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Any old Worn silver? If so, I am prepared to replace it. Bring it in now while I have the time. All work guaranteed.

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Geo. Yiirs.

Brewster's Millions

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON (RICHARD GREAVES)

CHAPTER XV.

TYPOGRAPHICAL error in one of the papers caused no end of amusement to every one except Monty and Miss Drew.

"He has too bad an attack to see anything but the lady," said Harrison one evening when the Sons were gathered for an old time supper party.

"It's probably only a lovers' quarrel," said Bragdon. But further comment was cut short by the entrance of Monty himself, and they took their places at table.

Before the evening came to an end they were in possession of many astonishing details in connection with the coming ball. Monty did not say that it was to be given for Miss Drew, and her name was conspicuously absent from his descriptions.

Nopper Harrison solemnly expressed the opinion that the ball would cost Brewster at least \$125,000. The Little Sons looked at one another in consternation, while Brewster's indifference expressed itself in an unflattering comment upon his friend's vulgarity.

"Well, they swallow them, I've noticed," retorted Brewster, "as though they were chocolates."

"Permit me to present you to the boy Croesus—the only one extant. His marbles are plunks, and his kites are made of fifty dollar notes. He feeds upon coupons a la Newburg, and his champagne is liquid golden eagles. Look at him, gentlemen, while you can and watch him while he spends \$13,000 for flowers!"

"With a Viennese orchestra for twenty-nine thousand!" added Bragdon. "And yet they maintain that silence is golden."

"And three singers to divide twelve thousand among themselves! That's absolutely criminal!" cried Van Winkle. "Over in Germany they'd sing a month for half that amount."

"Six hundred guests to feed—total cost of not less than \$40,000," groaned Nopper dolefully. "And there aren't 600 in town."

"You men are borrowing a lot of trouble," yawned Brewster, with a gallant effort to seem bored. "All I ask of you is to come to the party and put up a good imitation of having the time of your life. Between you and me, I'd rather be caught drinking ice cream soda than giving this thing. But—"

"That's what we want to know—but what?" and Subway leaned forward eagerly. "But," continued Monty, "I am in for it now, and it is going to be a ball that is a ball."

Nevertheless the optimistic Brewster could not find the courage to tell Peggy of these picturesque extravagances. To satisfy her curiosity he blandly informed her that he was getting off much more cheaply than he had expected. He laughingly denounced as untrue the stories that had come to her from outside sources, and before his convincing assertions that reports were ridiculously exaggerated the troubled expression in the girl's eyes disappeared.

of the superb nerve of the man. And there was little reluctance to help him in the wild career he had chosen. It was so easy to go with him to the edge of the precipice and let him take the plunge alone. Only the echo of the criticism reached Brewster, for he had silenced Harrison with work and Pettigill with opportunities. It troubled him little, as he was engaged in jotting down items that swelled the profit side of his ledger account enormously. The ball was bound to give him a good lead in the race, once more despite the heavy handicap the Stock Exchange had imposed. The Little Sons took off their coats and helped Pettigill in the work of preparation. He found them quite superfluous, for their ideas never agreed, and each man had a way of preferring his own suggestion. To Brewster's chagrin, they were united in the effort to curb his extravagance.

"He'll be giving automobiles and ropes of pearls for favors if we don't stop him," said Subway Smith after Monty had ordered a vintage champagne to be served during the entire evening. "Give them two glasses first, if you like, and then they won't mind if they have cider the rest of the night."

"Monty is plain dotty," chimed in Bragdon, "and the pace is beginning to tell on him." As a matter of fact the pace was beginning to tell on Brewster. Work and worry were plainly having an effect on his health. His color was bad, his eyes were losing their luster, and there was a listlessness in his actions that even determined effort could not conceal from his friends. Little fits of fever annoyed him occasionally, and he admitted that he did not feel quite right.

"Something is wrong somewhere," he said ruefully, "and my whole system seems ready to stop work through sympathy." Suddenly there was a mighty check to the preparations. Two days before the date set for the ball everything came to a standstill and the managers sank back in perplexity and consternation. Monty Brewster was critically ill.

Appendicitis, the doctors called it, and an operation was imperative. "Thank heaven it's fashionable," laughed Monty, who showed no fear of the prospect. "How ridiculous if it had been the mumps or if the newspapers had said, 'On account of the whooping cough Mr. Brewster did not attend his ball!'"

"You don't mean to say—the ball is off, of course." And Harrison was really alarmed. "Not a bit of it, Nopper," said Monty. "It's what I've been wanting all along. You chaps do the handshaking and I stay at home."

There was an immediate council of war when this piece of news was announced, and the Little Sons were unanimous in favor of recalling the invitations and declaring the party off. At first Monty was obdurate, but when some one suggested that he could give the ball later on, after he was well, he relented. The opportunity to double the cost by giving two parties was not to be ignored.

"Call it off, then, but say that it is only postponed." A great rushing to and fro resulted in the canceling of contracts, the recalling of invitations, the settlement of accounts, with the most loyal effort to save as much as possible from the wreckage. Harrison and his associates, almost frantic with fear for Brewster's life, managed to perform wonders in the few hours of grace. Gardner, with rare foresight, saw that the Viennese orchestra would prove a dead loss. He suggested the possibility of a concert tour through the country covering several weeks, and Monty, too ill to care one way or the other, authorized him to carry out the plan if it seemed feasible.

To Monty, fearless and less disturbed than any other member of his circle, appendicitis seemed as inevitable as vaccination. "The appendix is becoming an important feature in the book of life," he once told Peggy Gray. He refused to go to a hospital, but pathetically begged to be taken to his old rooms at Mrs. Gray's.

With all the unhappy loneliness of a sick boy he craved the care and companionship of those who seemed a part of his own. Dr. Lotless had them transform a small bedchamber into a model operating room, and Monty took no small satisfaction in the thought that if he was to be denied the privilege of spending money for several weeks he would at least make his illness as expensive as possible. A consultation of eminent surgeons was called; but true to his colors, Brewster installed Dr. Lotless, a Little Son, as his house surgeon. Monty grimly bore the pain and suffering and submitted to the operation which alone could save his life. Then came the struggle, then the promise of victory and then the quiet days of convalescence. In the little room where he had dreamed his boyish dreams and suffered his boyish sorrows he struggled against death and gradually emerged from the mists of lassitude. He found it harder than he had thought to come back to life. The burden of it all seemed heavy. The trained nurses found that some more powerful stimulant than the medicine was needed to awaken his ambition, and they discovered it at last in Peggy.

"Child," he said to her the first time she was permitted to see him, and his eyes had lights in them, "do you know, this isn't such a bad world after all. Sometimes as I've lain here it has looked twisted and queer, but there are things that straighten it out. Today I feel as though I had a place in it—as though I could fight things and win out. What do you think, Peggy? Do you suppose there is something that I could do? You know what I mean—something that some one else would not do a thousand times better."

But Peggy, to whom this chastened mood in Monty was infinitely pathetic, would not let him talk. She soothed him and cheered him and touched his hair with her cool hands, and then she left him to think and brood and dream. It was many days before his turbulent mind drifted to the subject of money, but suddenly he found himself hoping that the surgeons would be generous with their charges. He almost suffered a relapse when Lotless, visibly distressed, informed him that the total amount would reach \$3,000. "And what is the additional charge for the operation?" asked Monty, unwilling to accept such unwarranted favors. "It's included in the \$3,000," said Lotless. "They knew you were my friend, and it was professional etiquette to help keep down expenses."

Throat Coughs

A tickling in the throat; hoarseness at times; a deep breath irritates it;—these are features of a throat cough. They're very deceptive and a cough mixture won't cure them. You want something that will heal the inflamed membranes, enrich the blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion

It is just such a remedy. It has wonderful healing and nourishing power. Removes the cause of the cough and the whole system is given new strength and vigor.

Send for free sample SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00. All druggists

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For days Brewster remained at Mrs. Gray's, happy in its restfulness, serene under the charm of Peggy's presence and satisfied to be hopelessly behind in his daily expense account. The interest shown by the inquiries at the house and the anxiety of his friends were soothing to the prodigal. It gave him back a little of his lost self respect. The doctors finally decided that he would best recuperate in Florida and advised a month at least in the warmth. He leaped at the proposition, but took the law into his own hands by ordering General Manager Harrison to rent a place and insisting that he needed the companionship of Peggy and Mrs. Gray.

"How soon can I get back to work, doctor?" demanded Monty the day before the special train was to carry him south. He was beginning to see the dark side of his enforced idleness. His blood again was tingling with the desire to be back in the harness of a spendthrift. "To work?" laughed the physician. "And what is your occupation, pray?" "Making other people rich," responded Brewster soberly.

"Well, aren't you satisfied with what you have done for me? If you are as charitable as that you must be still pretty sick. Be careful and you may be on your feet again in five or six weeks." Harrison came in as Lotless left. Peggy smiled at him from the window. She had been reading aloud from a novel so garrulous that it fairly cried aloud for interruptions.

"Now, Nopper, what became of the ball I was going to give?" demanded Monty, a troubled look in his eyes. "Why, we called it off," said Nopper in surprise. "Don't you remember, Monty?" asked Peggy, looking up quickly and wondering if his mind had gone trailing off.

"I know we didn't give it, of course, but what date did you hit upon." "We didn't postpone it at all," said Nopper. "How could we? We didn't know whether—I mean, it wouldn't have been quite right to do that sort of thing."

"I understand. Well, what has become of the orchestra and the flowers and all that?" "The orchestra is gallivanting around the country, quarrelling with itself and everybody else and driving poor Gardner to the insane asylum. The flowers have lost their bloom long ago." "Well, we'll get together, Nopper, and try to have the ball at mid-Lent. I think I'll be well by that time." Peggy looked appealingly at Harrison for guidance, but to him silence seemed the better part of valor, and he went off wondering if the illness had completely carried away Monty's reason.

The Joy of Privacy. Let ambitious men who think that high place means happiness read the words of President Loubet of France, who goes out of office in a short time: "I await Feb. 18 with the greatest impatience. I shall leave the Elysee never to return. I shall dine alone with my wife and children in the privacy of home. I shall allow nobody to disturb my privacy that evening. There will be family rejoicings with the door closed. The president of the republic is a prisoner."

A Canadian Inference. New York, whose annual death rate used to equal and once or twice even exceed its birth rate, has of late been showing a change for the better, and last year there was an excess of births over deaths of some 30,000. Perhaps this is another evidence that New York is no longer an American city, as regards the nationality of the majority of its people.—Montreal Gazette.

The Czar's Daughter. On a recent occasion at New Peterhof all the members of the czar's family were present at a ceremony, including his four little daughters. These, however, drove up last, to find that the entrance to the palace was blocked by another carriage. The Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest of the four, was visibly disconcerted, and, beckoning to a tall Cossack, she ordered him to bid the owners of the vehicle to move on and make room for the emperor's daughters. The soldier saluted, but made no attempt to obey the mandate. The irate little lady, unable to tolerate the insult thus openly offered to her imperial person, leaped out of the carriage and called aloud in her shrill, babyish voice, "Please to move on!" There was a moment's silence, then the door of the carriage opened slowly, and no less a personage than the czar himself alighted and shook his finger rebukingly at his imperious little daughter.—London M. A. P.

TIREDDNESS MEANS DANGER! Indicates Faulty Blood and Worn-Out Nerves—Build Up, or Total Collapse will Surely Follow.

When you're tired all day, bothered by trifles, exhausted with nervousness be sure there is something wrong.

You need bracing up, need more nutriment in the blood, need a powerful medicine to vitalize the nerves and distribute force and staying power to all overworked organs. The most marvellous success is Ferrozene, a nourishing tonic so scientific as to be the admiration of every physician. Ferrozene performs wonders for people in poor health; it acts directly on the blood, enriching it with strength and new life that is at once dispatched to all parts of the body. Ferrozene feeds the nerves and the vital energies, supplies force, determination and joyous, buoyant spirits.

A case where the lassitude and lack of strength is told by Mr. David Brown, of post office box No. 30, Beeton, Ont.: "About a year ago my health commenced to fail. My hands and feet seemed always cold. I felt worn out and exhausted, weak as a little child. My face twitched. My limbs and arms commenced to lose their sense of feeling and finally my left side was perfectly numb. All my color left. My appetite ran down. Ferrozene was the first to give me any help. I improved with it very quickly. It toned up the blood and started circulation, so that the numbness gradually disappeared. My condition was perfectly cured by Ferrozene, and I have been well ever since. (Signed) David Brown."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To get satisfactory results be sure you get Ferrozene only. Fifty cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

THE MODEL SCHOOL GOES. The new Educational Bill provides for doing away with Model schools. Henceforth all teachers will be required to attend a Normal school. We are inclined to regard this as a change in the right direction, but it will make the teaching profession a much more expensive one to qualify for than it is at present. And this will probably be a good thing. One result will be to raise the teachers' salaries which at present are not more than half of what they ought to be.—Telescope.

Wake up Your Liver Not too much, just a little, just enough to start the bile nicely. One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime is all you need. These pills act directly on the liver. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Sold for 60 years. We have a secret! We publish the formulas of all our medicines. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

DR. HART'S CELERY-IRON PILLS.

The Remedy we Positively Guarantee will Cure You or Your Money Refunded.

There has never been a remedy offered to the public with such an honest guarantee of cure behind it as Dr. Hart's Celery-Iron Pills. This remedy is the best treatment in the world for such troubles as Anæmia, Chlorosis or Green Sickness, Pale and Sallow Complexion, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, Impaired Memory, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Nerve Exhaustion, Nervous Headaches, Hyæmia, St. Vitus Dance, Female Weakness, Pimples and Eruptions, Heart Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness and Faintness, General Weakness and Debility.

It is a great boon to weak, worn-out run-down men and women, giving them that vigorous health that makes life worth living. There is nothing better for pale, listless, hollow-eyed girls to make them rosy-cheeked and full of bounding health. If you are anxious to try Dr. Hart's Celery-Iron Pills, we will sell you 6 boxes for \$2.50 with the understanding and with the guarantee that if you feel you are not deriving benefit from the use of the Pills, after taking three boxes according to directions, you may return the 3 empty boxes, together with the 3 unopened ones, and have your money refunded. By the single box the Pills are 50c.

JNO. A. DARLING CHEMIST — AND — DRUGGIST DURHAM, ONT.

GRANDMOTHERLY LEGISLATION

A combine of lawyers to keep us from getting our wills drawn by honest men who are not lawyers; a combine of doctors to keep us from taking pills or syrup or plaster prepared for the common herd; a combine of druggists to keep us away from the drug counters of the departmental stores; a combine of nurses to shoo away all unregistered angels of mercy; a combine of undertakers to lay us out in regulation coffins at regulation charges; a combine of persons to make the proper prayer over what remains of us after all other combines have had their turn! That is what we are coming to. And one wonders if life under such conditions is worth while. Surely Parliament will leave some chance for people to make mistakes, and to learn by experience and exercise gamption without being pestered at every turn by legislative interferences. Protection is bad enough in the large matters of trade, but when it comes down to the everyday details of life it becomes an insufferable nuisance. The Legislature had better adjourn, when its chief business is playing pater to grown folks.—Globe.

Rheumatism Makes Life Miserable

A happy home is the most valuable possession that is within the reach of mankind, but you cannot enjoy its comforts if you are suffering from rheumatism. You throw aside business cares when you enter your home and you can be relieved from those rheumatic pains also by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application will give you relief and its continued use for a short time will bring about a permanent cure. For sale at Parker's Drug Store.

That the public health will be carefully safeguarded by a strict enforcement of the health act was apparent Tuesday morning when two cases for violation of the act appeared in police court and in each case a fine was imposed. Mr. and Mrs. John Cords, who live on the east hill, were charged with having failed to report the presence of smallpox in their home. Dr. Cameron had visited the Cords' home some time before the appearance of any rash and learned that a man who had been in the infected house visited them. He then warned them to report to him at once if any rash appeared on any of them. On information received from an inmate of the isolation hospital he visited the house again about the latter end of March and found unmistakable signs of every member of the family having had the dread disease. They were well by this time but for a safeguard the house was placed under quarantine. Information had been laid against both Mr. and Mrs. Cords but the magistrate held that Mr. Cords was the only one who could be prosecuted under the act, and fined him five dollars and costs. Mrs. Henry Lumley whose house was quarantined for diphtheria, had insisted in defiance of the health officer on hanging on the front fence carpets, blankets and other articles likely to carry infection. A dog had also been allowed to run at large after a warning, which, according to Dr. Cameron was one of the easiest ways to carry the disease. A fine of five dollars without costs was imposed.—Times.

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W. IRWIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. O. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Garafaxa and George Street foot of hill. Office hours—9-11 a. m., 7-9 p. m. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON office in the New Hunter Block, hours, 8 to 10 a. m., to 4 p. m., and 8 to 10 p. m. Special attention given to cases of women and children. Residence, opposite Presbyterian Church.

DR. GEO. S. BURT. Late Assistant Boy. London Ophthalmic Eng., and to Golden Sq., Throat and Neck Specialist: Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose. EXCLUSIVELY Will be at the Midway House last Wednesday of each month, from 12 to 4 p. m.

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