentously, and looked very grave. He might last a week; but the stormy old lion's life was very near its ending now.

They never left him. Sybil, in sorrow, pale and tearful, watched by his bedside night and day. He was delicious very often, almost always at night. He was not to be left for an instant alone.

"You will wear yourself out, dearest Sybil," Mrs. Ingram said, mournfully, kissing the girl's pale cheek. "You must not—you really must not—sit up so much as you do. Let me take your place to-night."

"Thanks," Sybil said, wearily. "It will not be necessary. Mrs. Telfer watches, with Cleante."

"Then I will assist Mrs. Telfer and Cleante. Ah! dearest Miss Trevanion, you are very cruel. You will not let me be of the slightest use, and I long so much to do something. Let me sit up this once—pray do."

She clasped her little hands, and looked pitifully up at Sybil, great tears standing in the velvet-black eyes—a picture of prettiness and innocence. And Sybil's heart relented. The general disliked her; but the poor general was far beyond the power of liking or disliking anyone now.

"You are very good," Miss Trevanion made answer. "Sit up, if you will, Mrs. Ingram. Good Mrs. Telfer is fat and fifty, and extremely apt to fall asleep before midnight; and Cleante, who has no more brains than a cat, is very likely to follow her example. But you are not like them, and I shall rest the quieter for knowing you are beside him."

"A thousand thanks, dearest, sweetest Sybil!" cried the gushing widow, kissing her impetuously. "I had begun to fear of late I had offended you. You have grown so sadly cold and formal. But now I know you will trust your poor Edith, who would die to serve you, darling Sybil."

Sybil's superb upper lip curled a little. She did not like all this effusion, and never trusted the widow half so much as in her gushing moods. But she had promised. There was really no reason why Mrs. Ingram should not assist the housekeeper and valet in their watch, since the general, in his delirium, knew no longer friend from foe.

Very sleepy, and unutterably fatigued in mind and body, Sybil retired early on that eventful, that never-to-be-forgotten night. Charley had driven the widow over in the gray of the summer evening, and returned to the park. Cleante was to occupy the dressing-room adjoining the "Adam and Eve," and Mrs. Telfer and the little widow encoined themselves in the easy chairs, trimmed the night lamp and began their vigil.

Sybil retired to her chamber, half undressed, and threw herself upon the bed. Almost instantaneously she fell asleep, and slept for three hours, dreamlessly. Then, without noise, or cause of any kind, precisely at midnight she suddenly and fully awoke.

A bell was tolling, solemn, slow, faint, afar off, but unmistakably tolling. Through the deep stillness of the warm July night the low, stately tone fell—one-two-three—a longer and longer pause between each vibration—a bell,

## WOMEN'S AILMENTS CAUSED BY NEGLECT

Are Quickly Cured and Robust, Sound Health Restored by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.



Women are on the whole more sickly than men. One reason is that their system is more complicated; another and more important reason is they put off measures of relief too long. At the beginning, constipation is the cause of nine-tenths of women's ailments. The blood becomes weakened and polluted—the nerves suffer and a run-down condition takes root.

Because of their mildness of action as a system regulator, because of their undoubted power to remove constipation, irregularity, no medicine for women can come to Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The kidneys quickly respond to the remedial action of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; the result is as you would expect, pain in the back and side, shortness of breath, and bad color disappear—the functions of the body then operate naturally, congestion and pain are prevented and perfect health returns.

Thousands of happy women say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the greatest and best blood-purifier, the finest complexion restorer, the most certain regulating medicine known. At all dealers, in 25c. boxes, or the Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

the deepest, the sweetest, the saddest, that ever Sybil Trevanion had heard. She sat up in bed, listening. Morally and physically the girl was brave; but now the cold drops dripped on her brow, and her heart stood still. And slowly, slowly changed that passing pall, fainter every moment, and further off.

She sprung up, drew the curtains, and looked out into the night. The unobscured glory of the full moon flooded the chamber with heavenly lustre. Countless stars sparkled; the soft, abundant radiance seemed clear a slight light of day. The dark woodland, the deep plantations, tangled and wild, the waving groves of fern, looked mysteriously beautiful in that silvery splendor; but no living thing, far or near, was to be seen. The slithering of a snake, the light crash of a dry twig, the faint twitter of a bird in its nest, all these sounds of silence came to her ear; and still, above them, still clear, still mournful and slow, sounded that weird passing bell.

Sybil's dressing gown lay near. She threw it on, thrust her feet into slippers, hastened from the chamber straight to that of the general. She had to pass through the dressing-room on her way; the Frenchman, Cleante, lay soundly asleep on a couch. Another second, and she stood on the threshold of the sick-room.

There she paused. What was Mrs. Ingram doing? The sick man lay very still, and the widow was bending over him, her white hands busy among the pillows. Under those pillows, the new will, the will that left all to Cyril, lay. It had been the sick man's whim to keep it there, and no one had gainsaid him. But could Mrs. Ingram be seeking for that?

While she stood, breathless, the old man, with a sudden shrill cry, started up in bed, and seized the widow by the wrist.

(To be Continued.)  
AS GOOD AS A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.

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

### CHANGE OF EYE COLOR.

The possibility of a man's eyes changing color as the result of mental shock or physical ill treatment was the subject of an interesting discussion yesterday by a number of surgeons in the eye ward of one of the great London hospitals.

One of the surgeons stated: "It is common knowledge that great physical hardships may suddenly turn the hair white. The loss of color here follows on certain chemical changes, due to disturbances of nutrition, taking place in the tiny particles of coloring matter, which give the hair its color."

"All infants at birth have blue eyes. In some babies immediately after birth pigment granules begin to develop in the iris. Thus they become brown or black eyed. In others, however, no such pigment formation takes place and the eyes remain blue or gray throughout life."

"If this at present blue-eyed ex-conviet is really the missing brown-eyed banker a reasonable explanation of the discrepancy in the eye colorings would be that under the stress of physical and mental shock the coloring matter which had in early life developed in each iris had atrophied or disappeared, leaving the eyes the original blue coloring present at birth."—London Daily Mail.

## CHARACTER IN TYPEWRITING.

Personal Habits Disclosed in Manuscripts Machine Made.

"You can tell a person by his or her typewriting," said a man who reads manuscripts. "I made this discovery a long time ago and I confirmed the accuracy of it when I came to know the persons who characteristics I had pictured from their typewriting."

"Take as an example, the person who has little strength of character. That person almost invariably will spell one or two words incorrectly and keep it up in spite of the fact that he knows how to spell the words, but somehow can't do it on his typewriter."

"There is the person of slovenly habits. His typewriting is sure to be careless and slovenly. You can almost tell whether he combs his hair or not. If his typewriting is all jumbled up, the chances are that he seldom puts a brush to his hair. If letters are left out, of words, words jammed together and misspelled, then you may be sure that the person is slovenly as a general thing."

"The neat person discloses his habits in his typewriting. If he brushes and presses his clothes, keeps his shoes clean and otherwise is careful about his appearance, I have seldom seen it fail."

"The mental habits of the person are not infrequently shown by the typewriting. A person who is never sure of what he is going to say or how he is going to say it, will be uncertain in his typewriting. Then there are the persons who know what they want to say, but take a long time in saying it. Their typewriting may halt and stammer, but they finally come out all right."

"If a person's mind does not work clearly that person will show it by his typewriting. You will find corrections, insertions and a general overhauling of the whole matter. It is expressive by the way the mind grasps or does not grasp the subject. The person who is a quick thinker, incisive, and to the point, will show it in his typewriting. If a person is clean cut and takes hold of a thing with vigor and success the typewriting will be a clean-cut job."

"I'm not speaking of the professional stenographer and typewriter, who are in a different class. I mean the writer who might be called an amateur typewriter who shows these characteristics."

## HE COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHTS

Till he found relief in Doctor's Kidney Pills.

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

Macklin, Sask., Jan. 1.—(Special)—Those who suffer from sleepless nights and get up in the morning feeling tired and discouraged and find renewed hope in the statement made by Fred Swanson, of this place. He could not sleep at nights. He discovered the cause. It was Kidney trouble. He discovered the cure. It is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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

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

## THE HAMELESS LADDIE.

(An Old Song.)  
Be kind to the bairnie that stands at the door,

The laddie is hameless and friendless and poor;

There's few hearts to pity the wee cowerin' form

That seeks at your hallan a bield frae the storm.

Your hame may be humble, your hard din' but bare,

For the lowly and poor hae, but little to spare.

But you'll ne'er miss a morsel, though sma' be your store,

To the wee friendless laddie that stands at the door.

When the cold blast is sougin' said eerie and chill,

And the bare hae a bed 'neath the wild on the hill;

When ye meet in the gloamin' around the hearth-stane,

Be thankfu' to rhaddies and hames o' yer ain;

And think what the feeble and friendless maun dree,

Wi' nae heart to pity, and nae hand to gie;

That wee guileless bosom might freeze to the core

Gin ye turned the bit laddie awa' frae the door.

The bird seeks a hame o'er the wide ocean wave;

In the depth o' the covert the fox has a cave

And the hare has a bed 'neath the wild winter's snaw;

But the wee friendless laddie has nae hame ava.

Then pity the laddie, sae feckless and lone,

Ilka gift to the poor is recorded aboon—

For the warm heart o' kindness there's blessing in store,

Sae be kind to the bairnie that stands at the door.

—James Thomson.

## DIVORCE COPONS.

(Ottawa Journal.)  
We have not yet lived to see the marriage certificate with divorce coupon attached. But Germany has the next thing to it. Upon the return of the happy couple from the honeymoon which is canvassed for insurance against divorce. By paying a small sum weekly either partner secures a policy guaranteeing against financial disaster in case of a separation. This insurance is making a big hit with the temporary captives of his brides.

## A MODERN MIRACLE

He Had Eczema 25 Years and Doctors Said "No Cure."

Yet Zam-Buk Has Worked Complete Cure.

This is the experience of a man of high reputation, widely known in Montreal, and whose case can readily be investigated. Mr. T. M. Marsh, the gentleman referred to, lives at 188 Delorimier avenue, Montreal, and has lived there for years. For twenty-five years he has had eczema on his hands and wrists. The disease first started in red blotches, which itched, and when scratched became painful. Bad sores followed, which discharged, and the discharge spread the disease until his hands were one raw, painful mass of sores. This state of affairs continued for twenty-five years!

In that time four eminent medical men tried to cure him, and each gave up the case as hopeless. Naturally, Mr. Marsh tried remedies of all kinds, but he, also, at last gave it up. For two years he had to wear gloves day and night so terrible was the pain and itching when the air got to the sores.

Then came Zam-Buk! He tried it, just as he had tried hundreds of remedies before. But he soon found out that Zam-Buk was different. Within a few weeks there were distinct signs of benefit, and a little perseverance with this great herbal balm resulted in what he had given up all hope of—a complete cure! And the cure was no temporary cure. It was permanent. He was cured nearly four years ago. Interviewed the other day, Mr. Marsh said: "The cure which Zam-Buk worked has been absolutely permanent. From the day that I was cured to the present moment I have had no trace of eczema, and I feel sure it will never return."

If you suffer from any skin trouble, cut out this article, write across it the name of this paper, and mail it, with one cent stamp to pay return postage to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. We will forward you by return a free trial box of Zam-Buk. All druggists and stores sell this famous remedy, 50c. box, or three for \$1.25. Refuse harmful substitutes.

HOW ANIMALS KEEP WARM.  
Why They Fluff Out Fur on Feathers or Flick Their Muscles.

One day in the early part of the winter I had my camera pointed at the distant snow covered woods, and a writer in St. Nicholas, when my attention was attracted by the sight of two rabbits, crouching together at the foot of a hollow tree. I had often seen rabbits sitting in this position in a cage, and knew that it was a habit among the members of the rabbit family to sit side by side, huddled together, sometimes head to tail, and sometimes head to head, with the fact that quail will crouch together under an overhanging bank. A naturalist told me that he once found quail in such a situation partly imbedded in the ice and snow. It appears that the birds want warmth for natural warmth; then came a rain, and the water, trickling down the bank, thoroughly soaked the birds, froze before morning, and thus held them prisoners.

The thoughtful poultry man does not let his hens go around the yard in the winter, as was the old time custom, but keeps them in warm sheds with glass fronts. Hens dislike to have their feet touch snow or ice. If they do so the hens try to keep them warm by lifting up feet one and then the other and holding it under the feathers.

During the greater part of the day hens, when left to run about the yard, will get on a piece of wood and seemingly go to roost. What they are trying to do is to keep their feet warm. The better method is to house the hens in a dry place where they can scratch clean straw and thus have exercise and at the same time keep their feet from the snow or the ice.

The cat has a similar habit of getting on a high fence or a board in some sunny place and then turning her paws inward, so that no part remains uncovered by fur and exposed to the cold.

The dog that is apparently shivering with intense cold is not really shivering, but is voluntarily "shivering" his body muscles and is thus aiding the circulation, much as the circulation in your hands is aided by rubbing them together or by rapidly opening and closing your fingers, or as the circulation in your face is hastened by whipping them around your body.

The thick coat of wool on the sheep is the best protective covering, not only because it prevents the cold air from touching the surface of the body but because the great amount of air entangled within it keeps the heat of the body from passing freely away, while the mass of wool itself keeps the external air from rapidly cooling the imprisoned warm air, and thus cooling the body. But when the winter is unusually severe even the sheep show their desire for warmth by crowding against a shed or a haystack to protect their faces and legs from the searching wind that forces itself through the wool and forces out the warm air entangled there.

The gray squirrel is heavily furred in cold weather, but he delights to snuggle down in the nest within the hollow tree amid the dry grass, dead leaves, and tree dust which he has collected to make his warm and cozy quarters.

Warm air is a poor conductor of heat. For this reason loose clothing is warmer than tight. The warm air between it and the skin prevents the heat of the body from escaping rapidly. Birds and other animals take advantage of this law of nature. A