NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Shadowed for Life,

A SOLDIER'S STORY,

BY GORDON STABLES, M D., R.N.

Author of "The Rose of Allandale," "For Money or For Love," "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer,' " "Our Friend the Dog," etc., etc.,

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'Ha, ha, ha, jealous! No, my boy Come

And the lisping Guardsman, whom I felt

Did Mrs. Lloyd, I wondered now, wish

CHAPTER XI -A LITTLE JUDICIOUS DECEIT.

And away they drove laughing merrily.

I must contess that I longed to tell

Jocelyn all I knew about the telegram and

possible, I should yet learn more about.

But I do not know how far I was justified

and at different times of the day, especial-

Still I rather wanted to let Jocelyn know

So almost the first remark I male to

"Yes,' he repeated, 'I love and trust my

Then he glanced at me, and his look

alone with so good looking a young fellow

'Gordon,' he answered; 'if I were to

mention it, and I should feel infinitely

Devil thank anyone,' he added; 'devil

those women who can walk in the midst of

and unstained. This is my idea, Gord,

'A virtuous woman is a crown to her

wite who cannot be trusted in every way is

'And yet,' I said, 'were Ella to prove in

should be quickly borne to my long home

No, I would wait a little.

his glance as it were 'else-'

wife very much

wife very much.'

I paused.

'Else what?'

as that Ballam?

wrote the lines:

not worth worrying over.'

in the green churchyard.'

'No, nor poor Lily either.'

'You speak like a book, Gord.'

'You are, and I sm glad to hear you say

'Glad you appreciate it.'

her brother, Gord.'

'That is so, Gordon.'

'And this is ?'

in his wife that he himself possessed.

inclined to kick out, took his departure.

by all means Good night.

by his own special request.

was dressed to receive him.

subject came above all.

'A thousand good nights.'

SYNOPSIS OF PREV OUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS 1 & 11 .- Major Joselyn Lloyd is a kind hearted soldier who wins the Victoria Cross in the Afghan War. He meets the author while on a tour to Scotland, and they become fast friends. Major Lloyd proposes they go to a seaside place called Battlecombe. While there he moets Ella Lee, and learns to love her. One evening he invites his friend Gordon to accompany him to, his organ practice and be introduced to Ella Lee. During the recital Ella Lee drops a telegram. Gordon sees this, picks it up, and puts it in his pocket. When he opens the message it is from a person named "Jack." Gordon wonders if "Jack" is a lover, and if his friend has given his love in vain. Scotland, and they become fast friends. Major if his friend has given his love in vain.

CHAPTE 11., IV., & V —Gordon learns from Joss that Eila Lee has no brother, so concludes that it must be a lover. He resolves to ask Eila Lee the meaning of the telegram, and who was the sender. He was unconsciously forewarns her of his object, so she explains that "Jack" is her sister Nellie. Joss tells Gordon that Eila Lee has accepted him as her future husband. Later, Gordon is introduced to Nellie, who he finds quite under his sister's in-

CHAPTERS v. (continued) vi & vii.—Joss, in one of his meetings with Ella Lee, tells her of his former loves, Molly Morrison and Cynthia Singleton. He afterwards repeats those love tales to Gordon.

CHAPTER X - (Continued.)

About a month after I had dispatched this letter, to which I had received no re- our cigars. ply, I got an invitation from Mrs. Lloyd herself to dine at the R ven's Nest Next

The Lloyds had returned then, and perhaps Jocelyn, had some very good reason about that mysterious stranger I had seen tor not writing. Anyhow, the invitation in the church and whom I determined, if came all the better from her. I dressed with with extra care on this

mrs Lloyd and Jocelyn, as owing to the fact accruse from it. In a matter of this sort one that one never knows whom one may meet | errs in being too rash. It is better, nay, it at a dinner party

I drove to the Nest in my private hansom my gardener, who is also my coachman, being in his best navy-blue livery, is, or ought to be treshest, and the intellect with cockade and buttons, on which were | clear and unclouded. both crown and anchor. I think he and, I, and the mare with her bells, to say nothing of the hansom with the pneumatic tyres, all looked exceedingly smart.

A crowd of school urchins around the gate seemed to think so too, and treated | him today was : me to Berkshire salaams, and even got Or course, Joss, you love and trust your

The Riven's Nest lies about five miles from my home, and through a bit of as pretty country as any one could wish to said: 'Why?' plain enough. see at this season of the year. The leaves were fluttering downwards in showers in the setting sunlight. and as we gided gently, save for the jingling bells, through the wooded lanes, the leaves that lay inches deep on our path rustled among my good

Here and there through the grand old trees I could catch glimpses of the bluegreen valley of the Thames, and more mistrust poor Ella, I would not have the than once of silvery patches of the river courage to tell her so. I should blush to

But the Raven's Nest stand high amidst mean and small. I want her to have all its terraced gardens; a bonnie old house the joy and all the happiness she can in though of no great dimensions, and around life. Besides, is it not those very things it wave many a tall brown-stemmed pine which are withheld from us that we long tree. In the dark masses of foliage and the most to obtain? Ella shall ever have silhouetted against the blue of the evening pertect freedom to do as she pleases-to sky, I could see the nests of a whole co.ony go where she likes. Her own mental and of rocks. In ancient times a raven may moral vision, will, I have no doubt, prehave dwelt here and given to the house its vent her from over-stepping the mark.

Poor Joselyn came running out to hail thank any lady who is keeping virtual y me, and was as happy as a school boy. But | under lock and key, from being pure and tears actually filled the foolish tellow,s good. Such virtue as that is not worth eyes, as he squeezed my hands, and mut- the name. But every praise and honor to tered sotto voce.

'The horizon is clear once more, and all temptation and even of vice, all unspotted is joy and peace.' Mrs. Lloyd came foreward with smiles my friend, of a good wite, and of the good

to greet me, and her sister Nellie was here wife Solomon himself had in view when he I could not help telling Ella how well

she looked. I have a strange and sometimes awkward habit of blurting out whatever is uppermost in my mind. 'Mrs. Lloyd.' I said, before I dropped

her hand, 'you are not only looking well any way false to you, you would worry after your tour, but radiantly beautiful! She did not blush. I cannot at this moment call to my mind that Ella ever blush-

ed. But my words pleased her. Mrs. Lloyd dining and drawing-rooms were most tastefully furnished. Artistical-

ly I should rather say. A master's mind had evidently ruled it all. And here was a new organ, at which tell you of one thing that will add materiduring the evening Lloyd was more than ally to your happ.ness.'

one deated, and it is not too much to say the fale music thrilled, while it enthralled But I have something strange to notity

here, and it is this: while pretending to be fond of music neither Elia nor her sister You haven't forgotten the story of the Pil- morning My triend was no exception knew one note from another. This is all grims of the Rhine?' the more curious in that Italian blood coursed through their veins. I have heard men who called themselves scientists say fame?' that a man or woman who knew nothing at all of music could never love deeply, but might make a dangerous foe.

At Ella's 'At Home' to-night were many of the resident gentry, country squires, and a retired soldier or sailor or two. But

Ella was queen above all. I could not help thinking that my triend some of the younger men towards her, lancied grievances.' backed up by her not unwilling and certainly not discouraging reception of them, appeared to me to be dangerously akin to

After what I h d heard and seen in the ing that unhappy lady?" course of the evening, I was not surprised at over-hearing a scrap of conversation be
I think I will be guided by you in what the sad case. They are gone, and nothing I should do. You are a sailor as I am a can bring back the past. tween Lloyd and Captain Ballure, a dash- soldier, and both of us know the sacred I dropped in as usual that forencon. ing young Guardsman, down for a winter's meaning of the word 'duty,' also what the After saying good morning to Mrs Lloyd,

flushed with wine at the time. 'By the way, Lloyd,' he said, as he gave my triend his hand, 'I'm coming to-morrow torenoon to take your wite for a drive Bracing air, falling leaves, autumn tints, and all that sort of thing. Do her good.
Ain't jealous, are you old man?

ind all that sort of thing. Do her good hold a now head of thing is not a ready-like the continued, and when I repossess, and perhaps I am neither so hon-like turned the 'Daily Screech Owl' was lying t made laugh either.

in the end all my plans, although meant for the best, may turn out wrong. You remem er what Burns says.

'The best laid schemes o' mice and man,
Gang aft ag ey,
And leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.'

But in the matter of your adopted sister, Lily Foster, nee Lily Andrew, she will need a helping hand, believe me.' 'Gordon,' said my triend, 'I have promised to assist her, and that promise I

mean to keep at all bazards.' 'Bravo! And now don't be surprised when I te'll you that your relations with Lily though pure as the noon-day sunshine that falls from an Italian sky, might

be liable to misconstruction by anyone as jealous of you as Mrs Lloyd, for instance. You follow me?'

'I do, and you counsel, what?' 'A little judicious deceit. In self-defence, mind you.

Major Lloyd threw his cigar into the fire, then he started to his feet, and paced to raise the demon jealousy in her husband s | the floor rapidly to and tro.

I permitted him. He was blowing steam off as from a safety-valve. Presently he lit another cigar and threw himself into his rocker.

I was early at the Raven's Nest next forenoon to spend the day with my friend, 'I'd rather suffer,' he said doggedly. 'Ah! my friend that is not all. It is not Captain Ballam was punctual also with you alone which your over-frankness in this his well-appointed landau, and Mrs. Lloyd matter- egregios folly, I call it-would cause to soffer, but your wife also, and Lily a question from my friend. 'I don't think also and Lily's poor wee girl. Think of 'No, Lloyd,' cri d Ballam, in answer to

you need expect us back to luncheon. We that, Jocelyn 'Gordon, you are a veritable Mephistoph-

shall have quite a long drive, and if we do strike that beautiful riverside hotel, the les. 'No, I'm nothing of the sort. Now leave it to me. I shall take all the deceit Riviera, don't you know, we'll table-d'-hote or deceiving on my own shoulders. You have merely to be passive. But of one I thought there was a slight air of sadness thing I am determined -your wife about Lloyd, as he glanced after the landau, shall never know, must never know, that but next moment it was gone, and we lit you are assisting or succouring your adopted sister, Lily Andrew.' We had not much to talk about, but the

'It she does Joss, take my word for it you will repent it while you live. Your place was to tell Mrs. Lloyd as soon as Lily's ship arrived that as her sworn brother you must meet her; you must take rooms for her and her child; must find her work, and never leave off your brotherly kindness till you had placed her tar above penury and want. Was that not the tolly you had planned? Joselyn laughed

'Something very like it,' he replied. is best to think it out in all its bearings, 'And the result would be that you would soon be a married man with all a married ly on awakening in the morning, when one man's expenses and expenditure; but a married man without a wite.

'What am I to do? My mind is a chaos -I-O. Gord, what is a fellow to do, I ask you? that I did not have the same excessive faith

What are you to do? I'll tell you in a word-nothing. Do nothing, absolutely nothing, till I make my next move.' 'You are a long-headed min, Gordon,

though not exactly a ----He hesitated.

'Out with it, Joss, my boy.'

'Not exactly a saint. I laughed.

'And now, Jocelyn,' I said, joyously 'Oh, I know you do,' I said, answering stretching out my hand to shake his, 'let us forget everything but the present. Here we are, hand in hand again, and nothing it going to part us for many and many a day. I laughed now. 'Else,' I replied, 'you That is so, isn't it? would hardly care to let her go driving all

'That is so.' 'Now a little music, Joss. Some impromptu of your own suited to the occasion

Nothing sad or maestoso.' Joceiyn dashed off to the piano as gleesomely as a schoolboy, and was soon playing that melody wnich never palls, and with his own variations, 'Auld Lang Syne' By-and-bye the servant came to an-

Well, we drank but very little wine, and and yet we were as happy as children round a Christmas tree. We never missed Madame. And when

just as gloaming was merging into night the cranching sound of wheels on the gravel announced the arrival of the landau. We both got up languidly from our rockers and stretched ourselves, throwing the ends of our cigars into the grate.

'I don't remember ever spending a quieter, calmer, pleasanter afternoon,' said Jocelyn.

'Nor I, my friend, nor I.'

away a cocoa nut shell at sea.

CHAPTER XII -THE BATTLE WAS ONLY BEGINNING.

A whole month passed away. A very uneventful one as far as our little coterie

husband,' And in my opinion, Gordon, a was concerned. I believe that Mrs. Loyd had really only patronised Captain Ballam in order to excite a modicum of jealousy in her husband's brea t. But seeing that this was quite 'I should break my heart. If I did not impossible she threw the lisping young fellow overboard, as coolly as one throws speedily find my way into a mad-house, I

'I think,' I said to her one evening after this, 'that you have well-nigh broken Bal-'Well, now, Jocelyn, I am a practical lam's heart ' She laughed lightly. sort of a fellow, and you know how strong 'He was amusing for a bit,' she said, is the friendship I bear for you. So let me

'but one tires of bates and sucklings after

A whole month passed by. A month and a week, and then something did occur 'Work. And mark me, I am your that one might call strange. Most good physician as well as your friend. If I find f milies in Berkshire have the 'Daily you one day idle without my permission or sanction-dread my severe displeasure. Screechowl' left by Smith s boy every

Now ladies are sure to turn to the Births, deaths and Marriages almost as soon as Nor that grief is often the parent of they open the paper. E la always did.

This is the anouncement then that her eye alighted on one day atter breaktast. Well, here are your orders. Resume S'trange Fatality. - On board the s. s your big picture to morrow, and go on with Swahili, on her voyage home to England, it steadily and honestly. Mind you, your household expenses will now be increased Mrs. Lily Foster, nee Andrew, and her and every picture you paint will sell, and little daughter were both found dead one when sold will help to keep the wolt away moroing under circumstance that lead one from the hall door. Besides work keeps to believe their deaths were something Lloyd must at this time have possessed the mind on one even keel. The man who more than a strange fatality, though we are wonderful confidence in his wife, without works seldom worries, and he never has a content to word it so. The lady had partone spark of jealousy, for the gallantri s of diseased mind from dwelling over real or ed on unfriendly terms with her husband, and as a bottle of chloroform was found in the cabin and a sponge that had been saturated with this fluid on the floor, the But,'I added, 'talking about Lily; at general opinion was that the death, as far what conclusion have you arrived concern- as the mother was concerned. was selfsough. We make no further comment on

value of a promise is, especially such a who, I could not help noticing was singu-The Captain. I must say, was slightly promise as I made to poor Lity. I am larly elated, I sauntered carelessly into Jocelyn's study.

He snook a finger funnily at me, smiling you will be guided by me. Oh, wind you, as he did, with his head a little on one side. 'O, Gordon, Gordon,' he said, and point-Jocelyn, I am not like the Pope of Rome -intallible; but I believe I have a little ed to the newspaper on a side table. more knowledge of the world than you

'I happened to go into the garden for a

Chase Sanborn's Coffee



The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

MONTREAL. CHICAGO. BOSTON.

with it doubtless. 'Then she has swallowed the bait ?'

'Certainly But my dear Gord, it will be contradicted in the next paper.' 'Impossible.

'How? and why not?' 'Because this copy is the only one that

contains the paragraph. 'And how on earth did you manage it?' 'Bribery and corruption,' I replied, he slowly read the letter. laughing.

'Bat now, Joss, you've got to have a headache.'

'Yes, and you must not come down ei her to luncheon or dinner.' My head does happen to ache a little anyhow,' he said, pressing one hand across

his brow. 'Go and lie down at once.' handkerchief with water and toilet vinegar, and quite a jungle of a garden, and in it a and placing it over his forehead, told him sweet little old lady, who inhabited this he must try to sleep

drawing-room. reading the last tashionable novel. 'I know you are dying for a smoke. O, no,

I'd rather you did. So I lit up. I smoked for a few minutes thoughtfully, then I said abruptly. 'Mrs. Lloyd, had Jocelyn anything last

night that would have been likely to disagree with bim? Soldiers are just like babies, you know. 'No, she replied, half raising herself. Then, in well-feigned alarm, 'I trust, Doc-

tor, my dear husband is not ill?' 'Nothing to be alarmed at, I assure you, a certain day, it seems. But as he complained of a headache I thought it best to ing-glass in his hand besides. Finally he make him lie down, and if he should not appear at dinner even, I believe it will be

all for the best. Mrs Lloyd sighed, then sank back once more in her rocker, and was soon re-absorbed in her novel.

I took my leave soon after, promising to return at tea time. I did not return home, however, preferring to make some call in Jocelyn's immediate neighbourhood, so that I was back once more at the Raven's | finish. Nest punstually at five o'clo k

Mrs. Lloyd was presiding at the tea-table than she had done for many a day.

world have to do evil that good may come. one 'What is your patient to have, Doctor?' 'Well, Mrs. Lloyd, a cup or two of

your delicious tea will do good I think.' 'Then I'll send it up. 'Ah! thanks,' I said, 'and tea for two,

Mrs. Lloyd if you'll excuse me leaving smile 'Most certainly.'

Next minute I was closeted with my 'How is the headache?'

'Gone. Gone entirely. I think I shall get up, and come down to dinner.' 'Then you certainly shall not.' Jocelyn laughed.

'I hate to dissemble, Gord. I fear I am but a poor hand at playing the humbug." 'But, dear Jocelyn-well Joss, then,are more in it. It may be a game of life | this. and death. We must not show our hands. No. Joss, you cannot come down tonight. news, or has lost a dear friend. You fully well. promised taithfully to be guided by me;

that promise you will keep. The servant entered at this moment a woman's wiles is clever indeed. with the tea, but as soon as she had gone I

answered my friend's question. 'I have written to her in town; I must be the medium of inter-communication, Joss, between the 'dead' and you. You believe in spiritualism, I suppose?"

'In a case of this kind I daresay I must.' So Jocelyn and I had our tea very cosily together, and it wa ten c'clock that night before my hansom w s rolling silently homeward through the moculight.

Yes, moonlight can beautify v rything, and now threw a glamour over the silent landscape, and over the leafless trees so which in spring or in early summer makes every green lane in bonnie Berkshire look like a scene in E.fialand.

But my thoughts were not with the landstrange story, and my friend and his new fore us.

How, I asked myself more than once ere my hansom drew up at Tae Jungle gate, how is it all to end?

I had finished a new book, and sent the MSS. into my publishers, and teeling Adds His Testimony to the Merits of Dr. somewhat tagged, had determined to give Agnew's Gatarrhat Powder For Camyself a rest or breathing spell for a few weeks. My time was therefore my own, I hesitated not to speak as much of it as pos-

in blue. My wite had sent the servant in | might have said the same, but when one embarks on a brief career of duplicity or deception-I don't like the look of either my friend's door before giving him the let- may have an opportunity of being

ter, I felt like a guilty thing. Joss sat down Cynthia, who always slept in the room, laid her great head on his knee, as if she knew all about it, and thus

Then he handed it to me. Lily wrote right cheerfully. She had been on a short visit to her uncle's house, to see her sisters and him, but she dearly loved her independence, and so had gone right on to London. It would have killed her, she said to live in the clty itself, and so in the classical regions of St. John's Wood she had sone hunting for rooms, and had been more than successful. She had dis-Jocelyn did as he was told. I wetted a covered a sweet little cottage in the midst dove's nest, with one slavery. The rooms Then I went sauntering back into the were not expensive, the drawing-room where she would paint all day was well Mrs. Lloyd was in a rocker by the fire, lighted, and the old lady was passionately fond of children. Jocelina already called her grandma, and was allowed to nurse her

cat. Could anything be more auspicious? I got fairly settled I paid a visit to the est fade away as well as others, but when great grimy city itself. I telt very shy I we see a young girl of sixteen years, who can assure you, and walked four or five should be in the best of health, with cheeks times past one very big shop before I ven- aglow with the rosy flush of youth, and eyes tured in I do believe I never would have | bright and flashing, just the opposite, with summoned up courage to enter had I not seen a huge elephant approaching slowly, in the guise of a metropolitan policeman.

Mrs. Lloyd. Been working rather hard of ed at my water-colours very critically but that of complete rest physical and mental, lste, I think. Must finish that painting by pleasantly. He had a huge pair of horn- we think it one of the saddest of sights. rimmed spectacles on his nose, and a readgrunted twice or thrice, and then eyed me over the horn rims.

' 'My dear,' he said, 'you're very young, ·I told him that, on the contrary, I was very old-twenty-one last birthday, and no charms for her. To our reporter she again he grunted.

' 'Want to sell. I suppose?' 'I said that it was my intention.

are fresh and possess originality, but lack 'I said I preferred that he should put a price on them He did so, but oh, brother at last persuaded by a neighbor to give Dr. and she bade me welcome more pleasantly Jocelyn, how all my hopes fell! I took

graph in the 'Daily Screech-Owl' had done can do no better I must try to add to a good work therefore. O, the pity of it starvation income by teaching French. by her parents and friends she began the that one should sometimes in this wicked Heigho, brother mine, the world is a weary use of the pills. Before one box was taken

angel Jocelina are at home every forecon his pocket when I held out my hand with a

'I'll take charge.' I said. 'My pocket is the portus salutis.

My patient came down to luncheon, locking beautifully dejected. Mrs. Lloyd put her arms around his neck, kissed him with much seeming devo-

'The doctor tells me you must have a week in town. and go you shall 'O, I shan't be atraid to be left all alone at the Raven's Nest. So get your man to pack. Joss looked at me with a little surprise you and I are playing a game, and there in his glance. He had not bargained for

He communicated to me, as we rolled away from the station in a first-class smok-And even tomorrow you must wear a log compariment, a fact I had been cognischastened and subdued sort of air, like ant of before. He said I was a very clever that of one who has just has bad financial fellow, and had managed matters wonder-Hitherto I had. But the battle was

only just beginning, and I was determined not to torget that 1 had to do battle with a 'And now,' he added, 'how about Lily ?' | woman. Verily, he who can circumvent

Lily's cottage was all she had painted it. I myselt know no more of the art of painting than I am compelled to, but no sooner had we seen shown into Lily's room and my eyes had alighted on the scraps on the easel, than I telt sure I was looking at the outcome of originality, it not genius it-

And now the patter of little feet are heard approaching, the door is flung open, and in rushed one of the prettiest and most engaging children I have ever seen.

Her bare arms were outstretched ready for an embrace. I was nearer to her than that one hardly seemed to miss the tonage to Joss, but she ran straight past me, crying, 'Uncle Doss! Uncle Doss!' and next moment was clasped in my friends arms.

There was moisture in his eyes, almost tears, indeed, when once again the door scape at present, but with Lily and her slowly opened, and Lily herselt stood be-

(To be continued)

A POPULAR C. P R. OFFICER.

tarrh and Colds in the Head He Says It is Peerless.

Mr. John McEdwards, the genial purser sible at the Raven's Nest. But I had an- of the C. P. R. liner 'Athabasca,' says: other reason tor going early to see Jocelyn | I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for next forenoon. I had a letter for him from | cold in the head. It is very effective, easy Lily to apply, mild and pleasant. For catarrh it has no equal. I have tested nearly every catarrh cure made, and found none to short time, he continued, and when I retorned the 'Daily Screech Owl' was lying | gown and slippers.

Jose had told me he was no hand at humcompare with it. I recommend it first, last

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG

Pale Faces and Bloodless Lips-Given to Headaches-Extreme Weakness, Heart Palpitation and Other Distressing Simptoms-The Means of Cure Readily at

From the Leamington Post.

The attention of the Post has lately been frequently called to a remarkable cure in the case of a young girl living within a few miles of this town, where life was despaired o', but who was completely cured in a short space of time by the most wonderful ot all remedies Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since reading in almost every issue of the Post of the cures effected by the use of this medicine, we felt it be a duty we owed to investigate this case which has so urgently been brought to our notice, and we are sure the interview will be read with interest by the thousands of young girls all over Canada, as well as by the parents of such interesting patients. The young lady in question is not anxious for notoriety, but word on paper-one must be prepared to is willing to make her case known in order carry it fully out. Nevertheless, as I bolted | that others who are similarly afflicted



equally benefited. The symptoms in her disease differed in no way from those affecting thousands of young girls about her age. She was suffering from extreme weakness, caused by an impovished condition of the blood, and her chances of life seemed to 'Well,' Lily's letter run on, 'as soon as grow less every day. The best and brightsallow cheeks, bloodless lips, listless in every motion, despondent, despairing of life with no expectation or hope of regain-'But the old man in the print shop lock- ing health, and with only one wish left,

In the quiet little hamlet of Strangfield in Essex County, just such a case was presented to the sorrowing eyes of loving friends a few months ago in the person of Miss Ella Beacon, who frequently said she did not care how soon she died, as life had but declared that life had been a burden, after suffering in this way for months, and after trying all sorts of remedies pre-'And how much each, my dear? They scribed by physicians or furnished by friends from some cherished recipe handed down from their grandmother, but without being benefitted in the least, she was Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial; but she away the pictures, although he offered had tried so many remedies without get-She probably felt happy. That para- more. Then I tried other shops, but if I ting relief that she still refused for some weeks. However, after repeated urgings she experienced some relief, and after the 'Mind,' said a postcript, I and my wee use of a few more boxes she was restored to perfect health, and there are few young Having read the letter a second time girls now who enjoy life more. She says Jocelyn felded it up, and was putting it in she owes her life and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is willing that all the world shall know it. Her case attracted much attention and her perfect recovery has created much comment.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just bu lding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Thei complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpit tion, heataches shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, frintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to oring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remady can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale an I sallow cheeks. They are a certain cure for troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as theu natism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrotula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Minute Hauk's Revenge.

Miss Minnie Hauk sang once with a tenor addicted to garlic, and who in consequence made her stage life anything but romantic The story used to be told how, after three successive nights of a garlicky, if love-stricken, Don Jose, the fair Carmen rebilled. 'Give up the horrid herb, at least when you sing with me,' she said. And he premised, but tailed to perform. Carmen, however, bided her time. She tound her opportunity later, and. to her credit be it said, she used it. One night when Don Jose was thoroughly inveigled in the meshes of a difficult duet with her, and just as he was bracing himself for a vocal leap of unwonted dimensions, up went the buxom prima doans's fair arms about his neck, and-couic! the high note went to pieces. After this the tenor lived on oatmeal and cachou pastilles till the close of his engagement.

The Point of View

Uncle-'It is really awful that the young men nowadays contract so many debts. Niece-'I think it is a perfect blessing. Otherwise they would never think of getting married,'-Fliegende Blatter.

"Odoroma," synonymous with perfect teeth, sweet breath and rosy gums. Druggists-25 cents.