A Great Doctor Speaks of a Great Remedy

Dr. Williams Pink Pills Strongly Endorsed by One of the World's Greatest Doctors----Hope for the Sick.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only advertised medicine in the world that has had the public endorsation of a doctor of world-wide reputation. Such an endorsation stamps this medicine as being worthy of the confidence of every person who is sick or ailing. A great doctor would not risk his reputation unless he was absolutely confident, through a personal knowledge, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do what is claimed for them. Dr Guiseppe Lapponi, one of the greatest physicians of modern times, for years the trusted medical adviser of the Pope, writes the following strong letter in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation, not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of anaemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like."

(Signed) DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI,
Via dei Gracchi 332, Rome.

The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is, of course, that tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is so often imperilled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority, and it confirms the many published cases in which anaemia and other diseases of the blood, as well as nervous diseases, have been cured by these pills, which, it need hardly be mentioned, owe their efficacy to their power of making new blood, and thus acting directly upon the digestive and nervous system. In all cases of anaemia, decline, indigestion, and all troubles due to bad blood, and all affections of the nerves, as St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia, they are commended to the public with all the greater confidence because they have the strong endorsation of this great physician.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

A Word to Those Who May Be Down In the Dumps.

If in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly, don't be discouraged. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherished for the future are realized. The path of life in prospect appears smooth and level, but when we travel it we find it mostly uphill and generally rough enough. Occasionally we slip down by the way, and our neighbor treads on us; but what is the use of being discouraged? We must keep on; it is only cowards who fall by the wayside, and who won't get up again.

We are all deceived in the people we meet in the world, but we can only learn by experience, and it is only by experience we find out our real friends and our false ones. There is hardly a man or woman who walks this earth who has not at some time or other been unexpectedly deceived—and often by those whom he or she has looked upon as a real friend. Do not be discouraged at such failures of friendship. It is natural to feel sore under such deception, but, in any circumstances, we must not let it destroy our faith in mankind. Always look for and believe the best that is in everyone. To trust more cautiously and to examine character more closely only comes with experience, and experience is the hard and bitter lesson we must all learn before we die.

Failure may come to all, and accident will happen. But remember that fortune is like the skies in April—sometimes clear and favorable, at others dark and lowering; and, as it would be folly to despair of seeing the sun again because the day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when Fortune frowns, since in the common course of things she may be expected surely to smile again. It is a hard and difficult thing to stand firm against the world's rebuffs, to rise up smiling and try again when we have been knocked down, but we must do it.

The great men of this world have no place for the word "discourage" in their dictionary; it is ten chances to one that they have all learnt its meaning some time or other, but, like all who will and must succeed, they have banished it entirely. Think of some of our greatest poets and painters, who sold their best works for a mere song, and who were not discouraged, even although they knew their marvellous talent was bringing them barely the neccessities of life!

Success often comes too late, it is true, and it is poor consolation to preach of the glories that may come after we are dead or when they are too late to do us any real good; but there is always the satisfaction of feeling and knowing we have done our best. There is generally someone to come after us whom our good work may benefit; and lastly, there is One Who, if all the world fails us, will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

There is a pleasure in the uphill fight that most of us can feel—the pleasure of overcoming difficulties that seem insurmountable until they are faced. Misfortune is a coward who turns and flees from the man who will fight her boldly. Stagnation is only for the backwaters of life. Do not be discouraged, in any circumstances. It is better to consult our own conscience than the opinions of men, though the latter are not to be disregarded. To be industrious, honest, kindly and fair in our dealing with all who come in our way may not, perhaps, bring us fame and prosperity, but it will at least ensure our happiness both in this world and hereafter.—Pearson's Weekly.

LOOK UP.

This world's a pretty good old world,
In spite of all you hear
Of aches, and pains, and turmoil,
And hours dark and drear.

So what's the use of sighing,
And counting up our woes,
Or talking of our mishap,
Till everybody knows.

Just how much trouble we have had,
How many are our ills;
How much we've paid the doctor;
How bitter were his pills.

Nor yet how much we've worried,
Or how new clothes we need:
Or e'en of all we've had to lose
Because of others' greed.

Just lift your eyes up higher,
Away from greed and woe,
Behold all nature's beauty,
Wherever you may go.

List to the birds a-singing,
And note the flowers gay,
Or watch the little children
So happy at their play.

A multitude of blessings
Attend us from above,
And nature all about us,
Proclaims our Father's love.

Ah, yes, let's stop our sighing,
'Twere better far to sing:—
And mayhap to some brother
A ray of hope will bring.

Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

***Scott's Emulsion* contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.**

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00

A Wise Horse

BOTH Mr. White and Mr. Green owned horses that were very intelligent and well trained. Mr. Green's horse, however, could do many tricks and had other accomplishments which the other horse lacked.

COULD DO MANY TRICKS

The two men heard that there was in a town some miles away a circus man who wished to buy a trick horse. So they traveled together to that town. On the way there they spent the night at a hotel. That evening Mr. White stole silently to the stable. Then, while no one was looking, he painted his black horse all white and painted Mr. Green's white horse entirely black. For he knew that the circus man would surely choose Mr. Green's horse as the better animal.

Mr. Green suspected nothing, of course. So next day they appeared before the buyer and asked him to judge their horses.

Mr. White was very much annoyed to find that the "black" horse, which was ordinarily so gentle, now plunged and reared and would not keep still. Finally, in anger, he cut it with a lash, when, lo! right across the back of the horse there was left a white streak, where the black paint had come off under the whip. And thereupon the restiveness of the "black" horse passed away immediately; he now seemed satisfied that Mr. White's villainy would be discovered. And you may be sure that it was. The horses were washed completely of their paint, and Mr. White slunk away, leaving Mr. Green in complete possession of the field.

Chewing Her Cud.

Round the Zoo the teacher was leading her pupils. For the most part the little folks gazed at the wonderful animals in open-eyed wonder, but every now and then one of them would ask a question, and in return the teacher would occasionally ask them a question.

When she came in view of several deer the teacher asked:

"Does anybody know what a ruminating animal is?"

"Oh, yes'm," eagerly replied a little boy; "it's one that chews her cubs!"

SLEEPLESS BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES.

Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. When little ones are restless, sleepless and cross it is the surest sign that they are not well. Probably the stomach or bowels is out of order, or it may be teething troubles. Give Baby's Own Tablets and see how quickly the child grows well and happy and sleeps soundly and naturally. Not the drugged sleep of "soothing" medicines, but the natural sleep of health. You have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or narcotic, and you can give the Tablets just as safely to a new born babe as to the well grown child. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BEAUTIFUL NIHILIST'S SUICIDE.

Girl Whose Passion Was to Take Human Life.

An astounding discovery has been made in connection with the young Russian pianiste, Catherine Mill, who committed suicide in Paris recently.

Catherine Mill was not her real name. It was Rachel Lourtiz, and she belonged to an extremely wealthy Moscow family. She was a very beautiful girl only twenty-three years of age, and received £50 a month from her family.

Of this she only used £2 10s. a month for her personal expenses, living with the utmost frugality. She distributed the rest of her money among the Russian students and Nihilists in Paris. This beautiful young Russian was an ardent Terrorist.

She wrote a number of letters in the course of the last few weeks, begging the Terrorist Committee, of which she was a member, to give her some mission of peril. The committee refused, and ordered her to remain quietly in Paris until further orders.

The day before she committed suicide Rachel Lourtiz distributed all her money down to the last penny, lay down on her bed, and then shot herself through the head.

She left a letter for the friend who has given the above information, in which she says that she is taking her life because the Terrorists will not let her make use of it to destroy others.

THE REAL NEED.

Brown—There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor.

Smith—Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save his life while waiting for the patient.

Book Agent—"I have a little book here on 'Things You Ought to Know!'" Subbubs—"Then you ought to know that I don't want one."

DIABOLO on Roller Skates

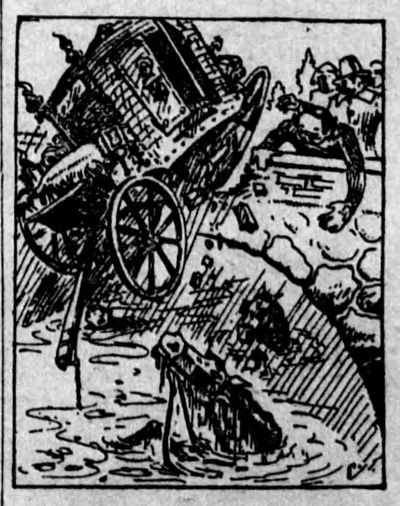
This picture shows the most recent evolution of diabolo, the game which has been the rage in Europe, and is now invading America. Most people find diabolo difficult enough as generally played. But in a recent tournament at the Crystal Palace, in London, two French contestants performed some amazing feats on roller skates. The child's performances were particularly sensational, as he showed as much proficiency as a grown person.

Neuilly Bridge

THE two villages of Neuilly-sur-Seine and Courbevoie, in France, are built upon opposite banks of the river Seine. At the time our story begins—about 1603—one journeyed from one town to the other on a flatboat, suspended overhead by a cable and poled across the stream by ferrymen. The king, Henry IV, was petitioned by the villagers for a bridge. But the king replied that it would cost too much, and besides, it was not really needed.

Two years later the king, with Queen Mary, had occasion to cross the Seine at this point. The royal coach was placed upon the boat. In the middle of the stream, however, the horses took fright and jumped into the river, carrying the king and queen along with them. There was great excitement until the king was rescued.

Next day the king declared it was absolutely necessary to have a bridge at



WENT OVER THE BRIDGE

Neuilly, and said it was extraordinary the state had not attended to it before!

But not enough money was furnished for the building of the bridge, and by the time all was spent it still lacked a parapet on each side. In this state, of course, it was very dangerous for travelers, and several persons fell over the unprotected sides and were drowned in the river below.

Thirty years afterward, during the reign of Louis XIII, the citizens of the two towns sent another delegation of citizens to court to ask that the bridge be made safe. The king replied, through a favorite duke, that the bridge was all right as it was and that a parapet was useless.

Some days later the duke was obliged to travel that way. Before he reached the bridge the horses took the bits in their teeth and bolted. In dashing over the bridge one of the horses swerved from his course, went over the edge and dragged the other horse and the coach with him. The poor duke and his daughter, who accompanied him, were nearly drowned.

No sooner was he assisted out of the water than he commanded that a parapet be placed immediately upon each side of the dangerous bridge. He couldn't understand why no one had had this done long ago!

At last Neuilly had its bridge completed, after many years of patient waiting! Over the bridge passed the armies of Louis XIV, the soldiers of the First Republic and the legions of Napoleon.

Best Definition.

"I say, Bill, do you know what a mollycoddle is?"

"Certainly, Joe. It's the new word they use to start a fight with."

Never do any worrying to-day that can be put off till to-morrow.

HARD TIMES FOR DOCTORS.

British Medical Journal Makes Dismal Prophesy.

Dealing with the prospects of the medical profession, the "British Medical Journal" says it would be well if the students at our medical schools could realize that in a few years' time they, "if with practically no capital available, will be seeking in vain for an opportunity of earning a livelihood.

"Go where you will you find the men on the spot racking their brains how to cut down expenses to meet their insufficient incomes," the article continues; and the writer mentions, in this connection, an inquiry from a qualified man as to a means to bleach corks so that they might be used more than once.

Crabbe—"To-day, for the first time, I was really delighted to hear my neighbor's piano going." Friend—"Something worth listening to, I suppose?" Crabbe—"I should say so. I heard the hire-purchase men taking it away."

Mrs. Unhappy (after the quarrel)—"When we were married you said you'd be willing to follow me to the end of the world, and now——" Mr. Happy—"Now I desire to call your attention to the fact that the world has no end. It is round."

PILES

8 Years Torture Ended by Zam-Buk

Mr. George Lee, 35 Steiner St., Toronto, says: "For 8 years I suffered torture from blind, itching piles. During that time I believe almost everything in the line of ointments and salves was used, but in vain. The very first application of Zam-Buk gave me relief from that terrible itching, and a little perseverance with the balm brought about a complete cure. I have not been troubled again and it is now over six months since Zam-Buk was used. If this statement can be used for the benefit of other sufferers from this trouble, you are at liberty to publish it."

Zam-Buk

Is especially recommended for all kinds of skin diseases, eczema, bad legs, piles, ulcers, boils, chapped hands, barbers' rash, festering sores, poisoned wounds, cuts, bruises, burns, sprains etc. Of all druggists and stores, 50c. box or from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, post-paid. 3 boxes $1.25.

FREE

A sample box will be mailed you free if you cut out this coupon and send it with 1c. stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. s.K.4

ZAM-BUK