LIKE THORNS IN THE FLESH

Are the Sharp Twinges and Tortures of Rheumatism---Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Certain Cure.

The twinges and the tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many people imagine. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. The pains may be started by cold weather, damp weather or by keen winds. There is only one way to cure rheumatism. It must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing, and so-called electrical treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism. The acid that causes the disease must be driven out of the blood and the blood enriched and purified. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, red blood that they have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism after all other treatment had failed. As a proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do even in the most severe cases of rheumatism, the case of Mr. David Carrol, a well known furniture dealer of Picton, N. S., may be cited. Mr. Carroll says:—"I have been a most severe sufferer from rheumatism, and in the hope that some other poor sufferer may find relief from my experience I gladly write you of the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The trouble settled in my shoulders and down my sides and at times I was quite unable to raise my arm. I was attended by a doctor, but as I did not appear to be getting any better I sent for a so-called electric belt for which I paid $40.00. It did not do me any good and then I tried another remedy, but without any better results. A friend asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got three boxes, by the time I had used them all I found the stiffness and pain less severe, and I got another half dozen boxes. When I had taken these every symptom of the trouble had disappeared and in the two years that have since passed I have had no return of the trouble. I believe there is no other medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for curing this most painful trouble, and I have recommended the Pills to others who have been benefitted by their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure rheumatism, but all the other diseases due to poor watery blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood, with their headaches, backaches, side aches and attendant miseries. Only the genuine Pills can do this and you should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PRIDE.

The Man at the Door—"My little girl, ma'am, picked up a shoppin' bag which she says she seen an old lady drop—an' I thought maybe it was yours, ma'am."

The Lady in the Hall (haughtily)—"There are no old ladies here. It isn't mine."

And yet it was hers just the same.

THEIR PRIVILEGE.

When we hear some people sing,
We wonder how they dare;
Yet we suppose they have the right
Because they rent the air.

A camel can carry three times as heavy a load as a horse is capable of doing.

Fortunate is the man with a pull—providing he doesn't pull the wrong way.

"My good man, did you ever take a bath?" Tramp—"No, mum. I never took anything bigger than a silver teapot."

Do you know that it is poor economy to save the cost of building at the expense of heavy loss of feed stuffs? Do you know that the hay stack wintered out doors loses in value many times what the interest would be on the money invested in a building suitable to house it? Figure it out for yourself.

Some successful dairymen believe it is a mistake to yard the cows at night and let them run in the pastures during the daytime. They say that the cow will get more good out of the grass she will eat in the evening and morning and during the night than she would during the heat of the day when the flies are annoying her.

THE HOME-COMING OF CECIL CLIVE

"And, meantime," thundered Mr. Barth, "remember that it is my house, and that your place is on the other side of the door. Be off! I never want to see you again. You went away a beggar and you have come home a beggar. Be off! And if you ever attempt to cross the threshold again I'll have you turned out by the servants."

Cecil laughed. His uncle's brutality did not seem to affect him nearly so much as little Miss Holmes's kindness had done, and he went towards the door with gay feet.

"I'm going, uncle," he said; "don't lose your temper. Good-bye, all of you."

Miss Holmes sat in a corner, crying softly. He approached the girl, patted her gently on the shoulder, and then went from the room.

"A good riddance," said George.

"He's positively hateful," commented Mabel.

"Another moment and I'd have thrown him out," muttered Arthur, who was always very pugnacious when there was nobody to fight.

Mr. Barth, however, was silent. Obviously he was considering a weighty matter, and the outcome of his deliberations proved rather unpleasant for Miss Holmes. Clearing his throat, he said in a loud, judicial tone:—

"Miss Holmes, be good enough to attend to me."

The girl rose, and stood with her small hands clasped tightly together.

"For some years," said the dignified voice, "you have occupied a position in my household, and I have no reason to disapprove of you; but your conduct this morning makes it impossible for me to let you continue as governess to my two youngest children. Your sympathy with a penniless and reckless ne'er-do-well proves that you are not fit to have the training of young minds, and so, Miss Holmes, I will ask you to take a month's notice."

The girl did not seem to mind very much.

"I will go this very day," she said bravely.

"That is as you please," replied Mr. Barth, magnanimously, and feeling vaguely that he was doing a very noble action, "but perhaps it will be better."

* * * * * * *

"It will be a splendid thing for the neighborhood," observed Mr. Barth a few weeks later; "though I wonder why he selected our part of the country for his home."

He had been discussing with his family the news that had just reached Meadowhurst, to the effect that Constantine McIlwraith had purchased the Hall and intended settling down there for some months.

"The man is enormously rich," went on Mr. Barth. "And no doubt he will be correspondingly generous. If I can interest him in that scheme of mine for adding new plant to the works, it will mean a difference of thousands per annum to me."

Now, Mr. Barth did not believe in letting the grass grow under his feet, and that very day he sat down and wrote to Mr. McIlwraith, begging for an interview.

"The fact that we are such near neighbors makes me bold to address you," he concluded. "And I believe that the scheme which I desire to propose to you would prove mutually advantageous."

By return of post he received a communication from the great man's secretary, asking him to call at the Hall on the following morning at eleven o'clock.

Delighted by this speedy reply, Mr. Barth went his way in the cheeriest of spirits, and on the next morning he buttoned himself up in his most dignified frock-coat and sallied forth to the Hall.

A resplendent man-servant ushered him into the great oaken library and asked him to sit down. A momen. later the door opened and another visitor entered. Mr. Barth jumped up in amazement.

"Halloa, George!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I was just going to ask you the same question, dad," replied George, sulkily. "As a matter of fact, I have an appointment with old McIlwraith here at eleven."

"H'm! That's queer!" ommented Barth. "He told me to be at the house at the same hour."

Once again the door opened, and father and son started up, ready to make their obeisances to the golden calf as represented by Mr. Constantine McIlwraith, but to the supreme amazement of both of them they beheld Arthur and Mabel.

"Why, upon my word, this seems like a family party," spluttered Mr. Barth, wondering what was the meaning of this extraordinary meeting. "What brings you here?"

"We were asked to call at eleven," replied Arthur and Mabel in a breath.

Confidences followed slowly. It semeed that George had secretely written the millionaire asking for a position as secretary; that Arthur had begged him to find him an appointment as something in the City; and that Miss Mabel had actually been bold enough to inquire whether he desired a lady typist. Each had kept the application secret from the other, but now concealment was futile, and they all looked remarkably foolish—all except Mr. Barth, who preserved his august manner although he felt decidedly uncomfortable.

"It looks as though McIlwraith were going to make fools of us," said George, in an undertone. "These Colonial chaps have no manners."

"Shut up," growled his brother; "here he comes."

As he spoke the footsteps on the threshold approached the door, and it swung open slowly. Then, once again, amazement was imaged in the faces of them all, for there, standing before them, clothed in perfect garb and looking the very picture of health and prosperity, stood the prodigal, Cecil Clive.

"Good morning," he said. "Glad to see you all so punctual."

Mr. Barth rose and faced him nervously.

"Look here, my fine fellow!" he exclaimed; "how you have wormed your way into this house I don't know, but I suppose, with your usual cunning, you have contrived to get around Mr. McIlwraith. But we have come to see him, and not you. So be kind enough to go."

Cecil laughed.

"How long, uncle," he asked, "have you been in the habit of turning a man out of his own room?"

Barth stared at him wildly.

"What—what do you mean?" he gasped, whilst the others stood rigid, like graven images.

"I mean this: that the Hall and everything that is in the Hall is mine. I mean that Cecil Clive, the beggar, is dead, and that Constantine McIlwraith, the millionaire, has taken his place. I mean that when Cecil Clive was adopted by old McIlwraith and took his name his luck changed, and he won the gold for which he sought. I mean that he came back home dressed in rags to test you, to behold whether or not you would give him the cold shoulder—whether you were made of decent stuff or sordid material. I mean all this, uncle, and I mean something else. I mean to give you all five minutes to quit this house, and if ever any of you, except Mabel—who, because she is a woman, must be treated with some regard—show your faces here again, I'll have you turned out by my servants."

"Great Jove, my own words!" gasped Mr. Barth. "You have a good memory."

"Yes; I have a good memory, sir, and I never forget. I invited the lot of you here this morning so that I might reveal to you the truth and then send you packing."

He went to the door and held it open.

A slight, black-clothed figure came towards them. Lo, it was Miss Holmes, the little governess, and when Mr. Barth beheld her he flushed crimson.

"H'm! I can understand now why this person was ready to take your part," he sneered.

"Silence!" shouted Cecil. "If you dare to insinuate one word against her, I may forget that you are old enough to know better and send you out quicker than you came in. She knew, indeed! She knew nothing. She believed me to be the beggar that you also thought me to be, but she stood by me like the brick that she is. And when I heard that she had left your house I at once sought her out, told her the truth, and asked her to come here each day to aid me with my correspondence."

Mr. Barth snorted.

"Your secretary, eh?" he muttered.

"Yes, sir, my secretary at present—my wife that is to be."

Not another word was spoken. In grim silence the little family party descended the steps of the big house and turned their faces homewards. Mr. Barth was the first to break the solemn hush, but his words lacked their usual dignity.

"Well," he said, mournfully, "I'm hanged!"—London Tit-Bits.

THE END.

It's a waste of time to tell a man he is a liar; if he is, he knows it.

The strength of a woman lies in the display of her weakness.

Singer Talks

10. The Difference Between Poor and Good Cabinet Work

¶ It is a fact not generally known that very few sewing machine manufacturers produce their own cabinet work. This is a distinct industry in itself.

¶ The Singer Company owns and operates the largest and best equipped factory in the world, exclusively devoted to the production of the highest grade sewing machine cabinet work.

¶ Only the finest woods procurable are used. To insure the proper selection of these woods, a corps of expert wood rangers is employed, whose duty it is to purchase individual trees, the grain and growth of which entitle them to use in Singer cabinet work.

¶ This is why Singer cabinet work, besides being the most durable, is also the most beautiful,—the Singer process brings out all the richness and natural beauty of the wood.

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FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS

I am a woman.
I know a woman's sufferings.
I have found a cure.

I will mail, free of charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about the cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home, without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any docter. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for all female weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER,"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Painful ond Irregular Menstruation in young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address,** and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 103, Windsor, Ont.**

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

The sea and inland fisheries of Ireland for the last year show declines.

Miss Mary Beirne recently died at Lisheen, County Roscommon, aged 104 years.

A farm containing about 65 Irish acres, in Ramstown, Co. Wexford, was sold for $3,200.

Thomas Reilly, of Newry, in poor circumstances, is claimant for an estate of $300,000.

Last year's 1,400 entries for Oldcastle Show (Co. Meath) went up by over 300 this year.

Coleman Sullivan and John Melia were drowned in the wreck of a trading boat on Galway Bay.

The keel blocks of the biggest liner ever built, the Olympic, of the White Star line, were laid in Belfast.

Mrs. Pilkington, an aged woman, who lived alone at Railway road, Darwin, hanged her dog and then herself.

Castlerea Guardians have decided to substitute Irish cured bacon for the American product for the inmates' dietary.

Belturbet Urban Council has awarded the contract for installing an electric light plant in the town to an English firm.

Mr. Alexander Torney, a Model school teacher of Belfast, died from injuries received by being knocked down by a runaway horse.

An invitation has been extended to Lord Pirrie to return to Belfast Corporation and take an active part in the public life of the city.

The Local Government Board have sanctioned the proposed waterworks for Westport, and have granted a loan of $42,500 to carry out the scheme.

Mrs. Crowe, who died recently in her 99th year, was probably the last surviving child of a member of the old Irish Parliament, William Hoare Hume.

The Russian sailing vessel Orient, with a cargo of salt for Limerick, from Gloucester, became a total wreck at Ballydavid Head, outside Smerwick Harbor. Six of the crew were drowned.

Messrs. Harland & Wolff have secured an order from the Belgian Red Star Line, which is one of the international combine companies, for a 15,000 ton liner for the Antwerp-New York service.

A fire occurred recently at Desmond's Carriers' yard at Cork. The flames were so fierce that 18 of the horses stabled on the premises were burned alive, and two had to be shot to end their sufferings.