

## WHERE STAGES STILL ARE RUN AND RAILROADS ARE BARRED

DISTRICT OF ENGLAND MAINTAINS DEFENSE AGAINST MODERN  
MEANS OF TRAVEL—SCENERY HAS A GLAMOR AND CHARM  
THAT ARE IRRESISTIBLE—THE CLIFF CLIMBERS.

The lake district of Westmoreland and Cumberland owes its pre-eminence as a holiday country to the stout defense it has maintained against the invasion of railways and the other auxiliaries of our modern steam and iron age.

Its scenery has a glamor and charm that are irresistible. This soft and tender purity of the wandering air, the light music of the waters as they break in tiny waves all round the quiet isles, the velvet texture of all the earth's covering, the pale azure of the cloudless sky, the deep blue of the lonely island sea—all these things built as into dreams of another life and world, as if these were the sapphire floors of heaven, and these its islets of rest. And the fact that the land is also saturated with the memories of famous poets has a potent charm.

But it is my conviction that the great attraction of the lake district possesses is the complete absence of all signs of manufacture or of the hurry and bustle of commercial life. When you disembark at one of the re-heads you are merely at the edge of the lake country, and if you wish to explore its beautiful vales, you must bid farewell to speedy locomotion and depend upon your great-grandfather's methods.

The institution of the place is the stage coach, and you will miss the full flavor of a tour if you have to substitute for the coach a charabanc or a private carriage.

### A COUNTRY SCENE.

The ordinary tourist cannot fail to be impressed by the hills and lakes, even if he dismisses its poetry without a second thought; but the most distinct picture in his mind's gallery will be that of an old-fashioned, whitewashed inn, with a jovial landlord framed in the doorway. The hostlers are busy changing horses, while the liberated steeds are drinking their fill at the stone trough; the guard is handing out sundry packages, and maybe, mailbags; our coachman is strutting about the yard like a king, and a knot of idlers are hanging on his words of wisdom; one or two foxhounds are barking in the sun, and bantams and fallow pigeons are hopping about the horses' feet.

The passenger feels himself to be part of an old sporting print, and living in the good old times that have been portrayed by Dickens and Washington Irving, or in the pages of "Tom Brown's School-days."

The coaching tourist never penetrates to the heart of the lake district. At the center is a cluster of the highest mountains, and the main valleys, such as Langdale and Borrowdale radiate from thence like the spokes of a wheel. The coach roads thread these dales as far as is practicable, when they reach the highlands strike off at a tangent to this mountain circle, and crossing the lower flanks of the mountains, find another valley, and so return home.

Those who are "coach-borne," to use an apt phrase, do not really come in contact with such giants as Scawfell and Great Gable, and perhaps it is as well if they wish to be perfectly consistent in their renaissance of the old coaching days, for the quest of the mountains is quite a modern feeling.

If you turn up an old edition of "Paterson's Roads," a road book published before Queen Victoria's reign, and a capital companion on the box-seat, you will find evidence of the Georgian Englishman's idea of mountains. Take his description of the road up Borrowdale—one of the finest driving excursions on the lakes, revealing a valley that is exquisitely beautiful in every minute detail.

"To the south of the Derwent-Water is the rocky chasm of Borrowdale, a tremendous pass, at the entrance of which dark caverns yawn, terrific as the wilderness of a mountain; and then you discover a narrow strait running between huge mountains that possess almost every possible form of horror."

An old Yorkshire proverb says: "There's never a brow but there's a slack," which means that after every uphill struggle there is an easy descent to compensate for it. This saying is literally true of the lake district, and to balance the deep depressions where the lakes lie, we have the huge elevations of the mountains.

THE CLIFF-CLIMBERS.  
There is another class of visitors to the lake district, and they take much account of the rich verdure of its lowlands. They hurry over the high roads and are not happy until they have shaken the dust from off their feet. They are anxious to scale the huge cliffs and hidden valleys within that inner mountain circle, the heart of the lake district. The upland farm-houses that appear from a coach

seat to be the ultimate limit of a tourist's penetration, are to these climbers but the commencement of their province, the bases from which they can make their daily excursions into the wilderness.

They see an altogether different side of the same district. We don't suppose there is anyone nowadays who suffers the same experience in Borrowdale as is narrated by the compiler of the old road book, that has been quoted; but people do feel a tinge of horror mixed with their admiration of the scene, and the crags on either side can strike them with some amount of awe.

But those who stay at the whitewashed house of Seatholler, and plot their way up Great Gable in the early morning, feasting their eyes on the craggy bastion of Great End, are sure to turn round many a time to enjoy the retrospect. From such a viewpoint, Borrowdale and Derwent-Water are perfect miniatures in jewels and enamels, and a striking contrast to the forbidding, savage grandeur of the mountains near at hand. The crags that appear inaccessible from the coach road are seen to be mere lumps when viewed from a position where they may be measured by the standard of a real cliff.

These mountaineers are not content with throwing off the excrescences of the last century, they want to be rid of every tittle of evidence of man's work. They long for such a complete change from their everyday life that a cultivated field annoys them, as it records a certain artificiality and interference with nature. They long to be where neither plow nor spade has wounded the earth, and their chief delight is to stand where the foot of man has never trod before.

To satisfy their desire for a primeval world, they have tracked out difficult and dangerous routes up the very faces of the mightiest cliffs, and climbing—used in its technical meaning—in the lake district is one of the most difficult branches of the great sport. The experts in the craft come here in winter because snow, and to make the problem harder; and the two cold holidays of the year—Christmas and Easter—pack these mountain farm houses full of enthusiastic youths, while at the same time the hotels of Bownes are dormant and deserted.

To the outsider, climbing is a fool-

## WHY ARE PEOPLE RIGHT-HANDED

POSITION OF HEART THOUGHT  
TO BE A FACTOR.

Why does the ordinary man use his right hand more than his left? And, this being so, is it desirable that he should continue the habit? Statistics as to right and left-handedness amongst civilized and uncivilized peoples, animals, and birds do not agree. Recently Dr. E. Audenino read an interesting paper on this subject before the Congress of Criminal Anthropology in Turin, which was printed in the "Archivio di Psichiatria."

Dr. Audenino said: "To start with, are animals right and left-handed? The observations of naturalists are not in accord; Rollet (1883) found in anthropoid apes a preponderance of 64 per cent in favor of the left limbs; Brinton, on the contrary (1886), says that anthropoids are generally ambidextrous." Osawa (1901) believes that monkeys are sometimes right-handed, sometimes ambidextrous, and rarely left-handed, and that birds that grasp their food with the claw do so more often with the left.

"Baldwin is of opinion that we cannot tell animals either left or right-handed, but that nevertheless, according to Vierordt, Livingstone and Ogilvie, parakeets, lions and apes appear to be left-handed in certain of their acts. And Morselli (in his "Lessons in Anthropology") affirms that the primates use one or the other arm, indifferently."

"It seemed sometimes as if the snake were coming down. Instead of going up, its movements bringing its head, now and then, pointing toward the ground, but it was going up all the same, and as deftly as a fly walks on a pane of glass."

"The blacksnake had passed half-way to the branches of the tree before the thought came to me that it was not at all likely that the snake was making the climb just for the recreation there might be in it, and I looked to discover what the probable impelling cause for it was. Scanning the tree, my eyes fell on a bird's nest in the crotch of two limbs, well among the branches, and I saw the mother bird's head rising above the edge of it."

"The bird was a wood sparrow and she discovered the snake gliding up the stem of the tree at the moment I had detected the presence of the nest. With a sharp cry the alarmed bird fluttered from the nest and in response to her cries her mate came flying to the spot from somewhere about."

A PLUCKY RESISTANCE.  
"The snake kept on its way. The two birds flew excitedly about it, screaming in terror, and darting at it in frantic attempts to frighten the dread intruder away."  
"The snake reached the lower branch of the tree and as it glided on its way nearer to the nest the male bird darted viciously at its head. With a motion so quick I could scarcely follow it, the reptile struck at the bird and seized it by one of its legs. Evidently satisfied with its capture the snake started with the fluttering and screaming victim down the tree, making its way down as it had passed up."

"The captured bird's distressed mate hovered over the snake as it made its way down the stem, pecking fiercely at it and trying to force it to release its victim. The snake dodged and ducked to avoid the sharp assaults of the bird, but held firmly on to its game in spite of them."  
"It would have got away with its captive easily enough, but as the

robber came to the ground I rose and interfered. With two or three blows with a switch I induced the snake to release the bird and seek its own safety by a hasty flight to the long grass, where it eluded pursuit."

"The freed bird fluttered about on the ground a few seconds, in a dazed way, its mate darting frantically around it, and then they both flew back to the tree, where they sat on a limb and chattered long and excitedly over the alarming incident. By and by the female resumed her place on the nest."

"Her mate perched himself on guard near by, in evident expectation of another attack from the foe, twittering reassuringly to his wife the while. During the succeeding half-hour that I tarried there for further observation the snake did not show itself again, but when I quit the scene of that striking manifestation of the passions that move even the unreasoning creatures of the wildwood, that faithful little cock, sparrow was still standing guard over his nesting mate."

COACHES AND COMPATIBILITY.  
But having tasted of the fruit of knowledge, you will never be content with the coach view of them again. Mountains and coaches are not compatible.

Dr. Johnson, the typical eighteenth century Englishman, said, if he had no duties and no reference to futurity, he would like to spend his life behind four fast horses; and he considered a mountainous country to be a dreary country, "a most dolorous country."

It may well be that the average tourist, persuaded to toil up Scawfell might be cheered like Dr. Johnson, when he got back to the sight of a road marked with cart-wheels. But that would prove to the mountaineer that his feet were not worthy to tread the grand temple.

Anyone who would experience the beneficial influence of the English lake district, should devote part of his time to an expedition into this inner mountain heart, not for the mere purpose of peat-bogging, but to open his soul to the subtle and poignant feelings that the great hills impart.

Grasmere is a name that can conjure up wonderful memories, but Wastdale can also draw indelible pictures from the imagination, and every visitor to the lakes should be able to say:

"Right in the heart of silent, lone Wastdale.

The towering mountains with a mighty belt

Of shadow rose all round me, and I felt

Beneath their awfulness my heart to quail;

For his own house God claimed this solemn vale.

And throned amid the eternal hills he dwelt.

Gable, Great End, Yewbarrow and Lingmell,

Climbed with their scarp'd and giant forms on high.

By huicest Scawfell led."

—Halifax (England) Correspondence of New York Evening Post.

## BLACKSNAKE BANDIT WHICH MET DEFEAT

WHILE KIDNAPING A MOTHER  
BIRD FROM HER NEST.

"I had stopped along the creek to eat my bite of lunch and smoke a pipe," said a man just back from a fishing trip, "and, having finished both, I was about to resume my fishing, when from the waving strip of tall wild grass that bordered a thicket just beyond where I lay in the shade a blacksnake came gliding out into the sunlight. I remained quiet in my place."

"The snake advanced slowly, unaware of my presence, and moved toward a chestnut tree whose trunk was not more than a yard from my feet as I lay at full length on the grass."

Coming to the base of the tree, the blacksnake began at once to climb it—but not in the way the books picture a snake as climbing a tree, and as I had always supposed it climbed, by moving round and round the stem in upward spiral glidings.

"This snake drew its body up along the tree trunk by a number of very short curves which seemed to close in the perpendicular corrugations of the bark on the tree. As it worked the curvatures of its long body on the tree, it kept its head raised four or five inches, just as if it were picking its way along on the ground, and it moved with equal facility."

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## IS THE TELEPHONE SUCH A NUISANCE

NEW YORK WORLD SAYS 'PHONE  
AND TYPEWRITER HAVE  
SPOILED CIVILITY.

Health Commissioner Darlington has his telephone disconnected at night. He found there were too many people who woke him up on the theory that he was a universal complaint bureau. Instead of writing a formal complaint and sending it by mail to the office, it was easier to work off a spell of sudden wrath by calling the commissioner up on the telephone at his house.

Dr. Darlington is not the only man who has to safeguard himself against the annoyances which the telephone has brought into modern life. It is a big nuisance as it is a convenience. Welcome as it was at first, the time has come when some systematic method must be devised for checking the nuisances which the abuse of the telephone breeds.

The telephone and the typewriter have been two most effective instruments in destroying civility and conciseness in business intercourse. They are also destroying social formality, which it would be better to keep, because formality is the opposite to familiarity, and the latter is a social evil. It is destructive to friendships.

So long as a man had to write his letters pen in hand he was not given to many words, because the physical effort of writing restrained him. He wrote only when he had something he really wanted to say, and his letter stopped when he had said it. Now, with abundant stenographers, the effort of writing a letter is no more than that of ordinary conversation, copybooks have increased in volume, correspondence has grown to interminable lengths, and even judicial opinions take many more words than when the judges had to do the transcribing themselves. On the whole it is doubtful whether stenography and typewriting save time.

In like manner with the telephone. Before it came into use one man desired to say anything to another man he either wrote or went to see him. The result was that many trivial things were left unsaid and matters of little consequence were passed over.

With the telephone at his elbow, especially if he has some clerk or typewriter to make the calls and attend to the connections, a man is very prone to do too much telephoning. A matter occurs to him and he telephones about it at once. If he had not been able to telephone, four times out of five he would have found a way to dispose of it without either writing the letter or making a call.

The telephone habit grows upon most people. This is seen in the increasing number of calls in every house or office where a telephone is installed, and in the habit and it grows until it becomes a bad habit.

Women had far better do their marketing in person than over the telephone. They would then see what they buy, they could compare prices and they would save money. A man had far better to make a business matter of importance by a face-to-face talk than over the telephone. A talk is always more effective where the parties are face to face. Arrangements thus made are better understood and their carrying out is more harmonious.

The telephone is indispensable for certain purposes. It is a convenient way to make appointments. It is a substitute for the telegraph. It is the quickest way to get the doctor.

But the man who invents an advertisement for telephone padlocks will make a moderate fortune. —New York World.

## LARGEST FLOATING DOCKYARD.

In a few weeks there will be launched from the shipyard of Sir James Laing & Sons, Sunderland, where she has been converted from a liner, a unique vessel which will be a valuable acquisition to the navy. H. M. S. Cyclops is the most complete repair ship or floating dockyard in the world, and is the outcome of an experiment made some time ago, when an old cruiser was converted into a repair ship at Portsmouth and named Vulcan.

The Cyclops is a vessel of 11,000 tons, and her dimensions are: Length, 460 feet; breadth, 55 feet; and draught, 25 feet. She is fitted up as a complete foundry, with cupolas where castings can be made to replace damaged parts. Above is a boiler shop, where boiler or ship plates can be fully dealt with. Punching and shearing machines are there, just as in a shipyard. Then there are carpenters, blacksmiths and armorer's shops, fully equipped with tools, electrical and copper smithing departments.

A large ice-breaking plant is carried, and a set of gigantic condensers, capable of supplying a whole fleet with fresh water. She is also equipped with electricity generating plant is one of the vessel's most remarkable features. The Cyclops will have a full complement of about 300 men, mainly artificers. —London Chronicle.

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That's the complaint to prove the merit of Fowler's Nerve Food. Cures nausea and indigestion at once, settles the stomach and makes you well, and all for 25 cents per bottle.

# Letters of Credit R.R.R. Good all the World Over

They have been known in millions of homes for over half a century as the trade mark of a remedy as safe and reliable in curing disease and relieving pain, as Bank of England notes are known in the financial world. There is no remedy known to medical science that is so effective in the cure of pain of every or any description—it is sure and positive in its results because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the cause of the pain is driven away and a natural condition restored. If you are troubled with

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# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

should always be in the house of every family, its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief. It is unrivaled as a preventive and cure for all

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Tourists, Camping Parties, Summer Visitors to the country, will find RADWAY'S READY RELIEF a valuable accession to their outfit. It takes up but little room—is not expensive—and saves often a world of trouble. Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water, &c. It is better than French brandy or bitter as a stimulant.

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Radway's Ready Relief Radway's Blood Purifier Radway's Pills

## CHOIR BOYS ARE HARD TO FIND

ONE PRECENTOR WHO OFFERS  
A BONUS FOR REALLY  
GOOD VOICES.

How scarce choir boys are, may be inferred from the fact that one leading New York choirmaster is offering a bonus of five dollars to his boys for every likely newcomer they bring into the choir. If hard pressed for new material, he raises this bonus to ten dollars.

Any boy with a naturally true ear and a clear voice—though it may be weak—can do this work. From 9 to 10 years, to 15 years of age, in some cases, their voices are serviceable, unless the reprehensible practice of retaining them as alto is resorted to. The boy also is so very rare, except in this period of voice-setting, that most of the larger boy choirs have men altos. Three men altos give sufficient body for a choir of 35. Even the famous choirs are not often larger than this.

Training one of these choirs is more a task for a patient fisherman than for the emotional musician. After the boy voice is caught, it must be gently handled, nursed and protected, and at the moment when all his faculties are trained for the work, and the boy's imaginative power is developing so that he really interprets as he sings, snap goes the line, and the precious game is lost. Only by keeping up the influx and having boys in all stages of growth can a choirmaster insure against the future. If it were not for this constant change of personnel, the work of a long and well-trained choir of boys would approximate perfection. So nice are their perceptions, so alert do they become, so wonderfully do they acquire the musician's equipment of reading, rhythm, and expression, that it is the greatest satisfaction to work in this field for those who possess the necessary qualities of head and heart.

The average choir boy is a manly little fellow, with a love of mischief and fair play. An appeal to the generous side of his nature is always successful. The greatest difficulty of a choirmaster is, however, not the training of the boy, but teaching him to take care of his health and voice. How hard a task this is, even when the boys are under constant supervision, any parent will realize. Above all things, a boy loves to shout and make extraordinary noises with his vocal apparatus. Besides, no boy willingly encumbers himself with overcoat or rubbers, nor can he refrain easily from snowdrifts and puddles.

In old St. Luke's Cathedral at Portland, Me., twenty years ago, it was a regular custom for a new boy to be initiated by ducking him in a snowdrift after his first rehearsal in winter. In summer other customs, equally disadvantageous to the voice, prevailed. With what tremors the new boy, after laying as long as possible, started through the dark cloister, on either side of him the huge Maine drifts, in front of him a hidden group of ominously quiet "old-boys." A chorus of shouts arose, a rush and a push, and over the rail the neophyte went down ten feet into a six-foot drift. This memory will always have its thrill and ecstasy. —New York Evening Post.

## MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN CHILDREN

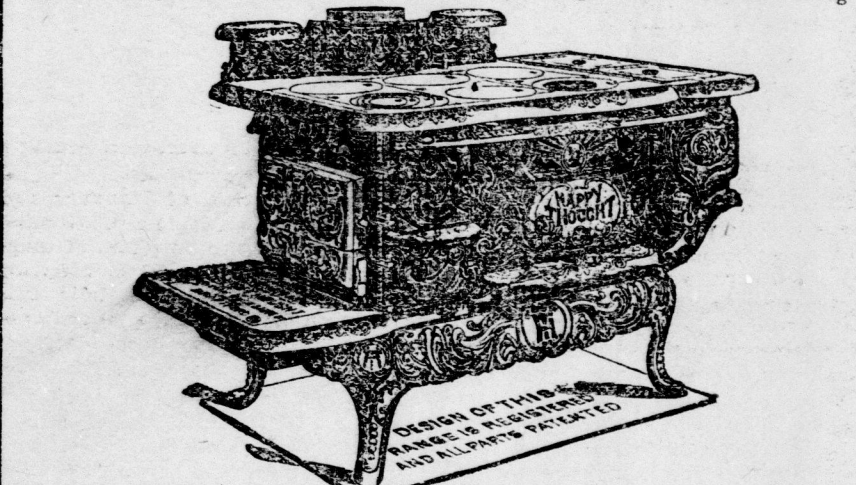
Down at Camaguey, Cuba, not long ago, I found a wonderful baby—a little girl 10 months old—who can walk and speak two languages. She is the daughter of Rev. Mr. Gilbert, a Methodist clergyman, formerly from Atlanta. He has charge of the mission schools in Puerto Principe Province, and has been there five years. His wife is a Cuban, and a very attractive woman. She talks very little English, and when it is with her the precious child hears nothing but Spanish. When with her

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is so admirably suited to the requirements of every home. In mild weather the fire can be immediately checked after cooking is through; in winter it answers the purpose of a heater, while at the same time giving the highest satisfaction in cooking.



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Brantford Montreal Winnipeg

For Sale By  
SUTHERLAND BROS.  
LONDON.

## ROYALTIES' CARRIAGES.

When King Edward VII. came to the throne reductions were made in all departments, and it was no longer possible for his majesty to provide horses and carriages from the stables at Buckingham Palace for the rest of the royal family. So, after a certain time, the King gave each of his sisters a carriage and a pair of horses; thenceforward they had to provide their own stables and all things connected with them.

Of course most of the royal princesses and princesses have motors nowadays; not so, however, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who go about in a roomy brougham, adorned with two corners and two coats-of-arms. The duke, however, takes a great deal of exercise, and may often be seen walking back to Kensington Palace for luncheon; or, indeed, if the weather be bad, taking advantage, at a pinch, of the humble Hammermith bus—T-B-B.

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father she hears nothing but English, and prattles fluently in both languages. When I called upon Mr. Gilbert at Camaguey, the little midjet was running around on all fours, the first to her father, then to her mother, and then to me, talking Spanish and then English in a very cunning way. When I asked her age, Mr. Gilbert told me that she was 10 months old that very day.—Washington Star.

PLEASANT AS SYRUP—Nothing equals it as a worm medicine. The name is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

## Stomach Troubles of Long Standing

WERE CURED BY DR. CHASE'S  
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS WHEN  
DOCTORS' TREATMENT FAILED.

Doctors failed to cure Mr. Dr. Courcy because they were satisfied to treat the stomach instead of getting at the cause of trouble in the liver and bowels. The most complicated and deep-seated digestive troubles yield to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills because of their direct and combined action on the liver, kidney and bowels. We are continually receiving such letters as the following one in regard to the failure of mere stomach treatment:

Mr. Patrick De Courcy, Midgell, lot 40, P. E. I., writes: "For some time I had stomach trouble, and was scarcely able to do anything at all. I was treated by doctors, but they did not seem to do me any good. A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I did so to very great advantage, for my old trouble has disappeared, and though past middle age I feel young and hearty again. I have great confidence in Dr. Chase's medicine." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.