FOR LOVE AND BIRTHRIGHT

--OR--

PLOT VS. PRINCIPLE.

Then there followed a clear statement of his affairs, with two or three small bequests to servants.

In the envelope, with the will, there was found a certificate of the adoption of "Edmund Wales" by Ralph Carpenter and his wife, together with an account of the whole transaction.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter had traveled a good deal during their early married life, and once, while in the far southwest, they had come across a little child who had been born in a mining district. The mother had died soon after the birth of her boy, and he had been left to the doubtful care which could be secured in that wild region. Mrs. Carpenter had become immediately interested, in the child, and proposed to adopt it if the father's consent could be gained. This was not a very difficult matter, and the baby was taken to San Francisco, where it was supposed, by Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter's friends, to have been born, and no one else had ever known until now that he had been an adopted son.

Walter was as much surprised as any one by this unexpected disclosure, and, under any other circumstances, he would have wondered at Mr. Carpenter for having made it; but looking back, he could not realize how disappointed the noble hearted man must have been with the cold return which the boy had given him for all the care and affection he had lavished upon him; and how he must have contrasted his own (Walter's) loving gratitude and tender attentions with the indifference and almost neglect of his supposed son.

Edmund Carpenter was rendered speechless by what he had heard. It was a thunderbolt that served to crush him effectually, and he had not a word further to offer in objection to the conditions of the will.

"These papers, regarding your adoption, I will resign into your hands at once," Mr. Fairbanks resumed, "and now this will must be immediately probated, and there must be a fair division of all you possess. We have ascertained, among our other discoveries, that you have been turning all your property into money with the intention of shortly quitting the country. Now this money, since your late father has appointed me executor, must all be relinquished into my hand, and I will see that justice is done. If—now mark you, Mr. Carpenter, this is a very important condition, and a very magnanimous one in my estimation—if you agree to this and give no trouble in this settlement, no proceedings will be taken against you, as Mr. Richardson shrinks from adopting aggressive measures against one who has so long sustained the relationship of son to his beloved benefactor. Miss Gordon, also, is averse to the notoriety of a trial for the wrong that you have done her. How is it, sir—do you agree to our terms?"

"Yes, I agree."

"Will you swear that you will not attempt to leave the city until full restitution has been made to Mr. Richardson?"

"Yes, I swear it."

"Of course I do not need to tell you that every precaution will be taken to prevent your doing so," Mr. Fairbanks said, with emphatic significance, "and now, I believe, we have no further need of your presence here today."

Edmund Carpenter arose at this abrupt dismissal, looking as if years had passed over him since he sat down. He shot one glance of hatred and malice at Walter, who was regarding him with real pity and sorrow; then his eye rested for an instant with a sort of despairing tenderness upon Ruby's averted face, after which he turned and walked quietly from the room, too thoroughly vanquished even to care to keep up the appearance of defiance.

It may as well be stated here, that he was closely "shadowed" until he delivered half his fortune into Mr. Fairbanks' hands for Walter; which, since it had to be done, he was eager to do immediately, and after that he suddenly disappeared from the city, and was never seen there again.

Years afterward, when Walter and Ruby were travelling abroad, they heard of him as living a dissipated life at a noted gambling resort, and fast wasting the noble bequest which he had received from his adopted father.

There was general rejoicing over this discovery; but Walter, although he of course suspected a good deal, was told nothing beyond the fact that he had nothing to fear.

Mrs. Gordon was sent for at once, and while they were waiting for her, Ruby told about the finding of Ralph Carpenter's will, and where she had concealed it, whereupon Mr. Ruggles, taking an officer with him, posted off to Forestvale to secure it.

He found Mrs. Coxon still there. The purchaser of the estate was not to take possession until the first of October; meanwhile she was to remain there and get the furniture in proper order for an auction sale; so, as yet, fortunately, scarcely anything had been disturbed.

The good old housekeeper was simply horrified upon learning what had happened to Ruby, but she was overjoyed to know that she had discovered the long missing will.

It was easily found, and Mr. Ruggles returned in triumph with it to Mr. Conant's.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Conclusion.

"Can you ever forgive me, Ruby? My worldly ambition, my pride and love of money, have nearly proved my own ruin, as well as yours. I deserve your supreme contempt instead of the gentle care and kindness which you are giving me."

This from Mrs. Gordon, who had been ill for nearly a week. She had been taken from the court house directly to her former boarding place in the city, where Ruby had insisted upon accompanying her, and where she had been unremitting in her attentions, and as gentle and kind as if her sister-in-law had never done her the slightest injury.

"Of course, I have forgiven you already, Estelle," Ruby answered. "I will confess, though, that I felt forlorn enough when I found that you were in league with Edmund Carpenter, and determined to make me marry him—I longed for Robert more than ever, for I was so alone and friendless."

"Poor child!" returned Mrs. Gordon, weeping, "I have been false enough to my trust. You have shown yourself far more of a woman than I ever did since our troubles began, and you have shamed me by your patience and self-sacrifice from the first. But I will try to lead a different life after this, and to make myself worthy of your love."

Ruby stooped and kissed the repentant woman or the lips, thus putting an end to further denunciation.

Madam had wanted to take her directly home with her as soon as the trial was concluded; for her heart had gone out to the lovely girl from the moment of her introduction to her. But, Ruby, seeing how ill Mrs. Gordon was, felt that her duty was for the present, with her, and she had answered:

"Estelle needs me, and I must not leave her until she gets well; even then she will have no one to care for her, and it is so dreadful to feel that one is all alone in the world."

She could not forget her own recent sense of desolation, and her tender heart prompted her to throw what sympathy and care she could around the lonely woman, in spite of the injury which she had done her.

"It seems to me she is not over and above deserving of such self-sacrifice," madam had replied; "she has not shown any very great sense of her duty to you in the past."

"Well—but she was Robert's wife; he loved her, and for his sake I will stay with her while she is sick; while, truly, Estelle used to be very good to me in the old days," Ruby pleaded, in extenuation of the offender.

"Yes," thought madam, "when everything was smooth and pleasant, when there was nothing to cross her and goodness required no effort."

"Ah! I understand; you have been arranging for a wedding," said Mrs. Gordon, smiling at her confusion.

"Yes," Ruby confessed, more freely, now that the ice was broken; "madam says there is no reason why Walter should delay making a home for himself, and she wants him to be settled. Besides, she says she would like a place to visit occasionally for a change."

"Then you are not to live with her, nor she with you?"

"No; Walter wants her to come to us, but she says she has lived so long by herself, she prefers to keep up her own establishment, though she assures us that she will come to see us often enough, and stay long enough, to prevent our forgetting that we have a grandmother," Ruby concluded, smiling.

"Where are you going to live, Ruby?"

Ruby laughed outright at this question.

"I don't know, Estelle, Walter says I am not to trouble my head about that, since I shall have enough else to occupy my attention during the next few weeks."

"I suppose he will be considered a very rich man now, with his legacy from Mr. Carpenter and his expectations from Madame Howland."

"Yes, I suppose so," the young girl answered, with a strangely grave look.

"I am very glad, Ruby, darling," said her sister, heartily, "and I hope you will enjoy your wealth and position; you deserve, too, I am sure, for you have borne poverty like an angel."

The marriage had been set for the 24th of October, and Mr. Ruggles had insisted upon giving Ruby a grand wedding.

"You are like another daughter to me," he said to her tenderly, one day, when the matter was being discussed, "and I want you to grant me a father's privilege in this. Mother and I are going down to take possession of our new house in the city, the first of September, and you shall be married from your old home, if—if you think you would like it."

"Oh, Mr. Ruggles!" cried Ruby, quick tears starting to her eyes, "that is so kind of you. I should like it of all things; and—if—Robert were only here," she added, in a choking voice, "it would almost seem as if I were really going to be at home again."

And so it was arranged, much to the satisfaction of all parties, and Mr. Ruggles, taking Mrs. Gordon aside for a confidential conference, remarked:

"If we're going to have this wedding in our new house, I want everything done up handsome, and I guess you know how to manage such things better'n mother and I do, so if you'll just take charge of the affair, it'll be a relief to us, though I'll take care of the ways and means. Invite who you choose, and spend as much money as you like, and—don't you let that blessed girl want for a single thing."

The commission, together with the carte blanche, just suited Mrs. Gordon, and she entered into the arrangements with all her heart; and between them all, Ruby was almost overwhelmed with kindness and beautiful gifts.

Her trousseau was as lovely and complete as the affection of kind friends and the lavish expenditure of money could make it, although she protested that it ought not to be so, since she had no fortune of her own.

"I am only a poor girl. I haven't a penny of my own," she said one evening, to Walter; "but one would think, to see all the finery upstairs, that I ought to be a millionaire at least."

And he, bending to touch her forehead with his lips, said, with a queer little smile:

"You underrate yourself, my darling—you do not know how much you are worth."

Florence and Annie Partridge, who, of all Ruby's former friends, had proved most faithful during her adversity, were chosen to be bridesmaids, and when at length the all important day arrived, Mr. Ruggles' new residence and Ruby's old home was once more ablaze from attic to basement, and most exquisitely decorated in honor of the fair bride-elect.

It was very home-like and beautiful. Nothing had been disturbed in the house, the conservatory had been refilled with choice plants, and it almost seemed to Ruby as if the past year had been but a sad dream; but with the exception of a dear presence, which had once helped to brighten those lofty and elegant rooms, there was nothing wanting.

The young bride was very lovely in her ivory satin robe, with its beautiful lace overdress, and the misty veil, fastened with real orange blossoms, while the pretty bridesmaids were scarcely less attractive in white silk and tulle.

The wedding was a brilliant affair, and nothing occurred to mar the occasion in any way.

Madame Howland has so far recovered from her injuries that she was able to appear without her arm in a sling, although it was still lame and weak, and she looked very handsome and distinguished in her elegant black velvet, point lace and diamonds, while she appeared exceedingly proud of her noble grandson and very fond of the fair lady of his choice.

The young couple were united in the sacred bonds by Ruby's old pastor, who, knowing much of her heroism during her recent troubles, made the service tenderly impressive, and congratulated Walter most heartily afterward, for having won so rare a prize.

The ceremony and reception had been set early in the evening, as the bride and groom had arranged for a little tour before settling down to the real business and enjoyment of life, and were to leave the city on one of the night trains.

But when the guests had departed and Ruby had exchanged her wedding dress for the travelling suit, Mr. Ruggles drew them into the library for a few last words.

He seemed deeply agitated, and, laying his hand tenderly upon the lovely bride's head, he said, in a husky tone:

"My dear child, ever since I have known you, I have been happier than I ever expected to be again in this world after losing my own dear daughter, and I want to tell you that, henceforth, all that I have or gain will belong to you. But," he added, with a pathetic attempt to smile, for his eyes were full of tears and his lips trembling, "before you went away, I wanted to give you a daughter's portion and a father's blessing, so take this, tuck it away somewhere where it'll be safe, and God bless you both!"

He bent and touched Ruby's forehead with his unsteady lips, shook hands with Walter, and then left the room abruptly, after having slipped a package into the young wife's hands.

"Dear old man, how good he is! But what is this?" Ruby asked, looking from the package up into her husband's face.

"Let us examine it," he said, evasively, for he had known something of Mr. Ruggles' intentions.

Ruby unfolded the paper and began to read.

"Oh, dear," she cried, laughing, "it is one of those puzzling legal documents, such as Robert used to have, and I never could make them out. Take it, Walter, and explain it if you can."

Walter smiled, and gathered the small figure of his wife close in his arms.

"I can explain it, darling, without the document," he said, "for Mr. Ruggles confided his plans to me some time ago. You know, dear, that our old friend has become immensely wealthy during the last few years."

"Yes, I know."

"I do not need to tell you, either, how fond of you he and his wife have both become; you reign supreme in their honest hearts; and, last month, Mr. Ruggles made his will bequeathing everything, save one hundred thousand dollars, which goes to endow a certain college in this State— to you, if you survive both him and his wife. But that has nothing to do with the document he has just given you; that is simply a deed of this estate, conveying to Mrs. Ruby Richardson and heirs forever this beautiful home and all that it contains."

Ruby looked amazed.

"Simply a deed of this estate," she repeated, breathlessly. "What a gift! but I thought that they were going to live here?"

"No, that was only a kindly plan, so that you might be married in your old home. Mr. Ruggles bought the place, intending from the first that you should eventually have it; but I doubt if they would ever be content to break up the home where they have spent so many years of their lives. Poor child! do you feel so very much burdened with this gift?" Walter concluded, smiling down upon her blank face.

"I can hardly realize it," Ruby said, yet glancing fondly around the familiar, beautiful room.

"It has been made very secure, nothing can ever take it from you; and," with a mischievous smile, "surely, you are not empty handed, now."

"Oh! Walter! I'm afraid that was a little foolish of me," Ruby said, flushing, yet, after all, with a secret sense of satisfaction at the fact. "But," she continued, "what are you and I going to do all alone in this great house? I thought——"

"Yes, I know; you have thought that a home was being prepared for you elsewhere. But I had been told of this, and I was sure you would be happier here than anywhere else; and though I own 'tis rather spacious for us alone, yet I imagine we shall find friends enough who will be glad to help us fill it."

"But, Walter, it is going to take a great deal of money to keep up such an establishment," said Ruby, gravely.

"Little wiseacre!" laughed the happy husband, "your experience in —— street, has made you very calculating; but, my darling, we are going to have a great deal of money, and we can afford to do about as we like. One thing I am sure you will like, and that is to know that Mrs. Coxon is coming to be housekeeper for us; you know she once said, she would like to come to live with us."

"Oh, that is very good of you, Walter," Ruby delightedly exclaimed. "I have been wondering where the woman would find a comfortable home, and I am sure she will like to be here. But," with a little sigh, "all this is very unexpected and it rather shatters some bright dreams that I have had about a little home with only one servant, where I was to do so many things for you with my own hands!"

"These dear hands will find plenty to do for me as it is," Walter answered, kissing them softly, "for I intend to be a very busy man. I have no intention of giving up my business, so I shall make you my almoner to the poor, when I cannot attend to such things myself."

"That will be very pleasant work, and I know one can do ever so much good with plenty of money. And now, Walter," looking up at him with a sweet seriousness that made her very lovely, "let us resolve, on this most important day of our lives, that we will set apart a certain portion of all that we have, and dedicate it to the work of helping the poor and making other people happy."

"With all my heart," he answered, tenderly. "Shall it be a tenth or a fifth? You shall decide that question some other time. Just now, however, I have to remind you, Mrs. Richardson, that our train leaves in just half an hour, and we must be on the wing; but my bright, beautiful wife, my heart is full of joy at the thought that I am to bring you back here, to a home so worthy of you, and where you are so well fitted to reign."

* * * * * *

What more can we add, but to say that in the years that came and went, these two faithfully kept the resolution made on their wedding day.

The memory of the trials of his early life kept Walter's heart green and tender, and he never turned away from a cry of distress or withheld his bounty wherever there was a call to do good; while Ruby's brief experience of poverty and care made her a sweet and gentle sympathizer with all who were in trouble, and many a home was brightened by her benevolence, many a despairing heart was comforted by her deeds of mercy and love.

Madame Howland lived to an advanced age—lived to welcome and love three noble boys and two sweet little girls—her great grandchildren, and the pride of her heart, and during the last few years of her life she was content to give up her own home and reside with Walter and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles were frequent visitors in that delightful home, where they were always most cordially received, and which they declared was the most charming spot this side of heaven; and when they were finally gathered to their rest—Mrs. Ruggles first and her husband but a few months later—all their great wealth came into Ruby's possession, bequeathed to her by her friend, with his "best love and gratitude for all her kindness to a rough old man."

Mrs. Gordon proved to be completely changed by that trying experience, which had so nearly resulted in the exposure of her treachery and disgrace to the name she bore. She was softened and subdued; her pride conquered; her affections quickened. And when, three years later, her hand was sought and won by a noble and devoted clergyman, she was well fitted for the position she was to occupy. "Estelle will make a lovely minister's wife," Ruby declared; and she did, although she always affirmed that if there was any good in her, it was all owing to the living example of her beautiful sister.

She could not help feeling that she had reaped a wonderful reward—that it was all the outgrowth of that one simple act of courtesy and good will on that evening, when this uncultured stranger had entered, an unbidden guest, her brother's house, to offer homage to the poet who had sounded the depths of his really noble nature by the might of his gifted pen.

(The End.)

FARMING ON A DESERT.

Forty-three Fertile Spots on the Sahara Sands.

The desert of Sahara is the last place to which we would look for any important development of agriculture, yet the French have developed in the oases of this desert most important agricultural resources.

It has long been known that in the few spots where the Arabs have been able to cultivate the ground by using the little water available from the few springs, leading it with great labor and skill so as to utilize it in irrigating the arid ground, they have produced results which have been deemed incredible. The French have brought science to their aid, and by the use of artesian wells have produced water in abundance. The date palm is natural to this country, and in Tunis alone it is estimated that there are 13,500,000 palm trees. The natives consume large quantities, being their principal article of food, yet Tunis exports $1,568,000 worth of dates every year, besides bananas, figs, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, almonds, apricots, and even grapes. Not only this, but grain is raised, Indian corn, sorgum, millet, hemp, tomatoes, peppers, melons, cucumbers, and a host of other things. The French founded a society called the "Oued Rhir" in 1875, and in ten years they owned 43 oases, with 114 colonies, the produce from which was valued at $500,000 yearly. Since then several other societies have been formed, and all give the most favorable reports of their progress and work. The promise of prophecy, that in the last days the "desert shall blossom as the rose," seems about to be realized.

An Outgrown Ideal.

There have been some salutary changes during the long reign of Queen Victoria, one of which is casually treated by a London journal. Remarking that fainting was quite the fashion among women when Her Majesty came to the British throne, it says: "It was proper for an engaged young lady to swoon away if she received a letter containing the news of her lover having sprained his leg. The Queen was thought too insensible because her voice did not falter when she announced to the House of Commons her engagement to Prince Albert. Consumptive Pheroines were best liked by novel readers. Girls took a pride in being in poor health. They used to talk of their ailments as they now talk of the bike and golf."

Broken down systems, shattered nerves and emaciated forms are rapidly restored by Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

William Ponton, one of the volunteers from Belleville, and the hero of the famous bank robbery trial, will to-day be presented with a purse of $50 from his Napanee friends.

Lady Alice Montague, sister of the Duke of Manchester, died to-day at Daves-Platz, a health resort in Switzerland. She was 20 years old.

Healthy, Happy Girls.

Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent from no apparent cause, in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with palpitating hearts after slight exercise, so that to merely walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are going into consumption. Doctors tell them they are anæmic—which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that?

More pale and anæmic people have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other medicine.

Mrs. M. N. Joncas, Berthier, Que., writes: "My daughter, aged fifteen, has been restored to good health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She was very feeble, her blood was poor and watery, and she was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness, and always felt tired. After using four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is enjoying as good health as any girl of her age, and we are glad to give the credit to your grand medicine. Mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their young daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Do not take anything that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

MY LADY'S CIGARETTE

May a Woman Smoke Without Losing Caste?

WHAT WOMEN WRITERS SAY.

"No woman who smokes cigarettes is a lady."—Magistrate Crane, in the Harlem Police Court, in committing Adelaide Morgan, the wife of an actor, to the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital.

On the subject of whether a woman who smokes cigarettes can be a lady the Herald has obtained these opinions from well-known New York women.

Lillie Devereux Blake—It is no more wrong for a woman to smoke than for a man. The morality of smoking is merely a question of local habit. In eastern countries women smoke, but here it does not seem proper because we are not accustomed to it. If our mothers and grandmothers smoked we would not consider it wrong and would follow their example. A woman who smokes cigarettes may be injudicious, but she cannot be called immoral.

Elizabeth B. Grannis — Magistrate Crane's remark was ill chosen. Who cares whether a woman is a lady or not, so long as she is womanly? But she cannot be womanly so long as she smokes cigarettes. The habit of smoking is on the increase in New York, and the woman or girl who adopts it never fails to fall into more pernicious habits. There is certainly no woman who does not belong to the fast set or to the lowest class of womanhood who does not consider smoking cigarettes a breach of propriety. I can give innumerable instances of the disastrous effects the habit has had on women and young girls.

"Jennie June" Croly.—"Magistrate Crane might as well have said, 'A woman who eats onions isn't a lady.' So long as a woman does nothing that is morally detrimental no one can say she is not a lady. The stories of women being addicted to the habit of smoking cigarettes are greatly overdrawn. I have met women in all classes of society in this and other countries, and I never met but one woman who smoked cigarettes. There is certainly nothing unladylike in the habit, but it is simply not the custom in this country."

Mrs. William Tod Helmuth.—"I don't say that the habit of smoking cigarettes is wrong, but I don't like to see women adopt it. I am distinctly against it, and I would be very sorry to think that in the future American women might smoke. Personally I know of no woman in New York who smokes, and although I belong to many women's clubs, I know of none where such a thing would be tolerated. We should not adopt men's vices, but should strive to better ourselves. Smoking is not an advancement for women, but a retrogression."

Mrs. Emilie L. Fernandez.—"I do not approve of women smoking, but I admit that my ideas are old fashioned. I do not think the habit of cigarette smoking is more prevalent among actresses than it is among society women. Actresses such as Miss Marlowe and Miss Adams do not smoke. I know of many, however, who do smoke for the stimulative effect. They smoke in their dressing rooms between the acts. I have seen them leave the stage and take two or three puffs from a cigarette to prevent them from feeling fatigue after their exertions."

Retail cigar dealers in Broadway say that their sales of favorite brands of cigarettes to women have increased enormously. Turkish cigarettes, they say, have induced women to adopt the habit of smoking, owing to the mildness of the tobacco and its strange, sweet flavor.

Remember

We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute, it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

Noted Dwarf Dead.

George Gibson, the dwarf of Dunfermline, Scotland, dropped down in Maygate, in that city, and suddenly expired. Gibson was upwards of 60 years of age, and for the past 45 years had been known as "Wee Geordie." He was only three feet three inches in height.

Miller's Compound Iron Pills; only 25 cents for 50 doses.

HOT WATER.

A Simple and Cheap Remedy for Many Ailments.

Hot water is so simple a remedy, and so easily obtained that its value is not half appreciated. It is one of the best restorers of nervous energy, it rests the weary, and it relieves pain, not only as an outward application, but as a remedy to be taken internally.

A sudden and wearing attack of coughing often needs immediate attention, especially in consumptives and those chronically ill. In an emergency, that ever useful remedy will often prove effective. It is much better than the ordinary cough mixtures, which disorder the digestion and spoil the appetite. Water, almost boiling, should be sipped when the paroxysms come on.

A cough, resulting from irritation, is relieved by hot water through the promotion of secretion, which moistens the irritated surfaces. For the trying dry cough hot water is also excellent, as it promotes expectoration and brings relief.

When one has a sudden attack of indigestion it is a good plan to take a cup of hot water as nearly boiling as can be borne. Persons suffering from dyspepsia will find relief by drinking a cup of water on rising in the morning before eating or making any bodily exertion.

When one comes home at night after a fatiguing day, nothing is more restful than bathing the head and back of the neck with a towel wrung out of water as hot as can be borne. It soothes the nerves and rests body and brain. The same treatment relieves a nervous headache as nothing else does. When one is overheated and there is a rush of blood to the head, a hot towel applied to the face and head is a great relief. In the heat of summer this same hot towel refreshes and cools the skin, and gives it a feeling of lightness and comfort that cold water never gives.

STIR IN KENMORE.

Durham Brown's Letter Published Last Week Cause of Comment.

One of Many Such Cases in Kenmore—Dodd's Kidney Pills Well Known There—Unanimous Corroboration of Brown's Statement.

Kenmore, Jan. 15.—No little comment has been caused here by the publication of a letter signed by Durham Brown, in the papers last week. Mr. Brown is one of the most expert box-makers in the country, his cheese boxes, while models of good workmanship, being turned out in remarkably quick time. He has the reputation of being able to drive one-and-a-quarter-inch nails at the rate of five hundred in eighteen minutes, and keep it up steadily.

Mr. Brown is an enthusiast about Dodd's Kidney Pills. He cannot say enough in their favor. And he means every word of it. His brother also thoroughly believes in Dodd's Kidney Pills, having seen how they affected Durham. Durham Brown's letter, as published last week, is corroborated by his brother and all who know him.

Many other people in Kenmore know from personal experience the value of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Whether for the two formerly incurable and fatal maladies, Bright's Disease and Diabetes, or for any of the other forms of Kidney Disease—Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Female Troubles, Blood Disorders—Dodd's Kidney Pills are considered infallible. Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine that ever cured Bright's Disease or Diabetes, and the people here have a wonderful faith in them.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Military Motor Cycle.

The new military motor cycle is a terrible engine of war. The machine is driven by an automatic petroleum motor, and mounts a twenty-seven pound automatic Maxim gun, capable of discharging 600 rounds per minute while travelling along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

That tired feeling will disappear and you will be able to eat well and sleep well by using Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

Governor Henry Stafford Northcote, of Bombay, who was created a peer at the beginning of the present year, has assumed the title of Lord Northcote of Exeter.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO