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Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
Genuine must bear Signature **Wheatwood**

Miss Travers' Transformation

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

"I should love you," Arnold said doggedly, "under any circumstances. You are what you are by the grace of God, and I want you for my wife."
From the other side of the fireplace Miss Travers regarded him gloomily. "Women who act—" she said, "what can you expect of them? They are never domestic, and you are used to domestic women. Your mother is a housekeeper. You have always dwelt in a well-ordered establishment. You have nothing in common with Bohemianism; and I, why my life swings from the prosperity of a table d'hôte at a French restaurant, to the meagerness of my morning bacon cooked over the gas jet."
Arnold frowned. "Don't talk of that," he said hastily. "That will be over when you are my wife."
"Will it?" she asked. "What if my genius should insist upon finding expression?"
"I am not asking you to settle down," Arnold told her almost with irritation. "I love your art. I love you as you are to-night in that gray gown, and the firelight bringing out the red in your hair. I'm not sure that I should enjoy you half as much in a conventional shirt waist or an apron."
"I should like to think," she said wistfully, "that you should like me—love me—in anything."
"Why analyze?" he asked lightly. "To me you are altogether lovely."
"She is lovely," his mother said; "yet I'm half afraid, dear boy."
"Please," he pleaded, "don't be afraid. She is sure that she won't come up to the standard of family domesticity, but I want a wife, not a housekeeper, mother."
His mother shook her head. "Little blind boy," she said. "Every man needs a caretaker, not a housekeeper, not a cook, but the guardian of his home; one who makes it a secure place, a refuge from the world. With a wife like the one you have chosen there will be no fixed abode. Will you ever be happy in a will-o'-the-wisp life?"
"Of course," he said stoutly, but his heart misgave him. All of his boyish dreams had tended toward the fine old estate which his father had left him. He had seen himself playing the host with his wife by his side. Yet he had fallen in love with a woman who lived half her time in hotels, and the rest of it in chair cars or sleepers.
Yet when he saw her the next night, an appealing figure in the little night which suited her, her red-gold hair falling unbound to her knees, her shimmering satin robe giving her a bride-like beauty, he felt no doubts. She was perfect, and she would soon be his.
In the spring they were married. He had planned a honeymoon at his cottage in the pine woods, but late intervention there was a great part in that great play, and it was necessary that his wife should go to Paris to see the author, so he went with her.
Arnold gave himself up to a life that contributed to his wife's success. He spent money on her freely,

lavished upon her every luxury, and was amused and interested by the novelty of it all. Yet he felt that he did not make her happy. Now and then she would look at him wistfully and say: "It is going to end; you won't like this always."
Then she would comfort her, "Some day we'll settle down."
"But can I settle down?" was her instant question.
"Of course, you can," he said. Yet there were times when her genius seemed to separate her from him, and he felt forlorn and alone.
He never felt it so much as on the last night of the season when she bowed her farewell to a clamorous audience. She seemed to belong to the people, not to him.
When she came to him behind the scenes, she laid her head against his arm and said, "Let's go away somewhere, far away from everybody, just you and I, and be happy."
He took her to his cottage in the pines. Her maid went with her. The little house seemed crowded for the first time. Before he had married her all the service had been performed by one man, a native woodman. Now, however, with the chattering French maid and the two stalwart Swedes there was little left of the charm of isolation.
He said something of this once to his wife. "Alec and I got more out of this than you and I."
"Why?"
"He used to go off in the woods and leave me alone," Arnold said, "but you and I are never alone."
"You mean the maids?" she asked. "Yes. There are too many of us here—there is no romance."
"I had not noticed it, I have studied so hard."
"Come with me to-morrow into the woods," he pleaded. "I want to show you some of my old haunts."
"You must go alone," she stated. "I have so many things to do."
In the morning he went off, taking a dog with him, and a gun in the hope of birds. In the evening it began to rain, and he came home in the gray drizzle. As he neared the cottage he saw a point of light in the window. He half wished that Alec might be there in the shadows cooking their bachelor dinner over the coals. He knew that he would be met by Swedish perfection and French volubility. His wife would be up-stairs studying.
As he opened the front door he saw that there was no light in the living room nor in the hall. He went to the foot of the stairs and called; no one answered. He made his way toward the back of the house, and heard light steps in the kitchen. He opened the door and stopped in amazement. At a table in the middle of the room his wife was beating eggs. She wore a little blue linen gown and a white scrap of an apron. Her hair was braided simply and wound about her head and she looked very young and girlish.
"What are you doing?" Arnold demanded.
She flashed a smile at him. "Making an omelet."
"Where are the maids?"
"I sent them away. I wanted to be alone with you."
"Good," he said, heartily.
As she flitted from one thing to another, doing her work somewhat unhandily, he watched her with delight. On the stage, everywhere, she had seemed so remote until now. She had been a sort of goddess-woman, not a wife in the intimate, close domestic sense.
And all at once he knew that it was the hearth woman that satisfied him best.
He helped her joyously, making the toast, broiling the birds that he had brought, peeling a dish of peaches.
They ate their dinner with the little table drawn close to the big fireplace. Arnold kept on his corduroys and his wife did not change her dress. It was their first release from formality in their wedded life.
"It is the best ever," said Arnold, with enthusiasm. "You have always been a sort of dream lady to me a real woman. For the first time you are a real woman."
"But I can't do this always," she

Society's Realm.
By WALTER WELLMAN.



HELPING HIM OUT.
Freddy—So the widow Long-green refused you?
Cholly—Yes; but she was very kind. She gave me a letter of recommendation to six other—rich marriageable ladies.

HUBBY DID IT.
Brother Tom—That new coat of yours looks good and warm.
Sister Nell—Yes; Harry made it warm for me when he found it cost \$150.



GUESSED RIGHT.
He—Be mine, darling, and you shall have everything that money can buy.
She—Whose money? Mine?

LIBERAL.
She—What's your idea of a liberal education, Mr. Freshman?
He—One that costs Dad about \$25,000 a year.



TOO LATE.
He—Now I'm going to take that kiss you promised me so long ago.
She—Oh! that one wouldn't keep, so I gave it to George.

NOT QUALIFIED.
Maude—Is it an interesting book, dear?
Grace—I don't know sure. I've only read the last two chapters.

told him. "We must have maids, you know."
"But now I know that you can do it," he said; "that you can come out of the clouds and touch real things for a little while."
"I believe it is the real me," she said whimsically, "this housewife part of me. There was a grandmother who was the wife of a dairy farmer. I remember when I was a little girl I used to watch her make tarts and cookies, and it seemed to me if I could do things like that when I grew up that life would be perfect. Then I found that I could act, and I was switched off from my proper destiny." She smiled at him. "Perhaps I shall switch myself back again."
"And make tarts and cookies for the rest of your life?"
She shook her head. "Oh, no, but I'd like to be what you represent. Yet have I a right to do it? My genius belongs to the world?"
"It does," he assured her. "But listen; six months we'll come up here and live like any common couple, and the other six months the world may have you."
That was why the world wondered, when, at last, the famous Miss Travers retired from the stage.
"How could she do it?" they said.

BLITZ WAS MODEST.
Yet Webster Wouldn't Give the Magician a Treasury Job.
During the presidency of Mr. Tyler I had occasion to call on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state.
Glancing at my card, he turned and readily extended his hand with "Welcome, signor! No hoccus focus among my papers," covering them with his arms.
After explaining to him my object I received the required information. We laughed and chatted a few minutes, and I was about to retire when I mentioned that I was an applicant for office and hoped I could rely upon his influence in the matter.
"You, a magician, an office seeker, signor?"
"There is only one, sir, I aspire to; all others should refuse without regard to their emoluments."
"Well, what one is that?" questioned the great statesman in his deep and powerful voice.
"Counting the treasury notes, Mr. Webster."
"The treasury notes, signor?"
"Yes, sir. You might give me 100,000 to count and watch me closely, but you would find only 25,000 when I returned them."
"Signor," he exclaimed, with lively animation, "there is no chance for you; there are better magicians here than you. For there would not be 50,000 left after their counting."
From "Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."

You Can Cure Chest Colds
And Bronchitis by Using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine If You Get the Genuine.

The mere mention of pneumonia and consumption causes a person to shudder, but a cold is such a common thing that it is too often left alone until these other ailments develop from it.

You can readily cure throat and chest colds, croup and bronchitis, by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. This medicine is both thorough and far-reaching in its influence on the system. For this reason its merits are well-known and its sales enormous.

But there are at least four imitations of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. And imitations are always a little cheaper, how else would they sell. They are never sold on their own merit, but on the merit of the article they imitate.

Their likeness is in name only, and when you are in need of medicine you don't want to depend on a name or imitation. Every bottle of the genuine bears the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, 25 cents a bottle, family size 60 cents; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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is the world's standard preparation of Cod Liver Oil; it contains no alcohol, no drug, or harmful ingredient whatever. It is the original and only preparation of Cod Liver Oil recommended by physicians the world over.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

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Your dealer sells "Sunkist" Oranges. Ask for them. You will know them by the tissue paper wrapper in which each "Sunkist" Orange is packed. You can buy them by the box or half box. On the wrapper note the label, "Sunkist." Keep all the wrappers. They are worth money to you.

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RUBBERS

A BLUE CORDUROY MOTOR COAT IN RELIGIEUSE STYLE.

The lines of this coat are particularly straight and simple—and almost austere in suggestion; but the color is charming, a bright, marine blue, which is doubly effective in the corduroy fabric. There is a circular religieuse collar over the shoulders, from which the coat takes its name. The nun-like little bonnet seems to match the style of the coat. It is made of blue straw with a velvet lining facing, and the long, graceful veil is of blue chiffon over silver gray chiffon.