AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAP. VIII.—(Continued).

"The fact was," said Corney, "that we had had a fearful time of it that winter—blowin' great guns an' snow nearly every night; an' what wi' heat at the fires an' cowld i' the streets, an' hot wather pourin' on us at wan minit an' freezin' on us the nixt, a'most every man Jack of us was coughin' an' sneezin', and watherin' so bad at our eyes an' noses that I do belave if we'd held 'em over the suction-pipes we might ha' filled the ingins without throublin' the mains at all. So the doctor he said, says he, 'Lads; I'll send ye a bottle o' stuff as 'll put ye right.' An' sure enough down comes the bottle that night when we was smokin' our pipes just afther roll-call. It turned out to be the best midcine ever was. 'Musha!' says I, 'here's the top o' the marnin' to ye, boys!' Baxmore he smacks his lips when he tastes it, opens his eyes, tosses off the glass, and holds it out for another. 'Howld on; fair play!' cried Jack Williams, so we all had a glass round. It was just like lemonade or ginger-beer, it was. So we sat down an' smoked our pipes over it, an' spun yarns an' sung songs; in fact, we made a jollification of it, an' when we got up to turn in there warn't a dhrop left i' the bottle!

"'You better go to the doctor for another bottle,' says Moxey, as he wint out.

"'I will,' says I; 'I'll go i' the marnin'.'

"Sure enough away I goes i' the marnin' to Doctor Offey. 'Doctor,' says I, howldin' out the bottle, 'we all think our colds are much the better o' this here midcine, an' I come, ed, av ye plaze, for another o' the same.'

"Musha! but ye should ha' seen the rage he goes off into. 'Finished it all?' says he. 'Ivery dhrop, doctor,' says I, 'at wan sittin'!' At that he stamped an' swore at me, an' ordered me away as if I'd bin a poor relation; an' says he, 'I'll send ye a bottle to-night as'll cure ye!' Sure so he did. The second bottle would have pison'd a rat. It lasted us all six months, an' I do behave we'll find the most of it in the cupboard at this minit av ye look."

"Come, Willie," said Frank, while the men were laughing at the remembrance of this incident, "I'm going down your way and will give you a convoy. We can take a look in at the gymnastics as we pass, if you choose."

"All right, Blazes, come along." So saying they left the station, and set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the City.

CHAPTER IX.

As the brothers drew near to the busy region of the city which lies to the north of London Bridge, Frank turned aside into one of the narrow streets that diverge from the main thoroughfare.

"Where are ye goin'?" inquired Willie.

"There was a fire here last night," said Frank; "I want to have a look at the damage."

"A fire!" exclaimed Willie. "Why, Blazes, it strikes me there's bin more fires than usual last night in London."

"Only two, lad."

"Only two! How many would you have?" asked Willie, with a laugh.

"Don't you know," said Frank, "that we have about four fires every night? Sometimes more, sometimes fewer. Of course, we don't all of us turn out to them; but some of the brigade turn out to that number, on an average, every night of the year."

"Are ye jokin', Frank?"

"Indeed I am not. I wish with all my heart I could say that I was joking. It's a fact, boy. You know I have not been long in the force, yet I've gone to as many as six fires in one night, and we often go to two or three. The one we are going to see the remains of just now was too far from us for our engine to turn out; but we got the call to send a man on, and I was sent. When I arrived and reported myself to Mr. Braidwood, the two top floors were burnt out, and the fire was nearly got under. There were three engines, and the men were up on the window-sills of the second floor, with the branches, playin' on the last of the flames, while the men of the salvage corps were getting the furniture out of the first floor. Conductor Brown was there with his escape, and had saved a whole family from the top floor, just before I arrived. He had been changed from his old station at the west end that very day. He's a wonderful fellow that conductor! Many a life he has saved; but indeed, the same may be said of most of the men in the force, especially the old hands.—Here we are, lad. This is the house."

Frank stopped, as he spoke, in front of a ruined tenement; or rather; in front of the gap which was now strewn with the charred and blackened debris of what had once been a house. The street in which it stood was a narrow mean one, inhabited by a poor, and, to judge from appearance, a dissipated class. The remains of the house were guarded by policemen, while a gang of men were engaged in digging among the ruins, which still smoked a little here and there.

"What are they diggin' for?" asked Willie.

"I fear they are looking for dead bodies. The house was let out to lodgers, and swarmed with people. At first it was thought that all were saved; but just before I was ordered home, after the fire was got under, some one said that an old man and his grandchild were missing. I suppose they're looking for them now."

On inquiring of a policeman, however, Frank learned that the remains of the old man and his grandchild had already been found, and that they were searching for the bodies of others who were missing.

A little beyond the spot where the fire had occurred, a crowd was gathered 'round a man who stood on a chair haranguing them, with apparently considerable effect, for ever and anon his observations were received with cries of "Hear, hear," and laughter. Going along the middle of the narrow street, in order to avoid the smells of the old-clothes'-shops and pawnbrokers, as well as the risk of contact with their wares, Frank and Willie elbowed their way through the crowd to within a few yards of the speaker.

"What is he?" inquired Frank of a rather dissipated elderly woman.

"He's a clown, or a hacrobat, or somethink of that sort, in one of the theaters or music-'alls. He's bin burnt out of his 'ome last night, an's a-sellin' off all he's been able to save by hauction."

"Come now, ladies an' gents," cried the clown, taking up a rather seedy looking great coat, which he held aloft with one hand, and pointed to it with the other, "Who's agoin' to bid for this 'ere garment—a hextra superfine, double-drilled, kershimere great coat, fresh from the looms o' Tuskany — at least it was fresh from 'em ten years ago (that was when my father was Lord Mayor of London), an' it's bin renewing its youth (the coat, not the Lord Mayor) ever since. It's more glossy, I do assure you, ladies, and gents, than w'en it fust comed from the looms, by reason of the pile havin' worn off; and you'll observe that the glossiness is most beautiful and brightest about the elbows an' the seams o' the back. Who bids for this 'ere venerable garment? Six bob? Come now, don't all bid at once. Who said six bob?"

No reply being made to this except a laugh, the clown (who by the way, wore a similarly glossy great coat, with a hat to match) protested that his ears must have deceived him, or his imagination had been whispering hopeful things — which was not unlikely, for his imagination was a very powerful one—when he noticed Frank's tall figure among the crowd.

"Come now, fireman, this is the wery harticle you wants. You comed out to buy it, I know, an' 'ere it is, by a strange coincidence, ready-made to hand. What d'ye bid? Six bob? Or say five. I know you've got a wife an' a large family o' young firemen to keep, so I'll let it go cheap. P'raps it's too small for you; but that's easy put right. You've only got to slit it up behind to the neck, which is a' infallible cure for a tight fit, an' you can let down the cuffs, which is double, an' if it's short you can cut off the collar, an' sew it on to the skirts. It's water-proof, too, and fire-proof, patent asbestos. W'en it's dirty, you've got nothin' to do but to walk into the fire, an' it'll come out noo. W'en it's thoroughly wet on the houtside, turn it inside hout, an' there you are, to all appearance, as dry as bone. What! you won't have it at any price? Well, now, I'll tempt you. I'll make it two bob."

"Say one," cried a baker, who had been listening to this, with a broad grin on his floury countenance.

"Ladies and gents," cried the clown, drawing himself up with dignity; "there's an individual in this his hands, who is uncertain as to his means of escape, in the event of his return by the stair being cut off, will be too much concerned about crowd—I beg pardon, this assemblage as asks me to say 'one.' I do say 'one,' an' I say it with melancholy feelin's as to the liberality of my species. One bob! A feller man as has bin burnt hout of 'is 'ome an' needs ready money to keep 'im from starvation, offers his best great coat — a hextra superfine, double-drilled (or milled, I forget w'ich) kershimere, from the looms o' Tuskany—for one bob!"

"One-and-six," muttered an old-clothesman, with a black cotton sack on his shoulder.

"One-an'-six," echoed the clown with animation; "one-an'-six bid; one-an'-six. Who said one-an'-seven? Was it the gent with the red nose?—No, one-an'-six; goin' at the ridiculously low figure of one-'an'nn ridiculously low figure of one-an'-six — gone! as the old 'ooman said w'en her cat died o' appleplexy. Here you are; hand over the money. I can't knock it down to you, 'cause I haven't a hauctioneer's 'ammer. Besides, it's agin my principles. I've never knocked nothin' down, not even a skittle, since I joined the Peace Society.

"Now, ladies an' gents, the next thing I've got to hoffer is a harm-chair. Hand up the harm-chair, Jim."

A very antique piece of furniture was handed up by a little boy, whom Willie recognized as the little boy who had once conversed with him in front of the chocolate shop in Holborn Hill.

"Thank you, my son," said the clown, taking the chair with one hand, and patting the boy's head with the other; "this, ladies and gents," he added, in a parenthetical tone, "is my son; he's bin burnt hout of 'ouse an' 'ome too! Now, then, who bids for the old harm-chair? — the wery identical harm-chair that the song was written about. In the embrace o' this 'ere chair has sat for generations past the family o' the Cattleys — that's my name, ladies and gents, at your service. Here sat my great-great-grandfather, who was used to say that his great-grandfather sat in it too. Here sat his son, and his son's son — the Lord Mayor as was—and his son, my father, ladies and gents, who died in it besides, and whose son now hoffers it to the 'ighest bidder. You'll observe its antiquity, ladies an' gents. That's its beauty. It's what I may call, in the language of the haristocracy, a harticle of virtoo, w'ich means that it's a harticle as is surrounded by virtuous memories in connection with the defunct. Now, then, say five bob for the hold harm-chair!"

While the clown was endeavoring to get the chair disposed of, Willie pushed his way to the side of Jim Cattley.

"I say, youngster, would you like a cup o' chocolate?" began Willie, by way of recalling to the boy their former meeting.

Jim, whose face wore a sad and dispirited look, turned angrily and said, "Come, I don't want none o' your sauce!"

"It ain't sauce I'm talkin' of, it's chocolate," retorted Willie. "But, come, Jim, I don't want to brother ye. I'm sorry to see you an' yer dad in sitch a fix. Have you lost much?"

"It's not what we've lost that troubles us," said John, softened by Willie's sympathetic tone more than by his words; "but sister Ziza is took bad, an' she's a fairy at Drury Lane, an' takin' her down the fire-escape has well-nigh killed her, an' we've got sitch a cold damp cellar of a place to put her in that I don't think she'll get better at all; anyhow, she'll lose her engagement, for she can't make two speeches an' go up in a silver cloud among blue fire with the 'flooenzer, an' 'er 'air all but singed off 'er 'ead."

Jim almost whimpered at this point, and Willie, quitting his side abruptly, went back to Frank (who was still standing an amused auditor of the clown), and demanded a shilling.

"What for, lad?"

"Never you mind, Blazes; but give me the bob, an' I'll pay you back before the week's out."

Frank gave him a shilling, with which he at once returned to Jim, and thrusting it into his hand, said

"There, Jim, your dad's hard up just now. Go you an' get physic with that for the fairy. Them 'flooenzers is ticklish to play with. Where d'ye stop?"

"Well, you are a queer 'un; thank'ee all the same," said Jim, pocketing the shilling. "We've got a sort o' cellar just two doors east of the burnt 'ouse. Wy?"

"'Cause I'll come an' see you, Jim. I'd like to see a live fairy in plain clo'se, with her wings off—"

The rest of the sentence was cut short by the clown, who, having disposed of the old arm-chair to a chimney-sweep, ordered Jim to "'and up another harticle." At the same moment Frank touched Willie on the shoulder and said: "Let's go, lad; I'll be late, I fear, for the gymnastics."

At the period of which we write the then Chief of the London Fire Brigade, Mr. Braidwood, had introduced a system of gymnastic training among the firemen, which he had found from experience to be a most useful exercise to fit the men for the arduous work they had to perform. Before going to London to take command of and reorganize the brigade which then, went by the name of the London Fire Engine Establishment, and was in a very unsatisfactory condition, Mr. Braidwood had, for a long period, been chief of the Edinburgh Fire Brigade, which he had brought to a state of great efficiency. Taking the requirements and conditions of the service into consideration, he had come to the conclusion that the best men for the work in that city were masons, house carpenters, slaters, and such like; but these men, when, at their ordinary employments, being accustomed to bring only certain muscles into full play, were found to have a degree of stiffness in their general movements, which prevented them from performing their duty as firemen with that ease and celerity which are so desirable. To obviate this evil he instituted the gymnastic exercises, which, by bringing all the muscles of the body into action, and by increasing the development of the frame generally, rendered the men lithe and supple, and in every way more fit for the performance of duties in which their lives frequently depended on their promptitude and vigor.

In addition to these advantages, it was found that those exercises gave the men confidence when placed in certain situations of danger. "For example," writes Mr. Braidwood, "a fireman untrained in gymnastics, in the third or fourth floor of a burning house, with the branch in his own safety, to render much service, and will certainly not be half so efficient as the experienced gymnast who, with a hatchet and 30 feet of rope at his waist, and a window near him, feels himself in comparative security, knowing that he has the means and the power of lowering himself easily and safely into the street," — a knowledge which not only gives him confidence, but enables him to give his undistracted attention to the exigencies of the fire.

It was to attend this gymnastic class that Frank now turned aside, and proposed to bid Willie good-by; but Willie begged to be taken into the room. Frank complied, and the boy soon found himself in an apartment fitted up with all the appliances of a gymnasium, where a number of powerful young men were leaping, vaulting, climbing, and in other ways improving their physical powers. Frank joined them, and for a long time Willie stood in rapt and envious contemplation of the busy scene.

At first he could not avoid feeling that there seemed a good deal more of play than business in their doings; but his admiration of the scene deepened when he remembered the bold acts of the firemen at Beverly Square, and recognized some of the faces of the men who had been on duty there, and reflected that these very men, who seemed thus to be playing themselves, would on that very night, in all probability, be called upon to exert these powers sternly and seriously, yet coolly, in the midst of scenes of terror and confusion, and in the face of imminent personal danger.

Brooding over these things, Willie, having at length torn himself away, hastened on his pilgrimage to London Bridge.

(To Be Continued).

THE RESTORATIVE POWER of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Illustrated In the Case of Mrs. Turner, Who Was Thoroughly Restored By the Use of This Great Food Cure.

The human body is composed of certain elements, such as iron, potash, lime, soda, magnesia, etc., and nature replaces wasted cells and tissues by extracting these elements from the food we eat. Consequently errors in diet, insufficiency of food or failure of the digestive organs to properly perform their work are among the most usual causes of disease.

Once the system is weak, run down or exhausted the natural process of reconstruction is tediously slow, usually slower than the wasting process, and the end can only be physical bankruptcy and collapse.

It is just at this point that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves its wonderful power as an assistant to nature. This great food cure contains in condensed pill form the very elements required by nature to revitalize and build up the system. These immediately enter the blood stream, and through the medium of the circulation of the blood and the nervous system carry strength and vigor to each and every organ of the body.

Mrs. F. Turner, 336 Aylmer Street, Peterborough, Ont., and whose husband is employed at the Hamilton foundry, states:

"For some months past I found myself growing very nervous, and gradually becoming a victim of sleeplessness and subject to frequent attacks of nervous headache. About six weeks ago I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and cannot speak too highly of this medicine. I can sleep well now, the headaches have entirely disappeared, and I believe that my system generally has been much improved by the use of this treatment."

Nervous prostration and exhaustion, headaches, dyspepsia, dizzy and fainting spells, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, feelings of weakness, depression and despondency are readily overcome by this treatment, working, as it does, hand in hand with nature. Though gradual, the results are all the more certain and lasting, and by noting your increase in weight you can prove to your satisfaction that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food fifty cents a box, six boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipt book author, are on every box.

ELECTRIC TRAINS.

Electric trains have now superseded steam-driven trains on the Mersey Railway, which is the first line in Great Britain to undergo this change. This line is five miles in length, consisting partly of a tunnel under the river. The system in operation is similar to that which will be used on the London District Railway, the track being fitted with two insulated rails, one for the feed and one for the return. Almost the whole of the old locomotive staff has been retained, as drivers of electric trains or in other capacities, and at the old rate of wages.

OATS AND BEANS.

The growing of oats and beans in the same field increases the activity of the nitrogen-gathering bacteria. This is thought to be due to the fact that oats remove nitrates from the soil. In some German experiments the yield of oats when sown with peas was greater than when sown alone.

Mr. Howell—"What's all that screaming in the parlor?" Mrs. Howell—"Carrie is singing till Charlie comes, just to kill time." Mr. Howell—"Time seems to die hard."

"I am afraid, madam," said a gentleman who was looking for apartments, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant." "It is a little noisy," assented the landlady; "but from the front veranda one has such a fine view of people who miss the trains," she added, with an air of triumph.

"Young man," said ... ent, with the accent ... "do you intend ... all night holding ... 's hand and looking ... like a sick calf?" ... "What do you in... ...en?" "Well, I had ... when you did us the ki... ...re I would put my arm ... waist, and if she did not ob... too forcibly I might risk a kiss."

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

THE FARMER'S PROFIT.

There are hundreds of farmers who have become wealthy, yet they handled very little money, and had difficulty in meeting their obligations. There is one bank account which they do not draw from, and the deposits accumulate for years, and that is the soil. A farmer can take a poor farm, work it, add manure and receive but little over expenses, but by doing so every year his farm will become more fertile, and also increase in value. In ten more years the farm will be worth five times the original cost, and it represents just as much as though the farmer had saved the money. All farms are, to a certain extent, banks of deposit, where the profits of the farm slowly accumulate.

A farmer owning a $1,500 farm will borrow $3,000 to build a barn and house. Then his trouble begins with the mortgage and the interest, and ends with the sheriff and foreclosure. Moral: It is not the mortgage that causes the downfall. HE MUST KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

A farmer will balance and regulate the rations of his live stock and poultry, preventing them from eating good foods, or, eating foods, thus bringing them to a state of perfection; but the farmer will feed himself any... likes, and when he finds himself "run down," he will go right ... stuff injurious rations into him...

There are seasons of the year ... it is difficult to curtail expenses ... if the farmer will avoid entailing on himself unnecessary expense ... will have performed for himself ... important service. It is not ... place to claim that the farm ... as frequently a subject for im... ment as the stock.

Better breed of animals are ... upon the farm. Better breed of ... ers; new systems of farming ... and farms become more d... Buying a cow is a greater risk ... buying a horse, yet some far... who will not trust themselves ... judging horses when buying, w... out and take up fresh cows ... any one who has them to sell ... farmer who will breed for ... cows, and keep his calves, may ... agine that it does not pay, ... he will avoid buying worthless ... he will discover that he can ... profit on fewer cows and also ... less labor to perform in so ... Nothing can constitute good ... ing that has not good judgment ... its foundation.

SHEEP AND ANGORA GOATS

are of great help to the farmer ... devour the weeds and do not ... anything for the work. On ... other hand, they pay the farmer ... the privilege of pulling weeds ... turn the weeds into meat ... juicy and crisp. When they consume ... weeds they take out some of ... nitrogen, a little of the phosphoric ... and potash to supply their ... needs, and the residue they put ... over the land to stimulate ... growth of the crops that are yet ... be sown.

The correct plan for general ... ing is to raise feed, and the an... to eat it. After this raise anything ... which a careful study of the ma... indicates can be sold at a profit ... this latter department, good, sound ... judgment and all the inform... available is demanded. Every f... er who pursues this system indu... ously and intelligently will pros... When foods are fed on the farm ... sold in some other form, the v... able elements of fertility are re... ed at home; and as long as this ... done the farm may be cultivated ... its highest limit of capacity and ... becomes more valuable every year ... its owner.

COOL THE MILK.

The importance of thorough aeration and rapid cooling of milk ... it is drawn is shown by a count ... the bacteria or germs in it under ... microscope. In milk which cont... 975 bacteria when drawn, and ... at 39 degrees, they multiplied ... times, or a little more than do... in three hours, 2½ times in ...

MILK ...

Piles

Dr. Chase's Ointment

We are wont to lo... troubles with fears ... inflict, but ... with wonder at what ... us from.

AFTER OTHER HELP FAILED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore a Young Lady to Full Health and Strength.

Doctors and nurses recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because they have seen their wonderful power to make new, rich, red blood, and to cure all diseases due to poor blood or weak nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a common medicine. They do not purge and weaken. They contain no poisonous drugs. They are safe, sure, simple, stimulating and scientific. That is why these pills should be taken by all who are weak, bloodless, nerveless and sickly. Here is a bit of very positive proof of the wonderful power to conquer disease which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess; Miss Esther E. Lewis, Lynn, N. S., says: "At the age of sixteen my health failed me completely. At that time I was attacked by la grippe, which was followed by measles, from the after effects of which I was left in a deplorable condition. I became very pale, suffered from headaches, dizziness and want of appetite. I tried several medicines, but they did me no good; on the contrary I was growing weaker and finally became so bad that I would take spells of unconsciousness lasting from fifteen minutes to an hour at a time, and had become so weak that I could hardly move about. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have good reason to bless the day I began their use. I had only taken them a few weeks when I began to recover and under their continued use for some time longer I fully regained my former good health. I will be glad if my experience will be of benefit to some other poor sufferer."

When buying the Pills see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STORY OF BLACK GEORGE

THE MEN WHO HAVE RULED OVER SERVIA.

The Obrenovitch Family Were Kings for Nearly One Hundred Years.

The Kingdom of Servia, in which in one short swift hour a few months ago a dynasty was extinguished forever and the stage swept clear for the coming of a new regime, lies in the center of the ever-troubled Balkans. The blue Danube bounds the little kingdom on the north, and separates it from Austria-Hungary; to the west, between Servia and the Adriatic, are Bosnia and Montenegro; to the east is Bulgaria, and to the south is Turkey, Servia's traditional foe. Here live about 2,500,000 people — a people of hot blood and whose semi-acceptance of the conventions of Western European civilization could scarcely be more vividly illustrated than in the tragedy that was enacted recently in the palace at Belgrade.

The little kingdom has long been the center of plots and counterplots, violence, and ... bloodshed and oppression. For centuries it was a Turkish province, with all that that means in the way of tyranny and the systematic crushing out of national life. ... lans have suffered there from outrages which make the recent troubles in Macedonia trifling. The main industry is swine-herding ... the condition of society ... vividly suggested many ... in descriptions of King Milan ... Alexander's father, or of Obrenovitch ... ga when it was said that ... considered dissolute even in ... country as Servia. This should be kept in mind in ... the recent tragedy there ... should be remembered that ... "king" may mean anything ... a monarch of all the Russias ... a Polynesian chief.

A VIOLENT MAN.

The Karageorgevitch family, whose interests the late massacre in Belgrade was brought about to ... its power from Kara George, Black George, who, in 1804 ... the massacre by the Janissaries headed a revolution against the Turks. He was the son of a peasant, and it was told of him that in the revolution of 1787, when he was fleeing from the Turks, ... er Save proved too much for the ... man's strength, and he refused to go on, Black George shot his ... dead rather than have him fall ... the hands of the Turks. When ... was chosen as leader he reminded ... followers of his violent character ... "I cannot make speeches," said ... "but those who disobey me I ... kill." His only brother was ... the first to suffer this fate. ...

SATISFIED MOTHERS.

When sales are large and increasing, when customers are satisfied to the extent of continuing to buy the same remedy, then it must be admitted that the remedy has merit. Baby's Own Tablets occupy this enviable position. Mothers having once tried them seldom fail to duplicate the order — no other remedy for children can truly claim as much. Concerning the Tablets, Mr. C. W. Stradford, (general dealer), North Williamsburg, Ont., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have a large sale, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We use them for our baby and have found them all that is claimed for them."

Baby's Own Tablets cure indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and all the minor ills of little ones. They make them bright, active and happy and bring joy to the home. Sold by druggists or will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.