

SPOOK HUNTING ARTIST.

Stuart Travis, of New York, Troubled with Jealous Spirit Affinity.

Ithara, as Artist Knows Her, is Quite Companionable Except When He Paints a Brunette.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—Did you ever know a blonde who "way down in her heart had any love for a brunette, or one of the dark-haired beauties who did not more or less despise a fair-haired woman? Of course not, but it remained for Stuart Travis, a well-known illustrator and portrait painter, to discover that the color line is drawn beyond the shadows which blind the vision of ordinary mortals. At any rate Mr. Travis had had some weird experience in his studio at No. 112 West Fortieth street, which he does not attempt to explain. But he says he is surely haunted and that the "haunt" is a wondrously beautiful girl.

Mr. Travis knows his spirit affinity as Ithara. He is not quite sure about her nationality when she is in art, but from her name, her classic features and her dress he is pretty sure she is a Greek. The only argument against her Greek ancestry is her fair hair and blue eyes; but she may have made her last appearance in real life a few thousand years ago, when Greeks were fair.

The only fault with Ithara that Mr. Travis has been able to discover is her almost fanatical jealousy of brunettes. As long as the artist confines his attention to blonde models and paints the portraits of only fair-haired society women Ithara is as peaceful as the dove she looks to be. But let a brunette pose for him and there's trouble afoot at once.

Three times lately Mr. Travis has found visible and tangible evidence of Ithara's vengeance. Under an order from a prominent publisher, he made a study of Carmen, who is nothing if not a brunette. After working all day and half the night, he securely locked his studio with the consciousness that for once he had done the best work of which he was capable. Returning to the study the next morning eager to see whether the

cold daylight would reveal the masterpiece which his midnight enthusiasm had promised, he found Carmen's face a mere blur. Somebody—something—had ruined his work. As if with the back of the hand the fresh oil had been smudged until not a feature could be distinguished.

FOUND CANVASS SLASHED.

His next experience was with the portrait of a society woman, a pronounced brunette. Mr. Travis accepted the order with considerable trepidation, but hoped for the best. He had almost finished the picture when one morning he found the canvass slashed in half a dozen places.

Finally, as a climax to his troubles a study of Circe, at which he had been working off and on for years, was ruined a few days ago in the same mysterious way.

"I do not attempt to offer an explanation," said Mr. Travis last night, "but I can vouch for the correctness of the statements I am making. Ithara may or may not be responsible for the spoiling of my pictures, but at rate I am certain no human could have done it."

"I say Ithara, because I have always known her by that name. For years she has been haunting me, sometimes when I am painting the portrait of another woman, but more frequently at twilight, when I am alone in my studio. Many times I have seen her deep blue eyes gazing at me from one side of my easel, and from the first I seemed to know that her name was Ithara, though I never heard that name in real life."

"Ithara and I are great friends most of the time, but sometimes I wish she would be more reasonable in her feeling toward brunettes, for no matter how devoted an artist is to art for art's sake, there are times when it would help his blank balance to fill an order for a portrait of dark-haired woman."

Books to Read.

The remark as to Macaulay being "a very common sort of book buyer, who always bought books to read, which, Sir George Trevelyan tells us, emanated from the late Bernard Quaritch, recalls an anecdote related by Lockhart-Lampson in "My Confessions." "Barford, emperor of Morocco, once sent me home a little binding which I considered unsatisfactory—the volume did not shut properly; it gaped. When I pointed out this grievous defect, his only remark was, 'Why, bless me, sir, you've been reading it!'"—London Chronicle.

A Gentle Husband.

Woman: To her husband, busily engaged writing—My dear, correctly speaking, what is a dentist? Husband (crossly)—Derived from dent, French for teeth, a man who pulls teeth. (Husband settles down to writing again.) Wife—My dear, you said this morning that linguist was derived from the Latin lingua, a tongue. Husband (crossly)—Yes. Wife—Well, dear, is a linguist a man who pulls out tongues? Husband—No, madam, but I wish he did.

THE AILMENTS OF WOMEN.

The girls and women who suffer with what they think as "Female Trouble" would look to their kidneys, they'll soon find the source of their ill-health. The kidneys are closely allied with the female organs, and if the vitality of the kidneys is interfered with, great suffering ensues. There is no better medicine than Dr. Hamilton's Pills, — they stimulate and strengthen the kidneys, assist other organs to do Nature's work, cleanse the system and thereby maintain perfect health. Great credit and certain cure is guaranteed for all women who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"Christmas" and Christmas Island.

The first memorable experience of Admiral Sir William May, who next March will succeed Lord Charles Beresford in command of the Channel Fleet, was with the famous Arctic expedition of 1875-6. He entered the navy in 1863, became a lieutenant in 1871, commander in 1881, captain in 1887, rear-admiral in 1901, vice-admiral in 1905. He was known to many by the nickname of "Christmas" and the origin of the appellation is worth telling. In 1888, he was in command of the Imperieuse on the China station. It was an ambition of Sir William's to add to the territorial possessions of the British Empire, and the opportunity seemed to offer itself in the form of a little desolate speck of land known as Christmas Island. Sir William made several representations to the Admiralty, and at length he was authorized to annex the land, which he did by going on shore and hoisting the British flag. Sir William, who has invented improvements in the discharge of torpedoes, commanded the naval contingent in the Diamond Jubilee procession, and was given the Red Eagle for his services in attendance on the Kaiser during his visit to England nine years ago. Sir William is 59 years of age, and married in 1878.

Mounted Nurses.

Central London was treated to an attractive spectacle the other day when a fine body of uniformed Amazons came cantering down from Regents' Park along Oxford street and Holborn toward the city. They were not militant Suffragettes in a new guise, but a section of the Girls' First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps. This was the first time they showed themselves to the public, and their object was to pay an official visit to the big St. Bartholomew Hospital at the invitation of the hospital staff. The girls were smart, tight-fitting scarlet tunics, with white facings, skirts of blue serge braided with white, flat military caps of scarlet and white, riding boots and gaiters. They were all exceedingly well horsed, and rode with the erect, immovable seat of the trained cavalryman. They trotted into the square of the hospital, reined up in line that would have done credit to a crack cavalry corps, and at command leaped lightly to the ground. The tour of inspection over, the nursing troopers sprang gracefully into their saddles, and complacently received the plaudits of an admiring crowd.

Why She Wanted Little Lane.

A lady carrying a little dog in a London omnibus wanted to know at every turning whether this was Park Lane.

At last she was told, to the intense relief of everybody in the omnibus, that Park Lane was really before her eyes.

"Look," she said in ecstatic tones, holding the dog up to the window—"that's where your mother was born!"

Nature has just one pigment on her palette with which she produces all the marvelous tints of beauty, and that one pigment is true blood; The shell-like pink beneath the finger-nails, the delicate rose of the cheeks, the cherry ripeness of the lips, the iridescent brilliancy of the eyes are all produced by the blood. Just as the permanence of a beautiful painting will depend upon the purity of the colors with which it is painted, so the permanence of beauty depends on the purity of the blood. Paint, powder and cosmetics won't avail to preserve beauty. Beauty begins in the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a true beautifier, because it provides for nature that pure blood with which alone she can paint. The use of this medicine will cleanse the skin, heighten the complexion, brighten the eyes, and give to face and form that radiance of health which is the greatest charm of beauty.

This is not a "patent medicine" because every bottle bears upon its wrapper a full list of the ingredients. Send or free booklet to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"THE NIGGER IN THE WOOD-PILE"

Thousands of people go through life feeling more or less miserable without ever knowing the reason. They suffer from headaches, indigestion, pains in the back, and at the slightest chill get rheumatism or neuralgia.

They try to cure these separate outbreaks, never suspecting that the root of the whole trouble is the failure of the bowels to move regularly, and in many cases the sluggish action of kidneys and skin. The result, of course, is that the whole system gets clogged with impurities, which soon turn to poison, and show their presence in various ways.

"Fruit-a-tives"—or fruit juice tablets—promptly stir up the sluggish liver, regulate the bowels, and stimulate the kidneys and skin to do their work properly. Thus they cure all these troubles by removing the cause, and make it possible to really enjoy life. 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial size 25c. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The Law Against Ju-Ju.

The proclamation provides similar penalties for the making and using of ju-ju for illegal purposes and for the practice and encouragement of ju-ju worship; and any chief who countenances such trials by ordeal or prohibited ju-ju worship is liable, on conviction, to a fine of \$1,000, or to imprisonment for three years. These are far-reaching provisions, which our vivacious Nigerian correspondent, in the exercise of his quasi-chieftain jurisdiction, will do well to avoid. But probably he is fully aware of this sort of conviction, and will consequently continue to extract a little occasional fun out of his rather unique situation. His opportunities for diversion in this direction are not likely to be seriously curtailed in a hurry, for in the opinion of most Europeans who have had opportunities of observing the tenacious hold which the practices alluded to have on the native mind, the proclamation of Sir Percy Girouard is not likely to prove efficacious for many a year to come in eradicating the popular belief in the mysterious powers of witchcraft and ju-ju.—Standard of Empire.

HAWK YOU NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA?

How it shakes one up, invades sleep, destroys strength, adds real misery to life. Not the stomach but nerves cause the whole trouble. You need Ferrozone because it's a nerve food. It supplies the elements that are needed to make rich, red blood in red cells, the richer you're sure to be in health. Ferrozone quickly makes blood, strengthens the nervous system, invigorates the digestive organs and presto! the nervous disturbances disappear. You'll try Ferrozone, 50c per box at all dealers.

KIDNEY DISEASE COMES ON QUIETLY.

Perhaps no other organs work harder than the kidneys to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some kind of kidney complaint, but do not suspect it. It may have been in the system for some time. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as brick dust deposit in the urine, highly colored scanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent or suppressed urination, burning sensation when urinating, etc.

Do not neglect any of these symptoms, for, if neglected they will eventually lead to Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes.

On the first sign of anything wrong Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken. They go to the seat of trouble, strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly and flush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble.

Miss Albertha B. Clarke, Stony Creek, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with kidney trouble for several years; my back was weak, I had such terrible headaches, and was so restless I could not sleep at night and tried everything without any benefit. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got four boxes and they completely cured me. I now feel as well as I ever did and would advise everyone suffering from kidney disease to try them."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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Leaves Montreal Daily at 10.10 a. m. Coaches and Palace Sleepers to Vancouver.

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NEW LINE TO SPOKANE, WASH., AND PORTLAND, ORE. Leaves Montreal daily, 10.10 a. m. via Canadian Pacific, Crowneast Branch, Kingsgate and Spokane International Ry., connecting at Spokane, with the Oregon Rd. & Nav. Co. for local stations, Portland, Ore., and all Pacific Coast Points south of Portland.

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he Tailors that have stood the Test or twenty-two years. The name of Walker Bros. is sufficient guarantee that you will get the most perfect fit and style that can be produced. We are showing the most complete lines of woollens ever offered to our customers. We ask you to call and examine before placing your orders elsewhere. Agents for the Semi-Ready Clothing.

Walker Bros. IMPORTING TAILORS

SANTAL-MIDY Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings. IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles. MIDY

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astrigent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

IN FIVE MINUTES.

There will be no stomach misery or indigestion if you take some Diapepsin.

When your stomach is weak or lacking in gastric juice, anything that you eat, no difference what it is, will sour on your stomach, raise the bile and acids to cover your food like oil on water, causing indigestion, dyspepsia, stomach nervousness and belching of sour poisons, which produce foul odors, nasty taste, bilious headaches, heartburn, intestinal griping and make you an object of misery. This is stomach trouble which can not be overcome with ordinary digestive medicines. It is caused by fermentation of your food, which will be remedied at once by Pape's Diapepsin, a preparation pleasant to take and as harmless as candy, though it will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat.

Indigestion is a result, not a cause of your trouble. If the stomach is sour and unhealthy, your food becomes tainted, and that's what is causing the indigestion and gas on your stomach and other miseries. Pape's Diapepsin is an Antacid, most powerful digestive and thorough regulator for weak stomachs. These Triangles will digest any kind of food you eat and will cleanse the stomach and intestines in a natural way, which makes you feel fine five minutes afterwards.

Any good Pharmacy here will supply you with a case of Pape's Diapepsin for fifty cents. Just reading about this remarkable stomach preparation will not help. You should go now and get a case. Put your stomach in full health, and by tomorrow you will forget the misery of Stomach trouble. Your case is no different from many others. It isn't Stomach Nerves or Catarrh of the Stomach, or Gastritis, or Dyspepsia. It is Food rotting—Food Fermentation—that's all—and takes about five minutes to overcome.

"Your harp," said a polite attendant. "Thanks." "Your halo," The attendant turned away. "And my lorgnette, please," commanded Mrs. De Style, with well-bred hauteur.

RUINED HIS FEET.

Used a ten cent Corn Salve,—for a quarter he could have cured his corns with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Use the best—"Putnam's."

A ROMANCE BLOCKED.

Sad Tale of Pretty Little Jeanne Boudreau and Big Handsome Hugh Lawrence. Elopement Spoiled.

WINDSOR, Feb. 2.—Exactly three weeks ago Saturday Jeanne Boudreau, aged twenty years, a pretty little French-Canadian girl, whose parents are said to be prominent socially and financially in Montreal, met Hugh Lawrence tall handsome and one year her senior. She promptly fell violently in love with him and he was not reluctant, but confessed his financial embarrassment. Not to be thwarted the young lady announced her willingness to finance a trip to Detroit on condition that Lawrence would marry her on their arrival there. He agreed and they started. But when they crossed the American boundary at Sarnia yesterday the United States immigration officials refused them entrance because they were not husband and wife. They were heart-broken at being turned back and told a story of mutual infatuation.

Lawrence, who is a splendidly proportioned fellow, with magnificent physique, says Miss Boudreau fell in love with him on the street in Montreal a short time ago, and he returned her affection, although there were no introductions. When other girls also began to manifest undue partiality for Lawrence, Miss Boudreau decided the safest way was to run away and get married. Lawrence was without money, but Miss Boudreau, who is wealthy in her own right, promptly produced several thousand dollars in cash and agreed to pay their both expenses to Detroit if Lawrence would marry her on arrival. This he agreed to do but their plans were rudely interrupted by the United States immigration officers at Port Huron who see the young couple back across the river. They declared their intention of trying to cross the border at another point, "probably from here but up to this morning had not made the attempt."

"That's nothing to boast of sir. It simply shows that you never had any manners."

"That isn't it. I never had any seat."

IS YOUR CHEST "WHEEZY"?

Tightness and wheezing means your trouble is deep-seated. To delay is dangerous. Inflammation must be drawn out at once. Rub the throat and chest with Nerviline, and put on a Nerviline Plaster. Relief comes in an hour. The counter-irritant effect of the plaster relieves the tightness and strain, draws out the soreness, eases pain. The penetrating qualities of Nerviline enable it to soak to the very core of the trouble and you experience a feeling of warmth and relief that proves the danger is past. For weak chest, sore throat and tendency to colds, the Nerviline Treatment beats all others, try it.