Sybil's Doom

They came down from the crags—they had taken an airy perch for this tender scene—with the radiant faces Adam and Eve may have worn that first day in Eden.

"And you love me, Sybil?" Macgregor was saying, gazing upon the lovely, blushing face with dark eyes of rapture. "You, my peerless darling, can stoop to me, weather beaten, old, poor, and—"

The taper fingers went up and covered the bearded lips.

"That will do, sir. I won't have any one I honor with my preference called names. Old, weather beaten, indeed! Think better of my taste, Mr. Angus Macgregor. Poor! what do I care for your poverty? There is money enough, if that be all; and what does it matter which of us has it?"

Macgregor smiled at this impetuous feminine logic.

"Do you know what they will say, Sybil? That the impoverished penny-a-liner is a fortune-hunter."

"Let them!" Miss Trevanion cried, with flashing eyes and kindling cheeks. "Only they had best not say it in my hearing. Oh, Angus, it is you who stoop, not I you, with your god-like intellect, your matchless strength and daring—you, who any queen might be proud to wed—you, who have saved my life twice. Oh, Angus!"

And here words failed this youthful enthusiast, in love for the first time; but she lifted one of Macgregor's brown hands and kissed it passionately, with defiant tears standing in the stormy blue eyes.

And again Macgregor laughed.

"Much obliged," he said. "You 'do me proud,' Miss Trevanion. God-like intellectual, quatha! Faith, I wish those merciless critics, who cut me up like mince meat every quarter, agreed with you. And as for wedding a queen, Sybil, with every due reverence for her most gracious and widowed majesty, I had much rather wed you. Oh, my love, I do not realize my bliss! And yet I could not—no, I could not—have lost you and lived!"

And then, of course, Mr. Macgregor emphasized his declaration by an ardent embrace.

"Don't!" said Sybil. "See, even Doctor Faustus expresses his disapprobation of such proceedings by growling grimly. And as for Sylphide, she will bark herself into a fit. Pray take me home. It grows late and I wanat my dinner. You will dine with us, of course?"

"Most certainly. My paradise is by your side. And I may tell mamma, may I?"

"Oh, pray, not yet," shrinking sensitively. "There will be such a—"

"Scene? Yes, I dare say," Macgregor observed, coolly, "it is not the match she might reasonably have looked forward to for her beautiful daughter. And, Sybil, have you no doubts? Think, my own dearest, how little you know of me."

"I love you!" Sybil answered in a very low voice.

"I may have been the greatest villain on earth—a low-born, unprincipled adventurer. Can you risk so much? Pause, Sybil, and think."

"Oh, hush!" Sybil passionately cried. "You have made me love you; don't make me doubt you. You are not unprincipled; you are not low-born. You are a gentleman, and my equal—my superior in all but the dross of wealth. I don't ask to know your para, if you choose to hide it; but—Oh, Angus," with a sudden vehement cry, "tell me there is nothing in that past that Sybil Trevanion might not hear!"

He lifted her hand to his lips and reverently kissed it.

"Nothing," he said, looking at her with eyes whose truth there was no doubting—"nothing, so help me heaven! Before our wedding day dawns, my own heart's darling, my life shall be laid bare to you. Much of folly, much of madness, much of reckless wrong-doing, there has been, but nothing which I may not tell you, my spotless bride. I swear it!"

And then, arm in arm, through the silvery summer moonlight, the lovers walked homeward, the nightingales jugging around them, and the holy Sabbath hush over all.

And Eden had opened to another son and daughter of Eve!

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Sory you can't come, old fellow; and Godolphin and the rest of 'em will be sorrier. Gaunt swears you're the finest fellow in the country, and Godolphin says it's a thousand pities you're only an author and a civilian. Pity you cut the service, eh? Better come, Macgregor. You owe Lascelles his revenge at piquet-ecarte."

Charley Lemox said this drawing on his buckskin riding gloves, as he sauntered out of the Retreat, in the dusk of the summer evening, followed by Macgregor.

"Can't possibly," the author said. Must stick to the 'shop' to-night. There's a biographical sketch of King Cheops to write; the first two chapters of 'The Belle of the Billows' to dash off; and the Brigand of the Bosphorus to be guillotined, as he deserves, and his victim, the lovely and much-injured Mademoiselle Pasdebasque, to marry the amiable young Russian prince. Lascelles' little suppers are very jolly affairs, I know, but business, my lad—business before pleasure."

"Oh, hang business! Lascelles will look as black as a thunder-cloud, or as yonder sky. And, speaking of that, I shall get a wet jacket if I stay much longer. There's a storm brewing. Since you won't come, old boy, vale!"

Charley leisurely mounted Tam O'Shanter, and leisurely rode off. Macgregor lingered half an hour or more, while the overcast evening blackened down, leaning on his low wicket, smoking his big, black meerschaum, looking at the scudding clouds and rocking trees, and thinking of Sybil—of Sybil, instead of King Cheops, "The Belle of the Billows," or "The Brigand of the Bosphorus," by whom he earned his daily bread.

Four-and-twenty hours sped since that blissful moment when the daughter of many Trevanions had laid her hand in his and given herself to him forever; and the radiance of Macgregor's stern, brown face, as seen through clouds of Cavendish, was something altogether indescribable.

The vision of his servant, Joe, lumbering about the house, and blustering like the god of the wind, aroused him from his dream of delight, to the fact that time wore apace, and that two dozen sheets of foolscap paper must be covered with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" in time for the early London mail.

"Secure the windows and bolt the doors, Joe," his master said; "make all secure and go to roost. There's a storm brewing."

He went into the house, flung off his coat, donned a dressing-gown of purple velvet—old, paint-smeared, but picturesque—filled his meerschaum afresh, produced his MS., and set to work. The radiant vision of Sybil retreated to the background for the present, while the penny-a-liner showed up Cheops to posterity, guillotined the brigand, and married the belle. The hours wore on while the industrious pen-scraper scraped over the paper; the author smoked, and drank a black decoction of strong tea, and it was almost midnight before the last sheet of MS. was flung on the floor among its fellows.

"Allah be praised, that's done!" the writer said, with a sigh of mingled relief and weariness. "I can send all the publishers and printers this side the Styx to the dickens for a week to come, at least. How goes the night, I wonder? I'll step out and see the storm break Charley's in for a drenching coming home, and the lad's as afraid of water as a cat."

He strolled out. The night had shut down black and starless; but that blood-red moon which lighted the widow and her companion on their ghastly errand, gleamed fierce and wrathful still through the inky pall. The surging of the gale in the park was something tremendous, and one or two big drops, precursors of the tempest at hand, fell heavily as he opened the wicket and passed out.

He turned into the Prior's Walk as usual. The darkness of Erebus reigned; the trees writhed and groaned in travail about him; the night and storm, down there in the woodland, were sublime. He walked on, fascinated by the terrible grandeur of the convulsed elements, until, as he neared the Priory, he stopped. For there, along the deserted rooms, he caught the swift glancing of a light.

A light at midnight in the haunted Priory. What did it mean? Had the dead Dominicans arisen from their graves to chant matins as of yore? Was it the ghostly prior going his unearthly rounds, or was it something human, and something worse, exploring the old man or at this unchristian hour?

"I'll see, by George!" cried Macgregor, striding through the wet grass. "Be he living or be he dead,' as the children say in the nursery legend, I'll ascertain what he's doing here."

He followed the direction of the light and reached the open window. His first impulse was to enter and follow, but, ere he could act upon it, he saw the light returning, and heard the rapid tread of footsteps approaching. He drew back into the shadow of a projecting buttress and waited. A figure emerged—then another—then the first turned to close the window. Macgregor plunged forward; in that moment the man turned from the window with a cry of alarm, and leaped away into the darkness.

The second essayed to follow, but the muscular grip of her captor held her powerless.

"Come with me," Macgregor said, coolly, "and let me see who you are."

"Let me go!" a passionate voice, shrill and piercing, cried. "Let me go!" struggling frantically; "let me go! let me go."

"A woman, by all that's astounding! Whew!" Macgregor's shrill whistle cut the air like a knife; "and I ought to know that voice. I'll wager a guinea it's Mrs. Ingram."

"Let me go!" shrieked Mrs. Ingram, still struggling madly; "let me go, I tell you! I have done nothing wrong."

"That remains to be seen. I'll let you go presently, when I've had a little talk with you. Calm yourself, Madame Ingram—cease your struggles; I won't let you go until I find out what has brought you all the way from Chudleigh Chase in the 'dead waste and middle of the night.' Keep still—do, and come this way."

She ceased her struggles all at once. She knew who was her captor, and let him lead her, sullenly. Fate was against her, and the charming little widow was a fatalist. Kismet! It was written.

She followed him down the Prior's Walk and into the house, struggling no more.

The big drops, falling swiftly and more swiftly from the first, drenched them thoroughly before they reached the Retreat. The forked lightning leaped across the sky; the thunder crashed deafeningly over their heads; the wind howled; the rain fell in torrents. The "elemental uproar" was in full blast.

Mrs. Ingram, afraid of nothing else in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, was mortally afraid of lightning. She gave a little gasp of horror, as the red forks of flame shot along the black sky lighting up with its lurid glare the dismal woods.

She clung involuntarily to the arm of Macgregor, losing all dread of him in her greater dread of the storm.

"You remind me of a certain conundrum, Mrs. Ingram," Macgregor said, grimly, "What is conscience? 'Something a guilty man feels every time it lightens.' Conscience makes cowards of all. I dare say you have good reason to be afraid. Does poor Joe Dawson's dead face ever rise out of the red glare to confront you?"

He could feel her shuddering through all her frame as he hurried her into the house. For the first time Mrs. Ingram stood within the Retreat, and the lamp light, falling upon her, showed her wet, bedraggled, ghastly, white-rouge, and pearl-powder, and belladonna and moire, and jewels gone—a piteous object indeed.

Macgregor stood and looked at her—a smile on his face. She tried to return that look with her old effrontery; but she was not herself to-night. The ghastly ordeal she had gone through, the ghastly sight she had seen, the intense fear she had of the lambent lightning, all conspired to unnerve her.

She cowered before this man in abject terror, and her teeth shattered audibly in her head.

He crossed over, leaned his arm on the mantel, and stood looking down on her, as a royal stag might look on a trembling kitten. She tried to meet those stern, triumphant, merciless eyes, but her own fell in pitiable dread.

"Spare me!" she murmured, involuntarily. "Oh, Mr. Macgregor! I have done nothing wrong."

"No? Then, what brought you and Cyril Trevanion to Monkswood at this unholy hour of night? To find the lost will, was it not?"

The clever shaft, shot at random, sped home. She looked at him with wild, dilated eyes and parted lips.

"Miss Trevanion was right, then, from the first. You did know the whereabouts of the will, and the general? Did you murder him, Mrs. Dawson, as you did your husband?"

She made no reply. Her chattering teeth, her trembling form, her scared eyes, answered for her.

"Strange, Mrs. Ingram," Macgregor went on, "you did not do this sooner. The fellow who calls himself Cyril Trevanion—who is the galley slave I saw at the Bagne of Toulon—would have married you weeks ago; and you might have turned Miss Trevanion out, and reigned Lardy Paramount in her stead. It is rather late in the day now. The galley slave and the murderess must give place to the rightful heir—to Cyril Trevanion himself."

"It is false, Angus Macgregor!" the little widow screamed, in shrill affright. "Cyril Trevanion is dead. He went down with the burning ship in the middle of the Pacific."

"He did not! Cyril Trevanion lives, and will claim his own as sure as Heaven is above us. He did not go down with the burning ship; he clung to a spar, and three days after was picked up by a homeward bound vessel. He returned to England to find a usurper in his place—to see the woman who duped him fifteen years before the honored guest of his home. He stood still and watched them. He possessed a grim sense of humor, and the farce amused him. But now the play is played out, the battle is fought, the victory won. Cyril Trevanion comes to claim his own. The lost will, which you have so kindly found for him to-night, will give him all; and the galley slave shall go back to his living tomb, and the murderess of Joe Dawson and General Trevanion will go to the Speckhaven jail and stand her trial for life. Cyril Trevanion lives, and woe to you, Rose Dawson, when he comes!"

"I don't believe it! I won't believe it!" the wretched woman wildly screamed. "It is a foul and baseless lie! I will never believe it, unless I see Cyril Trevanion alive!"

"See him, then!" cried Angus Macgregor, starting up, an inexplicable change coming over his face and voice. "Look at me well Rose Dawson—Rose Adair Edith Ingram. I am Cyril Trevanion!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Ingram sat by her chamber window, gazing out at that pleasant perspective of cool beechwood where the red deer trooped, velvet glades, marble terraces, rose-wreathed, and sunlit lawn. A cloudless morning of sunshine and soft sea breezes had followed that wild tempest of rain and lightning, and the widow's face looked terribly haggard and worn and chalky in its pitiless brightness.

The turret clock was tolling nine as the widow sat there, alone, gazing out upon that fair landscape, with a hot mist over the dark eyes, in which all things really swam. The house was very still; the servants were busy in their own domain, and Gwendoline had not yet arisen. Very early that morning the widow had returned to Chudleigh Chase, and had flitted in and up to her apartment unobserved. Wearied out, she sunk down by the window, and though the hours had gone, she had never stirred since.

The worst had come—the worst that could possibly happen. Cyril Trevanion was alive and here! She had known him from the moment he spoke—she only wondered now how she could have been so utterly blind as not to know him from the first. He was here to claim his own, to triumph over her, to crush her beneath his heel. The mercy she had shown to him, to her dead husband, to her living son, to his father, he would show her; he had told her so, with a face stern and set as doom. All her fair prospects, so near their fruition, melted away in thin air; nothing remained but imprisonment or transportation for life. Yes, one chance remained—one terrible alternative. No one knew as yet—no one would know until Sir Rupert's return on the morrow. He had said so. What if he were to die to-night?

Her ghastly face turned dark red as the devilish thought flashed through her mind. It was one chance—the only one. She would never be suspected; all might still go well. She might marry the man the world as yet thought General Trevanion's son; she might leave England, and reign like a princess abroad. She might triumph over the woman she hated; the victory be hers, after all. And if the worst came—why, she could hardly be worse off, caught "red-handed," than she was now.

She got up and paced the floor, her black brows bent over her gleaming eyes, her lips set in a steely line. Once she thought of her lover; he might rid her of their enemy, if he had but half the spirit of a man. But he had not, and she scouted the idea at once.

The busy brain worked. In half an hour her rapid plan was formed. She sat down and scrawled a line to Miss Chudleigh.

"Dear Gwendoline,—Last evening's mail brought me a letter from a friend in London, telling me she was dangerously ill. I leave by the 11.50 train, and will probably be absent a week. Be kind enough to inform your papa when he returns, and Colonel Trevanion, should he call. Attend to your studies, and believe me,

"Affectionately yours,

"Edith Ingram."

She left the house, giving this note to Miss Chudleigh's maid; and so well had the cosmetiques done their work that the girl saw nothing unusual in the widow's look or tone. She was very simply dressed in a travelling suit of dark grey, soft and noiseless of texture, and with a thick mass of black lace in her pocket, ready for use. And thrust into the bosom of her dress was a loaded pistol—a silver-mounted little toy, that years ago had been the property of Captain Hawksley.

Mrs. Ingram did leave Speckhaven by the 11.50 train—but only to alight at the first station three miles off.

Here she donned the black lace mask, and very slowly made her way back to town. So slowly did she walk that the afternoon sun was setting as she glided through the back streets and quiet lanes into the high road whic hled to Monkswood Priory.

A gap somewhere in the boundary wall—going to ruin like all the rest—admitted her, and she flitted away, and lost herself in the darkness of interlaced woodland.

And the summer stars came out, and the waning moon—only a slender silver sickle now—glanced down through the green boughs into the dark heart of the forest, where this lost woman crouched like a tigress in the jungle. There was no remorse in her heart, and no dread—unless, indeed, the dread of failure. A whole hecatomb of lives would have been as nothing to her, standing in the way of her ambition, much less her liberty and life. Angus Macgregor must never tell his story or hers; he must die to night and make no sign.

As the night wore on toward midnight the sky clouded. One by one the stars sunk in the darkness, and were quenched. Slowly the moon hid its face behind the gathering clouds.

It was black as Hades there where she crouched. She got up, drew forth the loaded pistol—the death-dealing toy—and stole out from the covert.

"He walks every night, Gwendoline has told me," she muttered, "up and down the Prior's Walk, after he ceases writing. It is close upon midnight now. I will watch him come out."

(To be Continued.)

Pimples So Bad He Was Ashamed

Tried Everything but Did It No Good. One Box of Cuticura Ointment Took Pimples Away.

"About seven years ago pimples broke out all over my face and neck. When they would first come out they would be big and red, then after a while they would turn white, and matter would come out. Sometimes they would itch so I could hardly sleep. I was ashamed to go down street, my face looked so bad. I went to several doctors and got medicine, which did me no good, and bought ointment, salves and patent medicines, but none of them would cure my face and neck. A friend advised me to try Cuticura Ointment. I got one box, and it took the pimples away before I had it all used up. I can say it is a wonderful remedy. Any sufferer who has pimples should use Cuticura Ointment if they want a sure cure. I never had any soap equal to Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Avimer Blathers, Parkhill, Ont., Dec. 24, 1910.

Sores All Over Baby's Body

"When my baby boy was six months old, his body was completely covered with large sores that seemed to itch and burn, and cause terrible suffering. The eruption began in pimples which would open and run, making large sores. His hair came out and finger nails fell off, and the sores were over the entire body, causing little or no sleep for baby or myself. Great scabs would come off when I removed his shirt. We tried a great many remedies but nothing would help him, till a friend induced me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment but a short time before I could see that he was improving, and in six weeks' time he was entirely cured. He had suffered about six weeks before we tried the Cuticura Soap and Ointments, although we had tried several other things and doctors too. I think the Cuticura Remedies will do all that is claimed for them, and a great deal more." (Signed) Mrs. Noble Tubman, Dodson, Mont., Jan 28, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 58 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A., for a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. booklet.

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

THE OCEAN QUEEN.

The White Star Liner, Titanic, Wrecked April 12, 1912.

Toll for the brave—
The brave that are no more.
—Cowper.

I.

Within the deep and dark and unearthly tomb,
The heroes of the ocean queen repose,
Serene and calm—amid the wierdsome gloom,
While overhead the wayward water flows.
Bedecked in splendor—on her gay career,
Across the ocean she did proudly sweep;
Then like a mystic meteor disappear
Within the caverns of the mighty deep.
And with her did descend beneath the wave
A band of noble hearted mortals—who—
Did find a cold and lonely watery grave
Far from their native land, and kindred, too.
Amid the shadows of impending woe
"Be British" was the gallant captain's cry,
And when the ill-starred vessel went below,
Like British martyrs—they did nobly die.

II.

All nations mourn their dire untimely doom,
Pathetic sighs float through the formless air:
The giddy globe is overwhelmed in gloom—
A pensive sadness lingers everywhere.
The winds lift up their voices overhead,
And seem to sing a solemn, sad refrain
In memory of the poor and lowly dead—
That slumber far beneath the watery plain.
They're gone forever, but they've left behind
A name and fame that surely cannot be
By time and tempest's ravages consigned
Within the regions of obscurity
Till countless years have winged their wayward flight
Across life's bleak and barren, gloomy shore,
To mystic realms devoid of earthly light,
Where silence reigns supreme for evermore.

—James Clarke MacCallum, 47 Wood street west, Hamilton, Ont.

RUSSIAN SUICIDES.

Census of Motives for Self-Destruction in Progress.

Some of the St. Petersburg newspapers are printing accounts of suicide clubs which suggest that they have been recently reading Robert Louis Stevenson's story. The table with the black cloth, the calm president, the qualifications for suicide membership and other similar details are products of fancy; but the theme is made actual enough by the seemingly endless record of young people in St. Petersburg, Moscow and other big cities who take their own lives by ones or twos.

A serious census of suicide motives is being attempted in Russian educational institutions. Reports have been received of the results at the Riga Polytechnic and the Nijni-Novgorod Middle School. Dr. D. P. Nikolski has classified replies to questions put to 1,108 students at Riga.

Of the total number 507, or 45.8 per cent, answered that one time or another they had had thoughts of suicide. In 49 cases students carried deep thoughts to action; and of those 18 committed suicide before 1905, and 25, or 51 per cent., since that date. As 1905 was the revolution year the high percentage points to the events then as prompting the suicidal intentions into action. Since 1905 the number of suicides and attempts at suicide among the Russian youth in their educational years has mounted sharply.

Most of the students who had contemplated suicide said that their thoughts of self-destruction were due to their being tired of life, because it more and more proved empty and hopeless. Next came bodily disease as a motive, and then poverty or the fear of it.

In the Nijni-Novgorod figures homesickness comes first among the causes or thoughts of suicide, then loss of belief in God and man, fear for the future, personal disappointment, fear of the examinations. But only 25 per cent. of those of school age confessed to having ever thought of suicide, not much more than half the proportion who admitted to having been in that state during their university period, two or three years later.

An inquiry having the same purpose of learning the moral state of the Russian youths in the educational age has just been started in St. Petersburg. It is organized by the committee for combating suicide among the higher schools which has been established by the Russian society for advancing public health. Comprehensive lists of questions have been circulated. They contain 72 questions, of which many fall into sub-sections, or questions following upon the nature of the answers to the main questions. They have been carefully framed so as to provide as complete a picture as possible of the frame of mind that prompts the thought of suicide.

Questions turn on every upbringing, parental influence and conditions of home life and at the early schools; also on the moral and religious state of young men, so far as they can describe it—to its bearing on their physical and psychical mode of life, their material conditions as to comfort, shocks that they may have experienced, whether physical or spiritual. Another set of queries turns on the use of alcohol and tobacco, on aesthetic, scientific and ethical influence, especially the attitude toward religion. Finally there are four questions on the influence of reading different kinds of literature.

The complete interrogatory is considered by lawyers, mental specialists, educators and men of the world to be so skilfully framed as to evoke conscientious answers, the more so as the census is taken anonymously and the name of every one filling in the forms is kept unknown.

A committee will sift and classify the evidence furnished by the replies, and its report is expected to clear up in some degree the situation that shows such a shocking increase of suicide with apparently lack of motive among the youth of Russia during the years when they are supposed to be preparing themselves for careers of public usefulness.

THE BIRKENHEAD.

The Birkenhead was wrecked near Cape of Good Hope in 1852 (Feb. 26). Of 638 persons only 184 were saved; 454 of crew and soldiers perished.

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread, for, though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink:
The boats could hold—not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink.

"Out with those boats and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the bark devours."
The man thus clamoring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true; we would not stir;
The base apeal we heard, but needed not;
On land, on sea, we have our colors, sir,
To keep without a spot!

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply,
Alil our good Colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line to die.

There rose no murmar from the ranks, no thought,
By shameful strength unhonored life to seek;
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak

So we made the women with their children go;
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
W ilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf;
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones not in vain

WIFE OF THE P. M. TALKS TO WOMEN

Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did For Her.

She Suffered for Two Years and Found a Cure for All Her Troubles in a Single Box.

Lower Caraquet, Gloucester, N. B., April 29.—(Special.)—Mrs. Jos. O. Chiasson, wife of the police magistrate here, who for two years has been practically an invalid, is again in the best of health, and she is telling her friends how quick and complete was her cure when she took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My illness," Mrs. Chiasson says, "was caused by a strain, and for two years I was a sufferer. My back ached. I was always tired and nervous, there were dark circles under my eyes, and after sleeping I had a bitter taste in my mouth.

"I had a pressure and sharp pain on the top of my head, I was always thirsty and my skin had a harsh, dry feeling. I was often dizzy, I perspired easily and my perspiration had an unpleasant odor.

"Almost from the first dose Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me and by the time I had finished the first box I was a well woman."

Mrs. Chiasson's symptoms showed that the trouble was her kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her so quickly.

WOMAN AND SLAVE.

(Niagara Falls Gazette.)

In the kingdom of Saxony, where women labor as nowhere else in Germany, 18.8 per cent. of the new-born die. In all Germany, 15.7 per cent. That is the average, but in Langenhellan 34 per cent. of the infants died. The average for Berlin is 18.1 per cent. It surprising is necessary to show the handicap under which the child of poverty comes into the world, the statistics show that in the Tiergarten district, the wealthy residential part of Berlin, 5.2 per cent. infants died as against 42 per cent. in Wedding, the proletarian quarter of the city.

"My dear," called a wife to her husband, who was in the next room, "what are you opening that can with?" "Why," he said, "with a can-opener; what did you suppose I was doing it with?" "Well," replied his wife, "I thought from your remarks that you were opening it with prayer."—McCall's Magazine.

50 CENTS PER WEEK

Puts An Organ or Piano in Your Home.

On Friday, March 15th, we commenced our annual slaughter sale of all used instruments in stock. This year sees us with double the number we ever had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among them organs bearing names of such well-known makers as Bell, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these range from $15 to $60 at the above terms. The pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Weber, Wormwith and Heintzman & Co. Every instrument has been repaired by our own workmen, and carries a five years' guarantee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and allow every cent paid. Send post card at once for complete list, with full particulars.

Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

SAY THIS QUICKLY.

Betty Botter bought some butter.
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter.
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.