

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

By virtue of its unequalled blood-purifying, nerve-strengthening, stomach-toning, appetite-restoring properties, is the one Great Spring Medicine.

Get it today, in liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsaparilla. 10¢ a box.

## HAD NERVE.



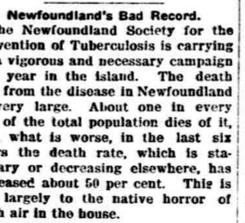
He—He has an iron constitution. She—Yes, and there is a great deal of brass about him, too.

## WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limb, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there. I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope.

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I told you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1905."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Ostrower Unt-Verein, Kempner Mahrow Benevolent Society, etc."



## Newfoundland's Bad Record.

The Newfoundland Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis is carrying on a vigorous and necessary campaign this year in the island. The death rate from the disease in Newfoundland is very large. About one in every five of the total population dies of it, and, what is worse, in the last six years the death rate, which is stationary or decreasing elsewhere, has increased about 50 per cent. This is due largely to the native horror of fresh air in the house.

## A Small Loaf.

A half-finished fellow in the southern states tells of a baker (whose leaves had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less") who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed: "Who's there?" and was answered: "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread."

## A Recommendation.

Landlady—You find her honest, don't you?  
Former Mistress—Honest! Why, she never takes even an order from me!—Judge.

## Foolish Loiterers.

People who sit and wait for great moments miss many wonderful small moments, and they are to be pitied.

## It is always a shock to a man to discover that a woman "knows her own mind" when he marries her under the impression that she hasn't any.

# Many a Clever Housewife

Has learned that to serve

# Post Toasties

Saves worry and labor, and pleases each member of the family as few other foods do.

The crisp, dainty, fluffy bits are fully cooked—ready to serve from the package with cream or good milk.

Give the home-folks a treat.

"The Memory Lingers"  
Pkgs. 10c. and 15c.

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

# From the Cottage Window

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

Gavin Cuthbert tossed feverishly about his great four-post bed, muttering broken sentences. His mother strained every nerve in an effort to catch the words. Perhaps her mother love could fathom some slight longing in her son's ravings.

As she bent over him to smooth his rumpled hair she caught the word "music." It was repeated again and again with an accent of longing.

Mrs. Cuthbert stood suddenly erect. Why had she been so dense? Gavin loved music and through his delirium his very soul was calling for it.

She quickly enumerated her musical friends and realized that her task would be difficult; it was August and the city's population was scattered broadcast. She and Mr. Cuthbert had returned from the Isle of Wight at the first intimation of their son's illness. They were now in "Kingscroft," their country estate in Nottingham.

To find some one who could wield the power of song? Mrs. Cuthbert's hand was on the bell to order the landau for her drive to the station when she stopped. An idea had suddenly presented itself.

Often when driving down the lane, Mrs. Cuthbert had heard a woman's voice emanating from a tiny, wistaria-covered cottage that nestled just off the road. Beyond the fact that a Mrs. Wallace and her daughter from America occupied "The Cottage," Mrs. Cuthbert's knowledge was limited. Feeling that the voice that came from the cottage would appeal to Gavin she did not hesitate in her purpose.

Ten minutes later, the heavy gate of the cottage swung back, admitting her to the sweet-smelling gardens. When a young girl with two thick braids of golden hair answered the fall of the brass knocker Mrs. Cuthbert faced a very beautiful picture framed in the low doorway.

"I hope introductions are unnecessary in so small a community," began the elder woman with a smile.

"I have come on a peculiar mission," she continued, "but many things are permissible where illness calls—I am

in our own world." He raised her hands to his lips before letting them go. "Where is mother?"

His mother had risen at sound of her name and dropped on her knees beside the bed. "My son."

"Little mother—it is good—to be back with you," he said.

The girl went quietly out.

The following days saw Ruby at the patient's piano very often. And it was not long before he was ushered back to the glory and strength of life.

Late one afternoon when they had finished tea and the twilight shades added harmony to an already great friendship, Gavin voiced a well-matured thought. Under the lightness of his words his voice rang with a steadiness of purpose.

"Miss Wallace, I am going to inflict a heavy punishment on your arts for having wielded their powers over me when I was too ill to resist." He looked up to meet an interested glance from his mother and a startled one from the girl. "I shall send you to some terrible music master who will make you breathe from your diaphragm and place tones in your head until you are completely his slave. When that is accomplished—you are to come back and show the world of art what a really great voice is."

The girl was silent; two large tears gathered in her eyes. When she spoke her voice was low but the quality spoke volumes. "I can say nothing—at present—you have made too much possible—all at once. I have longed for what you have put before me and now—I—I want only—to cry."

"There, there," said Mrs. Cuthbert, rising. "If you must cry—cry here on my shoulder."

"But I'm not going to," came a muffled voice. "I am too happy to cry."

Not many twilights had come and gone before Gavin and his mother were again alone; each knew a great longing for the music of one voice. For in the heart of the mother Ruby Wallace had wrought a great love—and in the man's?

Something told Gavin that it was best not to tell the girl until such time as she herself beckoned him. Her letters from Germany were filled with humorous, and sometimes tearful, accounts of her studies and always, intermingling, were little phrases of love and gratitude for those who were her benefactors.

One evening, after three years had passed, Gavin stepped into the drawing room looking so handsome in his evening clothes that even his mother stopped to caress him before putting the question uppermost in her mind. Gavin thought her wonderfully lovely, radiant with some inner excitement.

"Have you any engagement to-night, dear?" she asked.

"None; anything special?"

"Would you mind taking me to the opera to-night?"

"The opera! I thought you—mother! What is it?—you are hiding—!" Then suddenly: "I know! She is—"

"Yes, boy—Ruby is singing Juliet. She sent me word to-day with this." Mrs. Cuthbert drew a scarf from her neck, disclosing an exquisite necklace. It represented a few bars of music; the lines were fine golden strands held together by the bars of tiny diamonds; each note was a matchless pearl.

"It is beautiful!" Gavin turned away his head quickly—the girl seemed suddenly very near and a great gladness thrilled him.

"My boy," said his mother, tenderly, "you need not hide it from me—I have always known."

He turned and caught her in his arms.

Gavin sat far back in the box. He seemed to be chained down waiting for the entrance of Juliet—only the sight of her could release him.

His heart gave a great bound for she was there and his whole being went out to meet her. Every note, every gesture was like a long drawn breath from a garden of flowers to the man who waited.

She was the same Ruby whose voice had coaxed him back to life. Now she stood leaning over the balcony with a moon casting its light on her head and trailed down her back—and yes—it ended in two golden tassels. Gavin's hands clenched on the velvet of the box railing when the Romeo of the opera clasped Juliet in what looked like an unnecessarily close embrace, but that memory vanished when, afterward, Juliet sat beside him in the carriage so close that the soft downward of her cloak was warm against his arm.

He slipped that arm under the coat and drew her to him. "I have waited three years—dear," he said.

She did not speak, but something there in the darkness of the carriage, he knew that he need wait no longer.

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She had her way and a few moments later Ruby Wallace was sitting at Gavin's piano which was visible through the doorway of his private sitting room. Like the ripple of a woodland brook, the prelude to an old negro melody drifted into the room. Her voice was not ordinary; in fact, it was very rare, possessing the quality of tone that goes right to the heart and lightens the shadows of life. As she sang, the patient became interested, then calm, and finally the dull apathy faded from his eyes and they closed into tranquil sleep. A deep sigh of relief escaped Mrs. Cuthbert and she, too, was soon lost in a long-needed rest. A tear glistened on her lashes and Ruby Wallace, seeing it and the sleeping man, knew that she had won one of the greatest triumphs of her life. She played on, from one melody to another.

Gavin's eyes opened slowly; they seemed to be all soft blue and gold; an aureole of sun shone on her head and trailed down her back where it ended in two silky tassels. Gavin raised himself on one arm and tried to see it the eyes of this picture matched the gown. His concentrated gaze drew her attention and she turned to meet his eyes.

"Yes, they are blue—a tone darker than—Come here!" he called. Then, when she stood beside him: "Are you—real?" With a whimsical smile he stretched out a doubting hand.

Ruby smiled. "Oh, yes, very, very real."

"You know," he continued, holding fast to her hand, "I imagined that I was entering another world and that you were there to welcome me with your music, but—his voice became softer—"you have brought me to life

Mrs. Cuthbert stood suddenly erect, going to ask a very great favor of you, Miss Wallace.

"I hope Mr. Gavin is no—"

"No—he is no worse, but—he calls for music incessantly and I was at a loss what to do when I remembered having heard a glorious voice creeping through these little casement windows." Mrs. Cuthbert turned with a charming gesture to indicate the windows, around which rose buds were peeping.

When her gaze returned to the girl she was startled by the change in her. The eyes glowed with an intense fire, the slight figure was drawn and tense while her entire being expressed intense emotion. Mrs. Cuthbert was no longer in doubt as to the owner of the voice; this girl was music incarnate. She arose and went to the girl.

"Will you come and sing to my son?" she asked.

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