

AFTER YEARS

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 sometimes much swollen. At times the patient is unable to dress himself, and the slightest jarring sound aggravates the pain. Liniments and outward applications cannot possibly cure rheumatism; it must be treated through the blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine yet discovered that equals Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When given a fair trial, these pills never fail to cure even the most stubborn cases of rheumatism. Joseph Rochette, a well-known resident of St. Jerome, Que., in an interview with a reporter of L'Avvenir 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 sufferer 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 unable to work. The trouble affected my appetite, and in this way my weakness 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 improved and I became greatly strengthened. Before I had taken a dozen boxes of my health and vigor was 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 something 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' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

General Notes About Plays And Players.

"The Country Girl" will run for the winter at Daly's theatre, New York.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is playing this week at the Montreal Academy.

"Sherlock Holmes," "The Span of Life," "Le Roy Talma and Bosco," appear at Toronto theatres this week.

"A Hot Scotch Major" company, which disbanded at London, Ont., will be re-organized, and the play acted as legitimate comedy, beginning November 15th.

Two of the most inspired pieces of acting which Mansfield has ever done are said to be his vision of the ghost of Great Caesar, and his death of Brutus in "Julius Caesar."

The illness of Julia Marlowe has cast a gloom over the theatrical world generally. It is feared, that like Marie Adams, she will never entirely recover from her breakdown.

Margaret Anglin, the Canadian actress, appears shortly with the Empire Theatre Stock company in Ottawa. The first play will be "Mabel," with Miss Anglin in the title role.

Another Biblical play, "The Judgment of King Solomon," is attracting considerable notice at the American Theatre, New York. It is by Doré Davidson and built around an historical episode in the life of King Solomon.

"The Silver Slipper" that John C. Fisher tried on Upper Broadway, New York, last week, had a patent glass that bids fair never to expire. It is a marvellous little musical play, very much along the lines of "Florodora."

Montreal audiences were moved to tears by "The Sign of the Cross" last week, and handkerchiefs were freely used. There is still some hope left for the people of the metropolis. They are not so hardened as the Toronto natives.

Theatrical matters in London were rather quiet last week. The latest production is "Captain Kettle," at the Adelphi. This house, formerly the home of melodrama, has been unfortunate since it abandoned that class of play. "Captain Kettle" is a superior kind of melodrama, and contains much that is amusing. It is handsomely mounted.

J. M. Barrie's new play "The Admirable Crichton," delighted a large and sympathetic audience at the Duke of York's theatre, London, last Tuesday. It was one of the most characteristic of Barrie's dramatic fantasies, splendid in construction, simple in plot, but reined in imagination, sparking in wit and excessively droll in action and by-play.

The scenery of the "Faust" company in which Alan Tabor and Helen Hawthorne are starring is said to be very fine. The transformation scene showing the Heavendward flight of Marguerite's soul, the redemption of Faust and the defeat of the evil one, as well as that of the garden scene, which is the gorgeous lower spectacle, have been the admiration of everybody.

Rife Terrors Swept Away. Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35c. Sold by Henry Wade and H. B. Taylor.—79.

KISSING!

A Sweet Subject Very Intellectually Discussed.

Dr. Christopher Nyrop, professor of pathology at the University of Copenhagen, has just written a curious book which is causing a good deal of talk in Europe. It is entitled "History of Kissing," and is the fruit of long study on this interesting subject, the author having searched in all possible quarters for the necessary material.

In defining a kiss he quotes a verbatim who says: "A kiss is the accompaniment which is played on the keyboard of the teeth when love signs to an amorous heart." He quotes a Latin epigram, which says: "What is sweeter than wine? The dew of heaven. And what is sweeter than honey? Nectar. And than nectar? A kiss."

About the sound made by a kiss he has unearthed many curious sayings. Johannes Jorgensen says: "The beating of the waves against the shore is like the sound of long kisses." Kjerkegaard, in a story, remarks: "We heard all the evening a sound as though some one was striking at me, yet it was only the kisses of the loving couple." Still more unfeeling is the German expression: "The kiss sounded as though a cow was drawing her hind leg out of a bog," and almost as heartless, as this is the Danish phrase: "He made more noise when he kissed her than is made when a cow's horns are struck off."

Prof. Nyrop spent much time trying to find out how women regard kissing, and became convinced that at one point at least they all agree—namely that men with beards are far preferable to all others. In an old Roumanian ballad a hero says: "I am too young to marry, for my beard has not yet sprouted. What married woman would kiss me?" According to a German proverb, "A kiss without a beard is an egg without salt." In Holland and Jutland young women are of the same opinion, for they claim that "kisses are no good unless they taste well and are sweet." They also say that "kissing a man who has no beard is like kissing a man with a beard."

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A Story Of King Edward.

A ragged little match-boy was playing his trade one day in Piccadilly with but scant success. All the men who passed seemed already provided with his wares, and he was just considering the advisability of changing his quarters when he saw a gentleman coming towards him, with an unlighted cigar in one hand, while his coat pocket was groping vainly in search of "Matches, sir."

"Thank you, my boy, I'll have a box," and dropping a coin into the boy's hand he walked on. He had not gone many paces, however, before he was again accosted by the boy, who came running breathlessly after him.

"Please, sir, you've made a mistake. See what you gave me instead of a penny." The gentleman glanced down at the half-crown lying in the rather dirty outstretched palm, and said, carelessly: "Never mind, 'Matches,' it's all right; just keep it."

The child's face flushed with astonishment. "Well, I'm blessed!" he ejaculated when he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, at such unthought munificence. "I'll try what, sir, if you ain't the Prince of Wales, you ought to be."

The gentleman laughed heartily, and with a friendly nod to "Matches," proceeded on his way.

But the acquaintance thus begun did not end there. On several other occasions the gentleman came unexpectedly across the child, whom he had never without pausing to speak a kind word and drop a coin into his hand.

"Well, young impudence," said a policeman one day, as the gentleman passed on after a somewhat lengthy conversation with the boy, "what have you got to say to the Prince of Wales, I'd like to know?"

Matches looked contemptuously at the man of law.

"Garn!" he retorted, incredulously, "yer can't ave me so easy."

"What!" cried the policeman, astounded at such ignorance. "D'ye mean to tell me you don't His Royal Highness when you see him?"

The boy stared at him open-mouthed.

"Yer gammonin' me," he said, suspiciously, but there was an uneasy look on his old-fashioned face.

"Why, your young idiot," the other said, superiorly, "didn't you see all the nob's luttin' their hats to him, not to mention the cabbies on the stand there?"

It took some time to convince "Matches" of the astounding truth that his new pal was indeed no other than H.R.H., the heir-apparent to the throne, but when he was at last assured of his identity, he was so overcome at his audacity, in having dared to accost so exalted a personage that when, a few days later, he again encountered him, he hung back shyly and looked so confused that the prince noticed his embarrassment, and, dismissing his reason, was unusually affable to his little friend.

From that day "Matches" simply haunted the vicinity of Marlborough House, and when by chance he was fortunate enough to see his adored prince enter or leave its imposing portals, his satisfaction was complete.

One dark evening some months later the prince was just entering the gates on foot when he heard a loud shout of warning, followed by exclamations of horror, and turning hastily in the direction, saw, from a fast-gathering crowd, that something had occurred. With the sympathy so characteristic of our royalties, he told the policeman on duty to find out what had happened. The man returned in a few minutes, and reported that it was a little match-boy who had been run over by a cab. A look of anxiety overcame the prince's face, and he bade the officer see that the lad was well cared for at the nearest hospital.

"And," he added, as if by an after-thought, "find out his name and let me know how he goes on."

Some days afterwards "Matches," looking very white and delicate, and unusually clean, was lying quietly in his cot at the hospital when the nurse, who appeared much excited and hurried, came running hastily in to tell him that no less a personage than the Prince of Wales had come to inquire after him, and was even then on his way upstairs. And before she had time to give the pillows an extra pat and smooth the coverlet, the prince was by the bedside.

To describe the emotion of the poor little boy at this extraordinary mark of consideration and kindness from his future sovereign would be impossible. The kindly prince seated himself by the bedside and talked long and paternally with the little patient, and before he had been present on the night of his accident, and how he had missed him from his stand, until "Matches" shyness had utterly disappeared, and he chatted away with as much freedom and abandon as though he had been addressing his own father.

"And what book is this you have got?" said the prince, taking up a brilliantly-covered picture book from the table by the bed.

"Matches" explained that it was one the Sister had given him, and forthwith proceeded to expatiate on its contents with great volubility.

"Which of these fine gentlemen would you like to be, 'Matches'?" inquired the prince at length, pausing before a picture in which admirals and generals, in all the glory of full-dress uniform, stood politely saluting each other with the amiability characteristic of barbers' blocks.

"That one," said the boy, unhesitatingly laying his forefinger on an admiral's resplendent in gold braid and a cocked hat.

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The Electine Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ed of his broken leg, but when he did it was not to return to his wretched trade in the streets. The kind-hearted gentleman who is now our honored king has become responsible for the future of the little waif whom he befriended that day in Piccadilly, and "Matches" is now a student aboard one of his great training-ships. But whether he will fulfill the dream of his life, and stand one day before his sovereign in all the glory of an admiral's uniform, history has yet to record.—Marion Yull, in "The People's Friend."

Faithless Nelly Gray.

Ben Beatts was a soldier boy, And used to war's alarms; But a cannon-ball took off his leg, So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field, Said he, "Let others shoot, For here I leave my second leg, And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army surgeons made him limps; Said he, "They're only pigs; But there's a wooden limber quite, As represent my legs!"

Now, Ben, he loved a pretty maid, Her name was Nelly Gray; So he went to pay her his devoirs, When he'd devour'd his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray, She made him quite a fool; And when she saw his wooden legs, Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray! Is this your love so warm? Big love that's not so uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once, But I will never have a man; With both legs in the grave!"

"Before you had those timber toes, Your love I'll allow, But then, you know, you stand upon Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray! For all your jarring speeches, At day's end I left my legs, In Beatts's branches!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet, Of legs in war's alarms, And now you cannot wear your shoes Upon your feet of arms!"

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray! I know why you refuse; I know I've no feet—some other man Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I never had seen your face; But now a long farewell! For you will be my death, alas! You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray, His heart so heavy got, And life was such a burden grown, It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck, A rope he did entwine, And for his good time in life, Enlisted in the Line.

One day he tied around a beam, And then removed his pegs, And, as his legs were off of course, He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung—till he was dead— At his own gallows' foot; For, though distress had cut him up, It could not cut him down!

A downy man sat on his corpse, To find out why he died; And how he buried him in four cross roads, With a stake in his inside!

How Smoke Is Used In Brussels.

New York Sunday News. In Brussels, Malines and other Belgian towns a novel method of not only getting rid of smoke, but turning it to good account, has recently been employed. The smoke is driven by a ventilating fan into a filter filled with porous material, over which a continuous stream of petroleum, benzine, alcohol, or some liquid hydrocarbon flows. The result is that the smoke is entirely suppressed, while the filter yields a gas of great heating power, which can be used for domestic purposes and for driving gas engines. The filtering material itself also becomes a good combustible during the process.

The King And The Menu.

The custom of printing menu cards in French jargon has received a knock from the first gentleman in England. His Majesty King Edward has intimated to the lord mayor of London that on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to the city, next Saturday, to partake of luncheon at the Mansion House, that the menu cards shall be printed in English. Mutton chops with vegetables is not eaten with more relish because it is called "Cotoletto a la jardiniere" on the menu card.



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WHY SHE IS MISSED. Many Reasons Given to a Newspaper Enquiry. A newspaper offered a prize recently for the best answer to the question, "What are the reasons that keep a woman from marrying?" A horrid, cynical male creature carried off one of the prizes with a list of sixteen "reasons." Among them were: Her inability to make up her mind. The horror of being "given away." The unhappy result of most marriages. The fascination of continuous flirtation. The uncertain quality of a husband's temper. The glory of having never accepted a proposal. The scarcity of desirable, or even tolerable, men. Her satisfaction in saying "No," when she means "Yes." The saving in human life through the absence of bad cookery. The objectionable clause in the marriage service relating to obedience. Her natural unselfishness places the happiness of the man she loves before her own, and she remains single.

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