A Boy's Adventure.

"Well, Charles, my boy, I'm afraid there's nothing for it but to sell old Blaize."

So spoke, with a doleful shake of his grey beard, Pierre Giraud, as he sat at his cottage door—his usual post, just then, thanks to the rheumatism which racked his poor old joints so cruelly, and looked out upon the small, green meadow, which, with the old horse that was grazing upon it, formed his entire possessions.

"What! Part with our old horse, father? Oh, don't do that! The field would look quite strange without him, and I'm sure I wouldn't have any appetite for breakfast if I didn't see him come up to the door for his bit of bread."

"Well, I shall miss him sorely myself; but what's to be done? The rent's due on Saturday, and I can't possibly make it up without selling old Blaize. Everything seems to have gone ill with us, somehow, since your poor mother died, but we must take what fortune sends. There's a fair at the town to-morrow, so you'd better take Blaize there and see what you can get for him."

Next morning, accordingly, away went Charles, with a very rueful face—riding for the last time upon his old friend, who seemed to know that there was something wrong, and, instead of going along at his usual brisk amble, hung his head and moved as slowly and solemnly as if he were drawing a hearse.

Charles himself was not much happier. The thought of losing his favorite, who used to eat out of his hand and follow him about like a dog, quite took away the pleasure of the bright sunshine and the green fields and the fresh flowers, which he would have enjoyed very much at any other time. And, by the time he got to the town, he felt so low that he hardly cared to eat the bread and cheese which his careful father had put in his pocket.

However, the stir and bustle of the fair, with its long lines of tents and waving flags, and jingling bells and painted booths, heaped with toys and cakes, and gayly-dressed acrobats and jugglers, brightened him up a little; and he was glad to find that old Blaize fetched a good price, and to see that the man who bought him seemed to be a good-natured fellow.

"My name's Blaize, too," said he, as he took the bridle from Charles' hand; "so I'm bound to take good care of my namesake. I live on the Croix-Rouge farm, not far from here, and if you ever want him back again you'll know where to find him."

And now came the paying of the money, which Charles stowed away in the breast of his jacket with no small satisfaction.

But, unluckily, Farmer Blaize had bought so many things ahead that day that he found himself rather short of gold and silver money, and had to make up the amount with a leathern bag full of copper pieces, which Charles found a very unhandy thing to carry.

"You will have a poor chance, my lad, on a lonely road at nightfall, with that bag of money clinking in your hands," said the keeper of a little inn at the corner of the market place, who knew him well. "Better remain here for the night than be robbed on the way home. I'll give you a night's lodging and welcome."

But Charles thought of his father, sitting waiting for him alone, and so he "declined, with thanks," and tramped manfully out of the town, bag and all.

But he found walking much slower work than riding, especially with such a weight to carry, and, hasten as he might, darkness overtook him when he was still a good way from home.

And now the innkeeper's warning began to come back to him unpleasantly enough, as well it might, for in those days the roads of France were not by any means as safe as they are now, and the great war which had just ended had flooded all the highways with armed ruffians, who had followed the trade of plundering too long while fighting was going on to think of giving it up now, and who, provided they could get hold of a heavy purse, cared little whether it was taken from a countryman or a foreigner.

Just at this point the road dipped down into a dark narrow gully, overhung on one side by thick, huge bushes, while on the other, a broad, rapid stream went dashing and foaming among the huge, black bowlders.

A better place for robbers—or a worse one for any man who wished to avoid them—could hardly be imagined; and, in fact, the spot was so famous for mischances of this kind that the country people had nicknamed it "La Souriciere" (The Mouse Trap").

Charles, feeling more and more uncomfortable as he descended into it, was fain to try and keep up his flagging spirits with a song:

"'Tis pleasant to roam in the fresh, green fields,
When spring is bright in the sky,
When the hawthorn blossom its fragrance yields,
And the buttercup opens its eye.
I gather the flowers that around me grow,
And whistle away my grief,
As gayly along through the fields I go,
And fear not storm nor thief!"

"Don't you!" said a harsh voice beside him. "We'll see that directly. Hand over that bag, you young rascal, or it'll be the worse for you!"

Charles looked around with a start. The word "thief" seemed to have acted like a spell; for, right in front of him loomed through the twilight a tall man on a gaunt, sinewy brown horse. The slouched hat half concealed his face, but what little could be seen of it hardly needed the thick beard and the huge black patch over one eye to make him as ugly a ruffian as our hero ever saw.

Poor Charles hardly knew what to do. His first thought was to hit the horse on the nose with his stick, and either upset the robber or give him work enough to keep him busy, while he himself got out of reach; but the highwayman's hand was upon one of the pistols in his holsters, and he saw that that would not do. There was nothing for it but to try and gain time.

"If you don't leave me alone," cried he, quite defiantly—though, in reality, I'll call for help and there are plenty of folks coming back from the fair who'll hear me!"

"Are there?" retorted the thief, with a grin. "As if the road would be dead quiet like this, if there were so many people about! No more fooling; hand over your money, or I'll send a bullet through you!"

But just as he snatched at the bag a brilliant idea occurred to the boy.

"If I can't keep it," shouted he, "you shan't get it, anyhow!"

And in an instant he had flung the bag with all his strength right across the stream into the long grass on the other side.

The highwayman, fearing that it might roll back into the water, or slip into some hole, and so escape him in the darkness, jumped down and leaped over the stream after it, doubtless meaning to take vengeance on the boy later on. But he was reckoning without his host.

The moment Charles saw his back turned he sprang into the saddle, and banging the horse's flanks with his cap, went flying down the road at full gallop, while the astonished robber, left alone in the darkness, with only a handful of coppers to confront him, howled and shook his fists in vain.

When old Giraud, as he sat by the fire nursing his rheumatism, heard the horse hoofs come clattering up to the door, he thought it must be a fire or a mounted policeman sent to arrest him, and hobbled out in a great flurry. But the next moment he recognized the voice of his son. Charles' story was soon told, and over their little supper of black bread and onion soup they laughed at the adventure till the smoky old rafters echoed again.

Master Charles had, in fact, done a better night's work than he imagined. Not only did the highwayman's nag fetch a price—which paid the rent and left them a good balance without touching poor Blaize's purchase money at all—but old Seigneur De Mallet, the greatest man of the whole district, was so delighted at hearing how the robber had been outwitted, that he sent for Charles and took him into his own service.

The lad saved enough money from his wages to buy back old Blaize before very long; and for years after, whenever any unpromising affair turned out well, the people of the district used to call it "throwing coppers over the stream."

Skin Eruptions
Rough Skin
Black Heads
Pimples
Eczema
Salt Rheum
Tetter
And All Itchy Skin Diseases

CHASE'S OINTMENT
Is a Guaranteed Cure
PRICE 60 CENTS PER BOX

UXBRIDGE

At about 11.30 a.m. on Sunday last William and Samuel Barber, two brothaged respectively 22 and 24, were drowned in what is commonly known as Weir's pond, but latterly called "Brookdale." This pond is about two miles south of here, and is owned by a syndicate of Toronto gentlemen, composed of Dr. Adam Wright and others, and is kept for breeding speckled trout. It appears that the young men, William, who works for his uncle, Levi Barber, on the 7th concession of Reach township, and Samuel, who works for Mr. George Hart, near by, went to the pond in company with others to bathe. William undressed first and waded and got beyond his depth. Samuel, who was not quite undressed, rushed in after his brother to save him, and as neither could swim both went down together and never came up alive. The alarm was quickly given and a large party began the work of dragging for the bodies, which were found near where they went down. The unfortunate young men are sons of Mr. Henry Barber of the 6th concession of Brock.

$19.500 GIVEN AWAY

IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

During the Year 1897.

For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

Funny Things.

"Can you tell me, professor, if this amber jewlery is genuine?"

"Oh, that's easily determined. Soak it in alcohol twenty-four hours. If it's genuine, it will then have dissappeared."

"I love you!" exclaimed the Count, and a look of deep affection welled up in his aristrocratic face.

"I love you!" he repeated. They were alone in the elegantly appointed drawing-room of Boodlegreat, Sr.

"I love you!" he protested for the third time, and, taking up Boodlegreat,s chequebook, which had been left on the table, the Count warmly pressed it to his breast.

Counsel—What is your age, madam?

Witness—I only know from what I've been told, and you just told me that hearsay evidence was not valid in court.

"Why do you always have your eggs boiled?"

"I prefer them in a form which requires them to be opened in my presence."

Uncle Silas (in art gallery)—Giminy crickets, Maria, but them artists is old fellers!

Aunt Maria—How do you know?

Uncle Silas—Why, look at that air picter. It's signed "Jones, '97."

Marketman—Yes, Sir, steaks have gone up lately.

Epicurus—I thought as much. That last one I bought from you struck me as being rather "high."

"Dearest!" The New Woman spoke affectionately to her delicate young husband. His deft fingers were busily sewing buttons upon her ample bloomers, while with his foot he gently rocked the baby.

He looked up sweetly into her eyes.

"What is it, darling?" he lovingly inquired.

"Dearest," she repeated approvingly "these pies are better than those mother used to make."

And his heart was inexpressibly gladdened by the words of appreciation from his stronger half.

The Circassian looked with disgust upon the sword swallower.

"Sir," she said haughtily, "do you suppose for a moment that I would place my children with a father who ate his pie with a knife? No; I reject your proposal."

But he was not perturbed. Deftly juggling the pie in one hand, while he played carelessly with the knife in the other, he lightly retorted:

"Ah! you mistake me. I am even more punctilious than you, dearest."

Suiting his actions to the word, he gulped down the pastry and skillfully disposed of the shining blade in a single swallow.

She threw herself lovingly into his arms.

Carving sets of American steel are now finished with ivory or sterling silver handles.

A Dinner Pill—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Three handled cut glass loving cups have silver rims.

A Dinner Pill—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

Jugs of Coalport china in delicate apple green shade are finished with silver lids.

To prevent pale and delicate children from lapsing into chronic invalids later in life, they should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla together with plenty of wholesome food and out-door exercise. What they need to build up the system is good red blood.

"What, George Critchley does not love Hattie Benson? Nonsense, my boy, he idolizes her, and I can easily convince you that I know what I'm talking about."

"I'd like to know how."

"I saw him lead her bike for nearly three-quarters of a mile yesterday just to be able to walk with her."

HAMPTON

The S S tea and entertainment at this place was a grand success; with the Sunday collections, proceeds of tea and concert, the total proceeds amounts to about $170. The Rev Dr Barras, Toronto, preached able sermons Sunday, to which large and attentive audiences listened. On Thursday, the first of July, the weather was all that could be desired. The attendance was large and everything passed off very satisfactory.

Miss Mary McLean, Toronto has been visiting with Miss G M Brown for a few days.

Dr J H Elliott, Toronto gold medalist, is home for a few days.

Mr C E Brown has passed his examinations at the School of Pedagogy, Toronto, taking special on mathamatics.

There are a number of orchards in this locality affected with a leaf blight; first an insect affects the leaf, after which it dries up and finaly drops off. Orchards thus affected produce no fruit, and except something is done to check the ravages of the insect, many orchards in this locality will soon become worthless.

Miss S Bull, Stirling, is stoping at the cheese factory for an indefinate period.

Mr A Sproule, assistant cheese maker, has taken his diploma and gone.

Some farmers in this locality have started haying. The crop will be short but grain is generally looking well.

Mrs Fred Mason and child, Rochester, N. Y, and Mr Lorne Hastings, are visiting friends here.

Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST
MOST FRAGRANT, MOST REFRESHING
AND ENDURING OF ALL
PERFUMES FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.

ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

Baggotsville

The following are the promotions in he Baggotsville school. From III to IV jr—Harvey Edwards 80 per cent, Ritchie Guthrie 69, *Fred Rodd 67, Roy Sanders 67, Walter Reaves 63, Lucy Mason 55, *Fred Rowson 50. II to III—Katie Lynde 79 per cent., Arthur Lynde 75, Thomas Lynde 64, James Hoar 58 *Those marked thus took only grammar, composition, history, and geography in the third class.

Saved Her Drunken Husband.

She Finally Administered a Remedy, Without his Knowledge, and Cured Him.

A correspondent writes: I had such a happy home and a noble, big-hearted hrsband till he took to drinking, first through sociability, then because the fiendish desire would come over him, crazing him for drink.

"I was heart-broken. My happy home was fast becoming one of misery till a friend told me to try a liquor cure called Anti Booze. I was willing to try anything, so I sent $1.00, as she suggested, to the Oriental Chemical Co, 20 St Alexis St., Montreal, and by return mail I received in a plain wrapper a little box of pills. I put one of these in his coffee every night and morning without him knowing it, (as they dissolve immediately), and in less than a week, to my delight, he stopped drinking entirely.

"Anti-Booze has changed my drunken husband into a sober, industrious, happy, man, and I feel it my duty to tell others about it. They will send full information without charge to any who will write them.

"J. D. H."

Is Your Heart Strong?

Or have you palpitation, throbbing or irregular beating, dizziness, short breath, smothering or choking sensation, pain in the breast or heart. If so, your heart is affected and will in turn affect your nerves, causing nervousness, sleeplessness, morbid anxious feeling, debility.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Cure all these complaints by regulating the heart's action and building up the nervous and muscular system to perfect health and strength. Price 60c. per box or 6 boxes for $2.50. At all druggists.

—FOR SALE BY—

J. E. WILLIS,
Chemist and Druggist, Brock Street,
WHITBY.

DODD'S
For the successful Treatment of all Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs,

Kidney
Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Paralysis, and all forms of Blood Poisoning.

Pills.

These Pills are put up in large wooden boxes at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers—never by count or in bulk, and never under any other name than DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

The Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen—A new medicine called Dodd's Kidney Pills has been recommended to me by my physician, and, by his advice, I send one dollar, the price of two boxes. Please send them without delay.

Yours truly, ANDREW FILKINS.
Canton, McPherson Co., Kansas.

Legal.

JOHN E. 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.

W. E. YARNOLD, D. L. S.,
County Surveyer and Drainage Engineer, Port Perry, Ont.

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.

W. ADAMS,
DENTIST.
Rooms over John Ferguson's clothing store. Residence—No. 1, The Terrace, Byron St Whitby. Jan. 29th, 1896.

Dr. H. Wightman
DENTIST.
Over Gross & Granger's. Whitby.
Open every Saturday night.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED
Men and Women who can work hard talking and writing six hours daily, for six days a week, and will be content with ten dollars weekly. Address,
NEW IDEAS CO., Brantford, Ont.

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,
Agent, Whitby.
Feb. 1st, 93.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL Men or Women to travel for responsible established house in Ontario. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago.—17-8.

Whitby Chronicle,
Established 1856.

$1 per annum in advance, otherwise $1.50. Subscriptions always payable at the office of publication. The publishers 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.

Sittings Of The Division Courts.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO 1896.

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

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

BROOKLIN — 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. 23; 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—Thos. P. Hart, Uptergrove Clerk,—March 27; May 22; July 17; Oct. 17 Dec 19.

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

October 7th 1895.

AGENTS "The Best Popular Life of Her Majesty I have ever seen," writes Lord Lorne, about "Queen Victoria." Sales unprecedented. Easy to make five dollars daily. Big commission. Outfit free to canvassers.
THE BRADLEY GARRETSON CO., Toronto.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL Men or Women to travel for responsible established house in Ontario. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Building. Chicago.—17-8.

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.

Flowering Bulbs and Seeds.

A full line of the latest varieties of Sweet Peas in 12 separate kinds. Named Tuberous Begonias, in all colors from Pure White to Dark, Pink, Orange, etc. grand bulbs. Lilies, Tuberoses, Caladinnes, etc, large bulbs.

GEO. BURCHETT, Florist.
April 8, 1897. Whitby.

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

JNO. NOBLE,
—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—
Lumber, Shingles,
Sash, Doors and Blinds,
Turning and Wrest-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.

LADY CANVASSERS WANTED
To solicit orders for the CANNIFF CORSET Co., of Montreal (over 14 years established. We pay our canvassers 50 per cent. commission on all orders. Lady Canvassers, what do you think of that? And our Corsets are known to be the leading ordered Corsets in Canada, giving universal satisfaction. We want canvassers all over the Dominion. Address,
CANNIFF CORSET CO.,
105 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL
Oct. 20th, '96

Fifty Years Ago.

Who could imagine that this should be
The place where, in eighteen ninety-three
That white world-wonder of arch and dome
Should shadow the nations, polychrome...
Here at the Fair was the prize conferred
On Ayer's Pills, by the world preferred.
Chicago-like, they a record show,
Since they started—50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

have, from the time of their preparation, been a continuous success with the public. And that means that Ayer's Pills accomplish what is promised for them; they cure where others fail. It was fitting, therefore, that the world-wide popularity of these pills should be recognized by the World's Fair medal of 1893—a fact which emphasizes the record:

50 Years of Cures.

A MATTER OF JUSTICE.

IS THE WAY A YOUNG LADY OF NEW BRUNSWICK VIEWS IT.

Suffered From Headaches, Pain in the Side and Heart Palpitation—She Thinks Similar Sufferers Should Know How She Found a Cure.

From the Fredericton Gleaner.

Miss Alma Millar, of Upper Southampton, N.B., is a daughter of Mr. Ezra Millar, a wealthy and influential farmer, and the young lady is a general favorite among a wide circle of acquaintances, who have had occasion to congratulate her upon her complete restoration to health, after a severe and trying illness When a correspondent of the Gleaner called upon her, and requested that the facts might be given for publication, the young lady, though not at all anxious for publicity, nevertheless gave her consent in the hope that her experience might prove beneficial to some of the many young girls whose condition of health is very similar to what her's was previous to her cure. Miss Millar stated that when her illness began her mother was unable to look after the affairs of the household and the duties largely devolved upon her. She felt herself growing weak and easily tired, but felt that she must keep up. She says: "Notwithstanding my efforts I found myself growing worse and worse. My appetite failed, my complexion became sallow and my eyes sunken in my head. I was troubled with dizziness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart until at times I felt as though I would suffocate. I was almost constantly troubled with a pain in the side, and severe headaches. When I went up stairs I was obliged to rest. Life had become almost a burden and at last I was forced to give up and keep my bed. My friends feared I was going into consumption and one remedy after another was tried with no beneficial results until I was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. In less than three weeks I was able to leave my bed and go about the house, and the use of the Pink Pills a few weeks longer completely restored my health and strength and drove away all symptoms and pains which had made my life so miserable. I feel that in bringing this matter before the public I am but doing simple justice to suffering humanity, and I hope that those afflicted as I was will give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. I might also add that other members of our family have used Pink Pills with equally good results."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for Miss Millar, they will do for thousands of other young girls throughout the country whose condition is similar.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for them.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr Williams Medicine Company Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. They may be had from any dealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which the pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment

Patient—Isn't it a little dangerous to administer anæsthetics? Must be terrible to have one die in your chair after you have given him ether.

Dentist—Yes; it was for that reason that we adopted a rule that where an anæsthetic is administered the patient must pay in advance.