AN ALTERED PURPOSE

CHAPTER III.

During the next few days Rodbury was from home a great deal. To his wife's inquiries he repeated his statement that he had some important affairs to attend to; and in this he was in a sense telling the truth. Among other things he visited a shipping office in the city; he saw his solicitor more than once; he arranged with the executors of his grandfather's will, and he was with his friend Ashwell every day, sometimes twice in the day.

He was with him one night just before the time he had agreed upon to join Sparle, only one clear day being left.

"You do not look well, Cyrus," said his friend; "you are letting these matters excite you to a dangerous extent."

"Perhaps I am," returned Rodbury, passing his hand over his brow. He had indeed a fagged, haggard look, which justifies his friend's remark. "It is very well to advise me not to allow these things to worry me; but just consider for a moment what 'these things' are. No one but a scoundrel could do them at all. I have had such a hardening career, but I must own I am really surprised at having enough vitality in my conscience to disturb me."

"I am sorry to hear you speak like this," replied Ashwell, who was palpably hurt by his friend's words. "You know you are releasing the girl from a union which will soon be, if it is not already, hateful to her, while to you it must be simply maddening. You provide handsomely"——

"Oh, yes, yes!—that is all right," interrupted the other; "and you must not think I intended any reflection upon you—far from it. I know that your advice has been what you felt was the best; but then, you see, you have not to carry it out. I shall be out of the way of her ravings and frenzy, I know; but I can picture them, and shall hear them as plainly as though she was by my side. Then the children too—they are helpless innocent things, who have done me no harm."

"They will certainly not be helpless by your action," said Ashwell; "you provide for their education and their future. Do think, if only for a moment, of what they would grow up to be, with such a mother and such friends! However respectable according to their own standard, to you they would be a constant source of misery and mortification"——

"That is enough, Herbert," again interrupted the visitor. "I am going to do it; that is settled. But I am not well to-night; I shiver one moment, and feel all on fire the next. I shall not be better until the next two days are past. Everything is ready, and to-morrow night I start from Euston Square. I will tell you how I have arranged."

He went on to detail certain plans, connected, as the reader must long since have perceived, with the abandonment of his wife and children. He was going abroad for at least a year, perhaps two years—it might even be for ever; and a solicitor—not the Launceston family solicitor, we may be sure—would explain to his wife that the marriage being illegal, she was at liberty to marry again; that Mr. Robbury was gone, never to return, but that she was left independent, as were the children. This handsome mode of dealing with her would effectually allay all anger at the desertion; and long ere Cyrus returned from his tour, her wealth would have gained her an alliance in her own sphere, and all inquiry for him would have ceased.

Of course there were an infinity of details springing out of such a scheme as this; a mean dishonorable scheme, in which, but for the facility with which the best of us find arguments to justify our wrongdoing, it would have been wonderful to see such a man as Ashwell allowing himself to take an active part.

After a long interview, which was far from tending to compose his nerves, Rodbury went home, conscious that he was indeed "out of sorts," as he phrased it, and conscious too, once or twice, that he had forgotten where he was, and even where he was going. He rallied from this immediately; but these were ugly symptoms, and each moment he felt that he required a greater effort to throw them off. "I shall be glad when it is done," he muttered, as he turned into his own secluded street. "I shall not, I hope, then feel quite so much of the hangdog and the sneak as I do now. I can hardly bear to see the light in the window where I know Rose is waiting for me, listening for my step; and listening, too, for the slightest noise from the room where the children are sleeping. They have never done me any harm, and poor Rose has striven to the best of her power to make me happy. Egad! I am a model husband and father!"

Then, he started to find himself wandering into a wholly different train of thought, and although his feet had mechanically, as it were, carried him to his own gate, he had for the last minute been in fancy walking over the well-remembered downs and hollows among which his youth had been passed. "Another week of this would kill me," he muttered as he opened the door; "I almost wish I had not come home."

As he had divined, Rose was awaiting his return, and had prepared some delicacy—it passed for a delicacy with her friends—for his supper. When she found he would not touch the little repast, and complained of his head, her wifely anxiety took alarm; she noted how flushed and strange he looked, and insisted upon his lying down at once, then busied herself in applying cooling lotion to his brow, and made him a cup of tea, midnight though it was.

She was a good nurse, and a loving tender wife, despite her faults and vulgarities, for which, indeed, she was in nowise responsible. She had been taught no better; and that her character was such as Rodbury well knew it to be, proved the goodness of the heart, which could not be materially affected even by such a training as hers had been.

"If you are not better in the morning, Frank," she said, as she sat by the head of the bed, and looked anxiously into his flushed face, "we must send for Dr. Berge, the first thing."

"I shall be all right in the morning," said Rodbury; but his words were hardly distinct; "only I feel so chilly now."

She knew he could not be suffering from great cold, yet laid more clothes on him, and then in a few minutes he complained of the heat, and reproached her with smothering him under so many blankets.

All his utterances wandered away into broken incomprehensible speech; and thus it continued all night, Rose never slackening in her attention, or murmuring at the irritable, often unkind remarks he made. It was a long night, yet morning came at last; but no care on the part of Rose, no change from night to day, could benefit Rodbury, and Dr. Berge had to be sent for.

By this time the invalid had ceased to speak, or, at anyrate, to speak distinctly, although he almost constantly uttered unintelligible phrases. His danger of some kind of fever coming on; there had been a deal of it in the neighborhood, and she had been very frightened on account of the children.

The doctor said she was right. Her husband was down with a fever, but not of the kind which, as he knew, better than most persons, had been so rife in the vicinity. Her husband was suffering from smallpox. So, for the present, Frank Rodbury's scheme ended in the disease which seems to inspire more terror than any other of the malignant scourges which afflict humanity.

The house was speedily cleared of all inmates save the sick man, his devoted wife, and a trained nurse; for the Rodburys were for that neighborhood wealthy people, and could afford all which might lighten or soothe such an illness. Yet such an illness was never yet passed lightly through, although in the end Rodbury recovered, and was as well as before—he used in afteryears to say he was better—and although it happened with him, as it does now and then with such patients, that he was scarcely marked by the terrible "pitting" of the disease.

Dr. Berge congratulated him, and told him that he owed his escape chiefly to his wife, "who," said the portly, genial old doctor, "is the best nurse I ever saw. Mrs. Garminger, whom I recommended, you know, is a first-rate nurse, as professional nurses go; but it is no disrespect to her to say that Mrs. Rodbury is worth half-a-dozen of her or any other paid attendant."

Rodbury agreed in this opinion. He knew, and had marked all through, without prompting, what his wife had done; and now he was out of danger and could think collectedly, he did so think of Rose, and was not satisfied with his solution of the old problem, let him study it as he might.

With regained strength he felt, and despised himself for so feeling, his previous horror of his position; and with the morbid sensitiveness of an invalid noted, even watched for, the faults and shortcomings in the woman who had risked her own life to save his, and whose pale thin features so brightened up when she saw him smile, and who was so happy when he showed symptoms of reviving strength.

He had long since written to Ashwell, at an agreed adress, and directed to a feigned name—such an arrangement would be sure to suggest itself to Frank Rodbury. This was, in a sense, to Ashwell's relief, for he fully thought that his friend had gone abroad without seeing him again, or, which was as strange, without taking full possession of his inheritance. He, Rodbury, had said that he would call on his friend as soon as it was safe for him to go out, and consult him as to what should now be done.

Never before had Rodbury known such a conflict in his mind as to what he should do and what he ought to do. What he should and what he ought to do was, it was true, chiefly considered as regarded his own welfare and comfort; but yet some minor amount of thought for others mingled with this and greatly aided to trouble him. All through his life he had been accustomed to consult only the gratification of his own desires, and to act as seemed most agreeable to himself, so that even so much wavering as this was a sign of improvement.

But he was heir to a large fortune; there was a fine home in one of the most beautiful of English counties awaiting him, or scenes of gaiety and brilliancy in foreign lands might be his, should he prefer to seek them; and despite his better but feebler self, the loathing of his present home—and horror at the idea of taking from it such a woman as Rose to show as his wife—rolled back upon him like a tide, and he determined to carry out his old resolve.

"It will be better for her as well as myself," was the ready sophistry which rose in his mind. "She will be a good deal happier in her own sphere, where she shall never want; and the children—well, she would not like to lose them." So by the time he was fairly convalescent, his plans were in much the same position as before his illness.

He had been out several times. On the first occasion Rose went with him for a ride. This was in a carriage hired from the nearest livery stable. They traversed the West End of London—Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, Regent Street, Oxford Street, and the like being included in the tour—thus affording a treat of the highest kind to Rose, who, although a Londoner born and bred, had not seen this fashionable, this aristocratic, this fairyland district in short, half-a-dozen times in her life.

She was delighted with the excursion, and so pleased to know that her husband was able to be out again and could sit by her side, looking as handsome as ever—his beauty must be taken on Rose's estimate—that her poor eyes, weakened, it might be, by the fatigues of nursing, or perhaps by some hidden cause, filled ever and anon with tears. Yet she would not go for a second drive, and was indeed more languid and weak than even her recent fatigues would account for, or than suited her brisk, energetic temperament.

Rodbury saw this, but decided it would pass off; women were always nervous, or defiant, or excited. These, or one of these, accounted for all her symptoms to one so easily disposed to be satisfied.

Again the eve of his intended departure arrived; again he had an interview with Ashwell, when he boastfully contrasted his renovated health with the wretched state in which he was when he paid his previous farewell visit, as it was intended to be. Ashwell was less enthusiastic; he had been touched by what he heard of Rose's conduct, and had once or twice ventured upon a suggestion, or an approach to one, by which he hinted at Rodbury's taking his wife abroad with him, where nobody would know her, or be likely to find fault with her; but this was not well received, and so was not pressed.

Going home from this final interview—home for the last time! after that night he would be free from all these sordid surroundings—he was startled by coming suddenly upon Mr. Sparle, his partner, who was sauntering slowly up and down a neighbouring street, and evidently waiting for him. He was dressed respectably after his fashion; but this was a fashion which almost proclaimed his trade, and he was smoking a short clay pipe.

"I thought you were a hundred miles off, Jack," said Rodbury, overcoming a stronge impulse to shudder in disgust; "I did not dream of seeing you here."

"No, I daresay you did not," replied Sparle; "but somehow, I did not feel easy about Rose, and—and there were two or three other things weighing a good deal on my mind, so I have run up, you see.—No; I am not going in yet, nor you neither," he continued, as Rodbury was about to turn into the street in which he lived; "I want a little talk first."

"Talk away then!" exclaimed his companion, assuming a lightness and indifference he was really far from feeling.

"I came up to sew how Rose was getting on," resumed Sparle. "I was up two or three times while you were ill, as I suppose you know. But I heard from a party who lived about here some things I didn't like; and, in fact, he says he believes you are going to make a bolt of it."

This speech was enough to stagger most men. To find his secret intention so accurately divined, and by a stranger of whose very existence he had been ignorant! It required his utmost nerve to repeat his careless laugh, and to inquire: "What next? Am I going to take the stock with me, or do I mean to make you a present of it?"

"I had thought of that," said Sparle, after a pause; "and I am glad to hear you speak so easy about it. We have never been exactly chums, you know; but I did not believe you were the man for such conduct. But here is out candid and say who you are, and what your friends are? You never told us why you named your boy Cyrus; you never even told us what his right name was. I found out, however, that he was registered Launceston as well."

"You did, did you?" interrupted Rodbury.

"Yes, I tell you straight I did," returned his companion; "and more than that, I found there was a place of that name down below Plymouth; and I sent a man as had been in the police all the way down there to inquire after any Cyruses and Rodburys what he might find. It cost me ten pounds, if it cost me a penny, and all to no good."

"That was a pity indeed," said Rodbury as the speaker paused. He was far quicker than Sparle, and had run swiftly over the probable consequences of this activity on the part of his brother-in-law.

"Now, don't sneer at a fellow's anxiety," resumed Sparle. "I have no relations in the world but my sisters, and I would do anything for them; yes and for your two children Frank. You may not think it, but I am very fond of them as well, and I want them as well as Rose to be put straight, especially now."

For a little while Rodbury said nothing; his companion had unconsciously supplied him with additional reasons for carrying out his plans without delay. Sparle's quest had luckily failed, in one instance; but some unfortunate accident might betray him—Rodbury. The knowledge of his son's second name, given when he never dreamt of the inheritance which had since become his, and the bestowal of which he now bitterly regretted, showed how dangerous such inquiries might become.

"Well, we will go in now," he began at last, "if you have quite finished all you have to say."

"All right; I understand you," retorted Sparle. "I have pretty nigh finished, so we will go in. You have not been home all day, I believe?"

"No, I have not. You are correct in that belief, as in so many other things," replied Rodbury. "Have you anything to say about that?"

"Well," Sparle began slowly, after a brief pause, "not a great deal, only you heard me say 'especially now,' when I wanted things put straight, did you not?"

"I did; and wondered why it was 'especially now,' as you seem to have been meddling in my affairs for a good while past," was the gracious answer of Rodbury.

"What I meant was just this," continued the other: "you have not been home since breakfast, so do not know everything. If I was anxious about Rose before, I am more anxious now, for while you were out, she got worse. I went for Dr. Berge, and he says she is very ill. In fact, Frank Rodbury, your wife is took with the worst kind of smallpox, and I don't think even you will sneer at that."

"Rose attacked by smallpox!" echoed Rodbury, who was almost stunned for the moment at hearing this, while a host of images instantly flashed through his mind.

"Yes, sir," replied Sparle, gravely; "your wife is took with the smallpox, and Dr. Berge says it will go hard with her."

To be continued.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Paragraphs Which May be Found Worth Reading.

Vaccination has just been introduced in Afghanistan, by the advice of Miss Hamilton, an English physician, who is in attendance upon the Ameer.

The latest novelty is a folding coffin, which permits the corpse to be raised to a sitting position, so that it may be thus viewed by the mourners.

A Lady in Bath, Me., carried $56 in her stocking, deeming that a safe place. While running for a street-car her garter broke, and she lost the money.

A wealthy gentleman in Paris, whose wife could not resist the desire to gamble, has secured a legal separation from her. In six months she had lost 435,000 francs.

The wild tribes of the Caucasus, Russia, teach their children the use of the dagger as soon as the youngsters are able to walk. They are first taught to stab water without making a splash.

The mails between the New York city and the Brooklyn postoffices will, after March 1, be dispatched through pneumatic tubes. The time occupied in transmission will be three minutes.

An umbrella, to be used over a lapdog, is the latest wrinkle. It is attached to a frame which is securely belted around the little darling's body. Now, with a couple of pairs of overshoes, he can defy the rain.

The midnight music of cats so annoyed Jerome Summers, of Weaverville, N. Y., that he hurried out barefooted with his pistol to shoot them. In the yard he stepped on a rusty nail, which caused lockjaw, and in ten days he died.

A curious note of explanation accompanied some poetry received by a Michigan editor. The note ran thus: "These lines were written fifty years ago by a man who has, for a long time, slept in his grave merely for pastime."

Mrs. W. P. Howland, of Brooklyn, N. Y., placed a ten-dollar bill on a table in her house, intending to pay it to her grocer. A pet parrot took the bill in its beak, and with it flew out of the window, and neither has since been seen.

A "divine healer" in Belmond, Iowa, who pretends to be able to cure every malady by the laying on of hands, became doubled up with cramps, and had to be relieved by a stomach pump, engineered by a plain every-day doctor.

An addition to the telephone is a device which shows the photographs of the persons who are talking. You can thus see the picture of the person with whom you are conversing. This wonderful invention is the work of man in Alameda, Cal.

A broken-winded horse is rarely seen in Norway. The fact is accounted for by the statement that a bucket of water is always placed within reach of a horse when he is feeding, and the animal alternately takes a mouthful of hay and a sip of water.

It is asserted that the German Emperor, during the recent reception of the Czar in Paris, was so anxious to behold how the Parisians received the Russian ruler, that he visited the French metropolis in disguise, his eyes concealed behind green goggles.

MICROBES LURK IN THE 'PHONES.

The last accessory of our modern civilization to come under the ban of the scientist is the public telephone. Vienna physicians have traced cases of tuberculosis and other contagious diseases to the use of public telephones, and have recommended that a sponge and a solution of carbolic acid be kept in every station for a daily cleansing of the apparatus.

No. 1

Few Women

ENJOY LIFE AS THEY OUGHT.

Many are miserable, weak and sickly, and suffer untold miseries through ailments peculiar to their sex.

IT IS WRONG.

Most all these ills result from womb trouble of some sort. No woman can remain weak or ill who uses

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Miles' Sanative Wash.

Prices 75c and $5c. For sale by all Druggists. They impart vitality and energy, and make the life of the "Mother Sex" worth living. Explanatory pamphlet, "Woman's Triumph," free on application.

"A. M. C." MEDICINE CO., 378 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Medicines expressed to any address on order.

HOW A LIFE IS SPENT.

A statistician has estimated that a man 50 years old has worked 6,500 days, has slept 6,000, has amused himself 4,000 has walked 12,000 miles, has been ill 500 days, has partaken of 36,000 meals, eaten 15,000 pounds of meat, and 4,000 pounds of fish, eggs and vegetables and drank 7,000 gallons of fluid.

TO DRILL HOLES IN GLASS.

The Bulletin d'Apiculture states that holes can be easily drilled in glass with an ordinary drill, if the spot is moistened with a few drops of a mixture composed of 2 parts of oxalic acid in 12 parts of turpentine. Keep tightly corked.

FROM NEW YORK.

I am a commission merchant doing business in the West Indies. "I used some of your Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor when in Canada, and I think it is the best cure for corns I have ever seen. Please send me a few dozen for friends and customers in South America and the West Indies."— William Gould, New York City.

BICYCLE AGAINST PANTHER.

A bicycle race with a panther was the exciting experience of an English lady in Singapore one evening lately. When riding slowly homeward along a road outside of the town the cyclist found that she was being quietly stalked by a huge black panther. She had the presence of mind to start off at full speed, and soon distanced her pursuer.

LUMBAGO CURED.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Did What Doctors Failed To Do.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

Gives Way to this Marvellous Remedy, as Do All Afflictions Arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Kidneys.

Did you ever after weeding in the garden, or working over a low bench or table, in a stooping posture, try to straighten up, and feel a sharp pain as of a knife thrust through your kidneys?

That is lumbago.

When it becomes chronic it is one of the most agonizing forms of rheumatism. Sufferers from it have been known to commit suicide. They would gladly pay any price for surcease of pain.

Did you ever have it? Do you know what will cure it? Do you know that the same remedy that has made marvellous and many cures of Kidney Diseases of all kinds and descriptions acts as magic charm upon the excruciating affliction?

The following are copies of letters written the Dodd's Medicine Company, of Toronto, the makers and distributors of this wonderful proprietary medicine:—

"Gentlemen,—I have been troubled over two years with the first stages of Bright's Disease. I have used other medicines, but to no avail. I was so bad that I passed blood. Doctors told me I could get no relief. I heard of the wonderful cures Dodd's Kidney Pills had done I concluded to try them. I have used ten boxes, and I am completely cured. You may publish as you see fit, so as to help others.

"Theodore Young,
"Smith's Falls, Ont."

"Gentlemen,—I have been troubled for over one year with female weakness and urinal trouble. I have consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine that seemed to make me worse at times. I would be deaf and short-sighted. I was told of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got one box, and I have used part of the box, and I am completely cured. My urine is natural now. You may publish this if you like, that it may help others.

"Mrs. George Barnes."

Buzzfuzz—"Is there much difference between comic and grand opera?" Sizzletop (emphatically)—"Oh, yes! In comic opera the actresses wear the startling costumes; in grand opera they are worn by the society ladies, in the boxes."

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

HANDSOME TROUSSEAU.

The dress in which the Princess entered Rome was dark-green velvet, trimmed with sprays of red and white flowers, which also trimmed the richly embroidered collars. The colors represented the national colors of Italy.

The Princess's wedding gown was of heavy ivory-white satin, the skirt quite plain, with a broad band of silver embroidery and orange blossoms around the foot. Over this fell a court train four meters long of white brocade, embroidered with large bunches of marguerites and surrounded with a heavy ruche ornamented at intervals with sprays of orange blossoms.

The veil, a present from Queen Margherita, who took it from her famous collection, was of Venetian lace, and formerly belonged to Caterina Cornaro.

One very handsome dress the Crown Princess has is of gold-colored silk with rich silver embroidery, and another is of apple green with old-gold embroidery. In the bodice of the gold-colored costume are rose-colored carnations, and in the green one curiously shaped green orchids. In the choice of colors there is but little sign of the present popularity of bright colors. Only one white brocade dress, with beautifully painted poppies has a bright crimson velvet bodice—a dazzling effect.

Another dress of blue satin is entirely covered with gold embroidery. This costume and all the other house dresses are provided with a second bodice with long sleeves, so that they may serve as well for evening wear.

The indispensable tea gown forms part of their trousseau—a princess dress in rose-colored brocade with curious and original embroidery.

A dress in white tulle on a salmon-colored foundation, with ornaments in brilliants, is a striking costume.

The Princess's walking dresses show exquisite taste. The first traveling dress is in light brown cloth, trimmed with real lace. The second is of navy blue, with black embroidered edges, and a jacket to match.

The Princess has a number of capes. One of the handsomest is made of alternate stripes of thick fur and white lace on a pink ground.

PAIN CANNOT STAY

Where Nerviline—nerve pain cure—is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known. Nerviline never fails to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. Unequal for all nerve pains.

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE

FRIENDS THOUGHT THAT THE SPAN OF HER LIFE WOULD BE SHORT.

At Last With But a Grain of Faith Her Mother Administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and She is Now Cured.

From the Montreal Herald.

The world is full of change. There are changes that effect the constitution of the individual, changes that will come, we cannot avert their coming, but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence. Womanhood in its inception is susceptible of changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudential care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of reputed remedies the worst results may accrue. The constitution may be undermined and the germs of disease fostered. Vigorous life is at the basis of all enjoyment and success. To be weak is to be miserable. It is therefore fundamental to every interest of humanity that life's red, red stream be kept pure and healthy. Owing to neglect of these particulars many young women have allowed life to become a burden and a wearisome round of duties. Faint and weak very aptly describes their condition after venturing to perform some ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the house tops and whispered on the streets. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and twice ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say. In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. J. Macpherson, widow of the late A. J. Macpherson. She is well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson sent her eldest daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle and attended school, being then only about sixteen years of age. The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each particular she enjoyed a coveted measure of success, but at no small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and ruddy. Thinking that nourishing food and perfect quiet, with judicious exercise, would restore the lost vigor and ruddy glow, it was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was tried, but still Miss Macpherson was as pale as before, liable to turns of weakness and with an unsatiable desire for sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted. Iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything Owas done to help her recovery The friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables he (the dealer) took the liberty of making some remarks anent the health of Miss Macpherson, which was obviously not promising. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Macpherson was not over credulous of the qualities of the Pink Pills, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. Soon after beginning the use of the pills, says Mrs. Macpherson, I thought I saw a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in the course of a week or so my daughter felt better. The tired feeling began to vanish and the abnormal sleepiness began to yield to the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Continuing the use of the pills the progress of her restoration was continuous and complete, and her improved looks were the subject of favorable comment for some time. To-day her health is all that could be desired, and both the young lady and her mother are firm believers in the medicinal virtues of Pink Pills and often recommend them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

LIANE'S CAREER.

When Liane de Pougy was at Ostend this summer, at least 200 people gathered nightly outside the windows of her hotel to watch her dine, and when she appeared on the beach she was followed by a long procession of idlers. To see her delicately chiseled face, crowned by a mass of golden hair, her large wondering eyes, her graceful figure, one would little suspect her of the career she has made for herself in less than 30 years. The daughter of an army officer, and the wife of a Captain in the navy, she was, before the age of 25, one of the most notorious characters in the French capital. Her husband, however, was so infatuated with her beauty that even after she had deserted him to plunge into a life of dissipation, he still refused to get a divorce, hoping for her return, until he died of a broken heart.

WPC815

Suffering Women.

Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,

Warner's Safe Cure

By its purity and its power it furnishes a prompt relief for women in their hours of need, and if the grateful expressions which come up from the homes of the land about what SAFE CURE has done were printed, they would fill volumes. If you, reader, are a sufferer, can you not take hope from this suggestion?

Write to-day for free treatment blank. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Scott's Emulsion

Has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your Doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of man and fish.

Put up in 50c. and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby. At all Druggists.

CHILD SAVING WORK.

The work carried on in the interest of needy Canadian children by Rev. C. W. Watch, of Brighton, Ontario, is meeting with marked success. During the past month he has placed eight children for adoption in good Christian homes.

The work is entirely voluntary; no salaries are paid the workers, and no personal appeal made for funds, but the expenses are met by what is sent in freely by the friends of the needy children to sustain this work of faith and love. Children are received from any part of Canada, the only condition being that they are in need of a friend. Great care is taken in selecting the homes for the adoption of them, and Mr. Watch keeps careful oversight of his charges until they reach their majority. At present there are about a dozen little ones awaiting homes. These children are of various ages. Parties knowing of a child in need or desiring a child, should correspond with Mr. Watch.

Funds and clothing may also be sent to him to help support the work.

Cure the Cough with Shiloh's Cure. The best Cough Cure. Relieves Croup promptly. One million bottles sold last year. 40 doses for 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

"Aren't you giving your boy dancing lessons at a very young age?" "But we intend him for the army."

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant laxative. Regulates the bowels, purifies the blood. Clears the complexion. Easy to make and pleasant to take. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

"I am hopeful that you will pay me that $10 before the end of the week, Smithson." "That's right, old man. Be hopeful, but don't be sanguine."

Be Not Deceived. A Cough, Hoarseness or Croup, are not to be trifled with. A dose in time of Shiloh's Cure will save you much trouble. Sold by all druggists.

Poak—"The way of the transgressor is hard." Joak—"True; but the trouble is, it's generally hard on somebody else."

Garland Base Burners & Ranges are no higher in price than other first class goods, but are superior in many ways. Any Base Burner or Stove bearing the well known name "Garland" cannot be equalled. Merit always tells. Ask you dealer to show you these stoves.

Monthly Competition Commencing Jan. 1897, and Continued during the year

$1,625 IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES

GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH

FOR Sunlight Soap Wrappers

AS FOLLOWS:

10 First Prizes, $100 Stearns' Bicycle, $ 1,000
25 Second " $25 Gold Watch . . . 625
Bicycles and Watches given each month 1,625
12
Total given dur'g year '97, $19,500

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM — For rules and full particulars, see the Toronto GLOBE or MAIL, of Saturday issue, or apply by post-card TO LEVER BROS., LTD., 43 Scott St., Toronto

Central Business College
Stratford, Ontario
A large, finely-equipped, old-established institution—NONE BETTER IN CANADA. Best Business Education at Lowest Possible Cost. Graduates always successful. Write for catalogue. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

PROF. CHAMBERLAIN, Eye Specialist,

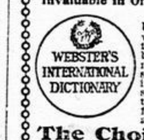
Will not travel any more but can be found at all times at his place of business, 79 King Street East, Toronto. Solid Gold Spectacles, sent by mail for $3.00, usual price $5.00.

TO INVENTORS. Patents obtained in all countries by International Patent Bureau, 12 Melinda St., Toronto. Longest experience, Lowest rates. Information free. G. O. FREEMAN, Manager. H. A. KELLOND, Expert and Examiner.

FREE!! BOOK BOOK BOOK FREE!!
YOUR CHOICE OF 3 Standard Works. If you wish a copy write for particulars. J. L. NICHOLS & CO., 33 Richmond W., Toronto

154—Young men and women—15
now in attendance at
CENTRAL Business College
TORONTO—Gerrard and Yonge Sts.,
Latest and best courses of Business Training. Most thorough and complete facilities for Shorthand and Typewriting are found in this College. Students assisted to positions. Get particulars. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

AGENTS WANTED.
Steady work and good pay to men and women. No experience necessary. Write at once. Address,
Standard Silverware Co.
246 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

Webster's International Dictionary
Invaluable in Office, School, and Home.


A thorough revision of the Unabridged, the purpose of which has been not display nor the provision of material for boastful and showy advertisement, but the due, judicious, scholarly, thorough perfecting of a work which in all the stages of its growth has obtained in an equal degree the favor and confidence of scholars and of the general public.
The Choicest of Gifts for Christmas.
IN VARIOUS STYLES OF BINDING.
Specimen pages sent on application to
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

St. Thomas, Ont.

This flourishing College will re-open on Jan. 7th, with graduating courses in piano, pipe organ, violin, painting, drawing, elocution, book-keeping, phonography, the public school teachers' courses, and select courses. Rates are moderate. 60 pp. Announcement free. Address, Principal Austin, B. A.

Fisher—"Do you believe in heredity?" Mann—"Sure. Many a time I have noticed that when a man was rich his son had the same trait."

DREADFULLY NERVOUS.

Gents:—I was dreadfully nervous, and for relief took your Karl's Clover Root Tea. It quieted my nerves and strengthened my whole Nervous System. I was troubled with Constipation, Kidney and Bowel trouble. Your Tea soon cleansed my system so thoroughly that I rapidly regained health and strength. Mrs. S. A. Sweet, Hartford, Conn. Sold by all druggists.

LIKE MY WIFE TO USE
"SALADA"
Ceylon Tea
Lead Packets Only — All Grocers
Black and Mixed — 25c., 40c., 50c., 60c

SAUSAGE CASINGS. English Sheep and American Hog Casings. Reliable goods at right prices. Park, Blackwell & Co., Toronto.

PARCHMENT BUTTER PAPER. We handle best quality only sold in lots to suit purchasers. Park, Blackwell & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

WANTED—Man or Woman, in every Town and City, to start a Kid Glove Dyeing and Cleaning Works at Home. No experience required with our new Dye and Outfit. $12 a week easily made. Full Particulars free. Address, ONTARIO DYE WORKS, TILSONBURG, ONT.

TRY
Watson's Cough Drops
R. & T. W. Stamped on each Drop.

SEND TO H. W. PETRIE FOR CATALOGUE OF NEW & 2ND MACHINERY TORONTO CANADA

NO LONGER AN EXPERIMENT. Band Saw Mills are no longer considered an experiment. The New "Allis" Band Mills are in successful operation from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Run in many instances by novices. No failures. Purchasers report smoother, truer lumber, cut nearer to ultimate size, and 15 to 20 per cent. more lumber from the same logs than if cut with a circular. Write us for particulars.
WATEROUS, Brantford, Can.

THE **SMUGGLER**
GOLD MINING AND MILLING CO., LTD.
Fully Paid-up Shares, only 25c. each, in blocks of not less than one hundred shares
This is a developed claim, with shaft 110 feet deep, and all in paying ore, mill tests showing magnificent results. Report of Minister of Mines very favorable. Send to GEO. H. MAURER, Sec'y, 34 Victoria Street, Toronto, for PROSPECTUS.

British Columbia Gold Mines FOR SALE
Trail Creek, Rossland, Kootenay, B. C., Gold Mining Stocks, "Josie," "Monte Cristo," "Old Ironsides," "St. Elmo," "California," "Alberta" and "Eldon" also "Big Three." Prospectus of which will be sent on application. Any stock wanted can be secured. For further particulars apply to
A. W. ROSS & CO.,
4 King Street East, Toronto.

$1.00 Cash For This
Electric Motor Complete with Battery and Chemicals. Get one for Christmas. Special prices to the trade in dozen lots. Get our catalogue of Electric Supplies. Toronto Electrical Works, 41 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Assessment System. Mutual Principle.
PROTECTION
Is what the Family Needs when the "bread-winner is gone.
Life Insurance
Provides Cash When Cash is most needed.
THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION,
E. B. HARPER, Founder.
F. A. BURNHAM, President.
Pays Promptly.
It is the largest natural premium life association in the world.
It has a Reserve or Emergency Fund of over thirty-four hundred thousand dollars.
It has paid policy-holders over Twenty seven Millions of dollars.
Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts. Circulars sent if requested.
A. R. McNICHOL, Manager for Manitoba, British Columbia and North-West Territories, McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.; D. Z. BESSETTE, Manager for Quebec, 12 Place d'Armes, Montreal, Que.; W. J. MURRAY, Manager for Nova Scotia, Halifax, N.S.
W. J. McMURTRY, Manager for Ontario, Freehold Loan Building, Toron