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Tea
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LOVE'S EXILE.

A keen sensation of something which I regret to say was not wholly disappointment, shot through me as I perceived that, so far from having acquired any touch of the comfortable and commonplace which is the outward and visible sign of an inward domestic tranquility, Fabian was leaner, more haggard than ever. He had grown more petulant and irritable, too. I gathered from his annoyance with a large and lively party of very well-dressed people who sat in one of the boxes nearest the stage, and who, without transgressing the usual rules of good breeding as usually control the occupants of stalls and boxes, evidently found more entertainment in each other than in the people on the stage.

I glanced up at the box, following instinctively the direction of Fabian's eyes, and saw an ugly but clever-looking young man very much occupied with a pale, sad-faced lady; two very young men and two other ladies, both with the dead-white complexion and black dresses, which have been of late so popular with the half world and its imitators, formed the rest of the occupants.

Before the end of the first scene at which he engaged Fabian had recognized me, and in the pause between the acts a note from him was brought to me by one of the attendants asking me to "go and speak to Babiole, and to come home to supper with me."

Speak to Babiole! Why, then, who must be in the theatre! I got up and peered about with my glasses; but though I could see well into every part of the house, I could discover no one in the least like my little witch of the hills. After a careful inspection, I decided that she must be one of the three or four ladies who were hidden by the curtains of the boxes in which they sat. In this belief I resumed my seat and given up the search, when, just as the curtain was rising upon the next act, and I glanced up again at the people who had excited Fabian's wrath, a look, a movement of the

pale, sad-looking lady suddenly attracted my attention. I raised my glasses again in consternation; for, changed as she was, with all her former color faded, the bright light gone from her eyes, the soft outlines of her little face altered and sharpened, there was now no possibility of mistaking the melancholy and listless lady who was still absorbing the attention of the clever-looking man beside her for any other than my old pupil.

Through the remaining two acts of the piece I scarcely dared to look at her; everything seemed to indicate the total failure of the match I had made. I wanted to escape for that night and further indictment than my fears brought against me, but I was scarcely outside the theatre after the performance when a hand was laid upon my shoulder in the crowd, and Fabian, who had hurried round to meet me, led me back into the building and presented me to his wife. The young fellow had been so devoted to the box with her still, together with one of the ladies in black. Fabian's manner to me was as emphatically cordial as ever, and showed no trace of a grievance against me; but Babiole's was utterly changed. She was talking to her companion when she caught sight of me, as I passed through the swinging doors with her husband, and made my way toward her among the footpads and push-overlapped ladies. The words she was uttering suddenly froze on her lips, and the last vestige of color left her pale face as if at some sight at least as horrible as unexpected. Before she reached her she had recognized herself, however, and was holding out her hand, not indeed with the old frank pleasure, but with a very gracious conventional welcome.

"Fabiole, my dear," said Fabian, "the villain has been in the country two whole days without thinking of calling upon us. These sneaking ways must be punished up to the spot, and I pronounce therefore that he be immediately seized and carried off to supper."

I protested that I was too tired to do anything but fall asleep.

"Well, you can fall asleep at our place just as well as at yours. And that reminds me that you had better sleep there. We've plenty of room, and we can send the boy for your things."

"Thanks. It's awfully kind of you, Scott, but I couldn't do that. I have an appointment at—"

"There, that second excuse spoils it all. A first excuse may awaken only incredulity, a second inevitably rouses contempt. You shall sleep where you like, but you must sleep with us."

"You will bring Mr. Maude with you in a hansom, then, Fabian," said his wife, who had now joined in the discussion. "For Mrs. Capel is coming with me."

Fabian, who had been only coldly civil to Mrs. Capel, the lady in black looked annoyed, but had to acquiesce in these arrangements. We saw the ladies into the brougham, Fabian a curt good-night to the clever-looking young man, and then we jumped into a hansom and drove toward Bay'swater.

I confess I wished myself at the other end of the world, especially as I began to think that, while my hostess certainly was not anxious for my society, my host was chiefly actuated in his obstinate hospitality by the desire to show that he bore me no malice. Thus, when he congratulated me on being still a bachelor, it was in a most magnanimous tone that I found myself forced to express a hope that he did not envy me my freedom.

"I must not say that I do," said he, with more magnanimity than ever. "Still, it is but frank to own that personal experience in these arrangements confirmed my previous convictions instead of reversing them. In short, to put it plainly, I found soon after my marriage, as all men in my position must sooner or later find, I had to choose between being my wife's ideal of a good husband or my own ideal of a good artist. I found that a good woman is twice as exacting as a divine art; for while art only demands the full and free exercise of your working faculties in her service, a woman insists on the undivided empire of your very thoughts; she must have a full, true and particular account of your dreams; you must not run, jump, sneeze or cough but in her honor."

"And you choose the art, I suppose," I said, trying not to speak coldly.

"My dear boy, I really had no choice. Babiole and I each wanted a slave; but while I demanded a fellow-slave in the labors of my life, this pretty little lady only wished for a human footstool for her pretty little feet."

king of creatures, speedily destroy in woman all the traces of those good qualities with which, in deference to the poets, we will concede her to have been originally endowed."

"I know nothing about that," said I bluntly, "but if Babiole Elmer has been anything short of a perfectly true-hearted wife I will stake my solemn oath that she has been harnessed to a damned bad husband."

"I was cold and wet with overmastering indignation, or I should not have blurted out my opinion so coarsely. Fabian was on fire directly, gesticulating with his hands, glaring with his eyes, in his old impulsive style.

"Do you mean to accuse me of telling you lies? Do you mean to insinuate that I have not treated your ward as a gentleman should treat his wife, especially when she is the adopted daughter of his best friend? Do you think I should dare to look you in the face if I had failed in my duty towards her?"

"If you were one of the 'common rabble of humanity' you despise so much I should tell you you had failed in your duty very much. As I consider myself above such ruling, I tell you frankly that art would suffer a lot if you did neglect her, while this poor child does; and that if you were to act like Garrick, like Raphael, or like any other man like Raphael, you would ruin your wife on her wedding day and your life to-night."

"You are very severe," said Fabian, "but I am not speaking with excitement and passion. If you are really so lost to a man's common sense as to take it for granted already that the fault is all on one side, you must pardon me if I set your remarks down to the ravings of infatuation."

There was a pause. This thrust told, for indeed a great wave of bitter and passionate regret at the wretchedness of my position, the wretchedness of the hills, the wretchedness of my calmer reason and making me rude and savage beyond endurance. We had just self-control enough to remain silent for the remaining few minutes of the drive, both quaking with rage, and both ashamed, I of my explosion, he, I hope, of the lameness of his explanations. The hansom stopped at the mansions, on the third floor of one of which Mr. and Mrs. Scott lived. I jumped on first, raised my hat, and excusing myself coldly and formally, was hurrying away, when Fabian, regardless of the cabman, who thought it was a dodge, and hallooed after him, followed me at a run, put his arm through mine, and dragged me back again.

"Can't quarrel with you, Harry," he said affectionately. "Say it's all my fault if you like, but hear both sides first. Come in, come in I tell you."

And having given vent to his feelings in a volley of eloquent abuse to the shouting cabman, he tossed me into the hansom.

MISERABLE NIGHTS
What to Do When Baby is Fretful and Sleepless.

It is wrong to take up a wakeful baby from the cradle and walk it up and down the room. This only demoralizes the infant and enervates the parents. Baby does not cry for the fun of the thing; it cries because it is not well—generally because its bowels are sour, its liver is congested, its skin hot and feverish. Relieve it and it will sleep all night, every night growing stronger in proportion. Just what mothers need is told in a letter from Mrs. E. J. Scott, put in this column first.

"I cannot say too much in favor of Baby's Own Tablets. They have worked like a charm with my baby, who was very restless at night, but who is now sleeping peacefully without sleep and rest. I shall never be quiet a box while I have a baby." Baby's Own Tablets cure all minor ailments of little ones, and are guaranteed to contain no opium or any other drug. They are sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or you can get them by mail, post paid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

him his fare and led him into the house. Curiously enough, the emotion which seemed to choke me as I counted the stairs and stood outside the door, when Fabian suddenly appeared entirely as soon as the door was opened to admit us. For there, standing in the little entrance hall, at the open door of the drawing-room was the slim pale lady with the pleasant, conventional, genteel, but the prettiest little meaningless laugh of a desire-to-please. We followed her into the room, which was charmingly furnished, lighted by colored lights and engravings of which the mistress of the house was very proud. She took me to a table, and I criticized the piece in which her husband was playing so unmercifully, and said so many witty and amusing things during supper, that I forgot Babiole in Mrs. Scott, and was only recalled to a remembrance of her identity by an occasional gesture or a tone of the voice. If I had not seen her in the theatre first I might have thought she was a happy wife, as, if I had not remembered the round rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes of the little maid of Craigen-roch, she might have admitted the pianist's description of the small white face before me, in which the grey eyes looked abnormally large and dark.

After enjoying myself greatly, though not quite unreservedly, I had risen to take leave, when Fabian suddenly remembering that he had some proofs to send off, which were already overdue at a publisher's, asked me if I would mind waiting while he finished correcting them. It wouldn't take a minute, he had his hand upon the door which led from the dining-room to the little den he called his study, when his wife, in almost terror-struck entreaty, rushed towards him and begged him to leave it till next day.

"I can't, Bab; they must go by the first post, and you know very well I shan't be up in time to do them."

"I'll do them for you," she said, eagerly.

"No, no, don't tease," said her husband, authoritatively, "take Mr. Maude into the drawing-room and

play him something," and he pushed her off and left the room. She turned to me with a smiling shrug of the shoulder, and said playfully, "See what it is to be a down-trodden wife." Then, leading the way into the drawing-room, and seating herself at the piano, she dashed into a lively waltz air. But it suddenly occurred to me that she was possessed with some strange fear of being alone with me, and this idea broke the spell of her brilliant manner, and reduced me to shy and stupid silence.

CHAPTER XIX.
I had sat down in a low chair near the piano, and I remained looking at a rug under my feet as my hostess went on playing one bright piece after another with scarcely a pause between.

"I know very well," she said at last, "that you don't care for any of this music a bit. Men call it rubbish, and affect to despise it, just as they do high-heeled boots, dainty millinery, and lots of other pretty frivolous things."

"I don't despise it, I assure you. It is very nice, and at least—it would chime in well with one's feelings if one were in high spirits." But listen—

She broke off in a gavotte she was playing, and sang "And Robin Drey" so that every note seemed to strike on my heart. In the old time among the hills Babiole used to sing it to me, in a wild, sweet, bird-like voice that thrilled and charmed me, and made me call her my little tame nightingale; but the song I heard now was not the same; there was a new ring in the pathos; a plaintive cry that seemed to reach my very soul; and I listened holding my breath.

When the last note was touched on the piano, I raised my head with an effort and looked at her, almost expecting, I believe, to see the tear in her eyes. She was looking at me curiously, with a very still face of grave inquiry. As she met my gaze she looked down at the keys, and began another waltz. "Don't play any more," I said, abruptly.

She stopped, and seeming for a moment rather embarrassed, began to turn over the leaves of a pile of music on a chair beside her. "You have learnt to sing, I suppose," I said quietly. "You know I am a Goth in musical matters, but I can tell that."

"And, of course, you are going to tell me that my singing is not so good as your music than any singing I have ever heard of." "Still, I know you are ascribing my change of taste in music to a master could produce," she said, with almost spasmodic liveliness.

"Indeed, I have not done singing to-night not only struck me as being infinitely better than it used to be from a musician's point of view, but it expressed the sentiment of the song with a vividness that caused me acute pain."

I had risen from my seat, and was standing by the piano. She shot up at me one of her old looks, a child's shy appeal for indulgence. "You have learnt to sing, I suppose," I said, "you have become the accomplished, fascinating woman it was your ambition to me. I have never met anyone more amusing."

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"I like them both, in quite a different way." If I am not mistaken her face felt the truth. "I have found it hard to connect the two. I love the memory of the little wild girl who used to sit by my side, and make me think myself a very wise person by the elegance with which she listened to me, while I laid down the law on all matters, human and divine; and I have a profound admiration for the gracious lady whom I meet to-night for the first time."

"Admiration!" she repeated, the word in a low voice rather scornfully, touching the keys of the piano lightly, and looking at me with a dreary smile. Then she turned her head away, but not quickly enough to hide from me that her eyes were filling with tears.

A great thrill of pity and tenderness for the forlorn soul thus suddenly revealed drew me nearer to her, and I said, leaning towards the little bending figure: "I did not mean to pain you, Babiole. You cannot think that, caring for you as I used to do, as if you had been my own child, I have lost all feeling for you now."

(To be Continued.)
Long After the Honeymoon.
Chicago News.

"Say, Carlton, do you remember during our engagement, I used to wear I saw you as Yolie's little hands would run over me?" "Believe I do."

"Well, now that we are married I feel like a piano." "In what way?" "She thumps me."

HOG CHOLERA—ITS PREVENTION AND CURE.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Oct. 30.—It is regrettable that hog cholera is prevalent again in some of the locations in which it had previously existed in the western peninsula of Ontario, especially in the County of Kent.

Hog cholera is a disease that can be eradicated, and its reintroduction prevented. Interested parties would but carry out the means suggested in the bulletins and regulations issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture for their benefit. There is no other disease so extremely contagious and infectious; and it can be conveyed to healthy swine in an endless number of ways, both by direct contact and intermediary agents, buildings, railways, platforms, wagons, crates, clothing, tools of attendants, and the like.

The farmer should beware of quack medicines, which are worse, if possible, than the disease, and frequently induce him to commit the grossest breach possible of quarantine regulations in failing to report to the Government the existence of contagious disease in his stock, allowing the disease to attack his entire herd, and by disposing of only partially recovered pigs to neighbors, spreading the disease and causing serious loss to others.

In hog cholera, "prevention is better than cure." Every breeder or feeder of pigs ought to arrange his premises so that he can divide them into perfectly isolated piggeries, so that if disease be introduced to one lot the others may be preserved through isolation. Breeders and owners would greatly serve their own interests by providing a separate pen as a quarantine pen for probationary detention of all new purchases, in which they would be kept for a few weeks to make sure that they are free from disease.

When the disease has been introduced and discovered in a herd immediate notice should be given to the Minister of Agriculture, who will cause an investigation to be made, and, if the disease be found to be hog cholera, quarantine will be established, the actually diseased pigs immediately slaughtered and the carcasses buried or deeply buried with lime; all contact hogs will also be immediately slaughtered; if, on post-mortem examination, the carcasses are found free from disease, they may be used for pork, otherwise they should be burned, indemnity being paid for those actually diseased to the extent of one-third of their value before they became diseased, and for animals in contact three-quarters of their value. Every pig on the farm must be killed and the premises thoroughly disinfected.

Before an inspector can issue an indemnity certificate, which must be accompanied by certificates of satisfactory disinfection; thereafter the quarantine must be maintained. The flooring, divisions and base boards of the pen should be removed and any loose boards with which the hogs have come in contact burned. The surface earth or gravel of the pens and yards should be removed to a depth of six inches, freely covered with newly slacked lime, and recovered with fresh earth and gravel.

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HALF HOURS WITH THE COOK

Fudge.—This is my favorite fudge recipe, and I have tried a good many; 2½ cups sugar, 2-3 cup milk, ¼ cup molasses, butter size of a walnut, boil 5 minutes from time it starts to boil, then stir 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoa, dry, take off when it will make a firm soft ball in water. Take from fire and stir briskly for a few minutes; turn in buttered pan. When nearly cold, crease with a knife.—Boston Globe.

Snow Candy.—One quart of granulated sugar, 2 cups of water, 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar. Boil, but do not stir. It should be rather a firm soft ball when done.

A garnish for the mutton platter may be prepared from a cupful of rice boiled until it is tender and mixed with one-half can of Spanish peppers chopped very fine.

When fresh mushrooms are not on hand, add to a can of the button kind a teaspoonful of onion juice or grated onion, a tablespoonful of Worcester's sauce and a can of tomatoes. Season with paprika and salt. Cook for 20 minutes. Thicken with a teaspoonful of cornstarch wet in a little milk or water. Serve on toast.

To serve chicken soufflé in paper cases, remove a slice from the stem end of each pepper; either the green or red kind will do. Scoop out the seeds and leave the shells for an hour in an ice water bath. At the end of that time drain and wipe them dry. For the filling mix a cupful of finely-chopped chicken, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, a teaspoonful of onion juice, and a cupful of hot milk. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, let it come to a boil and stir in the yolks of three eggs. Remove from the fire and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour the mixture into the shells, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake until brown and fluffy.—N. Y. Tribune.

Delicate Fishballs.—Boil the quantity of codfish that would be required, changing the water once that it may not be too salt. While the fish is hot pick it very fine, so that it will be feathery. It cannot be done fine enough with a fork, and should be picked by hand. At the same time have hot boiled potatoes ready, mash them thoroughly, and make them creamy with milk and a good-sized lump of butter. To three cupfuls of mashed potatoes take one and one-half cupfuls of fish; the fish should not be packed down. Beat one egg lightly and stir into the other ingredients and season to taste. Beat the mixture well together and until light, then mold it into small balls, handling lightly, and before frying roll the balls in flour. Fry them in smoking hot fat until a gold color.

No Row About a Row.
Philadelphia Times.

"Let me row," said the pretty girl.
"But I would rather row," said he.
"Well, don't let's have a row," said she.
"No, we don't have a row, suppose we row together. Then we can both row, and have no row."

The disposal of manure from infected hog pens is a frequent source of infection. The bacilli of hog cholera will live in water from two to four months, and in manure they will live for an indefinite period, varying according to the season. During the prevalence of this disease the manure should be carefully collected from the piggeries and once mixed with newly slacked lime, and removed in water-tight wagon boxes to an enclosed yard, to which none of the animals on the farm have access. This is the more necessary on account of the impossibility of disinfecting the barn-yard or manure pile during hot weather, or so long as frost lasts. When used it should be ploughed in—not spread as a top dressing. Avoid the careless custom of throwing it into a common pile in the barn-yard over which all classes of stock root and trample it down, for this is one of the means by which the disease is perpetuated and extended.

The bacilli adhere to the hair of the legs of the horses and cattle, and by them are conveyed to the streams or rivers, at which they drink, rendering the water infective to pigs. The carcasses after being freed from the disease should be freely covered with lime.

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New York Sun.

AFTER THREE YEARS

Mr. Joseph Rochette Released From Rheumatism

Suffered Much Agony, His Appetite Failed, and His Strength Left Him—Hope for Similar Sufferers.

Only those who have suffered from the pangs of rheumatism know how much agony the sufferer has at times to endure. The symptoms often vary, but among them will be found acute pains in the muscles and joints, the latter some-times much swollen. At times the patient is unable to dress himself, and the slightest jarring sound ag-gravates the pain. Liniments and outward applications cannot possibly cure rheumatism; it must be treated through the blood, and for this purpose there is no medi-cine yet discovered can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When given a fair trial these pills never fail to cure even the most stubborn cases of rheumatism. Mr. Jos. Rochette, a well-known resident of St. Jer-ome, Que., in an interview with a reporter of L'Avantur du Nord, offers strong proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. Mr. Rochette says: "For nearly three years I was a great suf-ferer from rheumatism. The pains seemed at times to affect every joint, and the agony I endured was terrible. Sometimes I could scarcely move about, and was afflicted for work. The trouble affected my appetite and in this way my weak-ness increased and my condition became more deplorable. I tried a number of remedies, but nothing helped me until I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and then relief came. Gradually the pains left me, my appetite improv-ed and I became greatly strength-ened. Before I had taken a dozen boxes my health and vigor were such that I felt better than I did before the trouble began. I have not since had an ache or pain, and I feel convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in every civilized land, and their enormous sale is due entirely to their great merit as a medicine. They cure all such troubles as rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, nervous headache, kidney ailments, neuralgia and the weaknesses that afflict so many women. Do not let any dealer persuade you to try some-thing else which he may say is "just as good." See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams' Medi-cine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

YOU CAN TEST THE KIDNEYS

And Find Out for Yourself Whether or Not You are Becoming a Victim of Painful, Fatal Kidney Disease.—Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

It is not necessary for you to consult a specialist on kidney disease to find out if you are a victim of this dreadful derangement. You can test your kidneys at home and satisfy yourself on this point. Allow some urine to stand in a glass for twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time you find sediment in the bottom of the vessel you can be sure that your kidneys are diseased.

Pains in the small of the back and smarting when urinating, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, loss of flesh and strength, are other marked symptoms which indicate kidney disorders. Make this test for yourself. Consider whether you have any of these symptoms, and if you conclude that your kidneys are out of order, begin at once to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They will bring prompt relief and will thoroughly cure you.

On account of their direct action on the kidneys Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure ailments of the kidneys when ordinary kidney medicines fail. They have proven their efficacy in many thousands of cases, and are enjoyed by more people than any other kidney medicine extant.

Mr. S. E. Phelps, Bolton Centre, Que., says: "My kidneys and back were so bad I was unable to work or sleep. My urine had sediment like brick dust. I was compelled to get up four or five times during the night. I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised, and concluded to give them a trial. One box has effected a complete cure. I can now saw wood or do any kind of work. My kidneys do not bother me. I can now enjoy a good sleep, and consider Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills a great boon. I was a great sufferer with kidney disease for 18 years."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.