A Considerate Murderer.

By Angus Evan Abbott.

The inspector happened to glance up from his desk to the clock and noticed that it was ten minutes to 11, when the station door opened and a nattily-dressed young man slipped in out of the dark. Nodding politely to the inspector, he tucked a gold-headed cane under his arm and proceeded to remove his tan gloves finger by finger.

I'm sorry to trouble you. I do it only to save you trouble, he said, without looking up from his occupation. I am here to give myself into custody.

The inspector glanced across the room to where two brawny policemen sat on a wooden bench. One of these stepped smartly forward and took his position by the stranger, without however laying hands on him.

I have come to give myself up, repeated the man, as he carefully smoothed his gloves, the one on top of the other.

Yes, what have you done? inquired the inspector.

I have killed a man—my best friend in fact," said the stranger calmly, and so that there may be no bother of delay I came here to tell you all that is to be told, and save you any trouble in looking for me.

The inspector ran his eyes over the man sceptically.

I must warn you that whatever you say will be used in evidence against you if it should turn out that a crime has been committed, said the inspector, slowly.

I realize that perfectly, continued the man. His face was pale, but he showed no nervousness. I wish everything to be used against me, and used as soon as possible. I have nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to hide. I hope you will take down all I have to say in black and white, and I will sign it now. It will save time, I think.

Just as you say, answered the inspector.

First let me ask you to send a couple of men to 44 East Exeter street, N.W. Request them to ring the servants' bell and ask to be shown into Charlie's—I mean, Mr. Booth's—smoking room, upstairs. They will there find my friend sitting before the fire dead, unless someone has happened to look in before this time. But that is very unlikely. By the way I'm sure it will be a kindness if you instruct your officers to first call at the residence of Rev. Joseph Canning—he lives at No. 37 same street—and ask him to accompany them to my friend's house. Mr. Canning is an old friend of the Booth family, and may be of some comfort to—to the widow. Poor woman, she will be doubly shocked—the killed and the one who killed.

The inspector in an undertone passed these instructions to the leader of a squad of men who had been summoned for the purpose of making inquiry, and they stepped smartly out into the night. All but the brawny policeman who stood like a mute beside the carefully dressed stranger.

You still intend to inform? asked the inspector, when the door had closed on the search party.

Certainly. For my own sake, as well as for all concerned, it is better that I should give you every particular. I want the job over with at the earliest moment.

Very well. I'm ready to hear what you have to say.

First, my name is Albert Kane Rudd—Dr. Rudd—and I live and have my surgery at 47½ East Exeter street. I killed my friend Charles Booth as he sat before his fire at the address I have already given you. I killed him by first chloroforming him and then striking him on the head with an African knocking knob which used to hang as an ornament over the mantel-piece. You will find the knob muffled in a silk handkerchief. I wrapped it up so that the course-grained wood might not cut his scalp. I killed Charlie for his own good, for the good of his wife and his family, and finally to prevent him from dying a natural death.

An effective precaution, the inspector interjected.

Without heeding the officer's interruption, Dr. Rudd continued:—

This is the story from beginning to end. Charlie and I met seven years ago, when we were both students—he at Wynn's engineering works learning practical engineering, and I at King's college studying medicine. We knocked around together a good deal, became fast friends, and finally took rooms in the same house, and soon his friends were my friends and my friends were his. In fact so close became our friendship that our separate lists of acquaintances were pruned and selected and soon merged into one. We were seldom apart, and I might say never went to party or ball except together. It so happened that in the same month we both finished our studies, and strange to say in that year we each of us came into a little money—a few thousand pounds. Charlie decided that with his money—his little fortune was double mine—he would set himself up in business in Queen Victoria street, city, rather than launch out into the world as had been his original intention. There was, of course, cause for this alteration of plans.

We both met her the same evening at a Cinderella, and, well everything happened to us in couples and we both fell deeply in love with the girl that very same night. I will not tell you of the months of rivalry, friendly rivalry, that followed. We used to discuss the situation at night and sympathize the one with the other according to the way our suits appeared to prosper or not at the time. But one night Charlie arrived home all excitement and blushes; in personal appearance he came as near to the beautiful as a man can ever come; and before he had opened his mouth I guessed his success. I congratulated him heartily and honestly, sat up most of the night packing my bag, took the earliest train for Paris, and remained there for three weeks—in fact, until Charlie had discovered where I had gone, and hastened across the Channel to bring me home. Finishing my studies and having some money at the bank I resolved—foolish I now see it was—to attempt to establish a practice in a "good" neighborhood. I thought I could afford to wait for patients. How short-sighted I was you guess when I tell you that my money is gone and there is no practice. Poor Charlie reasoned in the same way as I had done; set up in business and waited. He lost all his money, too.

Charlie married Gertrude five years ago. I was best man, and, by the way, while I think of it, if you search the records of Marlborough street police court you will find a conviction against a man named Foster for creating a disturbance somewhere in this neighborhood on the evening of the wedding day. I was Foster—my only appearance in a police court—and I was fined twenty shillings and costs. After Charlie's marriage our relationship remained unaltered. He took a house a few doors from my surgery and the only difference the new arrangements was that there were three of us instead of two. His wife had been like a sister to me. They named their eldest child after me, and all my odd hours—and I had many—were spent at their house. My office hours were from six in the morning to eight at night, for all it mattered, as not a soul ever called. I kept strictly to business nevertheless, and at eight sharp walked over to spend the evening with my friends. Charlie and I smoked our pipes, and Gertrude sat with us, sewing and joining in all our planning and resolutions and speculations. But as the years slipped past and no business came to either of us, and expenses—more particularly Charlie's, always too heavy at best—increased, in spite of all we could do, we both of us grew less talkative, our spells of silence were longer and more frequent. Gertrude left us earlier each night, and we began to sit late, silently watching the fire flicker and burn to ashes like all our plans had done.

Twelve months ago to a day, I noticed a small hectic glow on my friend's cheek. I had heard that his grandfather died of consumption, and Charlie's complexion had always been too beautiful for a healthy man. For a week after first catching sight of the tell-tale flush I scarcely slept a wink. Not that I was at a loss to know what to do! I saw my duty clearly, but, try as I would, I seemed unable to make up my mind to do my duty.

I'm a coward by nature, but at length I nerved myself to the task.

Charlie, I said to him one night as we sat alone. Charlie, do you carry a life insurance?

Only for a thousand, at a heavy premium, he answered without looking up.

That's something, I answered. Have you an accident policy?

No, he answered.

That's wrong of you. In London so many accidents happen. I think you should insure against accident at once.

Nonsense, Kane—He always called me Kane—I run no risks, and what is more I haven't the money to spend on anything but positive necessities. You know how I stand financially.

Your financial standing does not trouble me so much as will your wife and children's standing, should anything happen to you.

Nothing will happen to me—but bankruptcy, he answered sorrowfully; No such luck.

I am not given to supposition, I said to him, nor do I believe in coming events casting their shadows before, or behind for that matter, but something seems to tell me that you should insure against accident.

He looked at me and smiled, but said nothing.

I'll tell you what I'll do, Charlie, I continued. It may be foolish on my part, but I want to see you insured. I'll lend you twenty-five pounds if you will use it for accident insurance premiums. You can pay me when you like.

What's the matter with you tonight, Kane? Charlie asked, in an injured tone. I have no need for the money. Of course if you insist, I shall take out a policy; but, between ourselves, old man, I think it's a foolish thing to do in my present financial condition. However, just as you say.

For your children's sake, do, Charlie, I said. Do it to-morrow. I'll go with you and see you do it. I won't trust you.

We went. That is a year ago next Friday. He paid twenty-four pounds, I think it was for three policies of two thousand each. They are now due.

Day by day I watched my friend as close as a cat watches a mouse, but my feelings were quite the opposite of the cat's, for I hoped against hope that Charlie would escape. But as time passed Fate wove the web tighter and tighter. Charlie fell to coughing hard, and, as we expected, money matters became so pressing that he was forced to shut up his place in the city and sell out his machinery and wares at a terrible sacrifice. I saw that the end was rapidly approaching.

This evening we three sat around the fire and no one of us spoke a word. When Gertrude rose to go she stood for some moments looking at the glowing coals, then quietly shook her head without looking up, kissed her husband, and left the room. As the door closed my sharp ears heard her sob—and in an instant my mind was made up. Charlie complained that his cough was hurting him.

Give me your handkerchief, I said to him; I have something here that I believe may relieve you.

I took this small bottle of chloroform, and poured the contents on his handkerchief.

Take a few breaths of this, and I think you will feel the better for it.

He took it without looking up and without a word, and I watched him putting himself quietly to sleep—breathing himself from the world into eternity. When he dozed I took the handkerchief and held it tightly to his face, and he sat quiet. Then I tied the hankkerchief around the knob and made sure of the job. His wife—his widow—is provided for life by his death.

Dr Rudd ceased speaking.

It is a strange story, doctor, the inspector said, after some moments' silence. I suppose you are right in believing the insurance company must pay, although it appears to me that your friend died more by design than accident.

"Yes, design on my part, but not on the part of the insured. He took out the policies in good faith, and it was the greatest accident in the world that he found so staunch a friend as me. I have given my life for my friend.

The door of the station opened, and the officer in charge of the search party stepped in with a strange bundle under his arm. Walking up to the inspector he said brusquely:—

Quite right, sir. We found the body in the chair. I have notified the coroner. In this bundle is a knob stick and a chloroformed handkerchief."

This way, please, said the policeman to the stranger, and Dr. Albert Kane Rudd walked quietly to the cell.

Snatched from Death.

Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart Saves the Life of a Lady Resident of the Northwest.

His Wonderful Catarrhal Powder Cures a Nova Scotia Resident of Catarrhal Deafness.

When heart failure overtakes a person, unless the action of the heart can be immediately accelerated, the very worst results may follow. This is where we hear of so many cases of sudden death from heart disease. The elements that constitute Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart are such as to give relief in this particular immediately, without producing any hurtful effects. Then, continued with a little patience the disease becomes banished from the system. Mrs J L Hillier, of Whitewood, N.W.T., says very plainly that this remedy saved her life. She had been much affected with heart failure, finding it almost impossible to sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation. The best doctor's skill in these Northwest Territories was of no avail. She says:—"A local druggist recommended a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I tried it and with the result that I immediately secure ease, and after taking further doses of the medicine the trouble left me. The fact is, knowing how serious was my condition, this remedy saved my life."

It would be a mistake to suppose that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will only cure the milder forms of catarrh. It will certainly do this, and with wonderful expedition. But, as in the case of Mr. John MacInnis, of Wathabuck Bridge, N S., it cure the worst cases of catarrh. This gentleman suffered from catarrhal deafness, but after using one bottle of this remedy he was able to hear as good as ever. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and in a little time permanently cures catarrh of all kinds.

For Sale by J. E. Willis, Whitby.

Funny Things.

Mrs. Wallace—The wood is ready for you to saw as soon as you see fit to go about ft.

Perry Patettic—Pardin' me, mum, but instead of sayin' go about it, you should of said go around. I will now go around it.

Anxious Mother—Doctor, I'm afraid this baby is going to have a very hard time getting his teeth.

Dr. Grumpy—He will have an infernal sight harder time if he doesn't get them.

Mother (impatiently)—I don't know what will ever become of that child. Nothing pleases him.

Father (serenely)—We'll make an art critic of him.

Rheumatism Cured

Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood attacking the fibrous tissues of the joints. Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness and tones the whole body, neutralizes the acidity of the blood and thus cures rheumatism.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

Care for the Calves.

"A penny saved is a penny gained," is as true now as ever it was. In fact, it is more than true, if such were possible, with calves in the matter of preventing a loss o flesh during the hot, dry, fly time. Calves that have done well up till now will require better care during the coming month than for those that are past. Not only will the heat make a draft upon the growth and flesh, but the swarms of horn flies have become a constant worry from morning till night. The wise stock-breeder will enclose his calves within darkened, cool stables during the days of August and part of September. The will get all the needed exercise if turned into a second-growth clover pasture during the night, and go on gaining and growing at a profitable rate.—Farmers' Advocate.

North Ontario Protest.

(*Cannington Gleaner.*)

As was generally expected, the Reformers have filed a protest against Major John A McGillivray as the representative of North Ontario in the House of Commons. The petitioner is Mr Duncan Graham, of Mara, who was the defeated Liberal candidate. He seeks to unseat Major McGillivray; demands a recount and scrutiny of all the ballots, and claims the seat. The special charges include nearly every crime on the calender—treating, impersonation, hiring carriages, the payment of travelling expenses for voters, voting by persons who had been employed for reward, and the substitution of fraudulent ballot papers. Some of these are made personal charges against Major McGillivray, and others are against agents. Returning-officer Thomas J Taylor is charged personally with having tampered with the ballots This charge, to our mind, is only a bluff, as the judges who try the petition cannot at the same time try Mr Taylor on a criminal charge. It is, therefore, either inserted in the petition for the purpose of trying to frighten the Conservatives into consenting to the seat being handed over to Mr. Graham, or for "evidence fishing." Neither of which, we can assure them, will be successful. The Conservatives will fight the protest to the end; and, as far as the fishing for evidence on the alleged stolen ballot charges go, they have nothing to fear, as we feel certain they had no connection, directly or indirectly, with the crime.

DOAN'S

Kidney Pills first proved to the people that Kidney disease is curable. Being the original Kidney remedy in pill form, the cures they have made, and the fame they have attained have opened the way for a host of imitations and substitutes, but those who have been cured of

KIDNEY

Complaints through the use of this wonderful medicine, those whose lame back is now free from pain, those who now have no headaches, those who have escaped from the death grip of Diabetes and Bright's disease by the use of Doan's Kidney

PILLS

are the ones whose opinion is valuable. When scores of such people come forward and tell publicly that Doan's Kidney Pills cured them after other means failed, it is evident that the only

CURE

for Kidney Disease, Bladder and Urinary difficulties, Lame Back, and the numberless results of disordered Kidneys is Doan's Kidney Pills. Be sure to get Doan's. Price fifty cents per box. For sale by

—FOR SALE BY—

J. E. WILLIS,

Chemist and Druggist, Brock Street, WHITBY.

Winnipeg's rate of taxation for the current year will be two cents on the dollar.

A Generous Offer.

(*Published by Request.*)

Dear Mr. Editor:—Will you kindly inform the readers of your valuable paper that I will gladly send FREE to any sufferer from Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Night Losses, Varicocele, Impotency and the results of youthful folly, particulars of a simple and inexpensive means of self-cure which after being humbugged and imposed upon for years by quacks and patent medicine sharks, cured me in a few weeks. I have nothing to sell or give away, nor am I advertising any patent medicine business, but will be pleased to hear from any sufferer anxious to find a cure for his complaint, to whom I will explain confidentially how and by what means I was cured. Hundreds have been cured through my advice. Costs nothing to learn what I paid hundreds of dollars to find out. Address confidentially and enclose stamp if convenient.

D. G. OWEN,
Toronto, Ont. Riverside P.O.

A young Port Hope boy named Fred Smith was drowned while bathing.

Minard's Linitment cures Dandruff

Conductor Henry T Heath dropped dead on the Gatineau train, near Ottawa.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

Legal.

JOHN B. FAREWELL, Q. C.,

Barrister, County Crown Attorney, and County Solicitor. Office—South Wing of Court House, Whitby.

JAMES RUTLEDGE,

Barrister, etc. Office formerly occupied by Farewell & Rutledge, next Royal Hotel, Brock St., Whitby.

DAVID ORMISTON, B. A.,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, etc. Office—In the Office south of the Post Office, in McMillan's Block, Brock Street, Whitby.

G. YOUNG SMITH. LL. B.,

Barrister, etc.,—Money to Loan. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office—Smith's Block, South of Market, Brock St., Whitby.

DOW & McGILLIVRAY,

Barristers, Solicitors in Chancery, etc. Office in Mathison & Hawken's new block Brock St., Whitby, south of Ontario bank.

Medical.

Drs. Warren & Moore.

J. J. Moore, M. D., Brooklin. Office hours 9. a. m. to 11 a.m.

F. Warren, M. D. Whitby. Office hours 11 a.m to 2 p.m.

Private Telephone Communication.

D. P. BOGART, M.D., L.D.S.

Physican, Surgeon and Accoucher, etc. Office and Residence next to All Saint's Church, Dundas Street, Whitby. N. B.—Dental Surgery in all its branches promptly attended to.

Dr. H. Wightman

DENTIST.

Over Gross & Granger's. Whitby.

Open every Saturday night.

Miscellaneous.

W. E. YARNOLD, D. L. S.,

County Surveyer and Drainage Engineer, Port Perry, Ont.

WM. CALVERLEY,

HARNESS MAKER, WHITBY.

Having moved into our new premises, we are prepared to extend the range of business. All work pertaining to the harness-making and saddlery business will be done to satisfaction. Collars a specialty. Call and see my shop and stock.

W. CALVERLEY,
Second door west of old shop.
Dundas Street, Whitby

JNO. NOBLE,

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors and Blinds, Turning and Fret-Sawing.

All orders or information can be obtained from JOHN NOBLE, Dundas Street, Whitby, opposite Mr. A. C. Wilson's residence.

Whitby, April 4th, 1894.

Whitby Chronicle,

Established 1856.

$1 per annum in advance, otherwise $1.50. Subscriptions always payable at the office of publication. The publisherr do not undertake to deliver the paper at any post office but Whitby. Any paper which fails to reach its destination will be replaced upon notification as a matter of courtesy. Advertising rates unless by contract, 10 cents per line, nonpariel, first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion Locals, 10 cents per line.

All changes for yearly advertisements must be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

HENDERSON & GRAHAM. Proprietors.

JOHN STANTON, Foreman.

Railway Time Table

GRAND TRUNK AND MIDLAND

TRAINS GOING WESTWARD.

No 8, Express Daily Mail	5:48 a m
No, 5 Limited Express*	6:24 a m
No. 7, Local, except Sunday	9:08 a m
No. 18, Passenger " "	2:54 p m
No. 1, Express, Mail daily	8:06 p m

TRAINS GOING EASTWARD

No. 6 Express, daily, except Sun	8:12 a m
No. 4 Express, "	9:57 a m
No. 14, Passenger " "	2:37 p m
No. 8, Local, " "	6:16 p m
No, 2, Express, Mail, daily	10:07 p m

‡Stop on signal

MIDLAND DIVISION

GOING NORTH—MIDLAND STATION

Mail	8:20 a m
Mail	4:20 p m
Mixed To Lindsay	6:30 p m

COMING SOUTH

Mixed From Lindsay	8:50 a m
Mail	12:35 p m
Mail	8:40 p m

LIFE INSURANCE.

—:o:—

Manufacturers' Life & Accident Insurance Co., Toronto.

Largest Capital Stock Life Insurance Co. on the continent. Ninety per cent. o all accumulations of surplus is returned to the policy holders. All claims are paid without delay or discount on proof of death or maturity of endowment

J. B. POWELL,
Feb. 1st, 98. Agent, Whitby.

CHOICE HIGH GRADE

BUCKWHEAT - FLOUR.

Warranted strictly pure. Ground and exchanged. Bring your grists. Write for low prices to DONALD CHRISTIE, Miller, North Star Mills, Raglan.

Sittings Of The Division Courts

COUNTY OF ONTARIO 1896.

WHITBY—D. C. Macdonell, Whitby, Clerk: Jan. 3; Feb. 3; March 3; April 2; May 4; June 2; July 7 Sep. 2; Oct. 2; Nov. 4; Dec. 2.

OSHAWA—D. C. Macdonell, Whitby, Clerk: Jan. 4; Feb. 4; March 4; April 8; May 4; June 3; July 8; Sep. 8; Oct. 8; Nov. 4; Dec. 8.

BROUGHAM — M. Gleeson, Greenwood, Clerk.—Jan 6; March 5; May 5; July 9; Sep. 4; Nov. 5.

PORT PERRY — J. W. Burnham, Port Perry, Clerk—Jan. 29; March 9; May 15; July 20; Sep. 28; Nov. 18.

UXBRIDGE—Joseph E. Gould, Uxbridge, Clerk—Jan. 30; March 24; May 19th; July 14; Oct 14; Dec. 16.

CANNINGTON—George Smith, Cannington, Jan. 31; March 25; May 20; July 15; Oct. 15; Dec. 17.

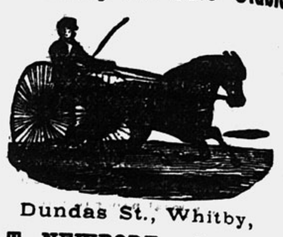
BEAVERTON—Geo. F. Bruce, Beaverton, Clerk—March 26; May 21; July 16; Oct. 16; Dec, 18.

UPTERGROVE—F J Gillespie, Uptergrove, Clerk,—March 27; May 22; July 17; Oct. 17; Dec 19.

By order,
J. E. FAREWELL,
Clerk of the Peace.

October 7th 1895.

New Livery and Sale Stables



Dundas St., Whitby,

J. T. NEWPORT, Proprietor.

Commercial men liberally dealt with Teaming done at reasonable prices. Freight and Baggage hauled at reasonable prices. A call solicited.

C. H. RIGGS.

DENTIST.

Cor. King & Yonge St. Toronto,

For the next three months I am giving special attention to patients from a distance. Am still making plates in rubber, $8, celluloid $10. Gold and silver filling work crowning by first-class operators at the most reasonable rates in the city. When in the city call in and let me examine your teeth. I make no extra charge. C. H. RIGGS, Dentist, south east corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

Nov. 8th, 1892.

W. H. WARNER.

DEALER IN

COAL,
LATH,
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
CORDWOOD,
SLABS, ETC.

AGENT

For the PEOPLE'S COAL CO., TORONTO.

Office and Yard just East of Uptown Station.

Whitby, Oct. 25th, 1894.

ASK YOUR STATIONER

—FOR—

SPARTICA,

THE NEW WRITING PAPER,

—AND—

TAKE NO OTHER.

August 31st 1893.

CHAS. SCOTT,

AUCTIONEER; WHITBY, ONT.

The undersigned begs to announce that he has taken out a license for auctioneering, and will be glad to fill orders for this class of business. His book will be kept at J. H. Long's office, where all information may be obtained.

C. SCOTT.

Whitby, Nov. 29, '94.

House and Lot for Sale.

Frame house and ¾ acre of land. Well stocked with choice fruit trees and small fruit; hard and soft water. Situated on south-west corner Chestnut and Perry street. For further particulars apply to

DOW & McGILLIVRAY, Solicitors.

Whitby, Mar. 9th, 1896.—3 mos.

H. SCOTT,

PUMPMAKER, WHITBY.

(*Successor to H. Thompson.*)

The Subscriber has again opened business here. His office will be at E. R. Blow's telegraph office, factory at Mrs. Newbery's house on Brock Street, south. New Pumps manufactured and old Pumps repaired. First class material used and work warranted. Wells dug or cleaned out. Orders solicited.

H. SCOTT,
Feb. 14, 1895. Whitby and Oshawa.

WANTED—Three General Agents for a block of Counties; also five canvassers for each. A big thing, and those who get territorial rights will be in luck. Can also employ several bright ladies at their own homes. THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO., LTD., 49 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Afflic

Permanently Cured by Ta

AYER'S

A CAB-DRIVER'S STOR

"I was afflicted for eight year Rheum. During that time, I t many medicines which were ommended, but none gave m was at last advised to try A parilla, by a friend who told must purchase six bottles, an according to directions. I yie persuasion, bought the six b took the contents of three of tles without noticing any dire Before I had finished the fou my hands were as

Free from Eruptio

as ever they were. My busin is that of a cab-driver, requ be out in cold and wet weat without gloves, and the tr never returned."—THOMAS Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsap

Admitted at the World's

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the

DOCTORS GAVE HE

REMARKABLE EXPERIE MRS. SALOIS, OF ST.

LaGrippe, Followed by Inflam the Lungs, Left Her on th the Grave—Her Whole B ed with Pain—Her Husban Her Home to Die, But Sh in Good Health.

In the pretty little town of Bagot county is one of the happi in the whole province of Quebe cause of much of this happiness estimable boon of health through the use of Dr. Willis Pills. Mrs. Eva Salois is th thus restored, and she tells he follows:—Like a great many ot dians, my husband and myself ada for the States, in hope that better our condition, and lo Lowell, Mass. About a year a birth to a bright little boy, but on my sick bed I was attacke grippe, which developed into i tion of the lungs. I had the ve care, and the best of medical t and although the inflammation did not get better, but continu weaker and weaker. I could at night, and I became so nerv the least noise would make me and cry. I could not eat, and duced almost to a skeleton. M body seemed racked with pain to extent that it is impossible for m scribe it. I got so low that th who was attending me lost hope, gested calling in another doctor sultation. I begged them to something to deaden the terrib endured, but all things done for m ed unavailing. After the cons was ended my doctor said to me, a great sufferer, but it will no long. We have tried everyth can do no more. I had therefore pare myself for death, and wo welcomed it as a relief to my s were it not for the thought of lea husband and child. When my heard what the doctors said, he then we will at once go back to and weak and suffering as I wa turned to our old home. Frie urged that Dr. Williams' Pink tried, and my husband procure After taking them for some wee lied, and from that on I consta proved in health. I am now free from pain. I can eat well a well, and am almost as strong a was in my life, and this renewed and strength I owe to the ma powers of Dr. Williams' Pink P in gratitude I urge all sick people them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so in boxes bearing the firm's trade and wrapper, (printed in red ink). in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink P never sold in bulk or by the do hundred, and any dealer who offe stitutes in this form is trying to you and should be avoided. The are also cautioned against all o called blood builders and nerve put up in similar form intende ceive. They are all imitations makers hope to reap a pecuniary