BEWARE OF

COOL WEATHER Causes Much Distress to Throat and Lung Sufferers

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GRAVE DANGER

Observes Dr. Slocum, if a cold is allowed to run, La Grippe, Pneumonia, or Bronchitis is sure to follow if "Psychine" is not taken to prevent its truth. progress.

Don't experiment with cheap cough mixtures or like decoctions, which at best can only temporarily relieve, until you are forced to your bed from which you will arise frailer-the more easy victim for consumption. This is the season of the year when people are started on the rapid read to the consumptive's grave, declares the eminent Lung Specialist.

(PROHOUNCED SI-KEEN)

will rid the system of all tuberculosis poison and build up weak and wasted bodies with healthy tissue. "Psychine" is a tonic and it creates strength, gives you a ravenous appetite and produces healthy flesh. In cases of obstinate coughs, pains in the

lungs, sore throat, headache, pains in the limbs, extrense weakness, you cannot afford to be for all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and if you have the least sign of a cough sudden chill, shivery feeling, cold feet or de-pression, procure "Psychine" from your

If your druggist hasn't "Psychine" in stock, write Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, and a sample bottle will be sent you promptly.

DoOc0e0c0c0c0c0c0c0c0c0c0c0 SIDE COMB

By SYLVIA LEE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure DeOeOeOeOeOeOeOeOeO

When the girl one loves as one has never loved before throws her arms about one's neck and says, "And I think it would be so lovely to have diamond side combs instead of a solitaire, if you don't mind, dear," and blushes-

Well, one buys the side combs withreflects. But then it's too late.

Leda wore the two starry bands so deftly posed amid the knotted tangles of her sunny curls that they suggested a diadem and in nowise led any man to the conclusion which time honored custom has drawn from the solitaire. In fact, before the betrothal was a wonder.

side club, young Wrycroft, the very famous half back, invited Leda to go went Harkness not only wondered, but grit his teeth as well. No man who has spent ten years dancing attendance on other men's fiancees and other | went on with his toilet. future wife is off with a fellow whose name has headed newspaper columns and whose chest can bardly find space for all his medals. The couple were gone an hour and seven minutes by a watch which had come down through three generations of the Harkness famfly, and when they did reappear the owner of the watch stood at the head of the wide stair and claimed the young lady for the next waltz. Wrycroft, happily oblivious to his crime, strolled off, and Harkness led the girl around the wide promenade to a place which was quiet and retired enough for private conversation. He was boil-

Lame Back for Four Months.

Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Help.

Plasters and Liniments

No Good.

This was the experience of Mr. Benjamin Stewart, Zionville, N.B.

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Doan's Kidney Pills CURED HIM.

He tells of his experience in the follow-Ing words: "For four months I was troubled with a lame back and all this time was unable to turn in bed without help. I tried plasters and liniments of all kinds but with no effect. At last I was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and by the time I had aced two-thirds of a box my back was as well and as strong as ever and has kept se ever since.

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ing within, but nothing could have been more sweetly calm than the way in which he put his arm about her and asked with careless placidity: "Did you row far, dear?"

"I didn't row at all," said Leda. "He rowed." Harkness kissed her with exceeding gentleness. "Did you land anywhere, darling-on the Point, for instance?"

"N-u-u-o," said Leda. Harkness passed his finger over her pretty hair in silence for a few minutes, and then he suddenly gave a sharp exclamation:

"Good God, Leda, you've lost one of your combs!" Leda put both hands to her head and almost shricked as she realized the

"Perhaps you forgot to put one in?"

said her lover. "No: I had them both, I'm sure." She began to cry. Harkness scratched matches, and they both looked all over the floor, but not a diamond glittered in the general gloom of the hour.

Very much later in the evening while Harkness was twostepping with Mrs. Lancaster a sudden turn showed him Leda speaking earnestly to Wrycroft. Wrycroft looked terribly used up, and Harkness smiled grimly.

"Oh, what a smile!" said Mrs. Lancaster. "It's both impressive and frightening. You make me afraid of you, and yet I admire the smile."

Harkness wondered if he wasn't a fool to be contemplating the addition of another wife to the assemblage.

"You look like a cross between Mephistopheles and Machiavelli," went on Mrs. Lancaster, who was slender and never lost her breath. "Which do you

"I can't spell either," replied Harkness shortly. He felt inclined to join the next expedition to the north pole. The dance endured exceedingly late. It was quite 3 when the last woman

retired, and a half dozen men were still lounging on the piazzas when the first gray streaks of dawn appeared above the Point. Harkness sprang up when he perceived them and yawned "I'm going to bed," he declared, "and

I shall not tarry long upon the order of my sleeping, either."

Young Wrycroft stood up, too, and passed his hand over his forehead. "I don't feel very fit," he said slowly. "I believe I'll go for a little row and maybe take a dip from the Point."

He went down the steps as Harkness entered the house. Later curiosity led the latter to wander to the window and look to see if Wrycroft was really car- | first crops that they raised was a conrying out his purpose.

out a question, and later perhaps one opposite, and the rosy light of the rising sun illumined a figure which paced of this pleasant labor. Their one baby It thus befell with Harkness, and restlessly up and down the rustic paths was left in a cradle at the edge of the skirting the shore.

"I shouldn't call that exactly swim- instructed to watch the tiny sleeper. ming?" said Harkness to himself a little grimly. He pulled down the shade with a violent jerk and got into bed.

It was quite noon when he awoke. The day was glorious, and the bosom week old Harkness himself began to of the lake was dotted with sailing parties. He gave the bell two punches And when, at a dance at the Lake- for hot water and twisted the dressing case toward the window as a preliminary to shaving. The mirrer reflected out for a moonlight row around the the Point, and as Harkness started to pier with him and Leda accepted and | tip it he saw a girl disembarking alone. He unhung his field glasses.

Yes, it was Leda!

He threw the glasses on the bed and

men's wives is going to enjoy life | Every one was at luncheon when he while his own personal flancee and went down, and as he stopped by Leda's chair to remind her that she was to drive out with him at 3 he could not help seeing how wretched she looked. Her hair bore no sign of

When they went out later there seemed to be a species of shadow mixed with the preliminary silence. The man spoke first (and he waited

a good while). "You haven't found it, have you?"

"Oh, dear, no." "Don't you think perhaps it fell out

in the boat?"

"Why, there was nothing in the boat to loosen it."

Harkness felt the corners of his mouth suddenly give way even while his temper rose. He looked off to the right for a long minute and then asked

"Was there anything at the Point to loosen it?" Leda's mouth flew open in undis-

guised fright.

"Who told you we were to the Point?"

"I knew it all the time." She began to cry.

"I never will again, truly."

"How could you behave so?" said the lover, launching himself suddenly into the full tide of his righteous wrath. "You put me beyond all patience; going off like that with Wrycroft, when you know perfectly well that you belong to some one else, and then actually letting him"-

Leda seized his arm. "Only once," she protested earnestly, "only once."

"Once is once too often," said Harkness, a great and exceeding bitterness welling up in his tone. "Once is a great, great many times too often, considering the situation. Now, Leda, listen to me," he continued sternly. "Either promise me that you will never, never again do anything in the slightest degree questionable or we'll call it all off, and you can give me back the comb that you still have."

"Oh, I'll promise!" said Leda, with a submissive choke. "I'll never, never do so again. Truly, truly. Upon my word and honor."

Harkness looked to the right and left and behind. Then he leaned down and kissed her.

Leda smiled happily, almost forgetting the side comb

"She's a dear le '12 girl," said her lover, and, taking and riving apparatus into his right hand, he mrust the

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left into his breast pocket and drew forth the missing comb. Leda screamed.

"Oh, where did you find it?" "I didn't find it anywhere," he said coolly, as he adjusted the reins again. "I took it out of your hair myself last

A Dog's Fidelity.

In the upper part of the famous Sequatchie valley, in east Tennessee, a man and his wife settled when the country was new and wild. One of the siderable field of cotton. When it was A rowboat lay on the sandy stretch | ready to be picked, they went out together, prepared to make a holiday out field, and the faithful old dog was

After a considerable time they looked toward the cradle to see if all was well there. They were startled by the discovery that the little couch had been turned completely over. The dog was making queer dives underneath and yelping as if in anger. As they hastened to the place they were horrified to find the animal's jaws covered with blood and instantly came to the conclusion that he had been rending the child with his teeth.

The angry father hit the animal a deathblow with a cudgel and then hastily turned the cradle right side up. There was the baby all unharmed, and there in the bedding was an enormous rattlesnake, killed by the faithful dog after a fierce fight, in which both combatants had received many wounds .-Springfield Republican.

Guns That Saved Lives.

Guns have plenty of uses apart from killing. For instance, the signal gun of a ship is intended solely for announcing her arrival on a coast. Again, in desert countries, where water is often difficult to collect out of a mere dampness of sand, a gun barrel sunk into the ground will collect moisture in the bore, and many a life has been saved by a timely suck at the muzzle.

Minute guns are fired for public mourning, and national rejoicings take the form of a royal salute.

A slaver captured with a cargo of slaves in the tropics was put in charge of a prize crew. On her yoyage the water ran short, and the slaves, slavers and prize crew were dying of thirst. This set one of the marines, a sergeant, thinking, and he hit upon a brilliant

After regaining reluctant consent from the captain he took all the available gun barrels, plugged up the breech ends of a few of them, filled their bores with sea water and set them end up

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among the coals of the galley fire. As the steam rose he ran it through other gun barrels until it got cool. The cooling steam collected in the shape of excellent fresh water, of which he procured a steady though small supply .-London Telegraph.

Strictly Regular,

The darky's fondness for chicken is only equaled by his dexterity in getting possession of the birds. Weak considerations of mine and thine do not trouble him in the least. In any event his logic is equal to the strain of a good excuse. Witness the following conversation:

"I see you have chicken for dinner." "Yessuh," says Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I hope you bought the chicken.".

"Well, no, but the transaction were strictly regular. Dat chicken has been restin' on my fence wifout payin' nuffin', an' I reckoned it were 'bout time to Cohclose!"-Kansas City Independent. 心解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解解的。

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

By Helene Wood

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"Elizabeth, the eternal feminine will assert itself."

Elizabeth put on her long blue painting apron without replying and began which when it feels does so with abanto stretch a canvas. She was adorable so, her gray eyes defiantly averted and a flush of anger on her cheeks.

"There you go again. If I don't know my own mind at twenty-six when will I?"

"At twenty-seven or eight perhaps. I hope sooner. Your ideas are all wrong. Believe me, the day will come when you will long for a home of your own and some one nearer than a girl friend or masculine admirer."

He had the last word, for the arrival of the model, a thin, shabby looking girl, put an end to the discussion. "Tomorrow at 5, then?"

Elizabeth gave a brisk little nod. She was already sketching in the outlines of her study, and Phil was forgotten before he had closed the door.

The young man was quite accustomed to such treatment. Admitted as he was to her most intimate friendship on an understanding of strict camaraderie, he broke over the traces every year, death was powerless to break. Silentwas invariably refused and bore his ly she put on her wraps, gathered Alan defeat with easy affount. Some day Campbell, sobs and all, into her arms she was bound to change her mind, and hurried down to the -th street

and he might be the lucky man. Elizabeth's own opinion was very Plumley alley proved to be a neat different. She had no time for thought flagged court and No. 19 a tiny white until her work was laid aside for the house with green shutters. A little old day. Then she sank into a nest of man, whose eyes were swollen with

cushions to think luxuriously. er care to leave her studio-above all, py." The poor old fellow tried in vain to marry. Had not the art school girls to control his grief. The girl shook the who married ceased developing intel- trembling old hand and turned away. lectually? Shut up in their own four unable to express her sympathy. Alan walls, they became entirely absorbed Campbell smiled after her like a sunin dear Tom or Dick and the children. beam.

child in a book or picture was very a shiver. Never had it looked more delightful, but the reality, a dirty lit- beautiful, more orderly or more cold tle creature always crying or being ill! and still. She would never leave her work, her "I want my muvver," a little voice studies, her pleasures, for a deadly kept sounding in her ear. Ah, these stupid family life. Never!

A cry of warning. The trolley car feel so, and yet, and yet she knew her stopped with a lurch. In an instant arms would always be empty and her the conductor and motorman were whole body hungry for the presence. down in the street, followed by most the caresses of a little child, something of the passengers. Elizabeth, impa- of her own, her very own, to love. tient at the delay, resolved to walk There was hardly time to arrange the block or two remaining. Her mod- her hair and light the spirit lamp beel would be waiting for her at the fore Phil knocked. Hoping that he

self the only woman in a large group things. She thought she was succeed- some, but I like the cat's high, proud collected about a sickening black mass ing until Phil said, "What's up, Elizawhich had splashed car wheels and beth?" cobblestones with blood. The con- "Oh," she replied, "I saw a frightful ductor, a good natured looking young accident this morning. I can't seem to Irishman, stood with tears rolling down forget it." Tears rolled down her his face. He was holding a golden hair- cheeks. ed baby, a toddler of a year or two. The motorman, white and frightened. Into his arms, but he only said cheerwas telling how the baby had sudden- ingly: ly run in front of the car and the mother had thrown the little one out of the way, only to be crushed herself.

The child began to cry, and the conductor turned to Elizabeth imploringly. "You take the baby, mum. The ambulance is comin'. The cops will be good." after findin' its relatives."

Before she could reply he had put the baby in her unresisting arms. Some moments later, hardly knowing how it had all happened, she found herself walking into her studio building carrying a little child. In her purse was a bit of paper inscribed "19 Plumley alley." It was the poor woman's address, to which she had promised to take him. A man she knew, who was

committed a crime and was relieved to close the studio door behind her. Then she put down her burden and looked at her watch. Ten o'clock! The model had come and gone. No hope now. She herself would have to take the child home. A short conference at the phone to a her the whereabouts of Plumley alley, eight squares south and just off the -th street car

When she left the phone she found the little one standing close by. Elizabeth studied him with half shut eyes. "Not bad," she thought-"a Dona-

tello, if the forehead were a little higher and the curls not so fine and tight. How I should like to paint him! Come here, little one. What's your name?" "Alan Campbell naughty."

"Are you naughty?" "'Es. I want my muvver." His mother! Elizabeth felt a quick pang of horror, "Come here, and I

will show you something pretty." She held out her watch. The silver and gold ornaments on its long chain jingled attractively. Alan Campbell slowly drew near the shining object. He seized it just as a little stray dog would have done a bit of cake-seized it and walked away. Then Elizabeth brought out pictures. It was surprising how quickly they were friends. sitting on the floor side by side look-

ing at "pussies" and "doggies." It was after 11 when Alan Campbell's face began to look doleful. "I want a cup of millik," he an-

There were a pitcher of cream, some biscuits and a glass of jelly in her stock of tea table provisions. With this luncheon spread out before bim, Alan Campbell was soon installed on the edge of the model stand.

When he had drunk all the cream except that which soaked into her pretty rug, when his face was gory with current jelly, and biscuits had lost their attraction, Elizabeth took one sticky little hand in hers and led him firmly to the washstand. After he was clean and dry she sank into a chair, exhausted.

"I want up on 'ap," cried a little voice appealingly.

She drew him up. For awhile he was amused by her velvet blouse; then his eyes began to close. Alan Campbell's head was on Elizabeth's shoul-

ly. He was fast asleep. Elizabeth had the true artistic nature don. The soft little body in her arms, the warm, sweet breath on her face, touched the very depths of her heart. Never in her life had she felt so strangely happy-happy and yet troubled. She was embarrassed before her own emotions and bent her head, clasping him more tightly. The world thought of her as a woman. She had a womanly poise and a strong character, but her heart, a girl's heart, could not understand this awakening of mysterious instincts, the motherhood beneath her culture and ambition and stronger than both. The flying moments, her

ten as she held the sleeping child. A half hour passed, an hour. Alan Campbell suddenly opened a pair of questioning blue eyes. Startled by the strange face, he cried: "Where's my muvver? I want my muvver!"

beloved work, everything was forgot-

His little body shook with sobs. Rudely aroused from her dream, Elizabeth felt a quick pang of jealousy. Yes, she was jealous of the woman whose hold on the child even

weeping, came to answer her ring. No. Phil was wrong. She would nev- Alan Campbell called "Huddo Gram-

Children! Elizabeth shuddered. A Elizabeth closed her studio door with

mothers she had been pitying, how she · · · · envied them now! It was ridiculous to

would not notice her red eyelids, she When she left the car she found her- concentrated her attention on the tea

Phil longed to take the sensitive girl

"There are many cruel things in this world. We can't help them. Try to forget all this. Put on your hat and come out to dinner with me. I'll tell you what-we'll go and see Wilson in 'The Matador;' make you laugh; do you

She only sobbed. Phil knelt beside her chair and took her hand.

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Inhalation of fine dust, heavy lifts, exposure to chilling winds-these are some of the things which make masons general. ly subject to attacks of kidney trouble and backache. Mr. Wm. St. Georges,

whose home is 651 Cumberland Street, WM. ST. GEORGES. Ottawa, Ont., is a stonemason by trade, and was so unfortu. cate as to become a victim of kidney complaint. The history of his case he gives

as follows, in a recent letter: "Dear Dr. Pitcher :- Permit me to write and thank you for your Backache Kidney Tablets which have done me so much good. "I suffered for two long years from weak back and kidney trouble. Last year I was completely used up so that I lost all courage, and had no hope of recovering. No one could do anything for me.

"During the first week of April last, I met with a friend of mine and he advised der. His right hand clasped hers tight- me O'o take your Kidney Tableta I thought I would try one box, and after I had finished this I felt so much better that I continued the Tablets until I had used in all six boxes. Every box I : made me feel better and stronger till new "I am now as strong and healthy as

ever I was in my life and can attend to my work, which is very heavy, as I am a benefit I received that anyone sufficing from lame back or kidney trouble will not be disappointed if they take your Tablets. Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are the most effectual remedy known to science for promptly relieving and perma-

nently curing backache, lame or wellback, swelling of the feet and less sould ing or irritation of the urine, swiment brick dust deposits, neural people, bed-wetting of children and all forms of kidney, bladder and uninary diseases. Price 50c. a bottle or 3 tor \$1.25. at all druggists or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto.

"Please don't cry. It hurts me to see

It was very un-Elizabeth-like, but somehow she let her head droop on his shoulder and closed her eyes, as Alan Campbell had done. It was so good to feel some one near, some one who was strong and who loved her. Phil could not understand, but was grateful for the miracle which had made the girl he loved seek his arms like a child. He spoke low and tenderly.

soler always?" He bent his head to her tear stained cheek and her little word of reply was not so loud as the glad beating of his

"Dear, won't you let me be your con-

"Only," said Elizabeth, when she had recovered something of her usual spirit, "don't flatter yourself it was your conquest. It was nothing at all but the eternal feminine."

The Independent Cat. so much as her absolute independence." said a man as he watched a big Angora sweep baughtly around the room. "You are bound to treat a eat kindly. If you abuse her or ill treat her she cares nothing more for you. Now, a dog will lick the hand that beats him, but a cat will have only the utmost contempt for you. This tendency of a dog to love its master even after it has been kicked may appeal to spirit better. This independent spirit of the cat crops out in many ways. You may slap her for stealing milk. but the next time she gets a chance she will steal milk. She will appropriate the best chair in the room and endure with a supercilious air your polite hints or stern commands to her to get down. But she will never budge until the spirit moves her or you remove her by force. If she is crazy to get in the window and you open it for her, she takes her time, stops to sniff a bit and does not allow you to think for one instant that she was at all concerned over the opening of that window. They are beautiful animals, and they know it, and if you don't like them they don't care a hang."-New York Times.



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urtain Scrim, reg 6c bd ! ushion and Chenille Cord ushion Forms 18 in reg inch Silk Ribbons, reg 7 and 14 inth Fancy Dres reg 28c bd 22c, ends of mat Pins, reg 10c

ancy Bead Chains in Wh

rist bags, very special D bd 1.70; f25 bd 95 c; mall Purses for Wrist Ba arge Fancy Tortoise Sh lack Silk Cord Girdles, Girdles, reg 85c xblood Belts, reg 28c bd emstitched Embroidery d 10c : 10c 7c. Fancy I ancy Silk, Battenburg to

tial Silk Handkerchiefs, Pieces Black Dress Goo ancy Colored Dress Good nk, Cardinal, Navy, Cr MHomespuns, \$1.10 bd \$ ameline Silks for Blouse ack Japan Silk for Blo hite Vesting for Blouses

hite Silk Handkerchiefs,

etland Floss and Berlin ack and Colored Scott ddwin Yarns, 6c for 5c gora Wools, white Gre ool Hoods, reg 50c bd Coulder Shawls, reg 55c dies' Wrappers, reg 1. dies' Cloth Mantles,

des' Seal Coney Scar Cles' Electric Seal Sca Alaska Sable Sc Goat Robes, neg 8 and Bocheran Caper es' Seal Gauntlets, s and Women's Mose Persian Lamb Ca os' Astrachan Mantl Persian Lamb C

say's Leader.