

Through the Use of Pink Pills

young girl pale and away, you know in hood is making her blood supply set. Mouth after her strength, her mind away. No can do her any medicine cannot save health and a hope-out is the one thing healthy, efficient. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the whole source of thousands of pairs, early gave, Miss 27 years, living at Montreal, gives Williams' Pink Pills of years ago, this almost, I know I suffered from red spots of dead headaches, and my only out of order, would leave me as, and I did not try to do what is the use? But why do you talk to me so? and she looks up at him—for he is standing now—with an anxious, sorrowful expression in her dark eyes. "What can I do? What can I do? I have never thought of this—until—until lately. Do not let me speak of it."

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LOVE AND A TITLE

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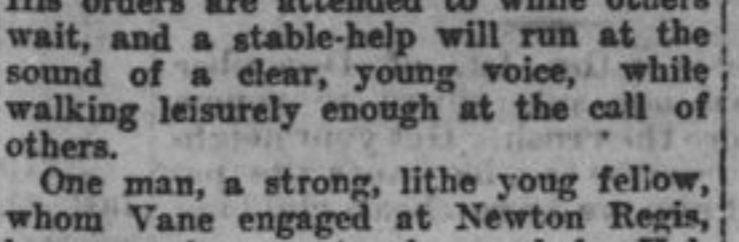
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TEA is suggestive of its Purity and Strength. Its Delicious Fragrance is still more enticing. Fresh From the Plantation in Lead Sealed Packets. Try the Red Label. For sale at all live grocers.

Evelyn's Surprise

What was the good of marrying a man with whom all the rest of the women were in love? Why should she follow the common, senseless herd? She, a beauty and an heiress! Barbara Montgomery, Evelyn's particular friend, had indignantly pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of such a matrimonial venture, and in her summing up the former considerably outbalanced the latter. Evelyn thought Barbara's suggestion vulgar when she quoted the hackneyed saying that 'There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.' This did not seem to her pertinent as applied to herself and Colonel Ashmore. The idea that perhaps he would console himself in a richer and more beautiful direction, Evelyn resented with disdain. 'More beautiful!' She was vain enough to think that with such a complexion, perfect figure, feet and hands, she could carry the world before her; in fact, she was proud of anything and everything that belonged to that marvellous vision of beauty, Evelyn Ashmore. And for Barbara to preach that Colonel Ashmore would soon fly to some one more appreciative and congenial. Barbara, a commonplace little creature, who could scarcely string together a couple of sentences grammatically. Had not she, Evelyn, been the belle of every place she had honored with her presence. Fly from her! Indeed! What nonsense; and here was a prophet.

And so this glorious June day when Colonel Ashmore stood before her, she felt no want of surprise whatever. What more natural than that this man, who a season and a half ago had been her richest slave, should now have returned to his allegiance? Here he was on the very first available opportunity hurrying to meet her again. Graciously Evelyn made her eyes sparkle, although she flattered herself that she looked as if she saw no one for whom she felt the slightest interest. 'I am delighted to meet you, Miss Amos,' said Colonel Ashmore, and she was in the least nervous, but then men don't carry their hearts on their chest sleeves—this was Evelyn's comforting reflection. 'I heard you were coming to Paumotu,' he continued, extending his hand. Evelyn condescended to shake hands, and for the same time wondered why she had never realized before the charm of this man's condescendingly condescending attention. Well in their slick hats, frock coats, and smart dress suits, this man in whatever clothes he wore seemed exactly suited to the place and the hour. 'No need, Miss Amos, to ask how you are?' Evelyn smiled most graciously, fully aware that the accommodating man was still lighting with his golden hair her cheeks of chestnut hair. 'This is my cousin Norton,' she continued. 'Mr. Herman Norton is like yourself, a painter, and you two ought to become friends.' But Evelyn could only think of the tall, upright man before her. Had he ever asked her to marry him? Had she dared refuse him? Surely she must have dreamed this episode of her career—it could not be true. Could he ever forgive her had she refused the harm it must have done him? After all it had only been bravado. Now, well, it would have been a brave person who would have dared to have said anything in his deprecation in her presence. Barbara Montgomery's words occurred to her. 'Eustace Ashmore is as good as he is handsome, as true as he is tall, and absolutely devoid of swag and conceit.' She agreed with Barbara, and thought so, too. 'Absence often works wonders in making us remember as well as forget, and Evelyn, it was late remembered a great deal, and now Eustace was beside her once again—of his own accord. She had been abroad with her maiden aunt, Miss Milman, and they had been traveling incessantly for a year and three months; their last stay was in Sicily, and she had heard little of their friends and their affairs, as both Evelyn and her aunt had abjured all correspondence, so for the space of fifteen months they had been practically out of the world that finds its boundaries in London. Now they were both en route home and beginning to hear the echoes of the park. Her heart was full, for she realized that she was near the man of all others she most desired to see. Eustace the object of her affection, who had been laughing and joking with her as she sat at her side, her welcome back. 'Because I was a poor fool once,' she thought, 'there is no reason why I should be a fool again, and thank goodness, it is as easy to say yes as no. Everything comes to him or her—which is it—who waits.' Presently conscious that her mind was fully made up, she turned to respond to Herman Norton's brainy little-tattler on art and books, thinking to herself that he was a good civilian copy of his military cousin. Presently she was to discover, however, that she was not the only one who had heard of her. Evelyn was telling herself that it was natural that Eustace should wish her to be on rapport with his guests; never in her life had she felt so happy and so much at peace. As they entered the hotel and mounted the parapet they were joined by some one else. A vision in a white frock, blue sash, curly red hair, a red reticule, and laughing brown eyes. 'You trunks, you will be gratefully left for dinner. Oh, you've returned, have you?' The brown-eyed girl made a dash at her blue-eyed friend and demonstratively embraced her. 'Barbara!' Miss Amos was genuinely surprised. 'Who ever expected to see you here of all people in the world?' is really Barbara, or her actual body. Evelyn, but very much alive. Are you not surprised to see Eustace?' 'Indeed, I was.' Colonel Ashmore had descended the steps. Evelyn turned away to hide her full-face contentment, which she knew would reveal to Barbara the joy she felt in meeting her old admirer again. 'Eustace, we so commended you. 'Of course he has told you' and Barbara scampered down the stairs, following in the wake of the colonel. 'Told me what?' and Evelyn looked toward Herman Norton inquiringly. 'If suppose she means my cousin's marriage, but, of course, you know he was married a year ago?' 'Married?' 'There was a pause. 'And whom has he married?' 'Barbara, Mr. Arthur A. Eustace in Washington Post. Edward a Smooth Diplomat. (Noahville Banner). The mission of Prince Louis of Battenberg to his country and consequent a few days ago. The United States navy and in its annals of peace the blowing up of the Maine and the loss of two ships of Admiral Franklin's squadron in the Samaná hurricane in the late '90s. Each of the disasters enumerated cost the nation concerned more lives than any naval battle it has engaged in since steam-sail-planting sails. Cleveland Plain Dealer. If your watch isn't right you are apt to be left.

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HAS NOT SLEPT IN A CHAIR SINCE



Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. James Kinsella.

She Suffering from Hope to Other Suffering Women in Canada. St. Malachie, Que., Nov. 13.—(Special)—To those women who suffer in silence from kidney troubles, Mrs. James Kinsella of this place sends a message that tells of a cure as silent as their suffering. As the result of her own experience, Mrs. Kinsella says, 'I took Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I feel much better. I got rid of my pain in my right hip and in the small of the back. I was swollen all down the right side of the abdomen and had to pass water every fifteen minutes in a burning, itching sort of way. I could not sleep at night and was obliged to sit in a chair for two summers. After taking the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I felt much better so I got more. They have done me a world of good, and I have never slept in a chair since.'

TIGERS A TERROR OF INDIA.

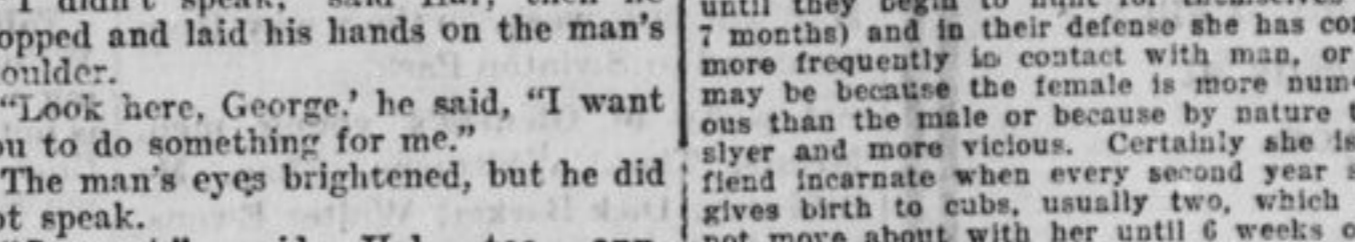
Wild Beasts Slay 25,000 Persons Within a Single Year. Year by year records are published of the destruction of human and cattle life by the wild beasts and snakes of British India. Last year 24,576 human beings and 700,000 cattle were killed, and 21,327 deaths were attributed to snakes, while of the cattle 82,000 were killed by wild beasts, and 20,000 of this total; snakes accounted for 16,000. This is but a trifling percentage of the actual annual mortality, as it excludes the predatory steels, with their 700,000 square miles and 100,000,000 inhabitants, where no records are obtainable. Nor do the fatality records of the various provinces, where the growth of sportmen and rewards by the government, because the development of railways and roads, as the jungle is reclaimed for agriculture, means continuous invasion of the snake and tiger-infested territory. Last year 1,200 tigers, 4,700 panthers and 2,000 bears and 2,000 wolves were killed; of snakes—the real scourge of India—no record is possible, and, unfortunately, are even more serious to India and more extensive to the natives were it not for the tiger, panther and leopard. This formidable trio of the cat family practically polices agricultural India where it pushes into the jungle and makes it possible for the poor native to exist. In the cultivation of his fields, so, after all, it is a question whether, speaking broadly, tigers are not more beneficial than harmful. Undoubtedly.

FACTS ABOUT THE TURKEY.

Nearly all authors who have written of the turkey have regarded it as a descendant of the well-known wild turkey of North America, though some have differed in their view, believing that the marked differences met with among the domestic turkeys as compared with the different strains of wild turkeys to indicate that this is not so. Audubon, however, has noted the coming of wild turkeys into the baronyard of the North American, the Honduras and the Mexican. The genuine North American turkey is described as 'black, beautifully shaded with a rich bronze, the breast plumage being dark bronze illuminated with a lustrous finish of coppery gold. The Mexican turkey is said to have a body color of 'metallic black shaded with a rich bronze, its tail and feathers being tipped with black,' while the white markings of its plumage are thought to show the influence of the variety of domestic turkey known as the Narragansett. Most beautiful of all, however, is said to be the Honduras turkey, which is described as having a beauty of covering the equal of the Imperial pouter. 'The head and neck of this wild turkey are naked, no breast tuft is present. The ground color of plumage is described as of beautiful bronze-green, banded with gold, brimze, blue and red, with several bands of brilliant black. It is to be deplored that this variety cannot be bred successfully as a domestic fowl in a Northern climate.'

NAVAL DISASTERS IN PEACE TIMES.

The modern navies of this country, Great Britain and Japan are alike at least in one respect—that the accidents of peace have cost them rather more in men and ships than the incidents of war. The loss with nearly 600 men of Admiral Togo's flagship, the powerful battleship Mikasa, that bore the brunt of the fighting in the late war, is one of the most appalling calamities that has overtaken any navy in time of peace. In destruction of life it ranks with the loss of the British turret ship Captain in the Bay of Biscay in the early days of the ironclad, and the sinking of the Victoria by the Camperdown a few years ago. The United States navy and in its annals of peace the blowing up of the Maine and the loss of two ships of Admiral Franklin's squadron in the Samaná hurricane in the late '90s. Each of the disasters enumerated cost the nation concerned more lives than any naval battle it has engaged in since steam-sail-planting sails. Cleveland Plain Dealer. If your watch isn't right you are apt to be left.



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