Sybil's Doom

"And yet that is not like Sybil Trevanion. She was always the most generous, the kindest-hearted, the most gracious to those beneath—" The baronet pulled himself up shortly. "However, as you say, prejudice, in this case, may be stronger than generosity. And, my dear madame, if you really wish to leave Lady Lemox, why not come here? I desire a companion exceedingly for my daughter, and I know of no one whom I would so greatly like to see filling that office as yourself."

The widow clasped her hands—and the soft, black eyes looked speechless ecstasies of gratitude.

"Oh, thanks, Sir Rupert! a thousand thanks! It is what I have been hoping for most ardently, but scarcely dared to ask. The meagre annuity left me by my late husband would barely suffice to keep me in clothing, and then he died deeply involved, and those debts I try in my poor way to pay—" The lace handkerchief in requisition again. "Dear Sir Rupert, you have made me very happy—I knew I should find a true friend in you."

The baronet bowed, very well pleased. It was something very new to him, this coming out as philanthropist, and decidedly pleasant. A pretty young widow, figuratively at your feet, kissing the hem of your garment, is not without its intoxication, when you are an elderly widower, of fifty odd, with an eye left still for the fine points of a woman.

"You will do us the honor of dining with us, Mrs. Ingram," the baronet said in his most stately manner. "I am still in my morning-gown, as you see, but the wretched state of my health must—"

"Dear Sir Rupert," Mrs. Ingram said, rising and interrupting, "pray offer no apology—we all know the sad state of your health. Ah! life has many drawbacks, even for the great and the good! I will not remain to-day—thanks, dear Sir Rupert—I must return to Trevanion in time to dine with Lady Lemox, and break the news of my speedy departure. She will grieve sincerely, I know—she really cares for poor little lonely me."

"A not very difficult task, I should imagine," Sir Rupert said, blandly. "I congratulate myself and my daughter on our good fortune. When will you come, Mrs. Ingram, to brighten our rather dull old house?"

"I will come next week—on Monday then, probably. My preparations are few and easily made, and the sooner I leave, the better Miss Trevanion will be pleased. It is very hard to be so misjudged; but thanks to your great goodness, dear Sir Rupert, I can even bear more than that. Accept the warmest thanks of a grateful heart, and allow me to bid you good-day."

A gush of perfume—she lifted his long, lean hand, all sparkling with splendid rings, to her lips, and kissed it impetuously—a last tender glance of the luminous black eyes—a swish of silk, and the elegant widow was gone.

"Really," Sir Rupert Chudleigh thought, settling himself in his easy-chair, and looking complacently at his pink fingernails, "a most elegant and thoroughly lady-like person. She will light up our dreary rooms, like one of Grenze's plump beauties stepped out of its frame. Her manners are perfection, and her eyes the finest I think I ever saw. That Ingram must have been rather a happy fellow. It is to be hoped she will succeed in toning down that terrible child, Gwendoline. Heavens above! to think that I should be parent to such a bouncer as that."

The widow drove home through the amber mist of the sunset, her face as luminous with triumph as the radiant sky.

"I came, I saw, I conquered!" she thought, with an exultant little laugh. "I can afford to cry quits with you now, my uplifted Princess Sybil! When I write my name Lady Chudleigh, who will be conqueress then? And I'll do it, too, before the year ends, if Dame Fate, who has stood my friend so long, does not desert me at the supreme hour, and send that detectable Cyril Trevanion here to betray me. And yet he may come and not know me, after all."

She reached the house as the silvery haze of the summer twilight was falling, and ran up at once to the drawing-room. But in the doorway she paused, for Sybil Trevanion stood talking to her mother, with that fixed, inflexible look on her pale, beautiful face the widow had learned to know so well. My lady's handkerchief was at her eyes. Neither noticed the eavesdropper in the door.

"It is very unkind—it is frightfully cruel of you, Sybil!" my lady said in a whimpering tone. "But you always were as obstinate as a mule. Do you suppose Edith Ingram carried off the poor dear general bodily and buried him alive? Even then they would have found his bones. The idea of your blaming her is too monstrous. How could she help dropping asleep, any more than Cleante or Telfer? and you don't dream of accusing them. You call yourself a Christian, Miss Trevanion, and you attend church two or three times a Sunday, and you visit wretched, sick paupers in Speckhaven, in their filthy little rooms, and read the Bible to them, and all that, and you think nothing next moment of turning round and accusing an innocent person of murder. How inconsistent religion your is, indeed!"

"I accuse no one," Sybil said, wearily. "I have no proof. But foul play has been done in some way, mamma. Some day we will know. You remember what the German poet says, mamma:

"'The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small.'

Some day the truth will appear. Meantime, I don't like Mrs. Ingram, and I can not dwell in the same house with her. I leave Monkswood to-morrow, and never sojourn here. I don't want to meet that woman again. Heaven forgive me if I do her wrong, but I disliked and distrusted her from the first. There is something of the snake about her, I believe—the deadly glitter in her black eyes, the fatal hiss in her voice, its deadly contentment in her suffle. I don't like her, mamma, and she doesn't like me. One house can not hold us both."

Lady Lemox sniffed audibly behind her perfumed cloud of cambric.

"You heartless girl! It must be as you say, of course, since you are mistress here; but I never thought you were so utterly selfish. You think of no one but yourself, your likes and dislikes. You don't care what becomes of me. Who will write my letters? Who will read all the new novels to me? Who will sing me to sleep? Who will—"

But here the thought of the terrible misery impending was too much for Lady Lemox; her voice was lost in tears.

"Dear mamma," Sybil said, smiling, in spite of herself, "the case is not so harrowing as you make it out. Let me take Mrs. Ingram's place—let me do all these things for you. Believe me, you will find me ready and willing at all times." She drew out her watch. "Past seven," she said. "I must return at once. Give Mrs. Ingram warning, mamma, when she returns. If money be any compensation, draw freely on me. Only go she must!"

She turned round toward the door, and for the first time saw the widow, motionless as a statue, listening to every word. There was a slow, mocking smile on her face, and the large dark eyes looked full at Sybil with a dangerous gleam in their shining depths.

Miss Trevanion returned that sinister gaze with brightly fearless eeys.

"Pray, Mrs. Ingram," she said, "how long have you been listening there? Long enough, I trust, to hear what I have been saying to Lady Lemox."

"Quite long enough, Miss Trevanion." She advanced into the room as she spoke. "But it is no news to me. I am fully aware that you have honored me with your strongest hatred ever since my arrival here. And you wish to give me my dismissal? Permit me, if you please, to take the initiative. I leave here on Monday morning."

Miss Trevanion bowed coldly, swept past her, and was gone. Very fine and stately the handsome heiress looked in her trailing crape and sables—a lady to her finger-tips.

A tiny phaeton and two lovely cream-colored ponies stood awaiting her. Sybil drove those superb thoroughbreds herself, handling the ribbons in masterly style, though by no means capable of coping with Gwendoline Chudleigh, who drove four-in-hand, smoking a cigarette to the last ash without ever turning pale, or whistling the "College Hornpipe" with the best Cantab from college.

The last red glimmer of the sunset had faded away in silver gray, and a brightly beautiful moon trembled on the edge of an opal sky. One by one the summer stars gleamed out one by one the nightingales chanted in the green gloom of the woods. The hedge-rows were all aglow, and the secret scent of new-mown hay filled the air. The lazy cows in the meadows lifted their slow brown eyes to see the dashing little drag flash by, and a great peace came into the girl's heart with the holy hush of eventide.

Under the silvery stars, the woodland glades, the fern groves, the waving trees, the grand old Priory looked very fair and peaceful.

"How beautiful it all is!" Sybil thought, with a wistful little sigh,—"the dear old Priory! the grand old Park! Ah, if Cyril would but return—if my 'Prince Charlie' would but come back to claim his own again!"

She stopped, a little surprised by something that met her eye. She had not entered under the great archway, but by the west gate, a less pretentious and more retired away.

It was the terminus of the Prior's Walk, and a quaint, mediaeval old house, all peaked gables, and stacks of chimneys, and diamond-paned casements stood here, half hidden in a wilderness of roses and ivy and sweet-brier. It was called the Prior's Retreat, and at odd times had been rented to any respectable tenant willing to pay a large rent for a very inconvenient residence.

Of late years it had been quite deserted—haunted, of course, like the Prior's Walk—and the sight that surprised Sybil now was to see smoke curling upward from the chimneys and a big Livonian wolf-hound, gamboling ponderously about. A second more, and she came directly in front of the Retreat and in sight of its new occupant.

Leaning with folded arms over the little rustic gate, was a man—a gentleman. Sybil saw that, in spite of a shabby shooting coat and a broad-brimmed foreign looking hat.

He was smoking a pipe—a short, fierce-looking, black thing loaded to the muzzle—and gazing with dark, dreamy eyes at the tremulous brilliance of that beautiful moon. A tall and powerful-looking man, somewhere about thirty, with a black cascade of moustache and beard. That magnificent beard hid all the lower part of his face completely, and what was left was tanned deep bronze, as if from long exposure to tropic suns. But you saw two powerful black eyes, large, bright, strong, and clear, a handsome nose, jetty masses of wavy hair, and a noble head.

Sybil stared in wonder.

As the gentleman encountered the clear gaze of the lovely violet eyes, he started up, removed his pipe, took off his hat, and stood, gravely uncovered, before the fair young chatelaine.

The graceful head bent ever so slightly, she touched the spirited ponies with her whip, and vanished amid the trees.

Lounging on the portico, "doing the dolce," as he called it, was her brother. He rose languidly at sight of her.

"You've been gone ages, haven't you, Sybil? And there's—"

"Charley," Sybil interrupted, "who is that at the Retreat? I saw a gentleman just now as I drove by."

"Did you?" said Charley. "Then you saw a very fine fellow, let me tell you. That's Mr. Angus Macgregor, the new tenant. Reedworth, the steward, has rented the old rookery, and I've had the pleasure and profit of making the new tenant's acquaintance. He's a gentleman from foreign parts—been pig-sticking and bear-hunting in Snabia, I believe—of a literary turn—writes books and all that, and has taken the Retreat for a year to pursue literature on the quiet. Miss Sallow—very intelligent—been pretty well everywhere, and further—writes jolly books about it, and makes lots of money, I dare say. Lucky beggar! I wish I could write books."

"If you could, you would be too lazy to do it. Tell Williams to rub down the ponies. Are you going to dine with me, Charley, or—"

"Yes, I'm going to dine with you, Sybil, if you don't forget all about so subhuman a matter in talking to Mr. Cyril Trevanion. He's sold out, he tells me, so we needn't be at the trouble of giving him military prefixes. Did I tell you he had come?"

"Come!" Sybil gasped, her eyes wild and wide. "Cyril come! Oh, Charley! you never mean to say—"

"My dearest Sybil," the Etonian remarked, with his most exasperating drawl, "don't excite yourself; don't get the steam up, I beg. Yes, I do mean to say. The chief of Lara has returned again, and about as gloomy and grumpy a chap as I've seen this some time. I was on the point of telling you at first when you so very impolitely interrupted me. I rather think you'll find him in the drawing-room."

Charley stretched himself out again, exhausted, and closed his eyes. Sybil stood still a moment, her heart throbbing, her color coming and going. At last her hero had come! Then she started up, swept past Charley, and hurried into the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XI.

He was there. Standing before one of the long, narrow windows, gazing out at the purple twilight gemmed with golden stars, at his own wide domain, lordless so long, stood the hero of her dreams, thought of, longed for, idealized all her life—Cyril Trevanion.

A tall, dark man—she saw that before he turned around—with glistening threads of silver in the raven blackness of his hair; more slender and less stalwart of figure than the Trevanions were wont to be.

As the faint, subtle odor of perfume, the light swish of her silken robe, the first faint feminine exclamation reached him, he swung round, advanced a step, and Sybil and Cyril stood face to face.

Fifteen years before they had parted down yonder, under the ancestral oaks and elms, she clinging to his neck, he kissing and bidding her good-bye, on his way to that fatal bride for whom he had lost his all. And now they looked in each other's eyes again.

Child as she had been, she remembered vividly how he had looked that night, beautiful, with man's best beauty, bright-eyed, clear-browed, hopeful and handsome.

And now! He stood before her, pale almost to ghastliness, deep bistre tints under the large black eyes, a jetty mustache shading the stern, set mouth, and a dark, fixed gravity over-shadowing all his face. It was Cyril Trevanion—she knew him at once—but darkly, sadly changed.

The glad words of welcome died out on Sybil's lips. Something in the stony fixedness of that rigid faced chilled to the core of her heart.

"My brother told me you were here," she said, advancing with outstretched hand, and all the sympathy she dared not express shining in the eloquent violet eyes. "We have been looking forward to your coming for a long time. I need not say how happy I am to welcome you to Monkswood, Colonel Trevanion."

In the days gone by Sybil had improvised some hundreds of eloquent and pathetic little speeches wherewith to welcome her "prince" home. Now the prince stood before her, and the welcome resolved itself into these commonplace words. Cyril Trevanion bent an instant over the pearly hand, then he dropped it. It was the hand upon which the solitaire, his parting gift, shone;; but he did not see it.

"It is a very painful return, Miss Trevanion," he said, and even his very voice seemed strangely changed to Sybil; "as painful as the parting. I find my father dead, his fate wrapped in darkest mystery, and Monkswood, blooming once, 'as the rose,' changed to a forsaken wilderness. My poor father! I wish to Heaven it had been in my power to reach here sooner!"

He turned away from her, and looked out of the window again at the silvery gloaming settling over the yellow Sussex downs.

"Yes," Sybil answered, "it is a pity. He wished to see you so much, to forgive you so ardently, to look his last on your face before he died. The horrible darkness that shrouds his end nearly drives me wild when I think of it. It is the most utterly incomprehensible mystery that was ever heard of. The house was carefully bolted and secured; it held but a few women and two or three faithful men-servants. He was utterly unable to quit his bed, to rise himself in it of himself. I leave him for a few hours in charge of Mrs. Telfer, Cleante, and Mrs. Ingram, and lo! in the morning he is gone as if he had been spirited bodily away! Not a trace, not a clue remains. The watchers slept, everything is found secure as we left it; but not the faintest vestige of his mysterious fate remains. I go half mad with wonder and terror when I think of it."

"It is most extraordinary. And those watchers—had you implicit faith in them?"

"Mrs. Telfer and Cleante you know, Colonel Trevanion," Sybil responded, a little surprised. "They have been in his service these thirty years. As for Mrs. Ingram, she is a lady, and mamma's friend, and, of course, General Trevanion and his will could be nothing to her. You know, Colonel Trevanion," hesitating slightly, "that the new will, that left all to you as it should always have been left, disappeared with him."

"I know it—yes. I don't regret that. Permit me to congratulate you on your accession. You will make a much better use of these ingots than I would ever do. You have been my father's one comfort and solace all these years, I know. His companion almost always, were you not?"

"Since I left school, and I left very early—yes. The last three years we spent in Italy and the south of France; but his constitution was entirely gone, and," with a shy, wistful glance, "he never was the same, Cousin Cyril, since he lost you. He loved you very dearly. He forgave you in his heart long ago, I know, I think, sometimes, it might have added years to his life to have had you by his side."

The moody darkness on the brow of the ex-colonel of cavalry deepened. He made no reply, and at the moment Charley came lounging in with his habitual lazy air.

DIZZY HEADACHES CURED IN ONE NIGHT

Ill Troubled With Head-Fulness, Blurred Vision, Specks Before the Eyes, Also Stomach in a Fix.

"I had terrible pains in my head. My appetite faded away and when I did eat anything it disagreed and made me very sick for hours after each meal. The active pains in my stomach and the dizzy headaches I had to endure almost set one wild. Sometimes attacks came on so severely that I had to go to bed. I would feel so worn, depressed and utterly miserable that for hours I wouldn't speak to my family. My system was poisoned with wastes and nothing helped me till I used Dr. Hamilton Pills. Without this grand system-cleaning remedy I would be sick, but each day brought me better health and spirits. I was cured and made as strong, ruddy and healthy looking as one could wish, and will always use and recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

MRS. B. C. CURRAN,
"Westport, P.O."

Thousands who are in an ailing, low state of health need nothing else but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure blood disorders, pimples, rashes, bad color, biliousness, liver, stomach and kidney troubles. Mild, certain and safe. Beware of imitations and substitutes. 25c per box or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

"The 'locsin of the soul' has sounded, Miss Trevanion, and your only brother is hungry enough to eat fricasseed monkey, if you don't tell him what it is. Macgregor was snipe-shooting to-day, and seduced me into accompanying him; and I hope Mr. Macgregor's head won't ache until he catches me at it again. The way that man swings over 'brake, hush, and scaur' might take the conceit out of the favorite of the Derby. Pedestrian exercise is healthy, they say. I don't know; never went in for it much; but I have my doubts, if it makes a man's appetite so painful. If you've done all your pretty speeches to the returned chieftain, Sybil, we'll adjourn to dinner."

The trio adjourned at once to the dining-room, not the great dining-room of Monkswood, which was about as vast and cheerful as a church, but to a cozy little apartment opening off the drawing-room, all brilliant with the light of many wax candles, and all a glitter with glass and Sevres and quaint old silver, and where a butler, majestic enough and solemn enough for an archbishop, stood awaiting them.

It was rather a silent meal, or would have been, only for Charley. Colonel Trevanion's moodiness seemed a chronic complaint. He sat like a statue of dark marble among the wax-lights and the flowers, eating little, drinking less, and talking least of all.

Sybil felt a painful sense of constraint, a chilling sensation of disappointment. It was hard to find anything to say to that fixed, inflexible face. But Charley, who was equal to a conversational monologue at any time, talked away, and did his best to draw Sybil's hero out.

(To be Continued.)

STRONG WORDS OF PRAISE

Mrs. (Rev.) W. H. Clarke, Sterling, Ont., writes: "I wish to give this unsolicited testimonial to the great value of Baby's Own Tablets. Our little girl, born last February, was at first very constipated. When other remedies failed we tried the Tablets and in a week she was completely cured. By the use of the Tablets she has been kept well and happy ever since." It is strong praise like this that has made Baby's Own Tablets so popular. Thousands of other mothers have said: "Once we gave the Tablets a trial we had nothing but praise for them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TEN ROYAL RESOLUTIONS.

(Christian F. Reisner, D. D.)

I will study the language of gentlemen and refuse to use words that bite and tones that rush.

I will practice patience at home lest my testy temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me.

I will remember that my neighbors have troubles enough to carry without loading mine on them.

I will excuse others' faults and failures as often and fully as I expect others to be lenient with mine.

I will cure criticism with commendation, close up against gossip and build healthy loves by service.

I will be a friend under trying tests and wear everywhere a good will face unchilled by aloofness.

I will gloat over gains never, but amass only to enrich others and so gain a wealthy heart.

I will love boys and girls, so that old age will not find me stiff and soured.

I will gladden my nature by smiling out loud o neevry fair occasion and by outlooking optimistically.

I will play frequently, think good things, believe men and do a full day's work without fear or favor.

THE NORTHWEST

PROGRESS MADE IN WEST AND OUTLOOK FOR 1912.

(Chas. F. Roland, Commissioner, Bureau of Industry, Winnipeg, Manitoba.)

Just as each year in the past has eclipsed those that went before, 1911 has made records in figures of growth and development along all lines of agriculture, industry and trade in Winnipeg and Western Canada. City and country both have shared equally in the growth that has made such very substantial progress. The farmers of Western Canada have never had to bring their crops through a year of more ill-assorted weather experiences than during the past twelve months, but in spite of these ill-favored conditions the farms of Western Canada have produced this year by far the largest crops in the country's history. Manitoba alone has yielded 61,058,788 bushels of wheat, 73,786,683 bushels of oats, and 29,000,000 bushels of barley, while the yield for the three provinces, including Saskatchewan and Alberta, is computed to be not less than 177,000,000 bushels of wheat, 182,000,000 bushels of oats, 34,000,000 bushels of barley and 6,000,000 bushels of flax. The purchasing power in money when the 1911 crop is all marketed, gives the enormous cash value to the country of approximately $260,000,000.

The outstanding feature of the progress made in Winnieg during 1911 was the big increase of two and a half million dollars in building over that of $15,106,480 in 1910. In addition to the building permits issued to the value of $17,550,000 inside the city limits in 1911, may be added $3,000,000, as expended in new homes and public buildings in the immediate outlying suburbs.

To keep pace with this development the city of Winnipeg has expended $1,000,000 on street improvements alone during the past year.

There has been a decided growth in Winnipeg's population during the last year. The report of the City Assessment Commissioner shows that as many as 21,000 people have been added and that the assessment value of property has advanced from $157,608,220 in 1910, to $172,677,250 for 1911.

In course of the building up of the population of the west there has been a most rapid development in the building trades, as much as $70,000,000 going into new buildings in the ten chief cities west of the Great Lakes during 1911.

During 1911, 1596 miles of new railway was completed in Western Canada, 202 new towns were started in the three prairie provinces; 41 being established on the C. P. R. system, 130 on the C. N. R. western system, and 32 thriving towns on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

DID NOT HAVE TO CALL THE DOCTOR

Because she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills first.

One Box of Them Cured Mrs. Mary A. Cook's Rheumatism From Which She Had Suffered for Fourteen Years.

Mannheim, Ont., Jan. 15.—(Special)—How quickly and easily rheumatism can be cured when you use the right means is shown in the case of Mrs. Mary A. Cook, well known and highly respected here. In an interview regarding her cure, of which all the village, knows, Mrs. Cook says:

"I had Rheumatism so bad that sometimes I would sit up nearly all night.

"I first thought I would try the doctors, but luckily I decided to first try Doddi's Kidney Pills.

"They cured me, and I didn't have to try the doctors. And just to think that after fourteen years of suffering one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills should cure! I will recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who suffers from Rheumatism."

Yes, it is easy to cure Rheumatism when you go the right way about it. Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are working right they will strain all the uric acid out of the blood and there can be no Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make the Kidneys work right.

WITH THE WOMEN.

News Notes and Miscellany Regarding Them.

Miss Margaret Pugh, of Birmingham, England, was last month elected to the City Council by a large majority.

The Countess of Aberdeen was recently elected "first Lady President of the Royal Institute of Public Health Congress." In the course of her address before the congress, Lady Aberdeen said she regarded her appointment as a flattering and encouraging recognition of the work of women in the cause of public health.

The Republican, of Springfield, Mo., says: "We hazard the prediction that it will not be many years before the women of Missouri will be given the ballot the same as the men. We hazard the further prediction that it will not be a bad thing for Missouri when that eventful epoch-making day arrives."

The population of the State of Mississippi is about five times that of the city of Los Angeles, but it is said that the women of Los Angeles cast more votes at the recent election than the voters of the State of Mississippi cast in the last Presidential campaign.

Miss Maud Wood Park, of Boston, who recently completed a trip around the world, says that while in China she found every argument against the anti-foot-binding movement there similar to those used against votes for women here. Among other things, it was declared that Chinese men wanted their women as different from themselves as possible; that if their shackles were removed they would stray from home and neglect their children; that "all the women" were not in favor of abolishing the practice, etc.

Two women were elected to the Board of Education in Columbus, Ohio, one of them running 4,000 ahead of he rticket, and the other receiving 10,800 votes.

Miss A. R. Blanchard and Miss Irene Homer are said to be the only women bank tellers in Boston. They have been put in charge of the woman's department of a popular banking institution in that city, occupying an entire floor on which men are not allowed.

People who get religion teach the mourner's bench in the stead of the pulpit.

LITTLE WORRIES IN THE HOME

It is These That Bring Wrinkles and Make Women Look Prematurely Old.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards, but it is these same constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may be noticeable in sick or nervous headaches, feeble appetite, pain in the back or side, sallow complexion, and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman dreads. To those thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure, a restoration of color to the cheeks, brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite and a sense of freedom from weariness.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have found new health and new strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. W. G. Beare, London, Ont., who says: "About four years ago I found myself so badly run down that it was almost impossible to perform my household duties. I fell off in flesh, was weak and very pale, had no appetite, felt constantly ill, and to further make my life miserable, I was afflicted with those other ailments from which so many women suffer. I tried many kinds of medicine, but got no benefit, and began to feel that I was slipping into chronic invalidism. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I felt somewhat hopeless decided to do so. To my delight, after taking the Pills a few weeks I felt much better, and a further use of them brought me back to my old time health. I have since recommended the Pills to many others, and those who have used them have always been benefited."

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.

RIVER FILLING WITH SAND.

The Channel of the Arkansas Becomes Narrower.

The Arkansas River is filling up. Not with water, but with sand. A few years ago sand hunters used to drive their teams and wagons under the river bridge at the foot of Main street without any trouble. Now they can hardly drive under.

Not only is the river filling, but it is narrowing. The old time Arkansas River bridge was half a mile or more long. Every time it has been built some span has been cut out and the bridge shortened. Now the county commissioners are seriously considering the matter of building a new concrete bridge over the river when the old bridge must again be rebuilt.

The proposed concrete bridge will be still shorter, the bank being filled in on either side, thus considerably narrowing the channel.

In a report on the Arkansas River, prepared after a careful investigation by Horatio N. Parker, of the United States Geological Survey, he says:

"The Arkansas River Valley was formerly much deeper than it now it. The filling in process has been in operation sufficiently long to raise the channel of the stream to the level of its flood plain and doubtless has raised very appreciably the general level of the flood plain. There is ample evidence that at one time the river valley was from 50 to 100 feet deeper than it now is.

"Within the last fifteen years very noticeable filling in has occurred. Right to twelve years ago, when the several bridges that cross the river at different places were constructed, it was possible for a man sitting erect on horseback to ride under most of them, but the sands have since accumulated to such a depth that few of the bridges are more than five to six feet above the top of the sands. The accumulation of the sand is not due to the presence of the bridges, for the sand under the bridge is at the same level as that above or below it.

"Throughout the greater part of the course of the river in western Kansas the recent filling in process has been going on, particularly of the south side of the river. From the Kansas-Colorado state line to Arkansas City marks of many old channels are seen in the valley, and it is apparent that the stream has shifted from bluff to bluff along its channel many times and that in doing so it has gradually built up its flood plain."—Hutchinson News.

DELHI AS INDIAN CAPITAL.

The Council of India, in explaining to the British Government their reasons for wishing Delhi to be the new capital, wrote: "The political advantages of the transfer are impossible to overestimate. Delhi is still a name to conjure with. It is intimately associated in the minds of the Hindus with sacred legends which go back even beyond the dawn of history. It is in the plain of Delhi that the Pandava princes fought out with the Kurawa the epic struggle recorded in the Mahabarata, and celebrated on the banks of the banks of the Jumna the famous sacrifice which consecrated their title to empire. The Purana Kila still marks the site of the city which they founded and called Indraprastha, barely three miles from the south gate of the modern city of Delhi. To the Mohammedans it would be a source of unbounded gratification to see the ancient capital of the Moguls restored to its proud position as the seat of empire. Throughout India, as far south as the Mohammedan conquest extended, every walled town has its 'Delhi gate,' and among the masses of the people it is still revered as the seat of the former Empire. The change would strike the imagination of the people of India as nothing else could. It would send a wave of enthusiasm throughout the country, and would be accepted by all as the assertion of an unfaltering determination to maintain British rule in India. It would be hailed with joy by the ruling chiefs and the races of northern India, and would be warmly welcomed by the vast majority of Indians throughout the continent."—New York Evening Post.

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

GOT A SCARE.

(Montreal Star.)

Youthful Suitor—Can I marry your daughter?

Inquisitive Father—Can you support a family?

Youthful Suitor—Heavens! Have you lost your job?