IS MADE THE VIC OF FOUL REVENCE TALLE TOHNNA ROSENEELD NEARLY STEE AT A MURDER-ER'S HANDS.

Lelloyne, a mysterious mger, takes a room at the Page home, presided over by ey, her mother Anna and Aunt Harriet, a fashionable breasmaker. Through the inmence of Dr. Max Wilson, a beildent young surgeon smitten with her charm, Sidney becomes bospital nurse. K. loves her from a distance; so does Joe Drummond an old high-school chuin. At the hospital Sidney the acquaintance of Carlotta Harrison, who has er over-intimate with Doctor Wilson; and who is jealous of innocent newcomer. Sidser's chum, Christine Lorenz, Palmer Howe, a society rake, and they take rooms with Pages. Howe is untrue to is bride. His arm is broken in for-riding accident, and John-Besenfeld, his chauffeur, in nortally injured. All these people are neighbors, so there to a sort of common interest among them. Doctor Wilson discovers that LeMoyne is a fu-Doctor Edwardes living innumber, and keeps the secret.

CHAPTER XIV-Continued. -12-

believe it is." Wilson smiled at her and yet, you continue to tempt me expect me to yield," Sidney replied. "One of the most delightful things temptation is yielding now and

After all, the situation seemed ab Here was her old friend and for making to take her out for a swift ride. The swift rebellion of against authority surged up in

Very well; I'll go."

the had gone by that timewith hate in her heart and black mair. She knew very well what the would be. Bidney would drive am, and he would tell her how and the snow about her. The y motion of the little sleigh would Them close together. How well mew it all! He would touch Sidmy's hand daringly and smile in her That was his method: to play at making like an audactous boy, unmatte suddenly the cloak dropped and the danger was there.

who could get Bldney out of the pital, it would simplify things. She accorded abrewdly that on the Street interests were wide apart. It was that they met on common ground. Carlotta gave the five-o'clock medi-Then she sat down at the table the door, with the tray in front of a long time the spinal cord taken ap and converts them into acts often in her mind, its actual mance was almost without con-

Carlotta took a bottle from her the emphoard, and, writing a new the it, pasted it over the old one. the exchanged it for one of the alse on the medicine tray. nagh out the dining room busy

competent young women came and matily or leisurely as their opporwas, and went on their way In their hands they held the n dot always of He and death perust of ease from pain, of tenderof smooth pillows, and cups of to thirsty lips. In their eyes, sidney's, burned the light of serv-The supper room was filled with woft voices, the rustle of their the the gleam of their stiff white

When Carlotta came in, she greeted them. They did not like her and she knew it. Before her, instead of the tidy sup-

table, she was seeing the medicine yay as she had left it. Twees I've fixed ber," she said to

Her very soul was sick with fear of at she had done.

CHAPTER XV.

a something after two o'clock that K put down his pipe and lie-He had not been able to sleep midnight. In his dressing gown and by the small fire, thinking. stemt of his first few months on was rapidly giving way to

He who had meant to cut himfrom life found himself again closed her eyes, even reeled. smuch with it; his eddy was there was a new element. He one to take her place. he at first, that he could fight hard on his arm, the moment Sidney's friend, that was all.

held her in his arms after or neturns to the fittle

she was to the house, it lay under the stand no such heroic treatment.

and K, in his dressing gown, with the staff and nurses had exhausted all

He sat forward in his chair, his looked at it. He was trying to picture , looked at Max. the Sidney of the photograph in his old life-trying to find a place for her. threw out his hands. But it was difficult. There had been few women in his old life. His mother had died many years before. There had been women who had cared for him, but he put them impatiently out of his mind.

Then the bell rang. He could hear her quick steps. Almost before he had heaved his long legs out of the chair, she was tapping at his door outside.

"It's Mrs. Rosenfeld. She says she wants to see you."

He went down the stnirs. Mrs. Rosenfeld was standing in the lower hall, a shawl about her shoulders. Her face turned from mirrors reflecting the was white and drawn above it. "I've had word to go to the hospital."

she said. "I thought maybe you'd go eyes and spoke the first words that with me. It seems as if I can't stand it alone. Oh, Johnny, Johnny!" "Where's Palmer?" K. demanded of

Christine. "He's not in yet."

"Are you afraid to stay in the house alone?"

"No : please go."

He ran up the staircase to his room od tlung on some clothing. In the lower hall, Mrs. Rosenfeld's sobs had you should know such a thing, How become low monus. Christine stood am I to thank you?" helplessly over her.

fault all this is!"

didn't do it. I guess you and I under- | fore her simple caress. stand each other. Only pray God you pever have a child."

K. never forgot the scene in the small time-" emergency ward to which Johnny had been taken. Under the white lights his boyish figure looked strangely long. There was a group around the bed-Max Wilson, two or three internes, the night nurse on duty, and the Head. Sitting just inside the door on a

straight chair was Sidney-such a Sidney as he never had seen before, her face coloriess, her eyes wide and unseeing, her hands clenched in her lap. When he stood beside her, she did not move or look up. The group around the bed had parted to admit Mrs. Rosenfeld, and closed again. Only Sidney and K, remained by the door, isolated, alone.

"You must not take it like that, dear. It's sad, of course. But, after all, in that condition-"

It was her first knowledge that he was there. But she did not turn. "They may I poisoned him," Her voice was dreary, inflectioniess.

"You-what?" "They say I gave him the wrong medicine; that he's dying; that I murdered him." She shivered. K. touched her hands. They were

"Tell me shout it."

"There is nothing to tell. I came on duty at six o'clock and gave the medicines. When the night nurse came on at seven, everything was all right. The medicine tray was just as it should be, Johnny was asleep. I went to say good-night to him and he he was saleep. I didn't give him anything but There are certain thoughts that what was on the tray," she finished at first functions of the brain; pitcounty. "I looked at the label; I al-

By a shifting of the group around automatically. Perhaps because the bed, K.'s eyes looked for a moment he last month she had done the directly into Carlotta's. Just for a mo-



"They Say I Gave Him Medicine."

ment: then the crowd closed up again. It was well for Carlotta that It did. She looked as if she had seen a ghost-

"Miss Harrison is worn out," Doctor Witson said brusquety. "Get some-

But Carlotta railled. After all, the presence of this man in this room at

had gone beyond her. She had not after-dinner coffee. It was over the meant to kill. It was the boy's weakened condition tost was turning her announcement. evence into tragedy.

"I am all right," she pleaded across coming home for thirty days? Is the the hed to the Bend. "Let me stay, child ill?" defen. He's from my ward. I-I am

the product and executed types again into acupar. With a bot that he had taken blusself, more vigorous measures could have pair blowing about her, eyes look- forced him to his feet and walked him ing out, tender flys sortting. When she about, could have beaten him with was not at home, it sat on Kas dresser, knotted towels dipped in ice water. propped against his collar-hox. When But the wrecked body on the bed could

It was Le Moyne, after all, who sayed Two o'clock in the morning, then, Johnny Rosenfeld's life. For, when picture propped, not against the col- their resources, he stepped forward lar-box, but against his lump, where he with a quiet word that brought the in-

ternes to their feet astonished. There was a new treatment for such hands folded around his knee, and cases-it had been tried abroad. He

> Max had never heard of it. He "Try it, for heaven's sake," he said. "I'm all in."

The apparatus was not in the house -must be extemporized, indeed, a last, of odds and ends from the operating room. K. did the work, his long fingers deft and skillful-while Mrs. Christine was moving about below, Rosenfeld knelt by the bed with her face buried; while Sidney sat, dazed and bewildered, on her little chair inside the door; white night nurses tiptoed along the corridor, and the night watchman stared incredulous from outside the door.

When the two great rectangles that were the emergency ward windows had room to gray rectangles in the morning light, Johnny Rosenfeld opened his marked his return from the dark val-

"Gee, this is the life!" he said, and smiled into K.'s watchful face.

When it was clear that the boy would live, K. rose stiffly from the bedside and went over to Sidney's chair. "He's all right now," he said-"as uil right as he can be, poor lad!"

"You did it-you! How strange that

The internes, talking among them-"I am terribly sorry," she said- selves, had wandered down to the din-"terribly sorry! When I think whose ing room for early coffee. Wilson was giving a few last instructions as to the Mrs. Rosenfeld put out a work-hard- boy's care. Quite unexpectedly, Sidened hand and caught Christine's fin- ney caught K.'s hand and held it to her lips. The iron repression of the "Never mind that," she said. "You night, of months indeed, fell away be-

"My dear, my denr," he said huskily. "Anything I can do-for you- at any

It was after Sidney had crept like a broken thing to her room that Carlotta Harrison and K. came face to face Johnny was quite conscious by that time, a little blue around the lips, but valiantly cheerful. "More things can happen to a fellow

than I ever knew there was!" he said to his mother, and submitted rather sheepishly to her tears and caresses, "You were always a good boy, John-

she said. "Just you get well enough to come home. I'll take care of you the rest of my life. We will get you a wheel-chair when you can be about, and I can tuke you out in the park when I come from work." "I'll be passenger and you'll be chauffeur, ma,"

"Mr. Le Moyne is going to get your father sent up again. With sixty-five cents a day and what I make, we'll get

along." "You bet we will !"

"Oh, Johnny, if I could see you coming in the door again and yelling 'mother' and 'supper' in one breath!" The meeting between Carlotta and Le Moyne was very quiet. She had been making a sort of subconscious impression on the retina of his mind during all the night. It would be difficult to tell when he actually knew her.

When the preparations for moving Johnny back to the big ward had been made, the other nurses left the room, and Carlotta and the boy were together. K. stopped her on her way

to the door. "Miss Harrison!"

"Yes, Doctor Edwardes."

"I am not Doctor Edwardes here: my name is Le Moyne,"

"I have not seen you since you left

St. John's." "No: I-I rested for a few months." "I suppose they do not know that ou were that you have had any pre-

ious hospital experience." "No. Are you going to tell them?" "I shall not tell them, of course,"

And thus, by simple mutual consent, it was arranged that each should respect the other's confidence.

Carlotta staggered to her room. There had been a time, just before down when she had had one of those swift revelations that sometimes come at the end of a long night. She had seen herself as she was. The boy was very low, hardly breathing. Her past stretched before her, a series of small revenges and passionate outbursts, swift yieldings, slow remorse, fared not look ahead. She would have given every hope she had in the world, just then, for Sidney's stainless past. She hated betself with that deadliest loathing that comes with complete self-revelation.

And she carried to her room the knowledge that the night's struggle had been in vain-that, although Johnny Rosenfeld would live, she had gained nothing by what he had suffered. The whole night had shown her the hopelessness of any stratagen to win Wilson from his new atlegiance. She had surprised him in the hallway. watching Sidney's slender figure as she made her way upstairs to her room. Never. In all his past overtures to her. had she seen that look in his eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

To Harriet Kennedy, Sidney's sentence of thirty days' suspension came as a blow. K. broke the news to her that evening before the time for Sidney's

The little household was sharing Harriet's prosperity. Katle had helper now, a little Austrian named Mimi. And Harriet had estab-But her nerve was shaken. The thing | lished on the street the innovation of after-dinner coffee that K. made his

"What do you mean by saying she is

"Not III, although she is not quite well. There was a mistake about the

He had a little picture of hidney—a banithy man they could have tried it doesn't get in the papers. This dressmaking business is a funny sort of thing. One word against you or any of your family, and the crowd's off somewhere else."

"There's nothing against Sidney," K. reminded her. "Nothing in the world. I saw the superintendent myself this afternoon. It seems it's a mere matter of discipline. Somebody made a mistake, and they cannot let such a thing go by. But he believes, as I do,

that it was not Sidney." However Harriet had hardened herself against the girl's arrival, all she had meant to say fled when she saw Sidney's circled eyes and pathetic

"You child!" she said. "You poor little girl!" And took her to her corseted bosom. For the time at least, Skiney's world

had gone to pieces about her. All her brave vaunt of service faded before When Christine would have seen her, she kept her door locked and asked for

just that one evening alone. But after



te I'd Better Not Go

her door and listened in the little upper hall. Harriet, her head in a towel. her face carefully cold-creamed, had gone to bed; but K.'s light, as usual, was shining over the transom, Sidney tiptoed to the door.

Almost immediately he opened the

"May I come in and talk to you?" He turned, took a quick survey of the room, and held the door wide. Sidney came in and sat down by the fire. "I've been thinking things over," she said. "It seems to me I'd better not

go back." He had left the door carefully open. Men are siways more conventional

What do you think is the real secret about K. LeMoyne? Why has he given up his promising career? What does Carlotta Harrison know about him that is damaging? Some interesting developments will be recorded in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LADY AND THE DISHRAG

Woman Does Not Realize to What Depths She Sinks Herself by Using Popular Expression.

When a woman declares that she "feels like a dishrult" she is dragging herself down to the lowest level of still life. We doubt not from the personal appearance of that handy article of domestic utility that if any life existed at all in said rag it could not possibly fall lower or feel meaner. However, woman should never offer herself in comparison with so degraded an object for the simple reason that mankind spurns the dishrag most vehemently, and as woman exists solely for man she should not seek to lower herself in his esteem. When a rag takes up its duties in the dishoan it has reached the tag end of abandoned hope, the climax perhaps of a merry life. A dishrag might have been a lovely lady's hose in its palmy days, adorned by a silken garter and surrounded by costly lingerie. But it is not of its past that I speak. It is of its present social standing, its vulgar environment and its utter self-abandonment. "Tis true that you may feel fatigued to a limp and loppy degree, but never can you feel so utterly wretched and beyond redemption as a dishrag.—Zim, la Cartoons Magazine.

The Versatile Manchurian Farmer. In the early fall in Manchuria, the natives undergo a sort of magic change from farmer to bandit. It seems something of a psychological somersaultone day a plodding farmer, the next a highwayman. After the tall knobang, or giant millet, is cut, and escape is not so easy over the bare plains, an other clap of the hands and lo. a peaceful farmer once more! It is not only the farmer who plays this exciting game; many another staid member of the community has his little fling. Some even combine their roles, differentiating according to the seassons. With the oriental's disregard fee conditions, a man is often a bandit. merchant and magistrate all at once. -Alice Tisdale, in the Atlantic,

"Blue Laws,"

Blue laws is a term that was applied to certain early statutes of a puritan ical nature pussed in Connecticut Th name is now frequently applied to re medicine, and she was blamed; that's strictive statutes that precent Sands

the Sunday School Course in the Moody Rible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR APRIL 29

JESUS WELCOMED AS KING.

LESSON TEXT-John 12:12-19. GOLDEN TEXT-Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord-John 12:13.

This lesson marks the beginning of that last tragic week in the life of our Lord, the most important week in all history since creation. The date was probably April 1, A. D. 30.

I. The Lesson of His Kinship. (vv. 12-16). Reading carefully the record of each evangelist, regarding this triumphal entry, we are still at a loss fully to describe the scene. It occurred the day following the supper in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, I. e. on the Jewish Sabbath. From Bethphage Jesus sent two of his disciples into Jerusalem to secure the colt. They were to loose him without asking anyone's permission, and bring the ass and her colt to him to whom all things belong, with no other explanation than, "The Lord hath need of them" (Matt. 21:3). This command was in line with the prophecy (Zech. 9:0). The young ass was a symbol of pence, but the going of the disciples, in obedience to his command, was an act of faith, and obedience is the supreme test of discipleship (John 15:14). In response to their faith, they found everything just as he said it would be (Luke 19:32). Placing their garments upon the colt (Matt. 21:7) Jesus rode upon it toward the city, the people crying, "Hosanna"literally, "Save, I beseech" (Ps. 19:37-40; see Luke 19:38; Mk. 11:9-10; Matt. 21:9). The enthusiasm of the moment was tremendous. For the moment this great crowd (Mk. 11:8) believed that Jesus was really the Messiah, threw the garments of their hollday attire in his way (Matt. 21:8), and cast their palm branches before him. The Pharisees protested (Luke 19:39-40), but the enemies of Jesus for the moment were Impotent (John 12:19). The Pharisees forgot their dignity to such an extent as to get excited along with the multitude, though with another purpose (See Luke 19:37-40). Unfortunately the enthusiasm of the people was not long-lived. Many of the same ones were soon crying, "Crucify him" (Ch. 19:14-15). Jesus himself did not join in the general joy (Luke 19:41-44), for he, with prophetic eye, saw the outcome (Luke 19:41-44). All the city was stirred as Jesus entered (Matt. 21:10). When he truly enters a city it is always stirred. It was not until after the resurrection that the disciples of Jesus understood the meaning of this event. They then recalled what the prophet, Zecharlah. had said, and saw in the fulfillment of his prediction the Messiah of whom he

II. The Lesson of Reverence (vr. 17 19.) It is one thing to acknowledge Jesus as a King. It is quite another to revere him as Lord and Savior. Never was there a time when we need more to have reverence for things holy and for constituted authority than the present day. The act of reverence on the part of this multitude for the Godanointed King ought to be a suggestion to those who look upon Jesus merely 93 8 men.

Ride triumphantly; Rehold we lay

Our tests and proud wills in Thy way

Jesus' grief is in strange contrast with the for of the multitude. The practical application for us today is: "Have we cast our talents before him. God's rightfully anointed King?" There had been a large company of people present when Jesus was at the tomb of Lozarus, and raised him from the dead. The testimons of these eyewitnesses to the power of Jesus must have had great weight with the multifor Jesus excited the hatred of the Pharisers, making it all the more intense, for they saw the crowd forsaking them, and following one whom they envied and hated. To one another ther exclaimed, "Behold, how re prevail nothing." Notice the personal pronoun "ye," seeking to lay the fault upon others rather than taking their own share of the burden, another dent even today. It is very easy for present day renders of the life of Jesus to be swept with enthusiasm, and to exclaim. "Had I been there I would have gladly induced with the untiltude's and cast my garments before him King?" Are we not more fremently joining in the carping criticism of the Phyrisees? There is a day, however when Jesus' triumph will not be short-lived as it was that day in Jerusalem (Matt. 25:35-46). Refore that glad day comes we may be ald him as King by our testimonies in our day to the Christ-rejecting world, and thus we will be laying our palm branches of victory and our garments, which are of no value, before him who is altogether worthy.

III. The Lesson of the Greek Pilarims (vv. 20-26). These Greeks came first to Philip, who himself was a Greek. The hour had come (v. 23) when the work of Jesus for the Jews was to be finished. The Jews had been threatened with Greek religion, and that assault had been stopped by the Pharisees. Christ came first to the Jews that through them he might reach the Gentiles. Now his work for the Jews is done. He rejoices as he sees the Greeks coming to him, for it was to be in Greek dress and in Greek form of expression that Christianity was to conquer the world. But this rejoicing is tinged with sorrow, for it was a prophecy of the price that he must pay for the redemption of the

The machinery of the body needs to he well olled, kept in good condition five different doctors, but nothing just as the automobile, steam engine or seemed to do me much good. Abo his own machinery more than that of thought I was going to die. My folks his horse or his engine? Yet most peo- sent for a doctor and he came and drug store in this country these vege- few days I could see that they were ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, months. I got so much better that I have the Dr. Pierce stamp. Proven and ironing .-- MRS. MARY R. BATgood by 50 years' use.

III.- For years I have troubled with nervousness, sto and heart trouble, I took several of patent medicine and doctured wit bicycle. Why should the human neglect eight years ago I had a bad spell :ple do neglect themselves. To clean left me some medicine and said that I the system at least once a week is to had but a short time to live. I took him practice preventive measures. You will medicine for a while and it did me no escape many ills and clear up the coat- good, so I told my husband to go to ed tongue, the sallow complexion, the town and get me some of Dr. Pierce's dull headache, the lazy liver, if you will medicine as I thought that would help take a pleasant laxative made up of me. He went and got a bottle of Goldthe May-apple, juice of the leaves of en Medical Discovery and one of Faaloes, root of jalap, and called Pleasant vorite Prescription and some Pellets. Pellets. You can obtain at almost any I commenced to take them and in a table pellets in vials for 25c-simply helping me, so I kept on for several There can be no counterfelt if they could do all my housework and washing LEY. All druggists.

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Not Enough to Hurt Him. "Did he learn any Latin in college?" "Not enough to interfere with his slang."-Life.

stamped on the bottom.

Allen's Foot-Ease for the Troups. The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shors or used in the fuot-bath. Young men in every community are using Allen's Foot-Ease in their drills for Military Prepareduces. Used by the Allied, French and English troops because it rests the feet, taken the friction from the shoe and makes walking easy. Adv.

Not the Whole Truth. "I have nothing against the Edinburgh people," said a gentleman who hied from the great outer world, "but I must say I've found greater fellow feeling elsewhere. My hat blew away on Saturday, and though everybody beside me took a warm interest in its

perambulations, nobody joined in pur-

"Eh, but ye wrong Edinburgh folk," replied one of his hearers. "D'ye ken what I saw on Setterday? A man's hat blew off just as a cable car wis passin', and the driver stopped the car and sprinted awa doon the road efter it. Can ye beat that in the sooth?" The stranger said he really couldn't, and would chalk it up to Edinburgh's

"Wis it act'lly true, Tam?" asked a friend, after the "foreigner" had de-

"Aye, wis it, but d'ye think I wud tell that it wis the driver's ain cap that blew off?"

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sizes fifty cents and one dollar. However, if you wish first to try this reat preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.

Quite a Kidder.

Then from the kitchen came: "Bow-

wow, gruff, gruff," "Then that is your kitten?" asked he assessor.—Indianapolis News.

Unloading the Responsibility. "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes." "Then listen while I give you one that can't keep any longer."

Not the Usual Kind. "Old Gadabout's return to his native heath doesn't match up with the usual traditions surrounding the homecoming of a globe trotter."

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"So? How is that?" "Oh, he was gone long, but he came

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never disappoints and never burns bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his cording to werified testimony it is nature's wholesale house, adv.

Whistlerian Malice.

"Whistler always brought a spirit" of fun with him," says the late Lord Redesdale in his memories; and the incident that follows appears to confirm his lordship's words;

There came a day when, to my great regret. Whistler made up his mind to leave the old house in which he had lived for 14 years and to build the Max Ritter, township assessor of "What House," in Tite street, mainly Pigeon township, Evansville, tells this prompted, he told me, by the wish to show what he could achieve in dec-"Have you a dog?" asked the spe- oration. E. W. Godwin was the archcial tax assessor of an Evansville | feet, and it was not long before they quarreled over the work, in commemo "No, sir," was the woman's answer, ration of which Whistler caused a stone to be inserted in the front of the house, engraved with the words:

"Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it. E. W. Godwin, F. S. A., built this house." The stone has long since disappeared. Godwin died in 1886, and in 1889 Whistler married his widowa quaint ending to an artistic feud.

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