STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

EXPLOITS OF A BRIGADIER GENERAL.

"Indeed, madame," said I. "You do us less than justice. These are the Colonel Despienne and Captain Tremeau. For myself, my name is Brigadier Gerard, and I have only to mention it to assure anyone who has heard of me that——"

"Oh, you villains!" she interrupted. "You think that because I am only a woman I am very easily to be hoodwinked! You miserable imposters!"

I looked at Despienne, who had turned white with anger, and at Tremeau, who was tugging at his moustache.

"Madame," said I, coldly, "when the Emperor did us the honor to intrust us with this mission, he gave me this amethyst ring as a token. I had not thought that three honourable gentlemen would have needed such corroboration, but I can only confute your unworthy suspicions by placing it in your hands."

She held it up in the light of the carriage lamp, and the most dreadful expression of grief and of horror contorted her face.

"It is his," she screamed, and then, "Oh, my God, what have I done? What have I done?"

I felt that something terrible had befallen. "Quick, madame, quick!" I cried. "Give us the papers!"

"I have already given them."

"Given them! To whom?"

"To three officers."

"When?"

"Within the half-hour."

"Where are they?"

"God help me, I do not know. They stopped the berline, and I handed them over to them without hesitation, thinking that they had come from the Emperor."

It was a thunder-clap. But those are the moments when I am at my finest.

"You remain here," said I, to my comrades. "If three horsemen pass you, stop them at any hazard. The lady will describe them to you. I will be with you presently." One shake of the bridle, and I was flying into Fontainebleau as only Violette could have carried me. At the palace I flung myself off, rushed up the stairs, brushed aside the lackeys who would have stopped me, and pushed my way into the Emperor's own cabinet. Berthier and Macdonald were busy with pencil and compass over a chart. He looked up with an angry frown at my sudden entry, but his face changed colour when he saw that it was I.

"You can leave us, Marshal," said he, and then, the instant that the door was closed: "What news about the papers?"

"They are gone," said I, and in a few curt words I told him what had happened. His face was calm, but I saw the compasses quiver in his hand.

"You must recover them, Gerard!" he cried. "The destinies of my dynasty are at stake. Not a moment is to be lost! To horse, sir, to horse!"

"Who are they, sire?"

"I cannot tell. I am surrounded with treason. But they will take them to Paris. To whom should they carry them but to the villain Talleyrand? Yes, yes, they are on the Paris road, and may yet be overtaken. With the three best mounts in my stables and——"

I did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. I was already clattering down the stair. I am sure that five minutes had not passed before I was galloping Violette out of the town with the bridle of one of the Emperor's own Arab chargers in either hand. They wished me to take three, but I should have never dared to look my Violette in the face again. I feel that the spectacle must have been superb when I dashed up to my comrades and pulled the horses on to their haunches in the moonlight.

"No one has passed?"

"No one."

"Then they are on the Paris road. Quick! Up and after them!"

They did not take long, those good soldiers. In a flash they were upon the Emperor's horses, and their own left masterless by the roadside. Then away we went upon our long chase, I in the centre, Despienne upon my right, and Tremeau a little behind, for he was the heavier man. Heavens, how we galloped! The twelve flying hoofs roared and roared along the hard, smooth road. Poplars and moon, black bars and silver streaks, for mile after mile our course lay along the same chequered track, with our shadows in front and our dust behind. We could hear the rasping of bolts and the creaking of shutters from the cottages as we thundered past them, but we were only three dark blurs upon the road by the time that the folk could look after us. It was just striking midnight as we raced into Corbail; but an ostler with a bucket in either hand was throwing his black shadow across the golden fan which was cast from the open door of the inn.

"Three riders!" I gasped. "Have they passed?"

"I have just been watering their horses," said he. "I should think they——"

"On, on, my friends!" and away we flew, striking fire from the cobblestones of the little town. A gendarme tried to stop us, but his voice was drowned by our rattle and clatter. The houses slid past, and we were out on the country road again, and with a clear twenty miles between ourselves and Paris. How could they escape us, with the finest horses in France behind them? Not one of the three had turned a hair, but Violette was always a head and shoulders to the front. She was going within herself, too, and I knew by the spring of her that I had only to let her stretch herself, and the Emperor's horses would see the color of her tail.

"There they are!" cried Despienne.

"We have them!" growled Tremeau.

"On, comrades, on!" I shouted, once more.

A long stretch of white road lay before us in the moonlight. Far away down it we could see three cavaliers, lying low upon their horses' necks. Every instant they grew larger and clearer as we gained upon them. I could see quite plainly that the two upon either side were wrapped in mantles and rode upon chestnut horses, whilst the man between them was dressed in a chasseur uniform and mounted upon a grey. They were keeping abreast, but it was easy enough to see from the way in which he gathered his legs for each spring that the centre horse was far the fresher of the three. And the rider appeared to be the leader of the party, for we continually saw the glint of his face in the moonshine as he looked back to measure the distance between us. At first it was only a glimmer, then it was cut across with a moustache, and at last when we began to feel their dust in our throats I could give a name to my man.

"Halt, Colonel de Montluc!" I shouted. "Halt, in the Emperor's name!"

I had known him for years as a daring officer and an unprincipled rascal. Indeed, there was a score between us, for he had shot my friend, Treville, at Warsaw, pulling his trigger, as some said, a good second before the drop of the handkerchief.

Well, the words were hardly out of my mouth when his two comrades wheeled round and fired their pistols at us. I heard Despienne give a terrible cry, and at the same instant both Tremeau and I let drive at the same man. He fell forward with his hands swinging on each side of his horse's neck. His comrade spurred on to Tremeau, sabre in hand, and I heard the crash which comes when a strong cut is met by a stronger parry. For my own part I never turned my head, but I touched Violette with the spur for the first time and flew after the leader. That he should leave his comrades and fly was proof enough that I should leave mine and follow.

He had gained a couple of hundred paces, but the good little mare set that right before we could have passed two milestones. It was in vain that he spurred and thrashed like a gunner driver on a soft road. His hat flew off with his exertions, and his bald head gleamed in the moonshine. But do what he might, he still heard the rattle of the hoofs growing louder and louder behind him. I could not have been twenty yards from him, and the shadow head was touching the shadow haunch, when he turned with a curse in his saddle and emptied both his pistols, one after the other, into Violette.

I have been wounded myself so often I have to stop and think before I can tell you the exact number of times. I have been hit by musket balls, by pistol bullets, and by bursting shell, besides being pierced by bayonet, lance, sabre, and finally by a brad awl, which was the most painful of any. Yet out of all these injuries I have never known the same deadly sickness as came over me when I felt the poor, silent, patient creature, which I had come to love more than anything in the world except my mother and the Emperor, reel and stagger beneath me. I pulled my second pistol from my holster and fired point-blank between the fellow's broad shoulders. He slashed his horse across the flanks with his whip, and for a moment I thought that I had missed him. But then on the green of his chasseur jacket I saw an ever-widening black smudge, and he began to sway in his saddle, very slightly at first, but more and more with every bound, until at last over he went, with his foot caught in the stirrup and his shoulders thud-thud-thuding along the road, until the drag was too much for the tired horse, and I closed my hand upon the foam-spattered bridle-chain. As I pulled him up it eased the stirrup leather, and the spurred heel clinked loudly as it fell.

"Your papers!" I cried, springing from my saddle. "This instant!"

But even as I said it the huddle of the green body and the fantastic sprawl of the limb in the moonlight told me clearly enough that it was all over with him. My bullet passed through his heart, and it was only his own iron will which had held him so long in the saddle. He had lived hard, this Montluc, and I will do him justice to say that he died hard also.

But it was the papers—always the papers—of which I thought. I opened his tunic and I felt in his shirt. Then I searched his holsters and sabre-tasche. Finally I dragged off his boots, and undid his horse's girth so as to hunt under the saddle. There was not a nook or crevice which I did not ransack. It was useless. They were not upon him.

When this stunning blow came upon me I could have sat down by the roadside and wept. Fate seemed to be fighting against me, and that is an enemy from whom even a gallant hussar might not be ashamed to flinch. I stood with my arm over the neck of my poor wounded Violette, and I tried to think it all out, that I might act in the wisest way. I was aware that the Emperor had no great respect for my wits, and I longed to show him that he had done me an injustice. Montluc had not the papers. And yet Montluc had sacrificed his companions in order to make his escape. I could make nothing of that. On the other hand, it was clear that, if he had not got them, one or other of his comrades had. One of them was certainly dead. The other I had left fighting with Tremeau, and if he escaped from the old swordsman he had still to pass me. Clearly my work lay behind me.

I hammered fresh charges into my pistols after I had turned this over in my head. Then I put them back in the holsters, and I examined my little mare, she jerking her head and cocking her ears the while, as if to tell me that an old soldier like herself did not make a fuss about a scratch or two. The first shot had merely grazed her off shoulder, leaving a skin-mark, as if she had brushed a wall. The second was more serious. It had passed through the muscle of her neck, but already it had ceased to bleed. I reflected that if she weakened I could mount Montluc's grey, and meanwhile I led him along beside us, for he was a fine horse, worth fifteen hundred francs at the least, and it seemed to me that no one had a better right to him than I.

Well, I was all impatience now to get back to the others, and I had just given Violette her head, when suddenly I saw something glimmering in a field by the roadside. It was the brasswork upon the chasseur hat which had flown from Montluc's head; and at the sight of it a thought made me jump in the saddle. How could that hat have flown off? With its weight; would it not have simply dropped? And here it lay fifteen paces from the roadway! Of course he must have thrown it off when he had made sure that I would overtake him. And if he threw it off—I did not stop to reason any more, but sprang from the mare with my heart beating the pas-de-charge. Yes, it was all right this time. There, in the crown of the hat was stuffed a roll of papers in a parchment wrapper bound round with yellow ribbon. I pulled it out with the one hand and holding the hat in the other, I danced for joy in the moonlight. The Emperor would see that he had not made a mistake when he put his affairs into the charge of Etienne Gerard.

I had a safe pocket on the inside of my tunic just over my heart, where I kept a few little things which were dear to me, and into this I thrust my precious roll. Then I sprang upon Violette, and was pushing forward to see what had become of Tremeau, when I saw a horseman riding across the field in the distance. At the same instant I heard the sound of hoofs approaching me, and there in the moonlight was the Emperor upon his white charger, dressed in his grey overcoat and his three-cornered hat, just as I had seen him so often upon the field of battle.

"Well!" he cried, in the sharp, sergeant-major way of his. "Where are my papers?"

I spurred forward and presented them without a word. He broke the ribbon and ran his eyes rapidly over them. Then, as we sat our horses head to tail, he threw his left arm across me with his hand upon my shoulder. Yes, my friends, simple as you see me, I have been embraced by my great master.

"Gerard," he cried, "you are a marvel!"

I did not wish to contradict him, and it brought a flush of joy upon my cheeks to know that he had done me justice at last.

"Where is the thief, Gerard?" he asked.

"Dead, sire."

"You killed him?"

"He wounded my horse, sire, and would have escaped had I not shot him."

"Did you recognize him?"

"De Montluc is his name, sire—a Colonel of Chasseurs."

"Tut," said the Emperor. "We have got the poor pawn, the hand which plays the game is still out of our reach." He sat in silent thought for a little, with his chin sunk upon his chest. "Ah, Talleyrand, Talleyrand," I heard him mutter. "If I had been in your place and you in mine, you would have crushed a viper when you held it under your heel. For five years I have known you for what you are, and yet I have let you live to sting me. Never mind, my brave," he continued, turning to me, "there will come a day of reckoning for everybody, and when I arrive, I promise you that my friends will be remembered as well as my enemies."

"Sire," said I, for I had had time for thought as well as he, "if your plans about these papers have been carried to the ears of your enemies, I trust that you do not think that it was owing to any indiscretion upon the part of myself or of my comrades."

"It would be hardly reasonable for me to do so," he answered, "seeing that this plot was hatched in Paris, and that you only had your orders a few hours ago."

"Then how——?"

"Enough," he cried, sternly. "You take an undue advantage of your position."

That was always the way with the Emperor. He would chat with you as with a friend and a brother, and then when he had wiled you into forgetting the gulf which lay between you, he would suddenly, with a word or with a look, remind you that it was as impassable as ever. When I have fondled my old hound until he has encouraged to paw my knees, and I have then thrust him down again, it has made me think of the Emperor and his ways.

He reined his horse round, and I followed him in silence and with a heavy heart. But when he spoke again his words were enough to drive all thought of myself out my mind.

"I could not sleep until I knew how you had fared," said he. "I have paid a price for my papers. There are not so many of my old soldiers left that I can afford to lose two in one night."

When he said "two" it turned me cold.

"Colonel Despienne was shot, sire," I stammered.

"And Captain Tremeau cut down. Had I been a few minutes earlier I might have saved him. The other escaped across the fields."

I remembered that I had seen a horseman a moment before I had met the Emperor. He had taken to the fields to avoid me, but if I had known, and Violette been unwounded, the old soldier would not have gone unavenged. I was thinking sadly of his sword-play, and wondering whether it was his stiffening wrist which had been fatal to him, when Napoleon spoke again.

"Yes, Brigadier," said he, "you are now the only man who will know where these papers are concealed."

It must have been imagination, my friends, but for an instant I may confess that it seemed to me that there was a tone in the Emperor's voice which was not altogether one of sorrow. But the dark thought had hardly time to form itself in my mind before he let me see that I was doing him an injustice.

"Yes, I have paid a price for my papers," he said, and I heard them crackle as he put his hand up to his bosom. "No man has ever had more faithful servants—no man since the beginning of the world."

As he spoke we came upon the scene of the struggle. Colonel Despienne and the man whom he had shot lay together some distance down the road, while their horses grazed contentedly beneath the poplars. Captain Tremeau lay in front of us upon his back, with his arms and legs stretched out, and his sabre broken short off in his hand. His tunic was open, and a huge blood-clot hung like a dark handkerchief out of a slit in his white shirt. I could see the gleam of his clenched teeth from under his immense moustache.

The Emperor sprang from his horse and bent down over the dead man.

"He was with me since Rivoli," said he, sadly. "He was one of my old grumblers in Egypt."

And the voice brought the man back from the dead. I saw his eyelids shiver. He twitched his arm, and moved the sword-hilt a few inches. He was trying to raise it in a salute. Then the mouth opened, and the hilt tinkled down on to the ground.

"May we all die as gallantly," said the Emperor, as he rose, and from my heart I added "Amen."

There was a farm within fifty yards of where we were standing, and the farmer, roused from his sleep by the clatter of hoofs and the racking of pistols, had rushed out to the roadside. We saw him now, dumb with fear and astonishment, staring open-eyed at the Emperor. It was to him that we committed the care of the four dead men and of the horses also. For my own part, I thought it best to leave Violette with him and to take De Montluc's grey with me, for he could not refuse to give me back my own mare, while there might be difficulties about the other. Besides, my little friend's wound had to be considered, and we had a long return ride before us.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT FORESTS OF INDIA.

A System Which Affords a Revenue to the Government.

B. Ribbentrop, Inspector-General of Forests for India, arrived at San Francisco recently. Mr. Ribbentrop is away on an eighteen months' leave of absence, and is showing his daughter some of the sights to be seen on a tour of the world. They have been through Australia, and arrived yesterday on the steamer Monowai for a tour of the United States and Europe. Incidentally, Mr. Ribbentrop proposes to see something of the big forests of the world.

"After eighteen years of legislation," he said, "we have succeeded in getting the kind of laws we need in India for the preservation of our forests. Under the system now in vogue the permanency of the big forests in India is assured, and the Government will get a handsome and permanent income from them. Last year the Government received 170 lakhs of rupees from the sale of timber. One lakh is supposed to be £10,000, but it isn't, on account of the

DEPRECIATION OF SILVER.

However, the profit is large. Of the 170 lakhs of rupees, 70 lakhs were clear profit.

"The Government of India is gradually obtaining possession of all the forest lands. We now have 80,000 square miles of wooded country under our supervision, in which all claims have been proved and permanently settled. When the English took India the forests were in a bad way. Under the Hindoos they were well cared for, and then followed 800 years under Mahometan sway, when vast tracts of woodland were burned to create grazing lands for flocks. When the English came a tide of western civilization set in. Railroads were built and houses were constructed, and these improvements wrought such a sad destruction of the forests of the country that the Government deemed it advisable to take prudential steps.

"The Government at intervals gives notice that it intends to take a certain piece of forest land so many miles in size, and claimants have six months in which to appear and prove their claims. An individual or a town, probably, has a prescriptive right to take building timber from the forest in question. That right is proved and

SETTLED PERMANENTLY,

and therefore only such trees that are so marked by the inspector can be cut. We handle the matter scientifically, and in such a manner that the forests are being continually renewed.

"The study of forestry in India is different from what it is in Europe. In all Europe there are not more than seventy different kinds of forest trees. In Burmah alone we have between 1,000 and 1,100. Some are very valuable, and many are not, and it is the propagation of the valuable species and the weeding out of those that are useless that requires much of our attention.

"I spent some time in inspecting the forests of Australia. I admired them greatly, but I cannot say that I admired the manner in which they are looked after. The first question I was asked when I arrived in Australia was in relation to Australia's prospects for shipping timber to foreign markets. The people there would cut down any stick of timber if they could profit by it. In India we think first of preserving our forests and look to the profit afterwards."

Gen. Greely does not beleive it possiblo to reach the North Pole in a balloon.

German Canary Trade.

It is not at all generally known that Germany carries on a very large trade in the rearing and exporting of canaries, and that the largest establishment in the world for the breeding of these creatures is situated within the domains of that empire, away up among the Hartz Mountains of Prussia. From this and the few surroundings but smaller nurseries no fewer than 130,000 birds are dispatched every year to the United States and Canada, while in the same time at least 3,000 in Britain, and about 2,000 go to Russia.

Improve Your Chance Girls.

Girls will please bear in mind that next year will be the last leap year of the century, and another will not occur until 1904. The year 1900 will not be a leap year. This unusual occurrence is due to the fact that the addition of one day to each fourth year more than makes the presumed deficiency in the calendar year, and consequently the world is constantly losing time, as a watch looses it, and therefore there was danger that in the course of a few thousand years the Fourth of July would come on Christmas.

The Dimple Cheeked Village Maid

may not retain her dimples and rosy cheeks "blooming with health," until she finds a good husband. A little neglect or accident may bring about some one of the many "female" diseases and "weaknesses," to which the sex is subject, and health may be forever impaired, and hopes and happiness be at an end. Thanks to Dr. Pierce, his Favorite Prescription, prepared by him for women, cures the worst cases of uterine diseases, nervousness, neuralgia, irregularities, and "weaknesses." It is a great invigorating tonic and nervine, and rapidly builds up the health and strength.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Once taken, always in favor.

Mold can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

"I Have Had

Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve-pain cure.

Be not misled by strange fantastic art, but in your dress let nature take some part. —Garrick.

Hardy Perennials.

There are lots of blooming flowers,
That the frost nips in the patch;
But we've other kinds of bloomers,
That the frost can never catch.

SEVERE KIDNEY TROUBLE COMPLETELY CURED.

Two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Did It.

The idea that disease of the kidneys cannot be cured is a mistake. True, many so-called kidney cures do not cure, but in that great discovery, South American Kidney Cure, there is found an unfailing remedy. This is what Mr David Hogg, of Sunnymead, N.W.T., says: "I was greatly afflicted with severe kidney trouble, suffering the many annoyances and pain that follow this disease. There was hardly any remedy that I did not use, in hopes of securing relief, but it was not until I bought a bottle of South American Kidney Cure that relief came. The one bottle immediately relieved me, and two bottles produced a complete cure."

We may read, and read, and read again, and still find something new, something to please, and something to instruct.—Hardis.

Michael Adams, M.P. for Northumberland, N.B., is Another Who Has Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and Been Cured.

In does not seem to matter where one looks for good results from that wonderful medicine, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, they are to be found. Every one in his own province, and every member of the Commons knows Michael Adams, the popular member for Northumberland, N.B. When he says to the world, as he has done over his own signature, that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is productive of most satisfactory results for cold in the head and other catarrhal troubles, they know it means much. The medicine is one possessed of peculiar virtues and never fails to effect a cure.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness, 60 cents.

Many Tongues.

What language does our Polly speak?
Our precious baby tot?
So many languages unique
We call her polyglot!

SAVED HER LIFE.

What One Bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart did for Mrs. J. L. Hillier, of Whitewood, N.W.T.

Only those who have so suffered know the distressing feelings that follow an affection of the heart. Let one who has been afflicted speak, and tell of the remedy which will cure. Says Mrs. J. L. Hillier, of Whitewood, N.W.T.: "For some time I was much afflicted with heart failure; in fact I could not sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation. I tried all the doctors in this section of country, but they failed to give me relief. A local druggist recommended a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart; I tried it, and with the result that I immediately secured ease that I did not know before, and after taking further doses of the medicine, the trouble altogether left me. The fact is knowing how serious was my condition, this remedy saved my life."

We should not quarrel rashly with adversities not yet understood, nor overlook the mercies often bound up in them.—Sir T. Browne.

As an enemy of pleasure, health and comfort, dyspepsia has no equal. It vanishes when St. Leon water is liberally used.

A Universal Failing.

Friend—Your son, I understand, has literary aspirations? Does he write for money?

Father (feelingly)—Unceasingly.

A Marvellous Statement by a Prominent Canadian—A Rheumatic Remedy Which is Curing the World.

Mr. E. W. Sherman, proprietor of the Sherman House, Morrisburg, Ont., is known by thousands of Canadians, hence the following statement from Mr. Sherman will be read with great interest and pleasure: "I have been cured of rheumatism of ten years' standing in three days. One bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure performed this most remarkable cure. I had suffered from this disease, as I say, for ten years, and I did not ever expect to be entirely cured. The effects of the first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure were truly wonderful. I have only taken one bottle of the remedy, and now haven't any sign of rheumatism in my system. It did me more good than all the doctoring I ever did in my life."

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.

He Had No Faith in Any Advertised Medicine.

Attacked With a Bad Cold. His Trouble Went From Bad to Worse Until he Was Threatened With Locomotor Ataxia—Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Had Failed.

From the Yarmouth, N.S., Times.

The remarkable cures effected by Dr Williams' Pink Pills have long been a matter of newspaper notoriety, and many of them—well described as miracles—have been in our own province, but we believe so far none have been published from Yarmouth. A Times representative enquired in a quarter where such matters would likely be known, and learned that there were several remarkable cases of restoration to health directly traceable to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, right in our midst. Curious to ascertain the facts in relation thereto, our representative called on Mr. Charles E. Trask, who had been known to have experienced a long illness, and now was apparently in excellent health, his cure being attributed to Pink Pills. Mr. Trask, who has been an accountant in Yarmouth for many years, was in his office on John street when the reporter waited on him.

FOUND MR. TRASK IN HIS OFFICE.

"Yes," he said, "there can be no possible doubt of the efficacy of Dr. Williams Pink Pills in my case, and I will be pleased if the publication of the facts helps some other sufferer back to health. I caught cold, was careless and caught more cold. The first thing I knew I was seriously ill. I could not walk. All strength seemed to have left my legs and the weakness increased. From being obliged to remain in the house I became obliged to remain in bed, but still supposed it was a very bad cold. I became so helpless I could not move in bed without help. I had good attendance and the best of care and nursing, but as week succeeded week I seemed to grow worse instead of better, till I was worn to a mere shadow and began to care very little if I ever recovered. A hint that I was threatened with something called locomotor ataxia reminded a friend that my case seemed similar to some of those described in the Times, which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this first drew attention to them as a possible aid to me. I admit that I was skeptical—very skeptical—there are so many medicines being advertised just now, and I was never much of a believer in them. Well, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were purchased and I took them, as I suppose I would have taken anything else, simply as the routine of a sick room. The first box seemed to show little effect, and by the time I had got through with the third box there could be no doubt my condition showed a marked improvement, and I was correspondingly encouraged. The pills were continued and I became rapidly better, so that I was able to sit up and go about the house, and occasionally go out if the weather was fine. Day by day I grew stronger, and to make a long story short, I feel I am to-day in as good health as ever I was in my life, and I can hardly realize I am the same man who suffered for six months, a helpless, despondent being, who never expected to be on his feet again. While I have no desire for publicity I am quite willing these facts should be made known for the benefit of others, and am ready at any time to bear hearty testimony to the genuine worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They restored me to health when I never expected to be about again."

Mr. Trask certainly looks the picture of health, and remembering the long period when he had been laid up, our representative left, fully convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have well deserved all that was said of them elsewhere. When such cases can be pointed to in our own midst there can no longer be any doubt of the reliability of the many statements of wonderful cures effected throughout the country.

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acher? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

This month Sarah Bernhardt will be fifty-one years of age.

A. P. 785.

Weak, Tired, Nervous

Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse:

"I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and I have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began to use it, together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a most complete blood purifier." MRS. C. CROMPTON, 71 Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier
Prominently in the public eye today.

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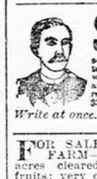

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