Righted in Time

And a sudden little sob swelled her throat. If she could only do that! Then her heart beat quickly. Why not? She caught her breath. Why not?

"Because I haven't the courage, I suppose?" said Moya, on that sob. "Because telling the truth would mean losing his respect and love. Because now he thinks me true and worthy, and then he would know me as I am. Yes, that is what it all is, the beginning and end of it. I haven't the courage."

Because she had not the courage she had run away like this that she might not have to say good-bye to him. Mingled pride and shame still fought for mastery. Pride that he loved her, pain that she was not the least worthy of such deep love, she so frivolous, who had played with love as with some game.

"But he doesn't know that," said Moya to herself. "Better that he should think anything but that."

But, then, looking up, her sad eyes suddenly widened. For Guy himself was coming along the sands. He came slowly and quietly, and the calm in his bearing quieted the agitated beating of Moya's heart.

"I've come to say good-bye," he known it for some time now. That you've come right into my life, and are the spring and centre of it."

"Oh," cried Una faintly. She put out her hand gropingly as if for support and shrank away as he caught it. "Oh, how can you? When there is Moya!"

"Moya! All that was unreal. A pretence!"

Una tried to shake off his hand. "I will not listen. Oh, Barry at least I thought you honorable. And now you—you——"

"Tell you the truth," he finished. "What you would have known long ago if I had had my way. Well, I can keep silence no longer. Not even for Moya's sake. Our engagement was pretence from the first. She asked me in fact, to help her—to save her pride, she called it. She thought Guy Berkeley was coming down here or the purpose of marrying her as a sort of reparation for her lost fortune. She knew Mrs. Raleigh was bent on making such a match. And she thought the only way out of it was to become engaged at once, to foil all plans, and prevent all gossip. In a foolish, reckless moment I agreed to her plan. And have been sorry enough for it since. So has she, I suspect. She even told me the other day she hated me. And we were good enough friends before. Friends! No more than friends. And I soon found I wanted something more than a friend. So at last I learned the truth. It was pretty hard on me, I think, bound as I was to Moya. And I've felt fairly desperate at times, for I was losing the little that I could at least call my own—your society and your companionship Una, is that all I can claim as mine?"

She had listened, doubtfully, half-steeling herself against it. She turned now, and the color stole up her cheek.

And all at once she ceased to wrest her hands from from his grasp. He drew her nearer, nearer.

"You don't love me surely?" he said in a low, awed whisper. "Una, I know I'm not good enough, and yet—dearest!—my own heart's darling——"

There was silence for a moment as his lips found hers. "Of course, I love you," said Una then with a ripple of the softest, sweetest laughter running through it, in tune with the rippling river that ran at their feet. "Of course I do, you blind, stupid boy."

I wonder how it came about that there was such tenderness in those last teasing words, that it satisfied Barry more than any mere praise could have done! But so it was. He said grudgingly:—

"But you haven't forgiven me yet."

"No," smiled Una. "I shan't forgive you for a long time. I have all pretence, and all deception. You know that. Besides——"

That one last word concealed such pain and struggle ever since Moya had announced her engagement, and still more ever since Una had guessed and grieved over the fact that they were not happy together in their engagement.

"And Guy?" demanded Barry jealously.

"Guy!" echoed Una absently. She seemed to have forgotten all about Guy. Of course Guy was a very splendid sort of man, but he was older than Barry, grey-haired, worn with life. And Barry was radiant with strength and young life. He had the making of a man in him, rather than the accomplishment. And Una thrilled to the thought of that making, to the future. She was not like Moya, who needed, and knew she needed, strength to lean upon. Rather Una had strength to give, and tenderness in plenty to bestow on this her "blind, stupid boy," who had so nearly missed love.

"Oh, don't let's talk about Guy," protested Una.

"About what then?" asked Barry. "About those old maids who once lived here?"

that it was more pain than joy, as two strong arms lifted her up from the breakwater where her head rested sobbingly.

"My poor silly little girl!" Guy's voice was tender, there was no note of laughter in it. But Moya caught her breath on a sob that turned to a laugh.

"Yes, that's what I am," she whispered. "So silly—you can't love me any more when you know what I am. Not the least like the girl you thought me. And yet, oh, I did not want to lose your love!"

"And so this was all it was! And you would have let me go away, Moya, grieving for you, because I could see your engagement was not happy. Ah, I could have borne everything if I had known you two were happy. And yet you would have let me go away grieving.

"I did not think of that," she owned, "but I could not bear your going away, blaming yourself. Guy, I could not bear that. I could bear better losing your love."

"Do you think anything you could do would cause that?" he asked gravely. And she heard the conquering love in his voice.

"I deserve it," she protested. "I'm not the girl you loved."

But then Guy laughed. "You must leave me to judge about that," he said. "And you were afraid to tell me? I've been an ogre all along; I see that. A bogey before you saw me—when you had to get yourself engaged at double-quick speed for fear of finding yourself engaged to me. And a bigger bogey still when you did see me."

"I don't know now however I could have been so foolish," sighed Moya. "And I thought it such a good joke at the time."

She looked up at him timidly. He did not seem so very angry after all.

"You'll have to teach me so much," she said softly. "Perhaps you'll get tired of teaching me."

"Perhaps I shall," agreed Guy with a smile. "But then it's just quite possible you have something to teach me, too."

She laughed at that. But his smile was grave. "Happiness," he said, "and love. I never learned either of those before I saw you. Moya, why do you look so doubtful? Dear, don't you know we learn best from mistakes?"

"Do you think we do?" she asked. Her voice was tremulous. "But we lose so much, too."

"And gain," he finished. "Lose perhaps what we are best without, and gain what we need most of all. Moya, let us think of the future, not the past. Do you know you will marry but a poor man?"

There was teasing in his smile now. She met it hesitatingly, as she thought of her mother's ambitions.

"Yes, poor," said Guy. "You will do well to think of that. We shall have the spending of much money, it is true. And there is joy in that spending, I know. Yes, the purest joy. Nevertheless, I call myself a poor man."

"And I think you are the richest man I know," she said softly.

"There are several ways of looking at that," he smiled. "Yet at this moment I'm inclined to believe in what you say. Well, think it over, Moya. Spending one's all for others, living poorly that others may not be poor, if you call that riches——"

She looked up at him anxiously. "Why do you ask me this?" she cried. "Do you think I should fail in such a test?"

"No, a thousand times, no!" he answered. "It is because of what I do think about you, Moya, that I have the courage to call you to such a life, and know you will come."

To call her. Yes, she thrilled to that call. Because it meant that he trusted her, that he thought her worthy in spite of all. And to that call rose all the best in Moya, all that had been hidden in her heart, waiting for the voice to rouse it into life.

The call of love! It came and claimed her. And Moya answered the call in the fullest trust and joy.

THE END.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $1 per box, six for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

ASTHMA

Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules are guaranteed to relieve ASTHMA. Don't suffer another day.

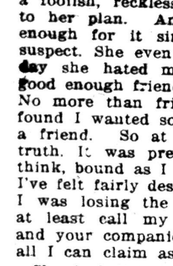
Write Templetons, 142 King St W., Toronto, for free sample.

Reliable druggists sell them at $1.04 a box. 70

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

This is a Short Letter, But It Proves the Reliability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bothwell, Ont.—"I was weak and run down, had no appetite and was nervous. The nurse who took care of me told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I am getting strong. I recommend your medicine to my friends, and you may use my testimonial."—Mrs. W. J. Brady, R. R. 2, Bothwell, Ont.

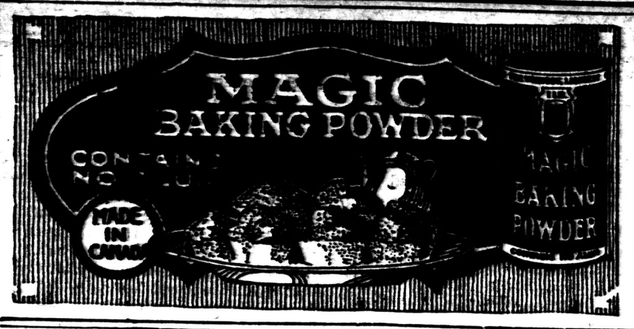


The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful in overcoming woman's ills is because it contains the tonic, strengthening properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, which act on the female organism. Women from all parts of the country are continually testifying to its strengthening, curative influence, and as it contains no narcotics or harmful drugs it is a safe medicine for women.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read, and answered by women only.

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp, held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sunburn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

ALFRED STOKES,
General Secretary.



JOY AND GLADNESS FOR THE CHILDREN

Every child—whether it be poor or rich—is entitled to joy and gladness. Health is the birthright of all, and there is absolutely no doubt that the healthy baby is a happy baby. It is the baby's nature to be happy—not cross. Only the sickly baby is cross. The well child is a joy to the home—it is a laughing, gurgling, happy little piece of humanity which drives dull care from the household. The sickly baby is the opposite—he is cross and peevish; cries a great deal and is a source of constant worry to the mother. But, mothers, there is no need of your little ones being sickly. Regulate the baby's bowels and sweeten his stomach with a gentle but thorough laxative and baby will soon be well and happy again. Thousands of mothers have proved this through their use of Baby's Own Tablets—there is a smile in every dose of the Tablets. Give them to your baby and make him happy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

QUEER COINS.

The great war brought into circulation some very odd kinds of money. There was lack of copper and nickel throughout Europe, owing to the demand for those metals for munitions, etc.; and, to aggravate the situation people everywhere took to hoarding coins.

Germany issued hundreds of millions of five-pfennig and ten-pfennig iron coins coated with zinc to prevent rust. Iron coins were likewise minted by the Governments of Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

The Germans issued one-pfennig pieces of aluminum, and in Algeria also aluminum coins of five centimes and ten centimes made their appearance in circulation.

Germany issued muslin notes, and the local governments in that country and in Austria printed paper money of the smallest value ever known, representing one-fifth of a cent.

Even more curious was the pasteboard money issued in some of the enemy-occupied cities in France. It was in denominations up to five francs, and was of different colors and shapes—square, round, octagonal, oval and diamond shaped. This "card money" was guaranteed by the local municipality, and was good only for use in transactions with merchants of the town where it was issued.

Meanwhile, the clever Japanese bought up in China nearly all of the visible supply of "cash"—the copper pieces with square holes for stringing them together. At the enhanced price of copper they were worth considerably more as bullion than as money.

Keep the Bowels Regular and You'll be Healthy

For a Quarter You Can Assist Them Wonderfully With Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

You'll never have health if the bowels are inactive. By keeping them right you ensure a clean, wholesome body. Why wait for constipation to clog up and sicken the whole system—use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they are the finest, mildest laxative known; put strength into the muscles of the stomach and never injure the delicate lining of the bowels. They get you in the habit of performing a certain function at a certain time, and thereby restore normal conditions. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are best because they help Nature help herself, and thereby keep the stomach strong, digestion good, blood pure, complexion clean, spirits bright and happy. Price 25c.

PROBABLY.

Miss Snip: "I wonder why Maud gave her age as twenty-five when she married that rich old man?"

Miss Snappe: "Oh, I suppose she made a discount for cash."

An Oil of Merit.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is not a jumble of medicinal substances thrown together and pushed by advertising, but the result of the careful investigation of the curative qualities of certain oils as applied to the human body. It is a rare combination and it won and kept public favor from the first. A trial of it will carry conviction to any who doubt its power to repair and heal.

RHUBARB DESSERTS

This excellent spring tonic may be just as healthful served stewed as first course for breakfast, but it has many tasty possibilities for other places in the daily menu. Half a dozen delicious desserts can be made from it, without causing the family to say, "What, rhubarb again!"

RHUBARB PIE DE LUXE

For a company dinner try this way of preparing your rhubarb pie: Make a fairly thick under crust and brush it over with white of egg to keep it from getting too soggy. Fill with partly stewed and sweetened rhubarb to which an egg has been whipped, half a teaspoonful of butter added and a few drops of lemon juice. Put the top crust on in latticed strips and bake till done. Then make a meringue of the white of one egg, slightly sweetened, put a dab of the meringue in each open square between the strips of crust, brown for a few minutes in the oven, and you have a pie fit for a king.

RHUBARB JELLY

Skin and cut a pound of rhubarb in small pieces, cook with a cupful of sugar until soft, but not broken. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in half a cupful of cold water until soft, then strain into the hot rhubarb with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Pour in a mold and chill. Serve with whipped cream and sweet crackers.

RHUBARB PUDDING

Line a bowl with a good short pie crust. Fill with sweetened leftover rhubarb to which a third the quantity of raisins has been added. Put a pastry covering on the pudding, pinching the edges together well to keep the juice in. Tie the bowl in a pudding cloth and plunge in boiling water to cover. Boil for about two hours. Turn the pudding out carefully and serve with hard sauce or cream.

Heals Inflamed Nostrils Stops Catarrhal Discharge, Cures Colds Quickly

Poor remedies have given Catarrh the reputation of being incurable. But it is curable, easily and quickly, if the right method is employed. Snuffing a powder or ointment up the nose won't cure Catarrh, neither will tablets, douching, or stomach medicines cure. These treatments fail because they only affect local conditions, they do not remove the cause, which is germ life established in the lungs, bronchial tubes, and nasal passages. Ordinary remedies do not reach these remote parts, but Catarrhozone does, for it is breathed through the inhaler into every air cell in the lungs, into every air passage in the head and throat. No matter where the Catarrh is Catarrhozone will reach it. It kills the germs, heals sore spots, clears the nose and throat instantly. Universally used; pleasant and clean; guaranteed to cure or money refunded.

Don't be an object of aversion to everyone you meet—get Catarrhozone to-day and use it regularly; it will cure your Catarrh, Bronchitis, Throat Trouble, spitting and gagging. Large size lasts two months, price $1.00; smaller size, 50; sample size, 25c; at all dealers.

The Eiffel Tower in Paris.

The Eiffel Tower on the Champ de Mars, Paris, was completed in 1889 for the great Exhibition. It is 984 feet high, more than twice as high as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which is 404 feet in height. It was erected by Alexander Gustave Eiffel, an eminent French engineer, who also built the framework for Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty in New York harbor. The base is a square of 112 yards, from each corner of which rises the four curving supports of interlaced ironwork. At 590 feet these coalesce into a single shaft. There are three platforms at various heights, to which the ascent is made by lifts. There is also a stairway with 1,927 steps. Its total cost was $1,600,000, of which the state contributed $360,000, but the entrance fees during the first year it was opened more than covered its cost. In 1909 the tower became the property of the city of Paris.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.

Gathering Life's Gold.

The gold of life does not lie hidden in mines; it sparkles in tiny sands all along the common path of every day. He only who gathers it bit by bit from daily duties and pleasures and opportunities and friendships will find himself the possessor of the real treasure at last.

AND HOME AND FIRESIDE

VARIOUS FRUIT RECIPES.

STEAMED ORANGE PUDDING.

Pour a cupful and a half of scalded single cream, or rich milk, over one cupful of grated crumbs. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter and let stand 15 minutes. Beat four eggs with one-fourth a cupful of boiling water and strain. Add a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of coloring to tint a deeper pink. Chill lemon juice, the peach pulp and fruit in a pan of ice water and when quite thick beat with a wire spoon until frothy, then add the stiffy-beaten whites of three eggs and beat until stiff enough to drop. Have ready a mold lined with halves of peaches with blanched almonds arranged to look like the pits. Turn the mixture into the mold, chill and serve with rich cream, plain or whipped.

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DATE TAPIOCA.

Pour three cupfuls of boiling water over one-half cupful of minute tapioca and boil the whole for 15 minutes, or until clear. Cool about half and then stir into it one-half cupful of stoned and cut-up dates with from one-half cupful to one cupful of sugar, according to taste. If the tapioca has a noticeably starchy flavor when cooked, more than a half cupful of sugar may be needed; otherwise this amount is sufficient. Serve with cream for a delicious dessert of high nutritive value.

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APPLE INDIAN PUDDING.

Stir smooth a cupful of cornmeal into one pint of scalded milk. When thickened slightly, stir in one pint of pared and sliced sweet apples, half a cupful of molasses or sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter and one quart of milk. Bake four hours very slowly in a buttered pudding dish. To be eaten hot or cold with cream.

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COMPOTE OF PEARS.

Cut about a dozen large pears in two lengthwise, leaving on the stem, pare and core them. Pick over half a cupful of seeded raisins, cook in a little water until tender, then drain. To the liquid add sufficient hot water to make a cupful and a half in all, two cupfuls of sugar and a small lemon sliced in rounds. When the syrup boils, skim, add the pears and cook slowly until the fruit is tender, then lift each piece out carefully and arrange on a glass serving dish with the stems pointing outward. Add the raisins and a dozen or more blanched almonds to the syrup, boil it down until quite thick, then pour over the fruit. Chill and serve with cream.

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APPLE CHARLOTTE.

Cook grated and sliced apples, stirring constantly in butter, until soft and dry, adding sugar. Line a plain mold with slippers of bread all well dipped in melted butter, one overlapping the other; arrange lozenges of bread similarly in the bottom of the mold, turn in the apple and cover with buttered bread. Bake for half an hour in a hot oven. Serve with sugar and cream, or hot sauce.

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OLD-FASHIONED APPLE SAUCE.

Pare and quarter a pint of sweet apples, place them evenly in a quart earthen dish. Strew over them a half cupful of sugar. Then pare and quarter a pint of sour apples, place evenly on the sugared apples and sprinkle over them two-thirds cupful of sugar. Add a large cupful of water, cover with an earthen plate and cook in a moderate oven for six hours. When cool serve with cream.

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GRAPE FRUIT SALAD.

Peel the fruit, separate the sections, remove the skin and take out the seeds. Blanch Malaga grapes by throwing into hot water for a minute, cut in two and remove the seeds. Mix with the grape fruit and serve with mayonnaise. Garnish with lettuce and celery.

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DATE APPLE SAUCE.

Peel, core and cut in thin slices two large apples. Cover with one cupful of cold water and put to stew. When about half done add one-half cupful of dates, stoned and chopped, or simply cut up. It will not be necessary to add any sugar, although a little may make the sauce more palatable to some tastes. This combination without sugar is very good to serve with bacon or any of the pork dishes with which apple sauce is acceptable.

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RICE AND DATE PUDDING.

Put two tablespoonfuls of rice into a quart of milk; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; bake slowly, stirring often, till it begins to thicken; draw it out, add a cup of washed and cut dates, and bake without stirring, but occasionally lift the bottom and turn over all; when smooth and creamy let it stand and brown without touching; serve very cold.

Speaks Right Out and To The Point

MISS LADERONT SAYS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS HELPED HER KIDNEY DISEASE.

Bigwood Lady Points the Way to Health to the Weak, Weary, Nervous, Run-down Women of Canada.

Bigwood, Ont., June 14th (Special).—"Dodd's Kidney Pills relieved me of kidney disease."

That is the statement of Miss Laurance Laderont, a highly esteemed lady living here. It is short and to the point. There can be no misunderstanding of its meaning. It is a clear and ringing message to women all over Canada. It tells them where they, too may find relief.

For ninety per cent. of the ills from which women suffer come from weak or diseased kidneys. They are the organs that strain all the impurities, all of the seeds of disease out of the blood. If they fail in this work the impurities remain in the blood and are deposited all over the body. The results show themselves in weakness, weariness, nervousness, headaches, backache, dropsy and rheumatism.

Ask your neighbor if all these diseases cannot be avoided by using Dodd's Kidney Pills to strengthen the kidneys.

SUSPICIOUS.

(Boston Transcript.)

"Edith says Jack Hunter is a man after her own heart."

"That may be what he is after, but if it is it doesn't explain why he was looking her father up in Bradstreet yesterday."

The use of Miller's Worm Powders insures healthy children so far as the ailments attributable to worms are concerned. A high mortality among children is traceable to worms. These sap the strength of infants so that they are unable to maintain the battle for life and succumb to weakness. This preparation gives promise of health and keeps it.

BUSINESS GIRLS AND TEACHERS

SUFFER FROM OVERTAXED NERVES AND OFTEN A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN.

Thousands of earnest intelligent young women who earn their livelihood away from home, in the school room, in public offices and in large business establishments, are silent, suffering victims of over-taxed nerves and deficiency of strength. Weak, sleepless and nervous, they work against time, with never a rest when headaches and backaches make every hour seem like a day. Little wonder their cheeks lose the glow of health and grow pale and thin; their eyes are dull and shrunken and beauty slowly but surely fades. Business women and girls because of their work and worry, look older than their years. What they need is the frequent help of a true, strengthening remedy to carry them through the day. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are like actual food to the starved nerves and tired brain of the business girl. By making rich, red blood they supply just the kind of help girls need to preserve their health and energy, and their good looks. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills bring bright eyes, rosy cheeks, high spirits and thus make the day's duties lighter.

Miss Mary H. Hunt says: "Many people think of the life of a school teacher as one of comparative ease, with short hours and holiday plentiful. But the reverse is the case. When one has to stand day after day, year in and year out, with the worries great and small, from handling children, it begins to tell upon even the strongest, and especially upon the nerves. I had been teaching about five years and was then located at Springfield, Ont., when I found I was far from having the vitality I started out with. Before my term was out I had a complete nervous breakdown. I tried doctor's medicine and it helped, but only for a while. I then tried osteopathic treatment but with no better results. I suffered from loss of appetite, slept poorly, was nervous and troubled with severe headaches. Holidays came and I tried a change of schools, but got into a harder place where I had over fifty pupils under my care. There were days when it seemed impossible for me to carry on my work. At this stage my sister, who had also been a teacher, strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took the advise and by the time I had finished my second box, I felt that the pills were helping me. I was on my ninth box when I decided there was no necessity for continuing the treatment, as I had never felt better, and had gained twelve pounds in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with plenty of fresh air, worked wonders in my case and I should advise the use of them to any other run down teacher."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Neat Blarney.

"Why does your horse go so slow?" asked a tourist one day in the Glen of the Downs, Ireland, of his driver. "It is out of respect to the bayutiful scenery, yer honor—he wants ye to see it all. And thin he's an intilligent baste, and appreciates good company, and wants to kape the like o' ye in ould Ireland as long as he can."

After 10 Years of Asthma Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy proved the only relief for one grateful user, and this is but one cure among many. Little wonder that it has now become the one recognized remedy on the market. It has earned its fame by its never failing effectiveness. It is earning it to-day, as it has done for years. It is the greatest asthma specific within the reach of suffering humanity.

A Dog and An Egg.

A farmer in a western state possessed two dogs, a big one called Alice and a small one that was named Billy. Alice, greedy creature, was fond of fresh eggs. When she heard a hen cackle she always ran to look for the nest. One day she found one under the shed. She went away and soon returned with Billy, bringing him just before the hole.

Billy was stupid and did not understand. Alice put her head in and then her paws without being able to reach the eggs. Billy seemed to understand what was wanted. He went under the shed, brought out the egg and put it before Alice, who ate it with great satisfaction, and then both dogs trotted off together.

50,000 MEN WANTED

Before next month this number are wanted to step up and have their corns removed with Putnam's Corn Extractor—it's painless—safe—sure. Use only "Putnam's," it's the best, 25c, at all dealers.

HIS CRIME.

"For what are you incarcerated here, my poor man?" asked Mrs. Strongmind.

"I married a new woman," answered the prisoner.

"Impossible! Who couldn't be put in jail for that?"

"But I was! I married a new woman, and the old woman I already had kicked about it, and had me put here for bigamy."

Corns are caused by the pressure of tight boots, but no one need be troubled with them long when so simple a remedy as Holloway's Corn Cure is available.

MET THE EMERGENCY.

Hotel Clerk—The gentleman in 201 says that his room is full of steam from the laundry.

Proprietor—He does? Add $1.50 to his bill for a Turkish bath.

One of the commonest complaints of infants is worms, and the most effective application for them is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.