DEAD
POISON.

e a Mani-
e.

. Isaac, which was
the pealing of many
hanting of hymns. At
great assemblage of
plomats and repre-
s awaited the arrival
l Czarina.

t by Strikers.

ne 1.—About 400 Ital-
e formerly employed
but are now out on
l in Harlem to-day
cent on the non-union
who were at work
at 161st street, and
The Italians were
s, shovels, clubs and
pipe. The police ad-
Italians and rained
d left. The rioters
ow of resistance and
ll directions. A ma-
ang gathered again,
ent north to 171st
arement Park, and
en engaged in work
se. Police scattered
nado several arrests.

EPS UP DUTY.

eduction Rejected by
Majority.

—In the Chamber of
sday, after a brief
ll reducing the duty
frames was defeated
f 301 votes.
of Agriculture, M.
osing the measure,
present price of
excessive, and that
re receiving a lower
regarded as legiti-
e. The proposed re-
would not produce
of cheaper bread, as
et the price of flour.
bread was too dear,
nister, was for the
exercise their power
price of bread.

WAS STRUCK.

of Rock Foreman
wo Lives.

ONE OF VICTIMS

e 1.—A terrible ex-
yesterday on the
orthern Colonization
aza, about 35 miles
As the result of an
namite, J. Laurence
known Nova Scotia
tor, who was com-
and Frederick Mig-
g-house keeper, were
phore Michaud, one
foremen, was so bad-
he is not expected

as the result of the
Michaud, who, in
mite in a cut in the
g torn asunder, and
he Northern Colon-
extension is to pass,
that a quantity of
d fallen in upon the
ite. In order to dis-
lite, he struck it with
d," and the next
ul explosion took

, who was standing
stantly killed. Migna-
e near, was hurled
the air. His rod
n near the feet of his
standing at the door
Michaud was terribly

ice Sutherland, the
er, was a native of
ton County, N. S. He
ars of age. The Suthe-
are well known
va Scotia, several
deceased being pro-
gineers, one of them
on in the Springhill

HER BARON.

Once Engaged to
suing for Divorce.

ne 1.—According to
el, the Baroness de
n she was Miss Hol-
ced to Signor Marc
for divorce, cables a
dent.
ss is successful in
proceedings she will
rica and resume her

UILDINGS
ust Missed

d reach the ground,
ntly was when the
was done. Large
on and upturned and
completely torn out
fact, everything
will touch the ground
demolished.
assed to the north-
Huron, where a cloud
fled directly under
R. Jos. R. Smith, of
rowly escaped death.
bicycle up the street
he cyclone approach-
on a spurt and got
ow a close shave. Mr.
his buildings will be

Most scrupulous care is taken in handling

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

It is hermetically sealed in Ceylon and again sealed in lead packets in Canada. An aristocratic tea at a moderate price.

Black. Mixed. Ceylon Green. Ask for Red Label.

FORTY CENTS—SHOULD BE FIFTY 5

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFIDY

What shall she say? He is waiting for her answer. What shall she say? She found no difficulty in answering when the other man, Captain Sherwin, told her of his love; words came quickly enough then, but they will not come now. Her heart beats too fast to allow of speech; her brain whirls, making wild confusion of his words and the meaning of them. And yet, what is the meaning of the warm thrill of joy which possesses her whole being if it is not "Yes."

He looks down at her expectantly, with an intense anxiety and suspense deepening the lines in his face; then he says:

"I understand. I have been too hasty, too violent. I am almost a stranger to you. How should you be able to answer me, unless with a 'No'! But don't do that if you can help it. See now, dearest— and don't be angry that I call you so; you are dearest to me, dearer than life itself —you shall not give me your answer to-night, here amongst this crowd. I will wait —let me wait and hope still!— I will wait till you have seen more of me —alas! you have heard too much, and all on the wrong side! Heaven knows if there be a right! I will wait until you have quite decided. Whatever your verdict may be, I will accept it without complaint, as indeed I should. Yes, I will wait."

As he speaks the tears rise to Elaine's eyes. This man, so every one says, is utterly and irretrievably bad, and yet could the best of good men be gentler and more considerate with her?

She does not speak, but she holds out her trembling hand to him.

He knows that it does not mean "Yes!" that she has not signified her acceptance of him; and he takes it reverently and raises it toward his lips. But he restrains himself; he will not snatch a lover's privilege until she has granted it to him—if she ever should do so. He holds it in his strong grasp, and lays his other hand upon it, with chivalrous love and protection.

"You are quite free, remember," he says in a low voice, his eye fixed on her face. "Free to give me life and hope and happiness, free to send me into the outer darkness again. Tell no one, dearest, till——" He stops, and reverently draws the shawl round her.

There are tears in her eyes, on her cheeks, and he sees that she puts up her hand to wipe them away.

"If God is good and merciful to me, I may do that for you some day," he whispers.

But, low as his voice is, it is heard by someone else beside Elaine. It is heard, as has been every word, by Lady Blanche, standing behind the curtain, her eyes fixed, with an expression not good to see on so fair a face, on the two forms silhouetted against the sky.

A high ambition had stolen into Lady Blanche's heart the moment the marquis entered the room. He was the highest in rank, the wealthiest, in every way the best parti present; and she was, in her own opinion, the most beautiful woman there. Why should she not be the Marchioness of Nairne? All the evening she had been laying her plans. She would get the Bannisters to call on him, to ask him to the Grange. All the stereotyped plans by which a woman of the world lays siege to a desirable match had passed through her mind and now—— She turned away, pale and quivering with rage and mortification. Elaine —this neglected, despised cousin of hers, the daughter of the half-pay major, who was regarded by the family as a kind of pariah and outcast—would be the Marchioness of Nairne, and take precedence of Lady Blanche herself!

She turned as the marquis put the shawl round Elaine, intending to get out of their way, but suddenly found herself confronted by Fanny Inchley.

Lady Blanche drew back, and the two women looked at each other; Lady Blanche with haughty surprise, Fanny with a significant meaning in her sharp green eyes, and a half-smile on her pale face that had a sudden effect upon Lady Blanche. She saw that she had not been the only eavesdropper, but that this red-haired woman had been playing the same contemptible part.

She looked down, and, coloring, took up the train of her dress.

"You have torn it, my lady," said Fanny.

Lady Blanche caught at the pretext for speaking.

"Yes," she said.

"Let me pin it up for your ladyship," said Fanny; then she suddenly touched Lady Blanche's arm, and—indeed, almost drew her behind the curtain, as the major bustled past them.

"Elaine! Elaine!" he said. "Oh, here you are."

"Yes, here she is," said the marquis, standing so that she could have time to recover herself. "Are you going, major?"

"Yes, yes, marquis," said the major. "I don't like to let my little girl wear herself out; and we generally leave rather early, so that the other people, you know —eh? gives them more room and freedom. Gets quite a romp, I'm told, after their betters have left, eh?" and he laughed.

The three, Elaine still on the marquis' arm, passed the two watchers; then, as they disappeared in the crowd, Fanny glanced up out of the corners of her eyes at Lady Blanche.

"What a pity, my lady!" she said, insinuatingly. "It's very badly torn, and it's such a beautiful dress. If I had it for an hour or two I could mend it so that no one could see it had been rent."

Lady Blanche looked down at her half suspiciously.

"You are—are you a dressmaker?"

"No, my lady," said Fanny, casting down her eyes with meek humility for a moment; a moment only, however, the next raising them to Lady Blanche's face with watchful scrutiny. "I am not a dressmaker. I live at the Castle, with my aunt."

Lady Blanche colored.

"At the Castle—at the Marquis of Nairne's?" she said.

"Yes, my lady," answered Fanny, demurely. "The marquis who has just gone with—with Miss Delaine."

"She is a friend of yours?" said Lady Blanche, feeling her way, for she saw that this little red haired woman had some purpose in view.

Fanny shook her head.

"No, no, my lady; why should she be? I have no friendly feeling toward her—quite the reverse. About this dress, my lady. If you would send it to me——"

"I will see," said Lady Blanche with an effort. "If—if you care to come up to the Grange to-morrow? You are living at the castle, you said?"

"Yes, my lady; and I will come to the Grange to-morrow," said Fanny, and with a half bow and half courtesy she left her.

The marquis, with Elaine on his arm and the major trotting behind them, made his way downstairs.

"Dear me," said the major; "I'm afraid we've waited till the crush. Goodness knows when we shall get our fly—carriage."

"Let us walk, papa," said Elaine.

"Very well, my dear," assented the major readily. "Here is your carriage, marquis," he added, as the castle carriage drew up.

The marquis hesitated a moment.

"If you are going to walk, perhaps you will let me come with you," he said.

"Delighted!" said the major cheerily. And he was.

"One moment," said the marquis. He went to the carriage and took out a light fur cloak. "There's a great difference between the temperature outside here and in there," he said, and he put the cloak round Elaine.

She put up her hands to prevent him, then let them fall, and accepted it without a word.

As they left the town the major stopped and fumbled in his pocket.

"I'm dying for a cigar," he said. "Elaine, you won't mind—the open air, eh?"

The marquis drew her arm within his while the major got out his cigar case, and the major did not offer to take her back when the operation of lighting his cigar was finished. He was in the brightest and most cheerful of moods, and chattered volubly all the way.

"Capital ball! Great success! Always is. I ought not to say it, seeing that I am one of the stewards; but, by gad! the affair was as well managed as it could possibly be."

The marquis put in a word now and again, but Elaine remained silent, wrapped in his cloak, her hand upon his arm. He walked with them to the garden gate, but declined the major's genial invitation to enter, and he held Elaine's hand in his, his eyes fixed on her face with a tender reverence, that was at the same time passionate and gentle. Then he went down the hill to the castle.

Letting himself in by the private door in the tower, he passed through the hall into a small room which was half labrary half "den."

Luigi Zanti was sitting in a low chair apparently asleep, but he seemed to hear the marquis' step and looked up.

"Well, Nairne," he said; "have you enjoyed yourself?"

The marquis let his hand fall upon the blind man's shoulder.

"Amazingly!" he said. "Yes, that's the word, Luigi. Why didn't you go to bed? Do you know what time it is?" and he took out his watch. "No? Neither did I. The hours have flown like minutes!"

"Nairne," and Luigi turned his sightless eyes to him.

"Well?" said the marquis with a smile. "You think I am strangely hilarious! Don't ask me why, or what has happened. Perhaps—I say only perhaps—brighter days are in store for us, Luigi. God grant they may be! I can tell you no more to-night —or, rather, this morning. Go to bed. Give me your arm."

The Italian rose and put out his hand, that the marquis might guide him into the hall; but the marquis paused.

"Luigi, what do you say to waking the old place up once more — even if it be for the last time in my day? It has been asleep too long. What do you say to filling it with visitors, and 'the sound of song and laughter,' as you Italians would put it? Shall we try it? Let me see; we should want a lady to play hostess, a she-dragon to represent Propriety. Well, there is an aunt or cousin, an old Lady Scott; she'd come, I think. She would do. Shall we ask her, Luigi?"

"What does all this mean, Nairne?" asked the Italian with a smile.

"It means——" The marquis stopped. "Well, it means that I have been visited by the Angel of Hope, Luigi; have felt her breath upon my cheek—one must not be poetical when one talks to one of your nation!— that it has whispered, 'Be of good cheer! It may be that happiness is within your grasp!' Mind, I say only 'Hope.' Hope; not Certainty. But the hope gives me new life. There get to bed, most patient and long-suffering of friends!"

"Nairne, did you see her?" asked the blind man.

The marquis' face crimsoned.

"Yes; but don't speak of her to-night," he said, "because my heart is too full of her for words! It is of her I speak. She is my angel of hope!"

He consigned the blind man to the care of the valet, then returned to the library, and, seating himself at the writing table, wrote a short letter and addressed it to "Lady Scott, Bath."

Then he lit a cigar, and still seated at the table, seemed lost in thought for a time. But presently unlocking a drawer in the table he took out a miniature and a faded letter, and holding them in his hand, regarded them with a far-away look. The miniature represented a pretty girlish face; the letter was written in a woman's hand.

He read it and re-read it several times, as if reluctantly, as if under some fascination. Then suddenly he closed the case of the miniature and dropped it, as one drops the handful of earth on to a coffin, into the drawer. Then he held the letter over the reading lamp; but as it began to scorch he drew it back, and put it into the drawer with the miniature, and as he thought, locked the drawer.

But he could not have locked it, for a few minutes afterward Fanny Inchley, still in her black lace dress, gliding past the library door, peered in, and seeing the room unoccupied, stole in and looked round. Her sharp eyes saw the remains of the cigar on the stand on the writing table, and crossing to it, she took up the blotting pad, and, holding it up before the looking glass on the mantelshelf, managed to read a portion of the note the marquis had written to Lady Scott.

In replacing the blotting pad she noticed some of the cigar ash resting on the edge of the drawer, and opening it she came upon the miniature and the letter.

She looked at the first with a burning curiosity, which grew to fever heat as she read.

It might have been a gold mine this sharp young person had discovered, judging by the glitter of her eyes as she read the faded —and now scorched—letter; and after a moment's hesitation she replaced the miniature only, and put the letter in her pocket.

CHAPTER XII.

"Tell no one, the marquis had said. The injunction was not necessary. There are certain crisis in one's life when the heart will admit of no confidant. Elaine could not have told her father if she had tried to do so. There seemed to her something almost sacred in the confession, the avowal the marquis had made. He had not only told her that he loved her, but he had, in a manner, confessed that his future moral and spiritual welfare depended upon her. He had spoken of his past with the sorrow and bitterness of remorse, but Elaine was as far as ever from realizing what that past had been. She was almost as innocent and unspotted of the world as a cloistered nun, and though his words and moved her and still thrilled her as she recalled them, they conveyed no tangible idea to her.

"I love you! I love you!" She found herself repeating the magic word in the silence of her own room, and the music they made within her heart should have told her that they found an echo there.

The faint light of dawn was breaking softly in the heavens before she undressed and went to bed, but even then she could not sleep. She could only lie with closed eyes and think and think, with the strange feeling that was half joy, half pain, in its intensity, filling her heart.

And, could she have known it, there was another heart too full to sleep that morning. The marquis, too, lay awake, thinking of her and all that her love would make possible for him, and the first rays of the sun that stole into his room found him, as they found Elaine, still awake and pondering over the crisis which love had wrought.

Fanny Inchley's brain was busy, too, but she slept as peacefully and soundly as a child, and woke late in the morning as alert and acute as an admirable piece of mechanism which had been newly wound up.

Mrs. Inchley occupied a small set of apartments in the west wing of the castle, and so remote from the main building and the state apartments, as they were rather grandiloquently called, that the marquis had, so to speak, forgotten their existence. He seldom saw Mrs. Inchley in his rare and short visits, and Fanny he had not yet seen, for Mrs. Inchley had strictly desired her niece to keep to their own part of the castle whenever the marquis was "in residence," and Fanny had so far obeyed the injunction as to confine her rambles about the place to such times as the marquis was out or at meals. But on these occasions, and when the marquis was absent from the castle, Fanny roamed about to her heart's content, and Mrs. Inchley little suspected that her apparently retiring and rather shy niece was familiar with every room and nook and corner of the vast building.

(To be Continued.)

THE WAY TO BE WELL.

The Blood Must be Kept Rich and Pure and the Nerves Strong.

Good health is the most precious treasure any man or woman can have. But good health can only be had by keeping the blood rich and pure and the nerves strong. If the blood is allowed to become weak and watery, the whole system is weakened and falls an easy prey to disease. There is no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in keeping the blood rich and pure, and the nerves vigorous and strong. Every dose helps to create new blood, and by a fair use of the pills, pale, sickly people are made bright, active and strong. Here is proof. Mr. Robt. Lee, New Westminster, B. C., says: "Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result pimples that were very itchy, broke out all over my body. My appetite was fickle, and I was easily tired. My wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got half a dozen boxes. By the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, my skin was smooth and clear, and my appetite good."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not purge—they simply make pure, rich blood. That is why they cure such troubles as indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, anaemia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, scrofula, erysipelas, and the ailments so common to women, young and old. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A LIFE SAVER

Baby's Own Tablets Make Children Well and Keep Them Well.

Emergencies come quickly in the lives of little ones, and the wise mother will always keep at hand a reliable medicine to cope with them. Delay may mean the less of a precious little life. There is no medicine can take the place of Baby's Own Tablets in relieving, curing and preventing the minor ailments of children. "If you could see my baby now," writes Mrs. James Boviah, of French River, Ont., "and compare him with his condition before I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets, you would not know it was the same child. From the age of four up to twenty-one months he was constantly ill, and was wasted away to a skeleton. I gave him a great many medicines, but always without result, until I heard of Baby's Own Tablets and began giving them to him. Almost at once they helped him, and he is now a fine, fat, healthy child. I now always keep the Tablets in the house."

The Tablets contain none of the poisonous drugs found in "soothing" medicines, and can be given with absolute safety to a new-born babe. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Longest Railway.

The country from Irkutsk to Moscow in many of its features bears a striking resemblance to portions of New England. The land at times is fairly well-wooded, and is a high rolling country with pleasant, smiling valleys and rounded hills. From Taiga to Chelyabinsk is one great plain.

When the Ural Mountains are reached, one is disappointed if he is looking for big things. They are very pretty and picturesque, but not so rugged, even as the Berkshires of New England. One sees here, however, in all directions, high hills, wooded summits, while curving, winding streams glide quietly among them. Their summits are often hidden by the soft, clinging, caressing masses of mist and rain clouds.

The country is under cultivation and looks prosperous. Striking features of the villages one sees from the car windows are the imposing Greek cathedrals, always handsome and substantial, rising in the centre of odd little settlements of huts.—From "Via The Trans-Siberian," by Burnett Goodwin, in the Four-Track News for June.

ANCIENT TIME MAKING DEVICES.

(Boston Daily Globe.)

In the United States the oldest timepiece is the famous Endicott sundial, made in London in 1680, and it was brought to this country the same year by Governor Endicott at the time he brought the fleet of ships laden with immigrants to settle in and around Salem.

The dial stood for a great number of years in front of the Endicott mansion in Salem and was in the hands of the family until sixty or seventy years ago, when it was placed in the care of the East India Marine Society of Salem. The Society held it in trust until 1869, when it came into the possession of the Essex Institute, where it now rests in a glass case in the museum.

Being unable to reclaim the original, members of the family have on different occasions had replicas made in bronzes and placed near their residences.

The sundial of King Ahaz, who lived 742 years before Christ, is the first dial on record in the world. The dial was a graduated instrument having degree marks of some kind which showed the daily course of the sun. The Old Testament tells us that it was known in Jerusalem as early as seven centuries before Christ and the manner of its mention indicates that it was a novelty in that city at that time. The sundial took many forms. The art of dialing involved mathematical problems of considerable complexity, and it is very likely that this contributed to the knowledge of mathematics which the world possessed at that early period.

Imperfect sundials were common in Rome about a century and a half before the Christian era, so common indeed, that, as new inventions nowadays afford material for the paragrapher, they were targets for the funny men of the period.

The Romans later perfected a sundial suitable to their latitude, which was much more accurate. The dial was later adopted and improved by European nations, and some very acurate ones were made by clock makers throughout Europe.

A dial, or rather a series of dials of every conceivable description forming a structure, was erected in Whitehall, London, in 1669, by order of King Charles II. It was the invention of Francis Hall, a Jesuit and professor of mathematics at Liege. Vertical dials, inclining dials and dials for showing time, as computed by various nations at different periods, were all included and ranged on platforms.

Of these bowls or brackets appear to have been the most attractive. One, on the first platform to show the hour by fire, consisted of a little glass bowl filled with clear water. This bowl was about three inches in diameter, and was placed in the middle of another sphere, about six inches in diameter, consisting of several rings or circles, representing the hour circles in the heavens

The hour was known by applying the hand to these circles when the sun shone, and that circle where the hand felt burned by the sunbeams passing through the bowl filled with water showed the true hour.

King Alfred measured time by burning candles, marked with circular lines to indicate the hours. Ingenious devices were adopted to prevent draughts from striking the flame, and thus, as it were make "time speed on its flight" by melting the tallow of the candle before it was burned, but this was a very imperfect method of timekeeping.

The gnomon, the predecessor of the sun dial, was probably one of the earliest devices for the reckoning of time, and it may reasonably be concluded that the Egyptian pyramids with their great altitude formed part of a design for timekeeping by the shadow thrown on the desert sands. The obelisk, too, in all probability, served the purpose, for, as a matter of history an obelisk at Rome was actually used for a sun dial in the time of Emperor Augustus.

The rising and setting of the sun and the changes of the moon were undoubtedly the first records of time kept by man, the shepherd of the early ages reckoning time by full moons.

The lengthening of a tree's shadow gave warning that night was approaching, when another day or period of time would be at an end.

If we could step on board of a Malay prao we should see floating in a bucket of water a cocoanut shell having a small hole in the bottom through which the water by slow degrees finds its way into the interior. The hole in the shell is so proportioned that the shell will fill and sink in an hour, when the man on watch calls the time and sets it afloat again.

The Chinese have a water clock in use at the present time which invention they ascribe to Hwangti, who lived, according to their chronology, more than 25 centuries before Christ.

A water-clock, or time-recording machine, very similar to the Chinese instrument, and named the clepsydra, was used by the ancient Greeks in determining the amount of time speakers in court should take to make their arguments. This machine was in the form of a spherical vessel with a minute opening at the bottom and a short neck at the top into which the water was poured.

The running out of the water could be stopped by closing the neck. The familiar association of this device with the courts of that time is shown in many ways. In important cases of great moment to the State each party was allowed ten amphorae, in about fifty gallons of water, as the time in which to make their arguments.

Demosthenes showed the value he placed on the time allotted him to speak, for during an interruption in one of his speeches he turned to a court officer with a peremptory, "You there! Stop that water!"

The time system of early Rome was of the rudest character. The day and night each were divided into four watches, the periods of which were roughly determined by observations of the courses of the sun and stars.

The Accensus watched for the moment when, from the Senate House, he first caught sight of the sun between the rostra and the Graecostasis, when he proclaimed publicly the hour of noon. From the same point he watched the declining sun, and proclaimed its disappearance.

On the mantel in the trustees' room of the Boston Public Library stands a clock which was bought in Paris and sent to this country in 1890 at a cost, it is said, of $1,000, to be set up in the present building of the library, which was at that time incomplete.

It is a reproduction in bronze by M. Planchon of a celebrated design of Jean Gossaert, an artist of the early part of the sixteenth century, now in the museum at Brussels.

The whole structure of the clock has been chiseled by hand and no duplicate has ever been made from it. The bronze is richly gilded and the wings on either side of the face, which are in reality doors to protect the face of the clock, are colored.

It was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and the design was considered one of the finest works of art of its kind exhibited.

The Dearth of News.

The papers are prosy to-day,
With nothing at all to say.
Except of a stabbing affray,
And scandals a few,
A financial review,
A murder or two,
A political stew,
A threat of a war,
You can't tell what for,
The wreck of a car,
The success of a star,
A hold-up that's bold,
An ordinance sold,
The plans for a fair,
A car for the air,
A trust that is new,
Some railroads to sue,
A strike that's begun,
With three others done,
A roseate scheme,
To get rich—in a dream,
A yacht built to beat,
A flurry in wheat,
The cruise of a fleet,
Epidemics to fear,
Inventions to cheer,
A peacemaker killed,
A prize fight just "billed,"
And a few other things,
Of society's flings,
Or political rings.
That's all that the papers display;
They have really nothing to say,
That's worthy of notice to-day.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Kidney Trouble and Lumbago

Thirty Years of Backache and Rheumatism—Was a Physical Wreck—Attributes Cure to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Kidney ailments are especially trying on the older people. The pains and aches grow more severe, the kidneys get out of order, rheumatism and lumbago torture their victims, there are aching backs and limbs, stomach derangements, urinary and bowel disorders and serious, painful and fatal maladies.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are particularly suited to the needs of persons of advanced age. They regulate and invigorate the liver, kidneys and bowels, and prove effectual when ordinary medicines fail. This letter from Mr. Robert Jackson gives some idea of what this treatment is accomplishing every day.

Mr. Robert Jackson, ship carpenter, Port Robinson, Ont., states: "I was afflicted with kidney trouble and lumbago for about thirty years. The winters were always very severe on me, and I was many times incapacitated with all the serious symptoms of both troubles. I had backache, biliousness, rheumatism, headache and constipation, and was wrecked physically. I used all sorts of medicines and have been treated by the medical profession to no purpose.

"In the spring of 1902 I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and from the start received great benefit. I continued the treatment until I fully recovered good health and vigor, my old trouble being a thing of the past. I am seventy-five years old, and if, at my advanced age, I have received such grand results from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills after years of unnecessary suffering there can be no doubt of their efficacy in the treatment of younger persons. I recommend them to everyone. I have tried to think of words to express my gratitude, but it is beyond expression, for they have done more for me than I could have believed."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

PAINT RIGHT!

And do it cheaply too, because they're the purest and best in the way of paint making. They outlast cheap paints and cost less to put on—consequently are money-savers and time-savers. Your dealer will tell you the price, and it isn't high if you want a good job.

Write to us for our "Booklet B," free, showing how some houses are painted with Ramsay's Paints.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
Paint Makers,
Est'd 1842. MONTREAL.

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