Why doesn't she take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 122

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd)

Percy bowed his head on the cold, clammy hands that clung to his arm so tenaciously.

"Never was a man so fearfully tried; his fair, handsome face had grown white with emotion; deep shadows stole into his eyes.

Ah, what could it matter now? His hopes were dead, his heart crushed, yet how could he consent?

"There is one whom I love next to yourself, Percy," the faint voice went on feebly—"one whom I long to have you promise me you will wed, for she cares for you, she loves you; wooing sweet Evelyn St. Claire would not be in vain. I could die happy if I thought you would win and wed her, my boy, within a year after I am gone. This is the promise I would ask of you; that is, if you do not love another. Do you?" he asked, suddenly starting up from his pillow.

Percy shook his head.

"There is no person on earth whom I love but yourself, dear uncle," he answered brokenly.

"Then promise me, Percy," whispered the general faintly.

The magnetic gaze of those dying eyes seemed to hold the young man spell-bound, and literally force the fatal words from his unwilling lips.

The cold dew stood out on his pallid face—the blood coursed through his veins like molten lead. Ah, would it be brave to speak the words which must bring bitter despair to the uncle to whom he owed so much? could he let him go down to his grave with sorrow and sadness in his heart? Could he refuse his last prayer? Heaven direct him he was so sorely tried.

After all, what did his after-life matter to him, now that the golden love-dream of his youth was blasted and broken?

If Evelyn would take him, knowing that he had no heart to offer, perhaps it would be as well to consent to it.

The words cost him an awful effort, but he slowly uttered them.

"It will make your last moments any happier, uncle, whether for weal or for woe I promise to do your bidding—God help me, I promise!"

The glad smile that broke over the pallid face on the pillow almost repaid him for the fatal words wrung from his white lips.

Poor Percy! how little he knew of the bitter grief which was to accrue from that promise wrung from him so strangely, or that it was the last link forged in the chain which drew him on toward a tragedy in his future.

An hour later Percy Granville, with thoughts strangely confused, was whirling toward the metropolis on the through express in quest of important papers which the general would intrust to none other.

"If you return by daylight you may be in time for him to sign them, if that be his wish," said the doctor, gravely; "he cannot last, however, much beyond that."

When Percy returned to Redstone Hall with the sealed packages in his breast pocket, Evelyn met him at the door with a white, startled face.

"You are too late, Percy," she said, taking his unresisting hand and leading him into the corridor, "your uncle died in my arms half an hour ago."

Yes, the old general had died in Evelyn's arms as she had said; but who can portray what these moments had been like?

The doctor had given his patient a strong cordial, and had laid down upon a divan in an adjoining apartment to catch a few moments' needed rest, leaving the general alone with beautiful, heartless Evelyn St. Clair.

It was then that the dying man had confided to her a strange secret—a secret that made her guilty brain reel with terror.

"Have you told Percy this?" she gasped, a strange light creeping into her steely blue, scintillating eyes.

"No," he answered faintly; "but I cannot die with the weight of such a secret on my soul. I must tell him when he returns; the papers, so closely sealed, which he will bring, reveal all——"

"You shall never breathe it to him, then!" hissed the fair beauty, goaded on to madness by the terrible stings of guilty conscience; "you shall die first, you miserable old man."

Whether she pressed the white pillow down over the white, horrified face, or whether death came to the old general naturally, she alone knew!

The moan on his lips was suddenly stifled; he had read the girl's treacherous heart aright, also, too late, and his last breath was a bitter curse. Repented with remorse most terrible that he had wrung a promise from Percy's unwilling lips to wed and wed beautiful, false Evelyn St. Claire.

CHAPTER XXI.

With tears of regret in his eyes, Percy hastened to his uncle's room, followed by Evelyn St. Claire.

Placing the package of sealed papers hastily on the table, he hurriedly crossed over to the couch upon which all that was mortal of the old general lay.

There was a frozen, glassy stare of horror in the filmy eyes into which he gazed.

He could not understand the strange expression of the dead, cold face it troubled him.

For long hours Percy sat by that silent, motionless form, his face buried in his hands.

Daylight broke cold and gray over the hills and vales. The news of General Granville's sudden decease spread like wildfire through the village, and Redstone Hall was thronged with sympathizing friends who came and went, each anxious to take one last, lingering look at the cold, pallid face.

It was an hour or more before Percy thought of the papers he had so carelessly left lying upon the table. He started up from his seat with a strange misgiving of impending evil in his heart.

Great Heaven! They are gone!

The servant's were anxiously questioned—no one had seen the sealed package.

With a shock of horror the terrible truth forced itself upon Percy's troubled mind.

He had carelessly laid the papers upon the table, and they had been stolen; by whom he could not even conjecture, so many people had passed in and out of the chamber of death.

He was literally dumfounded.

The nature of the vitally important papers the sealed envelope contained he did not know; there had been no mark—no word on it to afford him the slightest inkling or clew by which to trace it.

At length he was forced to abandon the fruitless search.

The days flew quickly by and lengthened into weeks—and weeks grew into weary months—the cold winter had slipped away, and the bright green grass and early violets were sprinkling the distant hill slopes.

The crimson-breasted robins were singing in the budding branches of the trees, and all nature reminded one that the glorious spring had come.

One morning Percy Granville stood upon the porch of Redstone Hall, gazing up at the white, fleecy clouds that sailed over the blue sky, lost in deep thought.

He was the same handsome Percy, but, ah! how changed!

The merry, laughing dark blue eyes looked silent and grave enough now, and the lips the golden mustache covered rarely smiled.

He had fulfilled his promise to the dying general that morning—he had offered his hand to Evelyn St. Claire.

The torture of the task imposed upon him seemed to grow upon him as the weeks rolled by, and in desperation he told himself he must settle the matter at once, or he would not have the strength to do it.

He had presented himself quite early that morning at the heiress' home, and was shown into the drawing-room.

Evelyn stood before the sea-coal fire. Although it was early spring, a cheerful fire glowed in the polished grate, throwing a bright, ruddy radiance over the room, and over the exquisite morning toilet of soft pink cashmere with its frills of white lace, relieved here and there with coquettish dashes of scarlet blossoms, which Evelyn wore.

"What a surprise, Percy!" she said, holding out her white hands to him. "I am delighted to see you; why, do you know, it has been long weeks since you were here last. I had almost begun to believe that you had forgotten me," and she raised those bewildering blue eyes, that few men could resist, coyly to his face.

"I am sorry that I have been so neglectful, Evelyn," he said, flushing slightly. "I am going to try to make amends for it in the future if I may be permitted to do so."

"You are always welcome, Percy," she said, giving him the full benefit of a bewitching smile; "there is no one whom I am more pleased to see than yourself; don't you know that?"

The lovely rose bloom was deepening in her pretty blonde face as she toyed shyly with the blossoms she wore.

"Now is my time," thought Percy, with a desperate recklessness—"now or never!" He broke into the subject at once while he had the courage to do it, fervently hoping that the beauty would refuse him.

"I am going down to the city this morning, Evelyn," he began, leading her unresistingly to an adjacent divan, "I may be gone a fortnight, perhaps, and I have something to say to you before I go."

He sat down beside her, still retaining the slender white hands in his grasp.

Evelyn's heart gave a great bound; was it coming at last—this declaration of love for which her very soul hungered and thirsted?

She looked up at him with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, the breath coming and going swiftly over the crimson, smiling lips.

"I want to ask you if you will marry me, Evelyn?"

Handsome Percy looked, perhaps, the more confused of the two.

"I will do my best to make you happy, Evelyn," he went on; "I cannot say that I will be a model husband, but I will say that I will do my best—no man can promise more."

There was a minute's silence, awkward enough for both. Evelyn was grievously disappointed. She had gone over in her own imagination a thousand times, the very scene, picturing to herself how Percy would kneel at her feet, whispering to her in glowing, passionate words how dearly he loved her, and how wretched his life would be without her; then how he would clasp her in his arms, close to his heart, and murmur all the sweet words that fall so naturally from the lips of lovers.

Percy did nothing of the kind. Perhaps he read her thoughts in the wistful, expectant face turned toward him, and he would have given anything to have been able to make love to her—anything for the power of saying sweet words to her. He knew very well she was expecting something of the kind from him.

"You have asked me to be your wife, Percy," she said petulantly, "but you give me—"

The remark was so unexpected, Percy was almost at a loss how to reply to it. He knew it was ungenerous and unkind not to give her one affectionate word, yet how could he do it? he had never spoken a loving word to any one except Little Gay—the bride whom cruel fate had torn from his arms at the very altar.

He tried hard to put the memory of Little Gay away from him as he answered constrainedly:

"The question is so important, Evelyn, that most probably I have thought more of it than of any words which should go with it."

But Evelyn was piqued, and resented it. "Oh, that is it," she returned, with a wistfull little laugh; "Most men—when they ask a girl to marry them—say something about—love, do they not?"

"Yes," he answered absently.

"I suppose you have had no experience," she returned archly.

He was silent a moment.

His handsome face grew strangely pale.

He tried to summon up courage to tell Evelyn the story of his past, that his future was blighted, that his heart, all the love of his very soul, lay buried in the grave of Little Gay—his bride.

Poor Percy, he could not lay bare that sweet, sad secret; he could not have borne her questioning, her wonder, her remarks, her scathing words, and have lived; his dead love was too sacred for that; he could not take the treasured love-story from his heart and hold it up to public gaze.

It would have been easier for him to tear the living beating heart from his bosom than do this.

"I suppose you have had no experience in love-making," persisted Evelyn, coyly.

Her lovely, fascinating blonde face was so near him—temptingly near—inviting a lover's caress, the graceful figure so close, that he could have wound his arm around her, but it never occurred to him to do so.

There never was a betrothal with so little flavor of romance about it. It was a strange wooing—that is, if Percy meant it for a wooing—yet he did his best to carry out the part of an interested lover.

In spite of his resolve, he thought of Gay the whole time he sat on the divan beside the spoiled beauty, absently clasping her jeweled hands. Ah how different that other love-making had been. How hard he had pleaded with Gay for one kiss—just one. How his heart throbbed, and every endearing name he could think of trembled on his eager lips as he strained Little Gay to his heart when she bashfully consented to be his bride.

That love-making was real, this one only the shadow of love. He must try to forget the past, he must, indeed.

"You have not answered my question, Evelyn," he said abruptly. "Are you to marry me—or not?"

She raised her pretty face coquettishly to his, drawing just a trifle nearer him, wishing he were not so cold a lover.

"If I consent will you promise to love me better than anything else—or any one in the wide world?" she whispered.

"I will devote my life to you," he answered gravely.

"I—I—think I will marry you then, Percy," she answered tremulously, drawing still closer to him with a charming gesture of affection.

He bent his fair, handsome head and kissed the little white hands he held. He could do neither more nor less.

"Thank you, Evelyn," he returned. "Now that we have settled that point, when may I claim you?"

"Oh, I don't know," pouted Evelyn, pettishly. "Do you wish it to be soon?" she asked with wistful hesitancy, eagerly wondering how he would answer her.

"Yes," he said, absently; "the sooner it is over the better I shall be pleased."

"You may set the day, if you like," she returned, twisting nervously at the leaves of the crimson-hearted roses she wore on her breast.

"How would two months from to-day suit you?" he asked, remembering that there were such things as trousseaus, and all the bridal finery poor Gay had dispensed with, which Evelyn would be sure to require; and then there would be no end of fuss and ceremony over this wedding.

She gave a pretty little scream of surprise.

"As soon as that?" she murmured.

"Take your own time, by all means, any length of time that suits you best," he answered eagerly, anxious to repair his mistake, if he had made one.

"Oh, I suppose two months will be time enough," pouted Evelyn—seeing clearly she was not going to be coaxed—that he was evidently not the anxious party.

He thanked her again, and soon after took his leave. It quite escaped his mind to give her a good-bye kiss; still, as she watched the tall, handsome figure out of sight, she was wondrously happy in the glamor of her love-dream and her triumph.

He was praying to Heaven from the depths of his miserable heart to give him strength to carry out the rash vow his uncle had wrung from his unwilling lips. He told himself marriage would be a mistake for him, for the supreme magnet that led to anything like happiness—the magnet of love—was wanting.

"I could wager anything that Percy was thinking of that miserable little Gaytell Esterbrook all the time he was proposing to me," she thought, with a frown, turning away from the window. "I think I have effectually silenced her, though, and parted them forever by that letter I wrote her, signing Percy's name to it. He believes the girl dead, while she, the little fool, will believe every word of that cleverly-written letter in which I wrote, 'If we ever meet again, it must be as strangers.' She would not dare to speak to him, even if they ever met by chance after that. I have played a desperate game for Percy Granville's love, and, thank fortune, I have won him at last."

CHAPTER XXII.

We left Little Gay clinging to the broken rails of the bridge, listening to that horrible cry of "Murder!" as it rang out with startling clearness on the night air.

Nearer, nearer came the swift footsteps in answer to those cries, and the man who was hurrying to the spot caught a glimpse of a lovely face, framed in a sheen of golden hair, that vanished like a shadow in the dense darkness of the starless night.

Like a flash the young man darted after the beautiful vision, and a breathlessly exciting chase ensued.

"I shall solve the mystery if it costs me my head," he muttered, setting his handsome white teeth together, and redoubling his flying pace.

The moon struggled out from behind a network of heavy clouds, and he saw the slim figure just ahead of him.

Another instant and he had cleared the distance between them, and had laid a detaining hand on the fugitive's slender shoulder.

"Now, then," he demanded breathlessly, "I must know the meaning of those cries I heard a moment since—what were you doing on the bridge yonder? Was any one molesting you?"

The white, despairing, lovely face turned toward him in the moonlight, startled the young man like an electric shock. His strong white hand relaxed its hold.

"Great Heaven!" he ejaculated in the most intense astonishment, "do my eyes deceive me?—or is this—little Nell?"

Gay glanced up in terror at the handsome face bending over her, then all fear fell from her like magic; she recognized him at once.

"Yes, it's I, Mr. Cheseleigh," she faltered—"I—I——"

Up flew the little hands, and Gay burst into a storm of passionate tears that completely choked her utterance.

Harry Cheseleigh was mystified—bewildered.

"Look here, Miss Nell," he exclaimed, "you must tell me what this mystery means. In Heaven's name, tell me how you happened to be here at this ghostly hour, and if it was from your lips those terrible cries of murder issued which I heard. I am your friend, my dear girl," he went on earnestly; "you may trust me—pardoning me the meanwhile for addressing you so familiarly, bear in mind we know you only by the name of Little Nell."

(To be continued.)

Slightly Mixed.

Mother (at telephone, giving order to grocer, and scolding baby in mischief)—"Send me a pound of fresh—baby! — butter and — stop that—two dozen eggs—or mother'll spank you—the last you sent me were stale—you naughty boy!"

That's a Net.

The visitor was examining the class. "Can any little boy or girl here tell me what a fish net is made of?" he kindly inquired. "A lot of little holes tied together with strings," smiled the never-failing "bright boy."

Only 500 Pages?

Some day when I get time, I am going to get out a book entitled "What Men Know About Women." There will be 500 pages in the volume and they will all be blank.

The man who sows wild oats frequently looks seedy.

TRY IT WHEN YOU'RE TIRED

You will find it wonderfully refreshing

LIPTON'S TEA

It sustains and cheers

ALLOWED TO GROW UP.

As a result of some very outspoken comments by the Queen of Norway, Princess Mary, the only daughter of the King and Queen, is at last to be allowed to "grow up." Consequently, when next her Royal Highness is seen in London, she will be wearing clothes more suited to her years, while a few simple articles of jewlery are now

Princess Mary.

permitted to her. The young Princess will accompany their Majesties to Paris in the spring, while later in the year her Majesty proposes to take her daughter to Florence and other Italian cities for a brief visit. It will, however, be fully three years before she makes her formal debut at Court.

HOME

Dainty Dishes.

Bran Biscuit.—One and a quarter cups of bran, three-quarters of a cup of graham flour, one cup of white flour, quarter of a cup of shortening or drippings, two cups of sour milk, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a sheet like gingerbread or in gem tins. Mix soda in sour milk.

Cornmeal Pudding.—One and a half cups of milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls (rounded) of cornmeal, one and a half tablespoonfuls of dried bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, quarter of a cup of molasses, butter half the size of an egg, one egg, a handful of raisins. When the milk boils stir in the cornmeal, bread crumbs, salt, and cinnamon, which have been mixed together; boil a few minutes, cool, and add the other ingredients, beating them in well. Bake from an hour to an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Devonshire Squab Pie.—Either mutton or pork is good in this, so long as it is fresh and not too fat. First of all at the bottom of the dish put a layer of the meat cut in small pieces, next onions sliced, season with pepper and salt to taste, then a layer of sliced potatoes, next a layer of sliced apples; repeat until the dish is full; cover with a crust made either with dripping or suet.

Apple Snow—No. 1.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a meringue with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and just before dinner whip into them two cupfuls of smooth apple sauce. Serve heaped in small glasses—custard cups—or in a single dish. If you wish you may give a variation to this by lining the bottom of the dish with strips of sponge cake moistened with cider. Put the "snow" on this by the spoonful. Be sure that the apple sauce is well sweetened, adding the sugar after it is cooked.

Apple Snow—No. 2.—Make a custard of two cups of hot milk, half a cup of sugar, and the yolks of three eggs. Stir over the fire in a double boiler until the custard thickens, turn it into another vessel and let it become cold. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff with a half cup of powdered sugar, and just before the dish is to be served grate four large, firm apples into the meringue and mix together lightly. Have the cold custard in the bottom of a glass dish and heap the apple "snow" on top of it. As the apple darkens by exposure to the air, this dish should stand as short a time as possible between making and serving.

Apple Shortcake.—Make a good short biscuit batter and roll it into a sheet about half an inch thick. Cover with half of it the bottom of a biscuit tin, spread with a thick layer of apples which have been peeled, cored, and sliced, sprinkle with sugar and a little powdered cinnamon. Lay the rest of the sheet of paste over this and bake in a steady oven for half an hour. Serve cut into squares, with a hard sauce.

This dish may be made with evaporated peaches or apricots or with the same fruits canned.

Fruit Roly-Poly.—Make a good biscuit dough, roll it out into a sheet about half an inch thick and spread it with fresh or canned fruit, or evaporateed fruit which has been soaked into plumpness and favor. Use your discretion about the amount of sugar you sprinkle over the fruit—the ripe, tart varieties, such as oranges or apples, will require more than that which is canned. Dredge with flour and roll the dough up with the fruit inside. When you have made it into a loose roll pinch the edges together, wrap in a piece of cheesecloth, and lay in a steamer. Cook one hour and serve with hard or soft sauce.

Peach Batter Pudding.—Butter the inside of a deep bake dish and lay in it as many canned or evaporated and soaked peaches as it will hold comfortably. Sprinkle sugar over these, unless they have been well sweetened in canning. Make a batter of a quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, four eggs, beaten light, and three cups of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add a saltspoonful of salt. Pour this batter over the fruit, cover, bake in a steady oven for thirty minues; uncover and brown. This may be eaten with either hard or liquid sauce. This pudding is very good made with fresh or canned apples. If the former, they must be pealed and cored and a few whole cloves distributed among them.

Points on Light.

A piece of camphor placed in the well of an oil lamp ensures a more brilliant light.

New chimney glasses should be placed in cold soap-suds, and boiled slowly. This prevents them cracking.

The char on wicks should be rubbed off with soft tissue paper, the wick being turned down until an eighth of an inch only is above the burner. Scissors should never be used, once a wick has been evenly trimmed.

Lamps should not be continually refilled with the remains of previous fillings, left in. Pour that out, and keep for other purposes.

Whatever receptacle paraffin is stored in should be absolutely air-tight. Paraffin absorbs and evaporates, and both processes lessen its power.

A small piece of white wood about the size of a quarter, with a little arm left, if placed in the oil well, will rise when the oil is poured in, and can easily be observed as it swirls round. This prevents the danger of over-filling a lamp.

Never quite fill a lamp, especially in the winter or the oil will ooze out when it expands.

Home Hints.

Celery roots, boiled, cooled and cut into dice, make a very acceptable salad.

Lace continually cleaned with gasoline or naphtha will turn yellow quickly.

Good lard is much better than butter for basting roasted meat and for frying.

Dangerous bleeding may be stopped by applying very hot water to the wound.

A little mustard rubbed on your hands before washing them will remove the odor of fish.

To keep clothing from freezing on the line in cold weather put a little salt in the last rinsing water.

Old newspapers, if rolled up and placed under the open space between many doors and the floor will keep the air out.

Rice boiled in milk, instead of water, has much richer flavor. It must be watched closely while boiling cooked, as it will burn quickly.

To make black velvet coats or jars look like new, rub briskly with alcohol. This cuts all the grease and removes every particle of dirt.

In roasting, meat turn with a spoon instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juices out.

A pair of cotton blankets make better lining than cotton batting. They require little ticking and can be washed successfully.

The spots on polished wood should be touched with sweet spirits of nitre. Use a tiny camel's hair brush or feather to apply it, and rub the spot directly after with a cloth dipped in sweet oil.

Paint splashes on a door may be removed by soaking them for a short time in benzine or turpentine, then rubbing them with emery paper or a little pulverized pumice stone, applied with a damp cloth.

It is often convenient to use a tall vase when flower stems are short, but they go down too deeply. To prevent this, fill the vase with paper twisted in a loose roll. This will hold the moisture if replenishing the water should be forgotten, too, which is a double benefit.

To remove stains from polished wood, trays or tables, caused by heated dishes [illegible] from salad [illegible] good. Spread [illegible] place and let [illegible] more, then rub [illegible]. Silverware may be kept [illegible] to soak in strong [illegible] four or five [illegible]. Pour the water [illegible] plate, but let [illegible] will save much [illegible] ing.

Pack glass [illegible] far, in straw [illegible] damp. This will [illegible] from slipping [illegible] largest and heaviest at the bottom [illegible]. Let there be [illegible] wrap each [illegible].

The Wringer Board extends from the side, out of the way of the cover. This allows practically the whole top of the tub to be used—makes it easy to put in and take out clothes.

No other washer has as large an opening. No other washer can be worked with crank handle at side as well as top lever.

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Write us for catalogues if your dealer does not handle them. 89

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It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy—Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of.—So Mistakes are Impossible.

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"SALADA" is always the same, no matter where you buy it.

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is the choicest tea growing country and fresh[illegible]

black or mixed—from the finest tea world—Ceylon, with its exquisite flavor by the sealed lead packages.

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10c.—STOVE POLISH—10c.

No mixing—no dirty work—no mess when you use the handy paste in the big can.

It makes work easy — a few light rubs bring a brilliant, lasting shine. Not affected by heat.

ACUTE PAINS IN THE

Caused by Lumbago, a of Muscular Rheumat

Lumbago is sudden in its and is so intensely painful sufferer is often unable to even to turn in bed or rise chair. The trouble chiefly among working men among numbers thousands of As the attacks come on quently and are so torturing disease means much loss and money as well as the ance of much suffering needs to be told that plasters, and outward will not cure the disease kind of treatment is merely of time and money. The really a species of muscular matism, and is due to poor and can only be cured by blood. It is for this Dr. Williams' Pink successful in curing this and those who are suffering should lose no time in Pills a trial. If the persisted in the disease driven from the system cure be made permanent statuation Mrs. Alfred tyville, Ont., says: "A years ago I was attacked by pains in the back which called lumbago. I was do a bit of work, and suffered dreadfully. I moved about with medicine still worse. I in their use and continued Pink Pills. After was better and had work again. I feel that Pink Pills are the cause of my recovery."

These pills are sold by medicine dealers or may be had at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW HOLY CITY IS RUN

Governor of Province Chosen Mayor of Municipality.

The Jesuits in municipal members, [illegible] composed [illegible] whom are [illegible] the term of office. From the [illegible] the Province [illegible] one to be [illegible] president is [illegible] receiving a salary a month. The municipal [illegible] are [illegible] the differences [illegible] Their duties [illegible] the president [illegible] power. [illegible] are Ottawa [illegible] to vote [illegible] "The [illegible] cern [illegible] the government [illegible] are the care [illegible] cleaning of [illegible] and quarantine [illegible] oversight [illegible] slaughter [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] charge [illegible] salaries, etc., [illegible] in order to [illegible] $6,000. It was [illegible] wing [illegible] government [illegible] the more [illegible]

The Ghost in the M

We have all heard of schoolboy who, [illegible] into English the [illegible] or not to be," [illegible] was or was not to do.

Another school boy [illegible] this translation, [illegible] London Chronicle [illegible] from German [illegible] indeed is written [illegible] weak, in the form [illegible] course, is ready [illegible] feble."

Compliment of the Season

[illegible]

Minard's Liniment Cures [illegible]

Dear Sirs, We w[illegible] we consider your [illegible] a very superior [illegible] cure for Rheumatism. [illegible] When I tell you I [illegible] of the price was [illegible] much it.

A Snowy [illegible]

"Can you imagine [illegible] the returned explorer [illegible] ous extent of the [illegible] fields?" "I kin [illegible] declared [illegible] from Wayback [illegible] sensation the first [illegible] in public [illegible] wearing a [illegible]

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PILE OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Better a man who who never tries.

Minard's Liniment Cures [illegible]

FACE COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Spread on Limbs. Became Sores. While He Slept. Cuticura Soap and Ointment

St. Cesaire, Quebec. [illegible] scarcely two months and a half his face and arms became covered with red pimples, which later spread on his [illegible] The pimples were [illegible] and inflamed. The [illegible] like a little red spot [illegible] soon became a big [illegible] and spread on [illegible] face or neck. These pimples [illegible] to scratch so [illegible] to tie his hands while he slept. This made him suffer so much that he [illegible] in the night, waking up most of the time in the house. The pimples became very inflamed.

I used without success several remedies which were recommended to me. I used Cuticura Ointment and Soap, in a bath every morning with half a jar of Cuticura Ointment on the affected parts. They gave great relief at first application. After using one cake of Cuticura Soap my child was completely cured. Thanks to the Cuticura Ointment and a little more soap and Ointment my baby is now well, and I shall always have them at my disposal. Mrs. N. Johin, Jan. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. A single cake of each is often sufficient. Cuticura Soap is sold with a 32-p. Skin Book. Ointment sold in 50c. and $1 sizes. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book, on request. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 137 D, Boston, U. S. A.