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SIR WILLIAM'S

There was an old pony and an older ; basket-chaise attached to the establishment, and the two girls often went for a drive. "Though 'drive' is scarcely the word for it," Mollie declared, "seeing that this antediluvian animal misnamed, with gross flattery, pony, declines to be driven, and goes where he likes and how he likes." Within little more than a mile of the cottage ran the silver Thames, and, when they were tired of the fir-clad hills, the gorse-covered commons, they drove alongside the river, watching the pasaing boats and stopping to feed the teautiful and impudent swans; and, as Mollie with secret joy observed, Clytic gradually recovered her health terman, you know." and strength—the soft air, impregnated with the magic terebene, was doing its work: and but for a certain wistfulness and vague anxiety, Clytie seem-

ed herself again. Bulletins arrived daily from the Towers. Percy was progressing favorably; but, Lady Mervyn reported, the patient was extremely irritable and impatient, and daily demanded the most detailed news of the two girls and their doings. Mollie always answered these letters; and they were duly read to the suffering one by his devoted aunt. With the imperiousness of a sick man, he declared his intention of joining them at Rose Cottage at the earliest opportunity.

"So that we shall have him here in the most fretful stage of his convalescense," remarked Mollie. "Good-nye to all our peace then."

Clytic looked at her and laughed lovingly. "As if I did not know that you wanted him, fretful or not, dear," she said in a low voice; and Mollie, apparently too indignant for words at this audactous assertion, flushed hotly, and, softly boxing Clytie's ears, bounced out of the room with a contemptuous sniff.

It was after dinner and a lovely evening, and Mollie, singing softly, went down to the little rustic gate and leaned over it. All was still save a thrush which was practising its scales; but presently Mollie heard a soft footstep on the pine-needles, and looking in the direction of the sound, saw a stalwart young man walking between the pines. So few persons trespassed the spot, exclaimed: on their solitude that she regarded him for a moment with curious interest: then suddenly she started, held her breath, and, glancing over her ger. He heard her, and turned sharply; and Mollie, with her eyes dancing, said demurely:

"Mr. Douglas!"

responded with: 'Miss Mollie-don't-call out!" "Why shouldn't I?" demanded Mollie. "But don't be alarmed; I have not any intention of doing so. But what are you doing here? And why did you run away from Withycombe? And why are you dressed like—a gentleman?" For Jack wore a tweed suit which had given his tailor intense sattsfaction. "What does it all mean, and

what do you mean?" Jack beckoned her out of ear-shot of the cottage, and, confronting her, gazed at her keenly, yet imploringly. "Can I trust you, Miss Mollie?" he

"You can," responded Mollie; "as much as any man can trust a woman." "Tell me," he said, "is she—is she better? I have seen her once or twice, and she seems better, stronger."

"Of course, you mean my sister, Clytie?" said Mollie. "Yes, she is better; quite well, indeed. But hadn't you better answer my questions?" Jack sighed and hung his head; then he glanced at the sharp eyes and sigh-

-ed again. "You know my secret, Miss Mollie," he said. "I-I love your sister."

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio. - "I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was



so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard to me. I took it the beauty of the neighborhood; and and it has restored at last Jack acquiesced in their evident my health. It is desire to bury the past and accept his

gaw."-Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio. Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this lay back in her chair and listened with medicine and wrote this letter in order half-closed eyes and lips slightly

relief as she did. should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetier was a delicious, a delightful meal: table Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write is, Mollie and Jack did. Clytle reto Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, mained indoors, and, going to the perience is at your service.

The color rose an instant to Mollie's face, and she caught her breath. "I know that," she said. "I've known it all along from the beginning.

"Well!" echoed Jack, feeling mean and deceitful. "You don't seem to remember, to realize. I, Jack Douglas, to love your sister, a Miss Bram-

Mollie looked at him curiously, with just a touch of indignation and resentment in her face.

"Oh, you mean because of the difrence between you, I suppose." "Yes." said Jack, feeling still more ashamed of himself. "A common fish-

Mollie eyed him up and down. "You don't look like a common fisherman in those togs-I mean clothes. But if you are, love levels all distinctions, you know; and Clytic What am I talking about? Mr. Douglas, if you really love my sister, you will behave like a man. A man—you understand? And tell her so." "Tell her so!'- ecnoed Jack, in dis-

"Yes," said Mollie, "or what's the use of being a man?" Jack paced up and down and drew long breaths.

"Perhaps you are right." he said:

"There's no buts," said Mellie, decisively. "I don't ask why you left Withycombe all of a hurry, or what you've been doing since. If you are in love with my sister, that explains everything. But-you want my ad-

"Oh, I do, Miss Mollie," said Jack, fervently.

"Then take the first opportunity to tell her," said Mollie. "It's a beautiful night; it will be a fine day to-morrow. We shall be down at Shepperton Lock to-morrow, in a thing they call a basket-chaise, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Good evening, Mr.

She turned and went back to the cottage before Jack could say a word. At three o'clock the next day he was seated on the edge of Shepperton Lock; and Mollie, as she persuaded by whip and voice, the pony to approach

"Why, there's somebody I know! Evings! It's Douglas, Jack Doug-

Clytie, who had been lying back. shoulder to see that Clytie was not up- | with her eyes half-closed and drinking on the veranda, she opened the gate in the soft, perfumed air of the early river, and who had asked Clytic not and walked quickly toward the stran- spring, sat bolt upright and, with a blush exclaimed: "Jack Douglas! Impossible! Mol-

"It is always the impossible that Jack, with a guilt-dyed countenance, happens, my dear," said Mollie, calm-"How do you do, Mr. Dougles?" she screamed.

Jack came forward. His face was pale, for his heart was beating furi-"It's a-a strange meeting," he said,

as he shook hands. He was too agitated to notice the tremor that shook Clytie's little paw as his big fist enclosed it. "I-I came down here-" "Oh, don't explain!" exclaimed Mol-

lie. "You are here, and that's enough We are staying at a place called Rose Cottage. Come up and have some tea with us. You have given us tea often enough, and we are glad to return the compliment. You shall drive, for my arms are tired. This is a pony. mention the fact because you might take it for a piece of wood. Sit where you are, Clytie. And what brings you down to this part of the world, Mr. Douglas?" She did not wait for an answer, but rattled on as if it were quite the most natural thing that he should be sitting on Shepperton Lock; and Jack offered no explanation.

He persuaded the pony to ascend to Rose Cottage; and he said but little during the journey, addressing even that little to Mollie, rather than to Clytie. The color came and went in Clytie's face; but Mollie seemed to be so absorbed in Mr. Jack Douglas as not to notice her sister's embarrassment.

During their slow progress to the cottage, if he looked at Clytie it was only with a sideways glance. When they came to a hill, he and Mollie got out and walked; and Mollie talked as freely and as unrestrainedly as if she and Jack Douglas had only been apart for a few hours. Insensibly he and Clytie — fell into her manner; and then they were all laughing and talking, as if they had been meeting like this for many days, long before they reached the cottage. Mollie commanded tea to be brought out under the veranda; and, afterward, Jack lit his pipe and lay full length at the feet of Clytle as she reposed in the huge wicker chair. Once or twice he tried to rouse himself from the delicious dream, to explain his presence and his sudden departure from Withycombe; but Mollie always managed to stop him, without seeming for me. Lydia E. managed to stop him, without seeming Pinkham's Vege- to do so. She called their attention table Compound to a blackbird, or the red glow of the was recommended sunlight on the furze, or dilated on

certainly the best presence there as quite an ordinary medicine for woman's silments I ever | matter. He talked of London, of anything that came into his mind; and Clytie that other suffering women may find parted, with a smile, a smile of contentment and happiness. And Mollie watched her covertly. They asked

and afterward they went outside—that Vass. The result of its forty years plane, played the Braga serenata; and the exquisite music, to which she sang



For Your Hair and Scalp

Dandruff kills the hair. Cuticura kills dandruff. Try this treatment. Before retiring rub Cuticura Cintment into partingo all over the scalp. Next mon o with Cutieura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water. Dandruff usually disappears, hair stops falling and becomes thick, live and healthy. Soop 25c, Cintmont 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman. Limited, St. FunkSt., Montreal.

sweetly and softly, stole over him like an intoxication. · He could not trust himself to speak to her. "Say-say good-night to her." he

said, hoarsely. "I will come to-morrow evening." Mollie nodded, as no further werds, no explanation, were needed; and he strode off.

The music ceased presently, and Clytie came out. "Has he has Mr. Douglas gone?" she asked, looking round.

"Yes," replied Mollie. "How strange our coming across him! I wonder why he left Wythecombe so suddenly? But I shouldn't ask him, if I were you, Clytie. You saw how I dodged the subject? How well you are looking to-night. As well as I ever saw you in my life. Wonderful air this! What a good-looking man Mr. Douglas is; have you noticed it? I suppose not. Now, he's what I call a

Jack made his way back to London in a kind of dream; indeed, he felt as if he were actually being moved, impelled, by some mysterfous force outside himself. He was too much intoxicated, too much enthralled, to remember his old resolution, to make new ones

The next morning Clytie went about the cottage singing; and went about the garden also singing; but suddenly her song ceased, for Mr. Hesketh Carton appeared at the gate. He greeted her pleasantly, and, in his best manner, apologized for his presence. It seemed that he had received a letter

from Bramley, respecting a piece of land, which demanded her attention. He explained that he had got her address from the butler in Grafton street. Clytic welcomed him pleasantly, and asked him to stay to lunch, and Mollie, who had been down to the to wait, found them at that meal Hesketh Carton was as agreeable and as entertaining as usual; and he remained to tea, chatting with the girls and amusing them with the latest London gossin.

Clytie, after he had gone, went up to dress. She was in the best of spirits, and Mollie, with a smile, heard her singing. As a rule, Clytie was rather careless about her attire; that is to say, she was not devoted to dress, as some women are: but this evening she took an unusual interest in her maid's choice of a frock; and she came down looking, as Mollie informed her, looking wickedly lovely, in a light "confection" almost suited to midsummer; but the weather was

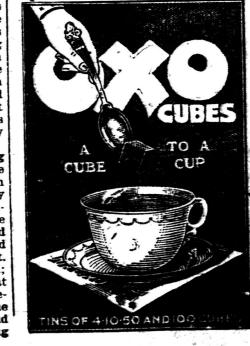
warm. They dined happily, almost merrily; and after dinner they went out under the verandah, as usual, with their tea. They heard the gate swing, and presently Jack came across the lawn. Mollie put him in a chair between them, and, after a few words, went in to get him a cup of tea. Jack turned to Clytie to speak to her; but the words died on his lips and he sprang to his feet; for she had gone as white as death, her teacup had slipped from her hand, and she lay back with half-closed eyes.

"Miss Bramley-Clytie! You

"No, no!" she breathed, and she strove to sit upright. "Please say nothing. I-I want to speak to you." Mollie came out with Jack's tea.

"Go and play us something, Mollie dear," said Clytie, in a low voice. Mollie went, and Jack stood regarding Clytie earnestly and anxiously. She looked as if she were in a dream, a trance. She gazed straight before her, as if she were looking at vacancy, communing with herself, as one might commune with the spirit that was leaving the body. Suddenly she turned her eyes—they were like the eyes of a clairvoyant, scarcely human, almost spiritual.

She seemed as if she were desirous of speaking, as if she were painfully eager to do so, but as if she found some almost insuperable difficulty in giving voice to the emotion which set



you marry me?" CHAPTER XXIII.

"Will you marry me?" Jack did not start, his heart did not even leap. He felt like a man in dream. The glamour of her prese her voice; the subtle influence of his love, deprived him of the capacity of surprise. He was like one held in thrall. He had been living in a dream during the last two days; and this was a part of the phantasmagoria. It actu-ally did not seem strange to him that a woman should address such a ques-tion to a man; for was it not Clytic who had spoken? Clytie, the purest the most modest of her sex? It was she who had put the question, and because it was she, it was bereft of all immodesty, impropriety. A sense of sudden joy, of unspeakable happin thrilled through him; but vaguely, not actutely-for was he not in a dream? She waited for his answer, her eyes

on his. tle thickly. "You know I will." She gave a sigh of relief. "You do not ask me why I ask you," she said. her lips quivering, but with no blush on her face, which was still white, her brows drawn straight. "You will

not ask." "I do not ask, and I will not." he said.

He longed with a terrible eagerness to tell her that he loved her, that her question had opened the gates of paradise to him, the lover's perfect earthly paradise; but he was aware, in some subtle way, that to speak of love, of passion, would break the spell under which this happiness of his was being woven, as if by supernatural hands. "You are good," she said, "very good

to me. I know what must be passing in your mind-what you must be thinking of me-" Her voice broke. and now there came a faint color to her face.

"I think nothing but good of you," he said, almost humbly. "It would be impossible for me to think anything

"And you do not ask the reason, he said. "I am surprised startled You would not believe me if I were to tell you that I was not. You must have some good, serious, powerful reason for-for saying what you have said to me. We will let it rest until -until you choose to tell me. I want to say only this, Clytie, that, is saying yes, I have accepted at your hands a gift more precious—Oh, what can I say? But you know, you must know that I love you-that I have loved you since the first time we met."

He paused a moment; should he tell He felt the impulse to do so; but he resisted. He was completely in the dark as to her reason for asking



him to marry her; it was impossible for him to even form a conjecture. and he was terribly afraid lest, if she should know who he was, she should draw back.

"Yes. I love you," he went on; therefore, you must know how-how am feeling; must know better than can tell you. I can't tell you!' He drew his hand over his brow and caught his breath. "All I want to know now is just what you want me to do. Whatever it may be, I will do it.'

"You will do it,' she said in a low voice, "without' asking questions?" "Without asking any questions," he broke in. "It is a promise."

"It is a promise," she breathed. "If I ask you to keep our our engagement secret, to tell no one, note even my sister-I may have to tell her: but if I have to, I myself will tell her.

He nodded. "It shall be so," he said. "I will tell no one. But this is not a hard thing to lay upon me. Is there nothing else, Clytie?"

"Yes," she said painfully. "But I-Ican scarcely speak the words, I-I am ashamed." She moved restlessly. and, almost for the first time, turned her eyes away from him. His hand gripped the back of her

chair, and he bent over her. "You are incapable of doing anything shameful. There is, you say, there must be, a good reason for what you are going to do. I love you, I trust you, with all my heart and soul. Try to think that I am just your slave. and simply eager and overjoyed to do anything you require of me. I can't put it better than that; I wish I could. But you will understand. Tell me what it is?"

His voice was low and infinitely tender; and it spoke even more plain-ly than his words of his full, unquestioning trust in her, of his desire to meet and obey her wishes, however strange they might appear to any other person, even to himself. Her eyes met his again, and gratitude was mixed with the trouble and

pain in hers. "It is our marriage " she falt-ered, and in so low a voice that he had to bend still lower to catch the broken words. "I want-it is necessary—that it should be soon."

(Blighty, London.)

AMBARRADORS

And the Curious Privileges They Can Glaine

eges. Most people know that they and their households are immune from own country. But there are many privileges less well known. The am-bassador is the only person about a court who has the right to turn his back on the sovereign or ruler at the conclusion of an audience. And, curiconclusion of an audience. And, curi-ously enough, he always exercises this right, turning to bow after walking three paces. This of course refers only to state occasions. This worked rather oddly in Queen Victoria's time. To turn one's back on a lady would be rade, to retire backward would be to resign a privilege, so the ambassadors always compromised by edging sideways toward the door like a crab.

Another privilege of ambassadors i the right of having both leaves of the folding doors thrown open when being ushered into the ruler's presence. No one eise claims this privilege.

Another highly prized privilege of the ambassador one that sovereigns must often regret is that of being of the gum tissue but not having the

blem of honor. It is a long rapier with a blunted point. One great diplomatist, the late Lord Dufferin, used to say that the only oractical use he ever found for it was to poke fires

with and file bills on.
American ambassadors, however, wear neither swords nor costumes. They stick to plain black.

A Friend of the Policeman.

Continually on their feet, the "Peeiers" are invariably troubled with corns and bunions but not for long. because they know of a quick cure, 25 cents at all dealers.

SYRIA AND HER NATIONAL ASPIRATIONS.

The most recent report on the develop ment of the Syrian question indicates that Great Britain and the Arabs on one that Great Britain and the Arabs on one side and France on the other have at last come to an agreement. The British agreed to withdraw their troops from the region north of Palestine and the cities of Damasous, Homs, Hama and Aleppo, the French to occupy the two Lebanons and Beirut, but not immediately the evacuated cities.

and Beirut, but not immediately the evacuated cities.

This seems to mean that Great Britain will retain Palestine, France the two Lefanons, Beirut and if possible the territory north of the Western Lebanon.

The Araba will accurate the East Lorden. The Arabs will occupy the East Jordan land with Damascus. THE CONFLICTING TREATIES.

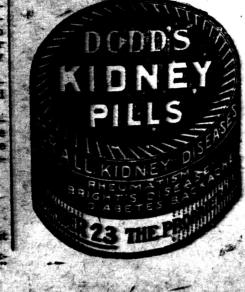
Since the beginning of the negotiations concerning Syria, friction existed between Great Britain and France, the tween Great Britain and France, the treaty of 1916 between England, France and Russia give France a free hand in Syria. But in 1917 the British agreed in their treaty with the sheriff of Meccato give the Arabs East Jordan land, Damascus, Aleppo, Homs and Hama. The two treaties were conflicting and the settlement of the Syrian question proved The two treaties were conflicting and the settlement of the Syrian question proved to be one of the most difficult to solve. Great Britain took a firm stand and encouraged the Arabs 40 of the same. As a matter of fact, the Arabs were and still and hostile to the French ideas of occupying Syrian territory. Great Britain is not over-anxious to see France well established in the east of the Mediterranean. The new awakening spirit of the Syrian National unity promised of the Syrian National unity promised to be a good support of the Araba as well as the British intentions. Great Britain not only encouraged the Syrians to ask for their independence, but actually supported the movement. Emir Feisal, the Arabic Prince, expressed his ally supported the

approval of a united Syria. The Wish of The Syrian Property.

The Paris conference agreed upon sending a mixed committee to Syria to find out what the Syrians wished. But France was the stumbing block and obstinately refused to send any delegates. At last two Americans were sent to investigate the Syrian situation. Their investigate the Syrian situation and showed that the majority of the Syrian people desire a united Syria with United States as their mandatory power. In the district occupied by the French a pressure was exerted upon the people, certain leaders were won to vote for the independence of the Great Lebanon with its natural boundaries with France and France only as a mandatory. Yet there were people of conviction who voted for united Syria under U. S. A.'s supervision. THE WISH OF THE SYRIAN PEOPLE

supervision.

The latest agreement simply ignores the wish of the Syrian people and shows that the parties concerned do not have as their aim the welfare of the smaller nations. The people of Syria are homogenous in language and habits, but not in religion. Compared to other smaller nations who are enjoying their independent.



Alama Dealess Land De Cir

A Dental Invention.

false teeth plates in chtaining a ni ural-looking pink rubber that was sufficiently resilient and strong enough to hold the pins of artificial teeth, it was usual to employ a base plate rubber of red, marcon, brown or some other color, and veneer it with another rubber nearer the colorable to demand an interview when-ever he chooses, at any hour of the day or night.

The sword is the ambassador's emcolor of the gums throughout. It is easily packed by hand in the unvulcanized state, and vulcanizes and polishes by the ordinary methods. Varying tones of pink can be obtained by exposing the finished plate to cun-light, the process being called solar-ization. Of this rubber the entire plate can be made in one piece.

Political Secrets.

Lord Morl y tells a story of how a great political secret was kept by three poor Irish journalists. During the preparation of the Home Rule bill of 1886 Parnell asked Lord Moriey for a Putnam's Corn Extractor. It cures draft of its main provisions for sub-painlessly in 24 hours; try "Putnam's," mission to half a dozen of his confidential colleagues. The draft given, duly returned, and not a leaked out. "Three of the men to whom I showed the draft were to paper men," said Parnell, "and were poor men, and any no would have given them £1,000 for No wonderful virtue, you may say. In how many of your House of Country would believe it?"—London Answer

What Prominent Ontario Women Say



also my

has always been so. I consider 'Fa Prescription' a great help to the expenditure and am glad to recommend MRS. AMOS MILLS, Box 238. I consider 'Favorite t help to the expectant

A HAMILTON WITNESS

Hamilton, Out.:—"A few months ago I was stricken down and was confined to bed about ten days. My strength all left me. It was my first illness since a child. I lost five pounds and felt awfully weak afterward. I could hardly do my work. I was advised to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in tablet form. I tried a couple of bottles and before I knew it, I was well and strong and had gained 91/2 pounds. I can recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to build one up."-MRS. E. MARTIN, 397 Dundurn St.

After suffering pain, feeling nervous dizzy, weak and dragged down by weak nesses of her sex-with eyes sunken, black circles and pale cheeks—such a woman in quickly restored to health by the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce. Changed too in looks, for after taking Dr. Pierce's Favor ite Prescription the skin becomes clear, the eyes brighter, the cheeks plump. It purely vegetable, contains no alcohol.

Traditions of Islam.

The Bedouin tribes of North Africa are perhaps as impervious to the influence of modern civilization as any fluence of modern civilization as any people in the world. Since the French took control of North Africa these wild tribes have been supposedly, under military discipline and guardianship, but they have maintained their own tribal organizations and almost complete independence, of far as their actual lives are concerned. They follow the unditions of lalam and their dwellings, their furnishing (which are few and far between) and their clothing date hagh to the days of the Bible. of the Bible.