LES ITCHED

Badly Disfigured. ura Soap and ment Healed.

ed pimples and blackn on my face, and my see was badly disfigured. ome of the pimples feared while others scaled wer and there were places where the pimples were a blotches. They used itch and burn terribly. sticura and I tried them. ed the itching and burn-(Signed) Miss V. A.

Pailee Trie, consisting of it and Taicum, promotes skin rt and health when used for let purposes. For Sample 7 Mail, address: "Cutiowa, a.U.S.A." Sold everywhere.

he Housewife.

hiree with potato-it will flour and butter in an outons for your soup are m in the corn popper-

k and satisfactory meringue on your pie put in a saltspoonful of just before the merin the pie.

on have a roast of veal rions and add a little tothe gravy. It improves

re at a loss for a salad, ned cherries, served on

12 Coincidence.

f Germany's surrender between Sunday night morning. It was on ng that the world heard declaration of war Serbia's answer to atum came the previous as on Sunday morning e news of the firing of of our civil war, and it y that Lee surrendered Later on, the first sinking of Cervera's iago came on Sunday d that of the signing of ty between the United in -U. S. exchange,

Lose Your Friends.

money heir faults.

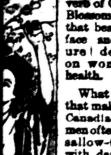
they're in the wrong, mething before they do. ng they should have

g better than they do. than they do. e popular than they are, or a favor.

em good for evil. -Life.

ctal interest in their

27-BLOSSOM LAND



verb of Cherry ure | depend on womanly

What is it that makes our Canadian women often pale. sallow-(seed with dark circles under the eyes, and very often old at forty-five when they should be in their prime?

Women suffer in girthood from back-

e and headaches, followed and as a result diseases organs are more common but a physician in active suppose.

perience in the treatment es. Dr. Pierce evolved a and corrective which he e's Favorite Prescription. ly vegetable preparation, icle of alcohol contained

man complains of back-or pain—when every-ack before her eyes—a-g, with nervousness, she this "temperance" herbal obtained in almost every s land and the ingredients plain English on the up in tablets or liquid. Invalids' Hotel, Buralo, end a trial size of the

Instinct Supreme.

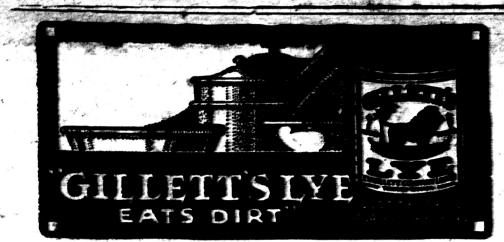
cents.

or explain the wonderhich brings the pigeon but it is stronger than her obstacle. Liberated the heaviest barrage, it air to get its bearings. to a height of half a off with the speed of a distance of 30 miles ble of making two miles have flown 800 miles on

LACE LIKE IT.

les," said Uncle Eben, tole lot happier if dey did-to put too much jazz in Home,"

is a curious thing. The



SIR WILLIAM'S -WILL--

She suspected nothing. It remained strongly, he had protested her against with him to decide what he should do. Flight occurred to him, of course. Flight is the first thing a man thinks of when he has been struck to the

heart by love's dart. But flight seemed to him mean, cowardly. He had undertaken to oversee the building of this jetty at Pethwick: he had thrown himself heart and soul into the work, not recognizing that his ardor sprang from his desire to remain near Clytie; Lord Stanton, the lad who had treated him so well, and to whom he had grown attached, refled upon him; flight was distasteful to him. And.

after all, why should he go-just yet? Clytie had not heard his passionate avowal, was still ignorant of his identity with Wilfred Carton; he could surely keep a watch and guard upon his lips for the future. No; he would not fly. He would remain until the letty was finished; then he would return to Parraluna, develop Silver Ridge, and bury himself in Australia

the storm, against herself.

She turned to and fro, and strove to forget him, to blame him; but the memory of his strength, of his manly tenderness, prevailed over her, and, when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of him. She woke in the morning exhausted as much by he:

Jack had dreaded. "You will stay in bed, my dear, Mollie said decisively. "Girls who go skylarking in an open beat through a record storm must pay the penatly. And if I have the pleasure of seeing Jack Douglass—I beg his pardon, Mr. Douglas-I shall give him a piece of

my mind" "It was not his fault," murmured Clytie, in muffled accents, as she drew the clothes about her.

'Oh? Then whose was it?" demanded Mollie. "If he doesn't know when a storm is impending, he's not much of a fisherman, and ought not to be trusted with a delicate girl. "I'm not delicate!" declared Clytie

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SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, Goshen, Indiana, U.S.A.

"I hope she hasn't caught cold!" indignantly.

he murmured, as he came to a de"Yes, you are," retorted Mollie.
"Yes, you are far too delicate to

place aspiration; but it was the true

lover's anxiety for the beloved's vel-He went home, and to bed, at last; but he could not sleep. In the still-ness, the darkness, of the room he tie's lifeless form in his arms, her voice. head pressed against his breast, her

his protection. feverish unrest, her mind and her sister." she knew that he was Sir Wilfrid Cat- | devastating candor. ton-this man who was inn querading as "Jack Douglas"; and sa; was :rybeen avoked by her knowledge. Her cold, mental prostration, low fever, face burned, all her body burned, with and the rest of it."

This man, who called himself Jack | storm was coming." Douglas, who pretanded to be a wellown, account, a wastrel, a ne'er-do- of us women." well, a cumberer of the earth, not one an honest, pure-minded girl should permit herself to live. And yet how sister?" she demanded aggressively. strong and brave he was! Never for a moment, during that awful time, faltered humbly. when death hovered over them, had he shown the least sign of fear. And in upon him. "You thought you'd he was doing good, noble work. And get another hand in the boat with

himself."

heart were busy. She had neard every | Mollie made her way to the beach. word he had said in the moment of and finding Jack beside his boat, exhis terrible anxiety on her account. pressed her opinion with absolute and

"My sister is quite ill, Douglas-I beg your pardon, Mr. Douglas," she ing to analyze the feeling with had said. "Quite unable to get up. Severe

the rememberance of his passionate "I'm very sorry, Miss Mollie," said words; but she tried to thrust them Jack humbly, penitently. "All my fault. I ought to have seen that the

"Of course, you ought!" declared ing man, a fisherman; thaker, tailor. Mollie resentfully. "But you men, what not, what had he been?? By his with your brute strength, never think

"Sometimes," he pleaded. "Then why didn't you think of my "I did think of her. I mean-" he

"Not you!" retorted Mollie, cutting

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how handsome he was, how noble in you, and you didn't care—"
form and manner! How tenderly. He looked at her with all the heart

mished expression of his very expres-

Jack took the boat to Pethwick, and tried to force his attention to the oading of timber and shaping of stone; but his thoughts were fixed on Clytic and her condition. Low fever is a dangerous thing, you see; and dreadfully dangerous when viewed by the eyes of a lover. He longed for a sight of her.

And the next day his longing was gratified. She came down to the beach with Mollie and Lord Stanton. She was looking pale and thoughtful, and Jack was at once overwhelmed by remorse; but then she laughed at something Lord Stanton had said, and her eyes as they met Jack's were calm. placid, unembarrassed; and, with relief, he tnanked Heaven that they were so; it was still more evident that she had not heard the passionate words which had sprung from his lips. Indeed, she scarcely glanced at him, and did not address him directly; not even when Lord Stanton said:

"Miss Bramley's none the worse for the storm, Douglas." "I'm glad," was ail Jack said; and he said it with eyes fixed on the boat. She stood for a moment or two looking out at the sea, then she went up the beach, and Jack felt as if she had taken the sunlight with her. He put off in the boat for Pethwick, and tried as yesterday, to absorb himself, to lose himself, in the affairs of the moment, the setting of the timber, the hauling of the stone; but her face, pale and with its subtle wistfulness,

ed him. Here was he, Sir Wilfred Carton. masquerading as Jack Douglas, not emotion as by the fever:sh cold which permitted to exchange a word more than his assumed position allowed, and others-Lord Stanton, for instancewere free to look at her, talk with her, unrestrainedly.

haunted him: and his position irritat-

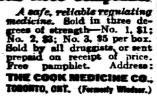
But he did his duty: and the workmen that day had more than ever good reason and excuse for calling him a "masterpiece;" and though he was sterner, shorter, than usual, they obeyed him cheerfully; for they acknowledged that power, that spell, which had made itself felt by Mr. and Mrs. Jarrow and all at Parraluna.

For that day, and many after, Jack worked with the men with what seemed a whole-souled absorption in the task at hand; and seemed so occupied that even Lord Stanton could scarcely get a word from him that did not apply to the building of the jetty.

The two girls came down to the beach every day, but Douglas seemed to avoid them; and once, when Mollie proposed that they should row to Pethwick. Jack declared that he must stay to see the unloading of a cargo of stone, left them to the care of one of the Withycombe boatmen; but he watched the boat awhile with jealous eyes, and turned away with a sigh, as if he begrudged the man his precious

face such a storm as we had yester- her old light-hearted spirit. . She day; in an open boat, too! I should thought—and Mollie said openly—that think Douglas would be ashamed of it was the wonderful sea-air of Withycombe, and the relief of getting away "It was not his fault," she said from the cares of Bramley; but Clyagain. "And-Mollie, I won't have the felt that these two causes were was back again in the boat, with Ciy- you abuse him," she added, in a low not wholly accountable for the improvement. To a woman there "Won't you? I shall abuse him all is no elixir like that of love. helplessness appealing to his strength I know; and that's not a little, as and, though Clytle would not have you are aware. There! Tuck your- admitted it, the knowledge that And Clytie? She, too, lay awake: | self up, and try and sleep. You won't | she was loved by Jack Douglas was a and, as she turned on the pillow in get up out of this to-day, my gentle precious, but secret, anodyne which soothed her worried mind; and though it did not solve the problem of her life, indeed, rather complicated it, was like balm to her restless spirit.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



She knew he avoided her; but she found a subtle pleasure in watching him from a distance, in listening to some of the things don't matter; they

men, or called to his horse. The day arrived for their return to Bramley; and it seemed as if she would leave Withycomb without speaking to him, without saying good-bye," but, the morning of their departure, Mollie met him just outside the cottage as she was going down to the beach in search of a book which Clytie had left in the boat.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Dougles," she said. "I've come down for a book of my.sistef's." "I have found it," he broke in.

found it last night; I'll fetch it." He went into the cottage, and turned with the book, followed by

"Oh, thanks." said Mollie. "Would you mind taking it up to the farm? My sister is just packing."

"Polly shall go up with it," he said; but Mollie shook her head.

"Polly's coming down to the shop to

buy chocolates for the journey," she said. "You take it, if you don't mind." He looked round for another messenger; but there was no one about, and, half-gladly, half-fearfully, he went up to the farm. Clytic was packing, as Mollie had said, and she was running down the stairs, singing to herself, as she opened the gate. The door was open, as usual, and she saw him and stopped, a faint color stealing into her face

"I've brought this," said Jack, his voice sounding almost gruff. "Oh, thank you," she responded, orightly, and she came out to him. How stupid of me to forget it. My favorite Browning, too! It is very good of you to bring it."

"Not at all," he said, his eyes downeast, his manner still reserved. "Youyou are going, so Miss Mollie told me." 'Yes." she said, checking a sigh. 'And I-we are very sorry. We have enjoyed the holiday, the change, so

"And you are so much better," he remarked, almost to himself. She nodded. "It is the air, and the pleasant time we have had. I have to



CLARK'S

Ready to serve. Just heat and eat.

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thank you, Mr. Douglas, for-for taking us out in the boat and-taking so much are of 78." "Well, I nearly drowned you," he

said, gravely. "Nearly is far from quite," she retorted, with a bright smile and a heightened color. 'I suppose we were in some danger; but I enjoyed myself very much, more than I have done for a very long time."

He looked at her with a grateful sense of what he considered to be her magnanimity, but said nothing; and she went on: "I suppose yu will remain in Withy-

combe or Pethwick until the jetty is

tinued, hurriedly, "that Lord Stanton would be so disappointed, that-that

- Oh, you must not leave them in "He could soon fill my place," he said. "But I'll see." He still lingered, his hand on the gate, as if loath to go, and Clytic stood, a graceful figure in prevent the possibility of contaminaher tailor-made coat and skirt, the tion when making use of a common book clasped in her hand, the other drinking glass. It consists of a square raised to protect her hair from the at- of rather suff waxed paper, folded

packing-" you mind cording a box for me?" she fore there is no exchange of germs. A said with a smile. "It is so heavy,

and all the men are away." He followed her into the sittingeverything one had forgotten, all the longed term of duty. adds and ends have been thrown into it. Perhaps the lid won't shut."

Jack knelt beside it, and eyed the disorder, the shoes, gloves, books, and odds and ends doubtfully as he essayed in vain to close the lid. "Oh, well," she said, resignedly.

his voice, as he gave orders to the are most of them of no value." She swept off the top layer laughingly; but Jack interposed. "I'm not much of a hand at packing," he said; "but I think I could manage better than that."

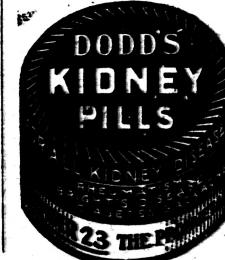
"Oh, I give you a free hand," she said; "but please don't trouble about those old gloves and things. I don't know why I put them in. She turned away as she spoke, and

"I think that's better," he remarked reverently, as he laid a tiny pair of

shoes on the top and closed the lid. "Oh, you have everything in! How clever of you!" she said. "But will you be able to cord it by yourself? Shall ring for some one? Perhaps I can

"No, no; please keep away!" he adjured her earnestly. "You might get

She took hold of the cord and laughed at his anxiety.



"Why, I could have done it by my-elf, if I'd been forced to it," she as-ured him; rather augustefully. Jack-emiled; but took the cord from

her hand, and interposed between her alight figure and the box. "I'm glad you weren't, then," he said. "It is more than probable that you would have hurt yourself trying to lift it, or, having lifted it, have let it drop on your toes."

"Now, you want a knife," she re-marked, looking round.

"Thanks, I have one," he said, and he pulled out the useful and some-what formidable weapon which fulfilled so many purposes. In taking it from his pocket he brought the glove with it; but Clytic affected not to see it, and he covered it with his knee quickly, waiting for an opportunity to take it up again. But Clytic leaned against the table, her hands clasping the edges, her whole attitude one of indolent interest in the proceedings.
"You won't want a label?" he sug-

gested, with the object of getting her to move so that he might secure the "Oh no," she replied. "A cart is

coming for the thing.." "Is that it I hear coming down the road?" he asked, hoping she would go to the window; but she did not nove, or remove her eyes from him.

as she replied sweetly: "Oh, no; it will not be here yet Have you quite finished? It is so kind of you. What is that? Oh, one of my gloves," she went on as, in despair, he rose and revealed the purioined article "Thanks." "I-I must have left it out," he said

remarsefuiiv. "Yes; but it does not matter. It is quite an old one," she protested brightly. She awang the glove to and fro, and, at last, as if absently, tossed it out of the open window. By the ex-ercise of extraordinary self-restraint, Jack refrained from watching it, and, having given a superfluous knot to the cord, rose and reached for his cap. "I will wish you good-by, Miss. Bramley," he said gravely, "unless

Bramley," he said gravely, "un there is anything else I can do?" "No; nothing, thank you, Mr. Douglas," she returned. "Good-by, and thank you very much for—for all you have done for—us," unconsciously her hand stole out to him, but suddenly she remembered his assumed character, and she let her hand wander to the ribbon at her neck, as if it wanted pulling straight.

"Good-by," said Jack simply. "I'm sorry you are going." As he left the room she ran lightly up the stairs, but paused at the top and called to him:

"Oh, Mr. Douglas!" Jack swung round at the door like a soldier obeying the call of his superior officer, a dog that of its master; ah, yes! a lover that of his

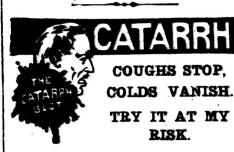
"Oh, if you come up to Bramleyto see the Hall, you know-please let | that he gets plenty." me know. "I will." he replied, gratefully.

"Good-by." Strangely enough, as Jack grew more wistful and grave each day, Clytie seemed to regain her strength and how ald light board of the open window, "Oh I hope so I man" about 118 pipe, it seemed a more than usually elaborate preparation, and he edged toward the bit of garden in front of the open window, dropped a match and stooped to nick two mules to a faster gait." 'Oh, I hope so—I mean," she con—I it up, then, with his pipe in full blast. strode down the ...d.

(To Be Continued)

Contrivance Defies Germs.

A Baltimore woman, Miss Cornelia Fiske, has devised a simple scheme to tacks of the wind; and presently, with through the centre, and when desiring a terk, he said: "Can I help you? a thirst quencher of any kind the There must be a good deal to do-your paper is placed over the edge of the glass and the lips then cannot come "No, thanks. Oh, but yes! Would in contact with the glass and theresupply of these papers can be carried conveniently in the purse or pocket. or they may be made more substanroom, where a box stood on the floor. Itially of celluloid or some other "That is it," she said. "Is it rather equally suitable material, and one of full, isn't it? It's the last box, and the lip protectors made to do a pro-



New, marvellous way to treat Catarrh. Coughs and Coids. Stops it ALMOST INSTANLTY—banishes that filthy, obnoxious hawking, spitting, sneezing, foul breath and its disgusting habits. You can stop it over night. TEST IT AT MY RISK. FIRST TRIAL CONVINCES. No clumsy apparatus, no Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Sprays, Harmful Drugs, Salves, Lotions, Sprays, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity. Nothing of that bind at all. SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT, something delightful and healthful, something INSTANTLY SUCclooking-glass, and she saw the act reflected in the mirror. Her face went crimson, and she stood quite still for a moment or two, ner hand resting on the mantelshelf, her eyes fixed on him.

Salves, Lotions, Sprays, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity. Nothing of that kind at all. SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT, something delightful and his hand, apparently in anger, laid healthful, something INSTANTLY SUCCLESSFUL. It is JAN-O-SUN FOR CA-TARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS. You will say it is WONDERFUL, AMAZING, so quickly, so surely does it act. DON'T WASTE TIME and money on useless methods. Don't suffer. TRY JAN-O-the mantelshelf, her eyes fixed on him. methods. Don't suffer. TRY JAN-O-SUN AT MY RISK. Write to-day before you do another thing. Just say, "I want to try Jan-o-Sun." Address: NUZ-O-NAL 59 St. Peter St. Dept. 122. Montreal, Qua.

ENFORCED THE RIALE.

But in Doing It Grant Proved His Good Hearted Nature.

General Grant was a kind and warm hearted man in spite of a certain brusqueness in manner. A story that General Logan used often to tell is to

General Grant at Holly Springs, Miss., General Forrest, the Confederate cavalry leader, had just captured a train of supplies, and General Grant had issued an order to his men to scour the country for twenty miles round in order to get food for his troops. The country had already been swept pretty clean, and the new demands brought a good deal of hardship on the people of the neighborhood. At many of the homes there were only women, old men, children and faithful colored servants. These people, hungry and without money to buy provisions, were often forced to apply to the northern army in their distress. Food was always given them if they would take the oath of silegiance to the United



One day a rickety carriage drew up before General Grant's headquarters and from it alighted an elderly woman and her colored driver. The wom was admitted to the tents, and the servant stood just inside the tent flan Only a few words were necessary to explain matters. The woman's home had been ravaged by troops, both blue and gray, and she and her servants reeded food. The soft-voiced woman spoke of her humiliation at having to seg for food, and added that she made the request more for her sercants than the request more for her servants than

everything for the south," she said "but I can't see our people starve." An officer who had charge of such cases told the woman that she should have food if she would sign the oath of allegiance. "I cannot do that," she sain. "My husband and three sons are fighting under the Confederate flag. I

thank you, sir, for listening to me." The woman turned to leave. General Grant, who had been writing at table in one corner of the tent, glanced up from his papers. He called to the

DOGTO: "Sam, did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?"

"Yassuh, gen'ral." "Do you know that he is trying to free you colored people?" "Yassuh. Ah knows it."

"Are you willing to take sides with Abraham Lincoln—to take the oath of allegiance to the United States?" "Yassuh, gen'ral, Ah's willin' ter do

General Grant turned to the officer who had talked with the woman. "Administer the oath to Sam," he said, "and give him the provisions. See

The rickety old carriage with its cort of soldiers passed through the Union lines a short time afterward laden to the seats wth provisions, and Having got outside the door, he laden to the seats with provisions, and stopped to light his pipe; it seemed a Sam, probably thinking less of his more than usually elaborate prepara- oath than of the supper to come, tion, and he edged toward the bit of ned from ear to ear as he urged the

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Indian Magicians.

A recent meeting of magicians, or sleight-of-hand men, confessed itself in despair over the method of operation of the Indian rope-climbing trick, which has been so often described by eastern travellers. Thus Iby Batuta, an Arab from Tangier, described this trick as performed at

Hang Chau: I was entertained by the Emir in his own house in a most splendid manner. At the banquet was present the Khan's jugglers, the chief of whom took a wooden sphere, in which there were holes, and in these long straps, and threw it up into the air till it went out of sight, and while the strap remained in his hand. He then commanded one of his disciples to take hold of and to ascend by this strap, which he did until he also went out of sight. His master then with blood. The juggler then took the limbs of the boy and applied them one to another; he then stamped upon them, and it stood up complete and erect. I was astonished. and was seized in consequence by palpitation of the heart; but they gave me some drink and I recovered. The judge of the Mohammedans was sitting by my side, and swore that there was neither ascent, descent per cutting away of limbs, but the whole

were mere juggling.

Any magician of the present day who can perform this trick, as it is At the time General Logan was with performed even at the present day in India, certainly must be sure of a fortune, says the Boston Transcr The funny part of all such tricks is that, as in the case of the trick of making a tree grow from the group and bear fruit before the spectators eyes, the photographic camera reveals nothing of the sort going on.

