

Why Do Women Suffer

When They Could Be Well?

It is so easy to be well and strong and able to enjoy life, that it is surprising how many women drag themselves through the day suffering tortures from lame back due to kidney trouble. Mrs. Wilcox found the way to cure herself and gladly writes about it so that others may be induced to use the same remedy.



GIN PILLS
"During the last winter, I was bothered very much with a Weak Back. I was advised by a friend to try GIN PILLS and I did. The first box I found helped me very much and I found when I had taken the second, I was completely cured."
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If GIN PILLS do not do all that we say they will—let us know, and we will cheerfully refund you your money. Send for a free sample and see for yourself that they will do you good. Then buy the regular boxes at your dealers—50c. 6 for \$2.50.
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We can make all arrangements to bring your family and friends from the Old Country. Special attention will be given them.
For full particulars apply to
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CANADIAN PACIFIC

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN TRAIN SERVICE

Train No. 7, formerly leaving Toronto 2:30 p.m. arriving Winnipeg 8 a.m., has been temporarily withdrawn.
Train No. 8, formerly leaving Winnipeg 1:30 p.m. arriving Toronto 9 a.m., has been temporarily withdrawn.
Train No. 27 has been resumed between Toronto and Sudbury, leaving Toronto 8:45 p.m. daily, arriving Sudbury 5:55 a.m.
Train No. 28 has been resumed between Sudbury and Toronto, leaving Sudbury 10:45 p.m. daily, arriving Toronto 8 a.m.
Standard Sleeping Cars Toronto to Sudbury and Toronto to Sault Ste. Marie are carried on train No. 27. These cars returning on train No. 28.
FOR WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER Leave Toronto 10:20 p.m. Daily. Compartment Library Observation Car, Standard Sleeping Cars Toronto to Winnipeg and Toronto to Vancouver. Tourist Sleeping Car, Dining Car, First Class Coaches, Colonist Cars.
Particulars from F. Conway, C. P. A., City Ticket Office, Cor. Princess and Wellington Sts., Phone 3197.

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Jan. 22 ASCANIA Feb. 7
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Feb. 12 R.M.S. R. Edward Mar. 11
Mar. 5 ALAUNIA Mar. 21
Steamers will call Plymouth east-bound. Rates—Cabin (11) \$46.25 up. 1st class British east-bound, \$59.25 up. West-bound \$59 up.
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A Family Supply, Saving \$2 and Fully Guaranteed.
Sixteen ounces of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.00—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of an obstinate cough more quickly, usually ending it in a matter of 24 hours. Excellent, too, for croup, whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, hoarseness and other throat troubles.
Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.
Just as effective enough to help cure a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.
The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated component of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualac and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.
The Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is now used by thousands of housewives throughout the United States and Canada. The plan has been limited, but the one successful formula has never been equaled.
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Sweet Oranges, 15c, 20c and 30c a dozen.
Malaga Grapes, 20c a lb.
Bananas, 15c and 20c a dozen.
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Dates, 10c a lb.
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THE Pillar of Light

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By Louis Tracy

"Yes, miss," interposed a sailor at the door. "The skipper's orders are: Women an' children to muster on the lower deck."
Then began a joyous yet strangely pathetic procession, headed by Elsie and Mamma, who were carried down stairs by the newly arrived lighthouse-men. The children cried and refused to be comforted until Fyne descended with them to the life-boat. The women followed, in terrible plight, notwithstanding the wraps sent them on the previous day. Each, as they passed Stephen Brand, bade him farewell and tearfully asked the Lord to bless him and his.
Among them came Mrs. Vansittart. Her features were veiled more closely than ever. Whilst she stood behind the others in the entrance, her glance was fixed immovably on Brand's face. No Sybilian prophesess could have striven more eagerly to wreat the secrets of his soul from his lineaments. Nevertheless, when he turned to her with his pleasant smile and parting words, she averted her eyes, and her eyes uttered an incoherent phrase of thanks for his kindness, and seemed to be unduly terrified by the idea that she must be swung into the life-boat by the crane.

"She held out her hand. It was cold and trembling."
"Don't be afraid," he said gently patting her on the shoulder as one might reassure a timid child. "Sit down and hold the rope. The basket cannot possibly be overturned."
Fyne, helping to unload the tremulous passengers beneath, noted the lady's attitude, and added a fresh memorandum to the stock he had already accumulated.
"Who is that?" asked Brand from the pursuit, who stood beside him.
"Mrs. Vansittart."
Brand experienced a momentary surprise.
"She seemed to avoid me," he thought, but the incident did not linger in his mind.
The life-boat rising and falling on the strong and partly broken swell, required the most expert management if the weary people on the rock were to be taken off in safety.
When Constance and Enid, followed by Stanhope, reached the boat after giving Brand a farewell hug, there was no more room. The crew pulled off towards the waiting vessel, and here a specially prepared gangway rendered the work of transhipment easy.
Mr. Traill was leaning over the bulwark as the life-boat ranged alongside. He singled out Fyne at once, and gave him a cheery cry of recognition. At first he could not distinguish Mrs. Vansittart, and, indeed, it must be confessed that he was striving earnestly to deny one face which had come back to him out of the distant years.
When his glance fell on Enid, his nephew who was thinking how best to act under the circumstances, was assured that his father saw in the girl the living embodiment of her mother.

He thought it would be so. His own recollection of his aunt's portraits had already helped him to this conclusion, and how much more startling must a flesh and blood creation be than the effort of an artist to place on canvas the fugitive expression which constitutes the greatest charm of a mobile countenance.
Enid, having heard so much about Mr. Fyne's uncle, was innocently curious to meet him. At first she was vaguely bewildered. The sunken eyes, the lines on her forehead with an intensity that gave her a momentary sense of embarrassment. Luckily the exigencies of the hour offered slight scope to emotion. All things were unreal, except of her well-ordered life. The irregular swaying of the boat and the tug seemed to typify the new phase.
Fyne swung himself to the steamer's deck before the gangway was made fast, thereby provoking a loud outcry from the deserted children.
Grasping his uncle's hand, he said:
"Wait until you read Brand's letter. No one else knows."
So, Mr. Traill, with fine self-control, greeted Mrs. Vansittart affectionately, and handed her over to a steward-prepared for her. Her low-spoken words were not quite what he expected.
"Don't kiss me," she murmured, "and please don't look at me. In my present condition I cannot bear it."
Relatives of the shipwrecked passengers and crew, many of whom were waiting in Pezance were not allowed on board. The arrangements made by Mr. Traill after consulting a local committee organized to help the unfortunates who needed help so greatly. The unanimous opinion was expressed that a few lady members of the committee, supplied with an abundance of clothing, etc., would afford prompt relief to the sufferers, whilst the painful scenes which must follow the meeting of survivors with their friends would cause confusion and delay on the vessel.
Fyne watching all these things, saw that Mrs. Vansittart did not meet his uncle with the aggressiveness of a woman restored to the arms of the man she was about to marry.
She was distraught, aloof in her manner, apparently interested only in his eager assurance that she would find an assortment of new garments in the cabin.
The millionaire himself was too flustered to draw nice distinctions between the few words she spoke and what he expected her to say. When she quitted him he walked towards the group of young people. They were laughing and talking, and he bated his breath as if all that had gone before were the events of a lively picnic. At last, he met Enid.
Fyne introduced his uncle, and it was a trying experience for this man to stand face to face with his daughter. In each quick flash of their eyes, he saw the gleam of her sweet voice, in every winsome smile and graceful gesture, he caught and revived long-dormant memories of his greatly loved wife of nineteen years ago.
Somehow he was glad Mrs. Vansittart had not lingered by his side. The discovery of Enid's identity involved considerations so complex and utterly unforeseen that he needed time and anxious thought to arrange his plans for the future.

The animated bustle on deck prevented anything in the nature of sustained conversation. Luckily, Mr. Traill himself, whose open-handed generosity had made matters easy for the reception committee, was in constant demand.
Mrs. Sheppard had sent a portmantrou for Constance and Enid, so they, too, soon scurried below with the others.
The life-boat returned to the rock, where the four lighthouse men sent to relieve Brand were now helping the sailors to carry the injured men down stairs and assisting the sick to reach the entrance.
As soon as this second batch was transferred to the tug, the vessel started for Penzance; the Trinity tender would land the others.
There was a scene of intense enthusiasm when the steamer reached the dock. The vociferous cheering of the townspeople smothered the deep agony of some who waited there, knowing all too well they would search in vain for their loved ones among these whom death has separated.
The two girls modestly escaped at the earliest moment from the shed used as a reception-room. All the inhabitants knew them personally or by sight; they attracted such attention that they gladly relinquished to other hands the care of the sick and the wrecked people. So, after a few words of farewell for the hour, Stanhope piloted them to a waiting carriage and drove away with them.
Mrs. Vansittart did not emerge from her cabin until the deck was deserted. She found a note looking for her in a neat black dress and feather hat, she was rehabilitated.
"Why didn't you show up earlier?" he asked in good-humored surprise.
"The breeze on deck was first-rate. It brought the color into many a pale cheek. And the way in which the crowd let itself go was splendid. Look at these waiting thousands—quivering yet with excitement!"
"I am worn out," she said quietly; "take me to your hotel. You have engaged rooms there, I suppose?"
"Of course."
"When do you purpose leaving Penzance?"
"Well—that is part of the explanation I promised you."
"We can talk matters over in the hotel. Where is your nephew?"
For the first time he marked her air of constraint.
"Believe me, Etta," he said hurriedly, "that what I have to tell you will come as a great surprise, but it should be a pleasant one."
"Anything that gratifies you will be welcomed by me," she said simply. "You have not said where Charlie is."
"Hiding in that shed. He refused Mr. Stanhope's offer of a rig-out on board. In his present disguise he would pass as a stoker, and everybody wants to see the man who saved all of you."
"Have you a closed carriage here?"
"Yes."
"Let us go. Charlie can come with us."
Again he was conscious of a barrier between them, but he attributed her mood to the strain she had undergone.

In the shed they found Fyne; with him were the orphaned children; there was none to meet them. Kind offers were made to care for them until their relations should be forthcoming, but the man to whom they clung would not listen to any such proposal.
"I guess they're happy with me," he said. "I will see them through their present trouble."
Childlike, they had eyes and ears only for the prevalent excitement. At last Elsie asked him:
"Where's mamma? You said she was sick. But the men haven't carried her off the ship, an' she wasn't in the boat."
"Don't you worry, Elsie," he said. "I'm going to take you to a big house where you will find everything fixed just right."
His uncle and Mrs. Vansittart approached. The lady's face was no longer hidden.
"What are you going to do with those children?" she inquired.
"There's none here to claim them," he said. "I can't let them leave me in that haphazard way."
"Let me help you. It is a woman's

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Don't stay stuffed up. Quit blowing and snuffing. A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end grippe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.
It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasal discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.
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privilege.
She stooped towards the tiny mites "You dear little babes," she said softly, "I can take mother's place for a time."
They knew her quite well, of course, and she seemed to be so much kinder and nicer now in her smart clothes than she was in the crowded disorder of the bedroom.
Mamma looked at Elsie, and the self-reliant Elsie said valiantly:
"Mamma 'n' me 'll be glad, if Mr. Fyne comes too."
Mr. Traill, who had never before seen tears in Mrs. Vansittart's eyes, found a ready excuse for her womanly sympathy.
"It seems to me," he said genially, "we are all of one mind. Come this way, Etta, and mind you stick close to me, Charlie, or the hall porter will throw you out if you attempt to enter the hotel in that costume."
He rattled on cheerfully, telling them how clothiers and milliners, and the storekeepers in the town if they were needed, would wait on them at the hotel.
"In a couple of hours," he said, "you both can obtain sufficient things to render you presentable for a day or two. Don't forget we dine at eight. We ought to be a jolly party. I have asked Stanhope and his mother and those two girls to join us."
"Oh," cried Mrs. Vansittart faintly, "you must excuse me."
"Now, Etta, my dear, you will not desert us to-night. Why, it seemed to me to be the only way in which we could all come together at once. I am only too sorry that Mr. Brand cannot be present. Surely he might have been spared from further duty at the lighthouse after what he has endured."
They offered to relieve him at once, but he declined, said Fyne.
He looked out of the window of the carriage in which they were driving to the hotel. Constance had told him of the dinner arrangement, but he wished to ascertain if the definite absence of the lighthouse-keeper would tend to reassure Mrs. Vansittart.
He was not mistaken. She did not reply at once, though she spoke it with a sigh of relief.
"It will not be very entertaining; I fear, but the young people will have plenty to tell you."
"For goodness' sake, Etta, don't class yourself among the old fogies," cried Mr. Traill. "Look at me, fifty-five and lively as a grasshopper."
"Please, sir, Mamma 'n' me 'vited to," whispered Elsie to Fyne.
"You two chicks will be carried up among the others at eight o'clock," he told her. "Don't you go and worry about any dinner-parties. The sooner you go to sleep, the quicker you'll wake up in the morning, and then we're going out to hunt—for what, do you think?"
"Candles," said Mamma.
"Toys," cried Elsie, going one better.
"We're just going to find two of the loveliest and frizziest and pinkiest-checked dolls you ever saw. They'll be blue eyes as big as yours, Elsie, and their lips will be as red and round as yours, Mamma. They'll talk and say—And say all sorts of things when you pinch their little waives. So you two hurry up after you've had your supper, say your prayers and close your eyes, and when you open them you'll be able to yell for me to find that doll-store mighty sharp."
"Say, Charlie," cried his uncle, "I never heard you reel off a screw like that before. Now, if I didn't know you were a confirmed young bachelor, I would begin to have suspicions. Anyhow, here's the hotel."
Two hours later, when uncle and nephew met in the private sitting room where busy waiters were making preparations for dinner, Traill drew the younger man to the privacy of a window recess.
"Charlie," he confided, "affairs are in a tangle. Do you realize that my marriage was fixed for to-day?"
"That's so," was the laconic answer of a wince.
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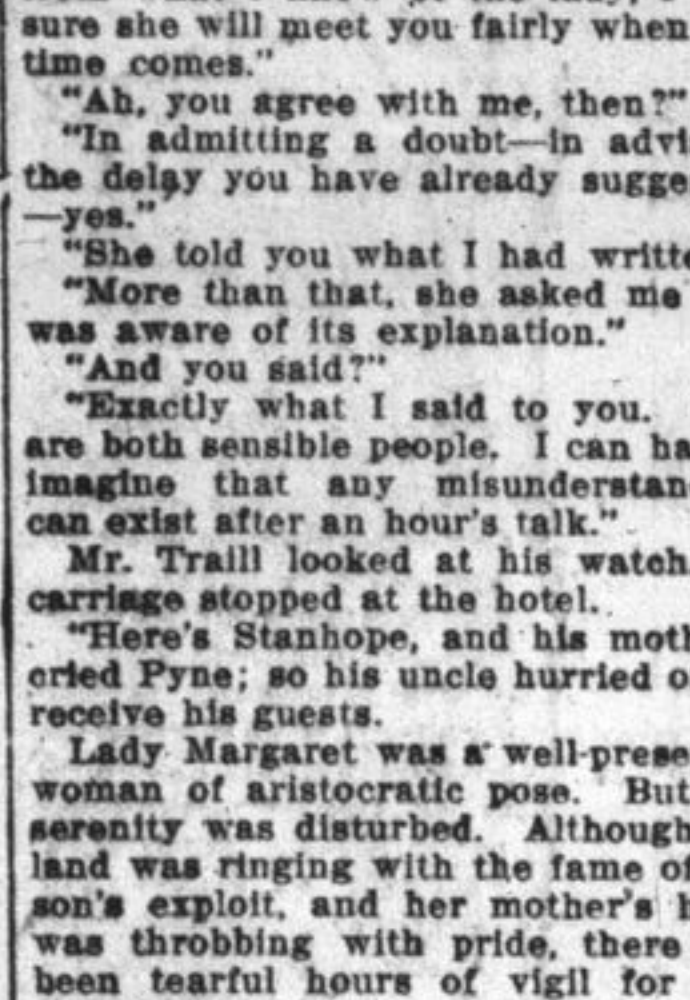
The Double Work of the Blood

The circulation of the blood is one of the most perfect pieces of mechanism in the universe. Besides carrying nourishment to every part of the body, the blood collects the waste products and passes through the kidneys in order that these poisons may be eliminated.
Hence you see the tremendous importance of keeping the kidneys in healthful working order so that they may filter the blood of these impurities before they find lodgment in some weak spot and set up serious disease.
Aching back and aching head-troubles with the digestion, deposits in the urine, constipation and biliousness—such are the symptoms which indicate the need of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills: The liver is awakened to action, the bowels regulated, and the kidneys made vigorous in their work of purifying the blood.
In the great majority of homes Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are kept at hand to use in just such cases. They save many doctor bills, and by keeping the digestive and excretive systems in health do much to prolong life and bring comfort in old age.

Of course the wedding was postponed by fate, and, to add to my perplexities, there is a new attitude on Mrs. Vansittart's part. It puzzles me. We have been friends for some years, as you know. It seemed to be a perfectly natural outcome of our mutual liking for each other that we should agree to pass our declining years together. She is a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but she makes no secret of her age, and the match was a suitable one in every respect."
"You can see as far through a stone wall as most people."
Fyne knew that his uncle's sharp eyes were regarding him steadily, but he continued to gaze into the street.
There was a moment's hesitation before Mr. Traill growled:
"You young dog, you have seen it, too. Mrs. Vansittart avoids me. Something has happened. She has changed her mind. Do you think she has heard about Edith?"
"Edith! Oh, of course—Enid must be christened at once. No; that isn't it. It would not be fair to you to say that I think you are mistaken. But, from what I know of the lady, I feel sure she will meet you fairly when the time comes."
"All you agree with me, then?"
"In admitting a doubt—in advising the delay you have already suggested—yes."
"She told you what I had written?"
"More than that, she asked me if I was aware of its explanation."
"And you said?"
"Exactly what I said to you. You are both sensible people. I can hardly imagine that any misunderstanding can exist after an hour's talk."
"I shall look at his watch. A carriage stopped at the hotel."
"Here's Stanhope, and his mother," cried Fyne; so his uncle hurried off to receive his guests.
Lady Margaret was a well-preserved woman of aristocratic pose. But her severity was disturbed although the land was ringing with the fame of her son's exploit, and her mother's heart was throbbing with pride, there had been fearful hours of vigil for her. Not without a struggle had she abandoned her hope that he would make a well-endowed match.
When Constance and Enid arrived she was very stately and dignified, scrutinizing, with all a mother's incredulity, the girl who had caused her to capitulate.
But Enid secured a prompt success. She swept aside the almost unconvincing reserve with which Jack's mother greeted her.
"You knew," she murmured wistfully, "I did not. They would not tell us. How you must have suffered until the news came that he had escaped."
Lady Margaret drew the timid girl nearer and kissed her.
"My dear," she whispered, "I am beginning to understand why Jack loves you. He is my only son, but you are worthy of him."
Mrs. Vansittart's appearance created a timely diversion. She had obtained a black lace dress. It accentuated the settled pallor of her face, but she was perfectly self-possessed, and uttered a nice womanly compliment to the two girls, who wore white demit-toilette costumes.
"You look delightful," she said. "When all is said and done, no woman should never despise our wardrobe. That marvelous lighthouse had one grave defect in my eyes. It was dreadfully callous to feminine requirements."
Here was a woman rejuvenated, restored to her natural surroundings. They accounted for the subtle change in her by the fact that they had seen her hitherto under unfavorable conditions. Even Fyne, not wholly pleased with her in the past, found a critical judgment yielding when she apologized sweetly to Lady Margaret for her tardiness.
"There were two little children saved from the wreck. Poor little mites, how they revelled in a hot bath! I could not leave them until they were asleep."
"I needed two hot baths," said Fyne. "No, I dug me out of the shell, and No. 2 helped me to recognize myself!"
During the evening there was much to tell and to hear. Mrs. Vansittart said little, save to interpose a word now and then when Constance or Enid would have skinned too lightly the record of their own services.
They did not hurry over the meal. All were in the best possible spirits, and the merries of the Gulf Rock might never have existed for this lively company were it not that four among them bore clear tokens of the deprivations they had endured.
A waiter interrupted their joyous chatter at its highest. He bent over Mr. Traill and discreetly conveyed some communication.
"I am delighted," cried the inflexible heartily. "Show him in at once."
He rose from his chair to do honor to an unexpected guest.
"You will all be pleased to hear," he explained, "that Mr. Brand is ashore, and has come to see us."
Mrs. Vansittart stifled the cry on her lips. The light color which had crept into her pale cheeks yielded to the deadly hue. It chanced that the others were looking expectantly towards the door and did not notice her.
Brand entered. In acknowledging Mr. Traill's cordial welcome he smilingly explained his presence.
"My superiors sent me emphatic orders to clear out," he said, "so I had no option but to obey. I conveyed Mr. Emmett to suitable quarters and hastened home, but found that the girls were playing truant. My house-keeper insisted that I should eat, else she would not be satisfied that I still lived, but I came here as quickly as possible."
At that instant his glance, traveling from one to another of those present, fell on Mrs. Vansittart.
He stood as one petrified. The kindly words of his host, the outspoken glances of the girls at his appearance, died away in his ears in hollow echoes. His eyes, gazing beneath wrinkled brows, seem to ask, if he were not the victim of some unending hallucination. They were fixed on Mrs. Vansittart's face with an all-absorbing intensity, and his set lips and clenched hands showed how utterly irresistible was the knowledge that, indeed, he was not deceived—that he was gazing at a living, breathing personality, and not at some phantom product of a surcharged brain.
She, too, yielding before the stark denudance of an ordeal she had striven to avoid, betrayed by her laboring bosom that she was under the spell of some excitement of overwhelming power.

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Effectually cuts short all attacks of SPASMS. Checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—FEVER, CHOLERA and AGUE.
The only palliative in NEURALGIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.
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