Cheeked Women ald About Restoring A Rosy Complexion

years ago the girl with pale, theeks scarcely knew what to rder to restore her fading ap-At that time there was no od medium made that really out color and strength into that were more or less worn

y it's different. The blood can kly nourished, can be made and healthy. All you have take two Ferrozone Tablets sip or two of water after The effect is almost magical. rs, look at your children. Are ddy and strong—do they eat p well, or are they pale, weak,

mic? OZONE will rebuild them. our own case—is your blood and rich? Have you that oldength and vigor, or are you at under the weather?

OZONE will supply the ening elements you require. lood-forming, nourishing tonic kes every ailing person well. OZONE is a marvellous remcontains in concentrated form rare qualities that especially cases of anaemia, poor color, ood, tiredness and loss of

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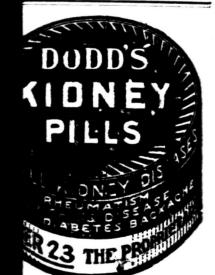
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SUGAR MARKET. holesale quotations to the retail Canadian refined sugar, are as follows: granulated100-bags.

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20 5-lb. cartons, 60c, and 50 2-lb. Oc over bags. Gunnies, 5 20-16.

nan who is the architect of his





SPECIALISTS

SOPER & WHITE

se Mention This Paper.

Good Quality Tea, properly brewed, takes away latigue, and is absolutely harmless, as a daily beverage - TRY

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PARTED BY GOLD

asked.

And he turned to where Mary stood, peank upon the sofa. but did not lift his eyes. Mary came forward in obedience to a sign of her father's, and stool pale

Jack read the paper and signed it. then he handed Mr. Shallop the pen. Shallop signed it, and with a low bow presented the pen to Mary. She

took it and looked around resolutely. "This-the paper," she said, "takes Mr. Hamilton's money from him and gives it to us, who have as yet not made good our right to it. Father, I will not sign it."

Mr. Montague stared and gasped for

"Mary!" he breathed.

"Oh, father!" she retorted, bursting Jack told his story. into tears. "How can you be so cruel and forgetful? Where's all your gratttude gone? Cannot you see he is sacrificing himself to us when he ought rather to be defending himself against our grasping covetousness? I

will not sign it. Then turning to Jack, who stood, hat in hand, and almost as pale as herself, she continued:

"Oh, sir, do not put us to shame like this! You see him now at his worst: he was never unjust or cruel before. This wicked money has turned his head. I-I wish you had kept it, for it has brought us nothing but unhap-

piness already." Jack could not speak, he did not dare to trust himself. "The agreement is valid." he said.

one witness is sufficient. Mr. Shallop will arrange it. Mr. Pacewell, may the money bring you the happiness it conferred on me; with all my heart I hope you will live long and

aniov it well.' He turned, opened the door, and had almost got out of the room, when a thin voice cried:

He started and turned. her chair and was stretching out her her hair and was stretching out her arms to him with two tearful eyes. He made hair a step back, but shook his head, emiled his old smile at her,

and left the room There was still hard and unpleasant work for him.

He walked sharply through the snow and stood waiting admittance at the Pacewell Villa.

The elegant drawing-room was empty, and he stood wondering how he should get through the orus which he knew awaited him.

Presently a light footstep sounded behind him, and Lady Maud entered, her brightest smile, her choicest flush called up to receive him. "Dear Jack, why have you kept from me? It has seemed an age," she

murmured ,as he took her hand and "Indeed!" he said, speaking as quietly as he could. "I have kept

bad news, but it must come, and perhaps I am the best one to carry it.' "Bad news," she repeated, turning pale. "Any one dead?" che asked.
"No, thank Heaven!" he replied. "The old Henry Pacewell, whom you all thought dead, has turned up, and the man you have promised to marry is -a beggar!"

She sank from his arms direct'r. "A -a -beggar!" she echoed. Well, not exactly, because I den't mean to be," he said, trying to speak lightly. "But a penniless man, with the world before him, Maud."

"When did you know this?" she

"Yesterday," he said. "And did not come to tell me!" she said, elevating her eyebrows, and speaking bitterly, for she saw now that between two stools, she had come

to the ground. "No-a," he said, "Maud, I put off the ordeal for a few hours. Forgive old life clings to her, perhaps. I saw me! I knew how it would grieve you." She burst into tears.

"A beggar!" she repeated. "I am to marry a beggar! Oh, aunt! oh aunt!" Then she went into well-bred hys terics, and Jack rang the bell. Lady Pacewell appeard, and amid ady Maud's nicely toned shricks,

Lady Pacewell was really shocked. Wait here, Jack, dear, or, dear! oh, dear! till I come down." And then she took Lady Maud up-

stairs. Presently she came down, and Jack went ever the story again. Lady Pacewell cried. Jack comforted her Her ladyship still wept, and at last she sobbed out:

"Of course, it is all over between you and Mand' 'Yes," said Jack; "if she wishes it,

of course." "Of course," said Lady Pacewell. But it is an awful blow for her, poor

Jack could not help smiling bitterly. "And I must send the brougham horse back, I suppose, Jack, dear?" "No," said Jack, taking up his hat and trying not to look wounded. Keep the horse and Maud, aunt I will arrange about the former, and, as

for the latter, give her my love." Then he kissed his aunt, who, poor woman, could not help her worldliness overshooting her love for her favorite nephew, and with a einking at the

heart, he left the villa. On his way to his chambers he passed his club. A small group of men stood on the steps. He nodded cheerfully, and received in return the coolest of bows from the men who yesterday would have ran down to meet

him and chake hands He reached his chambers; his menservants were waiting outside the door, and begged to know if they were

to be paid. He ensered the room, and thereupon the table lay a heap of bills marked immediate, and eccempanied by letters threatening him with instant proceedings by the very tradesmen who a few hours since were ready to

lick the dust from his feet. The news had spread. Indeed, Mr. Anderson had taken care that should, and had not only favored Mr. Montague with his views of Jack's conduct as regards the cheque and the other kindliness, but had spent the morning in running around to the away because I did not want to bring bradespeople and informing them of the change in Mr. Hamilton's fortune.

> CHAPTER XIII. In a small room that might have been dignified by the name of chamber, as it stood within the presincts of Lincoln't Inn, and was barely furnished with half legal and wholly uncomfortable table, chair and worn-

out sofa, sat Jack. The fire in the small grate was low. and it was bitterly cold. Jack sat over the tiny glow, and shivering, but it would have been the height of impudence to have put any more coal on, for it was only just ax, and the small knob of coal in the box beside the Her ladyship drew farther away and

fire had to last till midnight. It was moving astalfo, Jack know, for once during the twilight he had gone to the window and looked down upon the umbrellas flitting by below. He sat near the fire and poured himself out some tea from a small teapot. The tea was weak, the seapot a battered and used-up one. The bread and butter were angarnished, and the whole meal, to say the least,

uncomfortable.

When Jack had finished his tea, he lit a lamp, put on a shade, and, drawing a large document toward him, set to work to copy it.

All this meant that Jack was poor, and werking hard for a very miserable living.

He wrote on for helf an hour, and then a tremendous clatter and burst of music caused him to look wearily

It was the bells bursting out into noise, like a lot of schoolboys let out

for the holidays. Ding, ding! dong, dong! "Christmas Eve!" muttered Jack, trimming his pen. "A rum sort of Christmas Eve for yeu, old tellow! Last year you were dining at the club with Pop, and Beau, and the rest; this year I think you dined on a samage roll without company. Christmas

Eve, heigho!" Then, having no time to spare for soliloquies, he fell to work on the copying again, and scratched, squeaked, and scratched through another falls. But the bells grew positively intrusive, and louder and louder, till the solitary slave to the pen laid it down

and turned his chair to the fire. "I think I'll just have a pipe. What a blessing tobacco is so cheap! What should I have been without my pipe? So this is Christmas Bve. Well, a merry time for some of them; a merry time at the villa, I dare say, and at the Pacewell's, too. Little Pattie, like a fairy, laughing over her new riches, and old Montague Pacewell as proud as a turkey cock. And she well, bless her sweet face, wherever she is; her the other morning in the lane. She was in their grand new carriage with one of my horses. She was pale enough and sad enough to be Mary Montague at the Signet again. And I stopped and looked at her-and the

> **CLARK'S SOUPS**

best of the joke was, she looked at me,

FOR PURITY

MAKE COOKING

DINNER

DELICHTFUL

work, for I want my dinner to-morrow.

ous, it would be a most excellent joke.

With the pipe in his mouth, he turn-

ed around and picked up his pen. But

there came a knock at the door at the

instant and he looked up from the

The door opened, and a short indi-

vidual, having missed the step, precip-

itated kimself preity nearly into the

his old good-natured way, "you are not

coays, worse luck, and won't burn," and

then added, having set him upright:

Who are you, and what do you want?

He dropped the man's collar, and his

one, for the individual bore the like-

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr.

it was the step as threw me up Used

as I ant to tumble, as is natural on the

"What'do you want?" -epeated Jack.

"I beg your pardon for intrudin',

his forehead. He seemed much agi-

wasn't jammed between them

"Come none of that," said Jack, in

Heigho!"

parchment to sav:

nese of Mr. Tubbs.

stoutly.

"Come in!

W. CLARK

EASY

Mr. Tubbs jumped out, and a footman opened the door.

which the man knocked gently.

danger. The footman went down as the door opened, and Jack, on entering, found himself face to face with Mr. Henry

Pacewell. The old man had the same weary look upon him as the pirate in the greenroom had worn, notwithstanding the magnificent apartment in which they stood and the diamonds in his shirt front. He held out his

trembled. "She sent for you; has been erying for you. It is good of you to come." "I would have come through fire for ier, to the eleven of Pickering and the

eyes and led the way upstairs. Jack followed him into to think of her now. Six o'clock! nalf past by this time. I must finish this Christmas Day, and working for my of his heart that it was Mary's. dinner! Well, if it wasn't so seri-

"Has he come, Mary?"

"Do you want me, Pattie?" said, lowering his musical voice to the Asia, the Tryas or Hindus of India, gentiest of tones.

"Jack." she said, with a touch of last two being termed Iranians from her cld naive. "Yes, I knew you the great plateau of Iran where they

would come, though they talk me ye were too proud. You're not proud are you? You wouldn't be proud to poor little Pattie?" "No," he said. "Not proud to you Pattie. See here, I am kneeling." And he knelt at her side. She put out her hand and touched Then laughed with a child's "What a big hand you've got," she said. "I could put both of mine into window to look at the snow. Jack

again!"

humor her.

"Oh, I know," she said. "You are

poor now and we are rich; but my

dear isn't cruel and unkind now, and

he wants you to forgive him. Jack.

He's very sorry for what he said that

day, and he wouldn't have said it if

that wicked, wicked Mr. Anderson

hadn't put it into his head. And you'll

forgive him, Jack, won't you, for my sake? And Jack, I want to whisper

They drew back into a far corner

"I'm dying; don't tell any of them;

arm around his neck, she whispered:

don't tell my dear, because he cries so;

it in my ear. Do you love Mary?

A GRAND MEDICINE

(To be continued.)

have worked wonders in the case of

my baby. I always keep them in the

out them." What Mrs. Noel says

but thorough laxative which regulate

the bowels and stomach, thereby

banishing constipation, colle, indi-

gestion and a host of the other minor

ailments of little ones. The Tablets

are absolutely guaranteed to be free

from opiates or narcotics or any of

the other drugs so harmful to the

welfare of the baby. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do

good. They are sold at 25 cents a

box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine

THE RACES OF EUROPE.

Quarrelsome Families Now At-

tending Peace Conference.

The American National Geographic

Society, in a news bulletin, gives a

general survey of the chief racial

groups of Europe, an understanding of

which is necessary, in order to follow

Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor. It says:

"The number of distinct human

from the three Japhetic, Semitic and

Hamitic of the Bible, or the three.

Caucasian, Mongol and Negro of Cuv-

sixteen of Desmoulins. The estimate

in 1781 by Dr. Blumenbach, the father

of anthrapology, has best withstood

the attacks of time. He finds five

races Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiop-

hetic and the Syro-Arab or Semitic.

that Europeans came from the basin

of the Indus. Syro-Arab means orig-

"The Indo-European includes eight

branches or groups. These are: In

Co., Brockville, Ont.

ness and roughness, dandruff and britation. Prevent them by making this wonderful skin-clearing plaxion scap your every-day toilet scap, assisted by touches of Cathons Cintment to the first siens of Bule ment to the first signs of little ekin and scalp troubles, and dustings of Cuticura Talcum, a fincinat fragranca. In delicate Cuticura med-ication The Cuticura Trio is wonderful. Sample each free of "Caticara, Dept. N. Boston, U. S. A."

sir," he said, " 'specially as you was busy, but I've brought a message." "Where is it?" jack said, as shortly

as before. The sight of the man was distacteful to him in the extreme

"Where?" asked Mr. Tubbs, vacantly. Oh, ah, yes, of course, you mean what is it? It wasn't a written message, oh, no, she never writes, she don't. Her way, when she wants anythins, is to say: "Tubbs, I want so and so,' and Tubbs, meanin' me, 'as to get it if it's in Ameriky."

"Now," said Jack, sternly, "have the goodness to tell me your business." "My business is this, sir, meanin' no offence," said Mr. Tubbs, "will you come along with me? You are wanted at once. It's most particular-Heaven knows whether she'll be alive when I get back."

"Who?" said Jack, starting. "Why, havent's I told you?" said Mr. Tubbs, the tears starting to his "Wh.q Miss Pattie bless her heart." "Miss Pattie Montague?" said Jack. 'And she wanted to see me?"

"Ay," said Tubbs. "She sent for me, and when they let me see her, 'Tubbs,' says she, 'go and fetch him.' But, I says, I don't know where to find him! 'Go to the lawyer, Mr. Shallop, whispered Miss Mary, a-cryin' all the time. And I goes to Mr. Shallop, he sends me on here, and after dedging about among these 'ere queer houses, which are all alike a purpose to puzzle a body, 'ere I am.

For Heaven's sake, be quick." Jack had been puttng on his coat while the man had been speaking, and

the door. "Go first," said Jack, "and I'll light

you down." Mr. Tubbs stumbled down the stairs in a way that would have made the clown envious, and Jack allowed him. There was a cab at the door, and the two jumped in.

"Where yer come from," said Mr Tubbs. And the man drove ff as fast as the snowy street would allow him. "Is she very ill?" asked Jack. "Oh, dreadful," said Mr. Tubbs, tearfully. "Poor little angel, it will hurt

your heart to see her so white and patient-like." Jack feil into silence a while, and the cab drew up to one of the grandest mansions in Grosvenor Square.

Jack, who seemed expected was asked to step upstairs, and followed

the footman to the door of a reom at There was a hush about the house

that was eloquent of suffering and

hand, and Jack shaking it self that it

her," said Jack, simply. The old man put his hand to and looked seedy, she didn't know the darkened room. A woman's figure Jack Hamilton, who is foolish enough

moved from the side and peeped ian, American and Malay. into the shadow of the curtains as he entered, and, although he could not recognized among the Caucasians, desee the face, he knew by the beating signated as the Indo-European or Jap-As he approached the bed, a tiny, Indo-European indicates the belief thin voice arose from it.

Jack stepped softly forward and inating in Syria and Arabia. bent over the bed.

the Persians and the Armenians, the

it and lose them. But you've cut your beard off, and you don't look so hand-some as when you carried me to the you'll never carry me again, **Bicycle Tires** "I hope, so many times," he said, a choking coming in his throat and a film over his eyes at the wistful tones of the child-woman. "Unquestionably "Will you carry me now?" she said suddenly. "I should like so much to have you lift me up!" The Best Tires' Some one came with a shawl and Mana by Canada's greatest rubber company and Canada's leading tire makes wrapped it around her. He took her in his arms and walked "Perfected by the same experts, the same factories, that have brought "Dominion Auto Tires" a nation-with to the fire with her. No one inter-

fered. Her wish seemed to be law. "Oh, that's nice!" she said. "It reminds me of that day when you and Mary sat before the fire laughing in durability and easy riding comfort of "Dominion Tires" for Bicycles and each other's faces and looking so happy." She sighed: "Poor Mary! Poor Jack!"

"Why poor Jack?" he asked to



had their origin; in Europe, Greeks, Latins, Celts, Teutons, or Gar-

mans, and Slavs. "Common usage treats these groups something in your ear. Tell them to as races, so properly we speak of the keep away. I don't want them to Celtic race or the Slavic race, or of the races of Europe. Because of the intimate relations of the Greeks and of the room, and, putting one wasted Latins, and the cognate nearness of their languages, the two are denoted as of the Greco-Latin race. German and Teutons are interchangeable, be-

don't tell Mary, because she cries, too. ing synonymous terms. There's no crying where I'm going, and "The great majority of the peoples everybody's happy there. But I could who have invaded Europe and whose not be happy there, I'm sure, if I felt descendants are now settled there beyou and Mary weren't happy on earth long to the Indo-European family. In in some place where I could look down addition, about 30,000,000 persons, o and see you sitting as you sat in the one-fifteenth of the inhabitants of dear old room long ago. Jack, whisper Europe, are Finno-Ugrians and Turks, members of the Ural-Altaic branch of the Mongolian family. All the rest, except the Jews, Maltese and Saracens (Syro-Arab) and possibly, except the Basques, are of Indo-European stock. "Ural-Altaian comprehends peoples found between the Altai aid Urai Mountains. Finno-Ugrian is specific of a western group of Ural-Altaians. The term is derived from Finn and Mrs. Avila Noel, Haut Lameque, N. Ugra, the region on both sides of the B., writes:-"I can highly recommend Baby's Own Tablets as they

"The various routes of migration into Europe, the lated wanderings of now took up the lamp and walked to house and would not feel safe with. the immigrants, and their constant relocations, may be sirectly traced concerning Baby's Own Tablets is to geographic causes, of which the just what theusands of other mothers mountain system, the rivers and plains saw and feel. The Tablets are a mild had a determinative part. The backbone and dominant factor of the continent is the Alns.

"In the Alps are the fountain heads "A line drawn from the mouth of the Pruth to the mouth of the Nieoutspurs rise of the Loire, Seine, Meuse, Elbe, Oder, Vistula and Danof the Rhone, Rhine and Poland in the ube. These rivers have each limited or determined the wanderings of peoples, the march of armies, and the boundaries of states. The Danube was a natural and inevitable western roadway of pastoral peoples from

Bad Breath IS CAUSED BY

CATARRH Canadians suffer more from Catarrh than from any other disease. On this account Catarrh is dangerous and

intelligently the peace parleys now should be checked at the outset. taking place in Paris. This builetin It isn't necessary to take internal is based upon a communication from medicine to cure Catarrh. There is a far better method.

Doctors now treat Catarrh by sending a purifying, healing vapor through groups of races is variusly estimated the breathing organs. In this way the

germs of Catarrh are destroyed. The only successful vapor treatment is CATARRHOZONE, which the patient breathes through a recial inhaler to the real seat of the to uble. The rich, piney essences of Ca arrhozone heal and soothe all the inflamed surfaces. They effectively treat the nose, throat and lungs with a powerful antiseptic that destroys irritation "Two main divisions are at once at once.

Catarrhozone brings into the system the balmy air of the pine forest. It cures completely colds, coughs, catarrh, weak throat and bronchitis.

Once tried, Catarrhozone is a'ways used. Nothing so pleasant, so simple, so quick to relieve, so absolutely sure to permanently cure. Accept no substitute. Large size lasts two months and costs \$1; small size 50c.; sample trial size, 25c.; at all dealers.

Pronoun Little Used.

The form "thon" has held its place in the language, with occasional use, for sixty years. It is defined as meaning " That one; he, she, or it; a pronoun of the third person, common gender; a contracted and solidified form of 'that one,' proposed in 1858 by Charles Crozat Converse of Erie, Pa., as a substitute in eases where the use of a restrictive pronoun involves efther inaceuracy, or obscurity, or its non-employment necessitates awkward renetition." As an example is given the substitution of "Each pupil must learn thon's lesson" for "Each pupil must learn his or her lesson."-Literary Digest.

FROM THAT CAUSE.

A certain bishop, having partahen rather freely of lobster saind and mines pla, was suffering torments both physical and mental. When he began to improve his hostess badgered him a bid "Why bishop," she said, "surely weren't atraid to die?"

"Afraid to die? Oh, no," replied the bishop, "but I would have been ashamed.

cleans COMFORT sinks closets, LYE tone changed from the easy, to a stern drains kills rats, Tubbs; out of breath by his tumble and his evident nervousness at being so sternly confronted. "But you see mice, bugs boards, still. it was a mercy my 'ead. **Extra** destrous Mr. Tubbs took off his hat and wiped Strong

