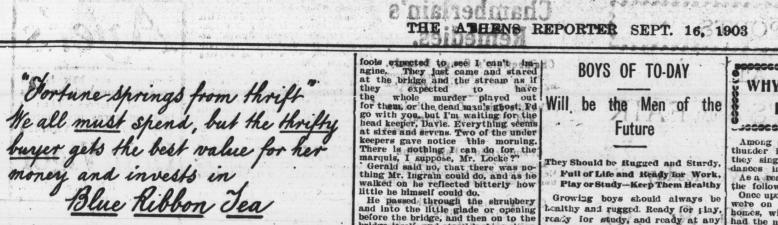
THE ATTERN DEPOSITOR OF A DEPT.



fools expected to see I can't imp agine. They just came and stared at the bridge and the stream as if they expected to have the whole murder played out for them, or the dead man's ghost. Fd go with you, but I'm waiting for the head keeper, Davie. Everything seems at sizes and sevens. Two of the under keepers gave notice this morning. There is nothing I can do for the marquis, I suppose, Mr. Locks?" Geraid said no, that there was no-thing Mr. Ingram could do, and as he walked on he reflected bitterly how little he himself could do. He passed through the shrubbery and into the little glade or opening before the bridge, and then on to the bridge itself, and stood looking down at the stream, which was bubbling along as giddily and light-heartedly as ever, singing bitthely as it had sung while the deed of blood was be-ing done. I

course there was nothing to be glean-ed by inspecting the scene. As Ingram had said, there had apparently been no struggle, no conflict. Charles Sher-win had been killed at once by that sharp, swiftly dealt blow of the gro-tesque dagger. The rail of the bridge was a low one little more than two fort bigh The mardered man had evidently staggered back against it as the dag-ger struck him, and had either over-balanced or been pushed over by the hand that had dealt the stab.

hand that had dealt the stab. There again ! Gerald could not bring himself to imagine the marquis guilty of thrusting his vletim into the stream, or even leaving him there. He was far more likely to call for assistance, and ex-claim, "I have killed this man! Take In up, see to him !" It seemed impossible to Gerald that such a man as Lord Nairne should come back to the house and

eave the dead man lying out in the silent night. Ellent night. The marguls might be passionate, vengeful, utterly unable to control his temper; but no one who knew him, however slightly, could deem him capable of cowardice and mean-

d him, however slightly, could deem him capable of cowardice and mean-ness. Gerald stepped off the bridge and went down the bank, standing look-i where the body had been found; then he went up again, and slowly made his way back toward the house, feeling jage as helpless as when he had entered the grounds, and he was rather startled at seeing A which stood in a little leafy recess by the walk.

by the walk. It was Luigi Zanti, and he was sitting with his head leaning on his hands, his whole attitude eloquent of

melancholy brooding. He raised his head as Gerald's He raised his head as deraid's step reached his ears, and Ger-ald was startled by the change wrought in the blind man's face. It was, as Ingram had sald, as if the Italian had grown old since his master and friend had been taken from him.

from him. "Signor Zanti," he said. Luigi half rose, then sank hack. "It is you," Mr. Locke," he said. "I thought I knew the step, but my hearing seems confused. I—" He broke off with an earnest entreaty. "You have seen him? Has he sent

"You have seen him? Has he sent me any message? Surely he has sent one word to me?". Gerald sat down beside him. "Yes," I have just left him," he replied. "He did not send you a message, Luigi, but you will not think he has forgotten you, because be has not spoten of you He speaks he has not spoken of you. He speaks of no one, indeed, he says very little

"The strong suffer in silence," mur-mured Luig, his hands clasped tightly, "and he is strong. I know "The strong suffer in stence, had mured Luigi, his hands clasped tightly, "and he is strong. I know him. There is no one who knows him hetter—so well—as I do. He will not speak—" He stopped, as if he suddenly remembered that he was not alone. Gerald looked at him thoughtfully. "You do not ask me how I am getting on with the case, Luigi," he said.

he said. Luigi Zanti shook his head. "No," he said. "You will do all that can be done." "I-whall try." assented Gerald, gloomily. "But it is hard, uphill work, when one has so little to go upon and when one's own client de-

BOYS OF TO-DAY Will be the Men of the

They Should be Rugged and Sturdy Full of Life and Ready for Work.

Among some tribes of indians the thunder is held in great reverence; they sing songs to it, and have dances in its honor. As a reason for doing this they tell the following story: Once upon a time threee young men were on the war path from their hones, when the youngest of them had the misfortune to break his leg. By Indian' law, it became the duty Growing boys should always be Loalthy and rugged. Ready for play, ready for study, and ready at any time for a hearty meal. This condi-By Indian 'law it became the duty of the other two warriors to carry the youth safely to his home. So tion denotes good health, but there are entirely too many who do not come up to this standard. They take the youth safely to his home. So they made a rude litter and carried him on it until they became tired. Finally they came to a range of mountains and, as the trail was then nod it was hand work to ensure no part in the maniy games all healthy boys incluige in ; they are stoop thy boys incluige in; they are stoop-should ored, duil and listless; they complain of frequent headaches, and their appetite is variable. Some-times parents say, "Oh, they'll out-igrow it." But they won't-it's the blood that's out of condition, and instead of getting better they get worse. What boys of this class re-quire to make them bright, active and strong is a tonic, something that will build up the blood and make the nerves strong. There is no medisteep and it was hard work to carry the youth any further, they laid the litter down and went to one side, where they held council together. "Lot us leave our wounded com-pasion where he is," said one. "It is too much work to carry him far-

"Agreed," said the other. "We will say that he was killed by the enemy and no one will ever be the wiser, for he will certainly die, if we leave him here." So the wicked men threw the youth

Among some tribes of Indians the

LOVE THUNDER. ------

WHY INDIANS

that will build up the blood and make the nerves strong. There is no medi-cine that can'do this as quick'y and as effectively as br. Will ams Pink Pills. Mrs. Mary Compton, of Merrit-ton, Ont., tells what these pills did for her sixteen-year-old son. She suys: "About two years ago my son Samuel began to decline in health. He grew very pale and thin, and at timts experience: serious werk spells, coupled with a tired, worn-out feel-ign, and as the weeks went he he Wo the wicked men threw the youth into a deep cleft in the rocks and went on their way home to the vil-lage. When they had come there they reported that the boy had died from wounds received in a fight with the enemy. Great was the grief of the back

Great was the grief of the boy's groaned at the loss of her son. But the youth was not dead. As couf1:d with a tired, worn-out feel-ign, and as the weeks went by he grew worse. This alarmed me, for my husband had died of what the doctors called pernicious anaemia, and I feared my son was going the same way. I had, often read that Dr. Williams' Pink Fills would chre anae-

But the youth was not dead. As he lay in the cleft in the rocks where the wicked warriors had thrown him, he saw, sitting a lit-tie way off, a strange looking old man, who said to him, "Ah, my son, what have your friends done to you?" "They have left me here to die," I suppose," replied the youth with calmness, for he was ashamed to show that he was afraid. "Oh, you will not die if you will agree to do as I require," said the man, "I will make you well again, but in turn you must be my slave, and hant for me all the rest of your life."

life." To this the youth agreed, as he saw no other way out of his predica-ment; and the old man (who was not an old man at all, but a porcupine who had accurate the share of Poor and watery blood is the cause of nearly all diseases, and it is be-cause Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act who had assumed the shape of an old man) cured him of the hurts and soon had him hunting for him and bringing home the game he killed to the cleft in the rocks.

cause Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood, both enrich-ing it and increasing the quantity, that they cure such troubles as an ae-nita, rheumatism, indigestion, neural-gla, heart troubles, incipient con-sumption and the various aliments that affilet so many women. These pills may be had from 'any dealer in medicine, or will be sent postpaid at 500. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If you value Whenever you kill anything which is too heavy for you to carry, call me and I will come and help you," said the old man. All winter the youth hunted for his master. One day when the spring had come the youth killed a big bear which was too heavy for him to carry to the cleft in the rocks alone. "Now I will go and call the old

your health never allow a dealer to persuade you to take something else. Now I will go and call the old nan," he said.

man," he said. But, just as he was stooping down to feel of the bear and see how fet he was, he heard a murmur of voices behind him, and, turning in surprise. on his white face, which was not on his white face, which was not lost on Gerald. "No, I have not sent for her, for the hest of all reasons," he replied. "I do not know where she is. No one knows. Nothing has been heard of, or from, her since she left, the morn-ing often the modes."

to reer of the pear and see how fet he was, he heard a nurmur of voices behind him, and, turning in surprise, beheld three men, or figures in the shape of men, who wore cloud-like garments with wings. "Who are you and what are you doing in this wilderness where no man ever comes?" cried the youth. Then they tod him that they were the Thunderers, whose mission it was to go about over the earth doing good, and destroying things which harmed mankind. Just now they were after the old man who lived in the cleft in the rocks, who was no old man at all, but a wicked por-cupine, as they would presently prove to him. "Run back," they said, "and tell or from, her since she left, the morn-ing after the murder." Luigi drew a long breath of re-lief as it seemed to Gerald. "But of course, I could find her," he went on moedily. "I intended do-ing so. I had made out an adver-tissement for the papers..." Luigi raised his head and listened meantheesty. "But the marquis has foroidden Luigi sighed heavily and let his head fall again with an expression

and ran faster and faster, but the and ran faster and faster, but the hunder rumbled nearer and nearer. Then the old man assumed his proper shape of a huge porcupine, and went compering away, shooting his quills cat behind him as he ran. But the thunder followed him with peal after peal until, finally, a bolt of lightning struck him and de-stroyed him. Then the three Thunderers appear-ed again and said to the youth : "Now that our work here is done we will carry you home to your mother, who has been grieving for you all the time."

who has been grieving for you all the time?' So they gave him a cloud suit with wings like their own, and the four swept away through the air to the Indian village where the youth's widowed mother dwelt. It was night when he found him-self in his mother's confield, and, course to the opening of the lodge he

self in his mother's confield, and, going to the opening of the lodge, he drew back the curtain which cov-ered it and stood there in the moon-light. light

light. The widow started up and gazed at him with terror, but he said: "Do not be frightened, mother; it is no ghost, but your long-lost son, who has come back to take care of

who has come back to be any you." Then the widow wept tears of joy, while he told her all his adventures, and they lived happly ever after. And that is why the Indians dance and sing to the thunder.

Linguistic Laziness.

1

The laziest of all laziness, Says. Herbert W. Horwill in the Critic, is the practice of coining unnecessary lew words. It might have been suposed, that, when there is already in existence a word which exactly denotes the idea to be expressed, it would be easier to fall back upon this word than to invent another. In fact, however, it often requires less effort to construct a linguistic monstrosity than to find the term that has been consecrated by good usage. Take, for instance, such words as

extinguishment, revealment, with-drawment, devotement, denotement and startlement. It is not difficult to trace the mental process. The word, extinguish, was in the speak-er's mind. He wanted a noun, and to the wanted a noun, and to er's mind. He wanted a noun, and to stick "ment" on to the verb was an expedient nearer to hand than the search for "extinction." Occasionally the quick change is from the noun to the verb. When a man says, "to ad-ministrate," we may be sure that he first thought of "administration," and that he was then in too great a burry to notice that the calegor

and that he was then in too great a hurry to notice that the analogy with such pairs as celebrate and celebration, would mislead him. I one were making a collection of linguis-tic curios, one might add to it such exhibits as propellation, affirmance.

exhibits as propellation, affirmance, clientage, reminniscential, move-less, traditionary, leisuristic, un-sympathy, and bishoply. In the mind of the offender there seems almost to be lurking a kind of predatory false analogy, which grabs at his expression and distorts them be-fore he can help himself. Is it too late to purify our speech from these mischerons tondencies or

from these mischievous tendencies, or number we be content to shody? Cer-tainly the effectiveness of English as an organ of thought is weakened by the careless use off its vecakened by the careless use off its vocabulary. The creation of redundant words really adds nothing to the resources of a tongue, and the overworking of some words, combined with the un-

derworking of others, means actual derworking of others, means actual impoverishment. Only a pedant would object to the gradual expansion of the dictionary by means of the ad-option of new kiloms and terms. When our ancient metaphors have lost their edge, we may be par-doned if we turn even to colloquial-lams for pointed expressions to take their place. But there is no pro-through confusion.—Chicago Post.

and a share a s you know——" "I know. Well ?" "His lordship was away, wherever he was, for nearly two years; and all that time this man never heard from him. His wages were pald by the solicitors in London, and they told the valet to let them have his address. But not one word came from the marquis, though he was not in the habit of keeping his whereabouts secret, and had always taken the man with him." you know.

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND

WOMAN'S PERFIDY & # #

"Most dreadful case, Mr. Locke," he said gloomily. "I can't believe yet that it's true—I mean, sir, that any-thing of the kind has happened." "It is hard to believe, yes," assent-ed Gerald, looking at the ground that the man might not see his despondency. "It is, indeed, Mr. Locke. To think

"It is, indeed, Mr. Locke. To think that the marquis—one of the highest in the land, sir—should be lying in prison charged with murder! Of course I know he is innocent, but it's the disgrace of being suspected of such a crime, to say nothing of being in prison, that knocks me over. Just think of such a noble, warm-hearted man being accused of such a dreadful deed. Why, look at his friendship for deed. Why, look at his friendship for

the signor 1 Do you think that a man who would saddle himself for life with a poor blind man—and you know how attentive, and gentle, and thoughtful he is with him—is the kind of man to stab a fellow creature in the back? Oh !"-and Mr. Ingram burst out with a passionate oath-"it drives me mad to hear people talk : bout it. But it will all come right, Mr. Locke !" And he looked at Gerald anyionsky erald anxiously. Gerald looked down.

Yes-we hope so," he said. "Yes,

"Hope so! exclaimed Ingram. "Well! and he swore again, "if any-thing happens to the marquis, Mr. Locke, there will be two murders instead of one!

stead of one !" "Hush!" said Gerald, glancing at the windows warningly, for In-gram's voice had grown terribly dis-tinct in his indignation.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of any one hearing me, sir," he said bittery "Lady Scott is lying ill-quite prostrated—in her rooms in the south wing, and otherwise the house is nearly empty. There was no use in keeping a pack of servants waliing and creeping about the place, de-Ing and creeping about the piace, de-claring they saw ghosts, and the rest of it, and I packed them off. Not, mind, that any of them believed his lordship guilty! No, every one of 'em thinks as I think. It's my be-lief thet menre of them result here. the thinks as I think. It's my be-lief that many of them would have taken his place if that had been pos-sible, for," bitterly, "with all his wildness and evil temper, his lord-ship had a knack of winning the heart of everybody in the household. You never heard him bully and blus-You never heard him bully and blus-ter as some of your goody-goody men do! No! It was always a smile, and a kind word, however, sad he might be, and until Miss Elaine came he was nearly always sad and ab-sent-minded." Gerald Locke looked up.

"Why?" he asked. Ingram shook his head. "I can't say, sir. No one knows. There was something in his past life-up there in London most like seemed to change and al-

"Yes!" said Gerald, seating him-self on the stone rail of the steps, and listening intently. "Well?" "Well, sir, the marquis came back "Well, sir, the marquis came back at last from wherever he was, and telegraphed to the valet; and the man went up to London to him. He found the marquis a changed man." found the marquis a changed man." "How?" "Well, to use the valet's own words-he was telling me this last night in his, room; the poor fel-low is as cut up as if the marqufs were his own brother-the change consisted in this: Before he went away, his lordship was gay and light-hearted in all his wildness; but now after he had come head at the

away, his lordship was gay and light-hearted in all his wildness; but now, after he had come back, all the light-heartedness had gone, and he seemed ten years older. He still went about town, even played a bit —all the Nairnes were fond of cards, Mr. Locke—but he seemed to take no interest in anything. And the restlessness, the Wander-ing Jew business which the peo-ple talk so much about, began. The valet tells me that it was not at all an unusual thing for his lord-ship to start for the Continent, or Norway, or anywhere, at a mo-ment's notice. He'd come down here sometimes quite as if he meant to stay, and after a few hours, or a day or two at most, it, would be, 'Field, pack the portmanteau; I am going to-night.'' Gerald Locke modded. "I know; I have heard of his rest-

"I know; I have heard of his rest-

lessness," "Yes, and that wasn't all. Before this time the marquis was fond of the society of ladies; quite the la-dies' man, Field says, and a great favorite with them. And no wonder. You'd find it hard to match his lordship for make and face, Mr. Locke."

Gerald nodded again.

Gerald nodded again. "Go on. All this is important, and may help me, Mr. Ingram." "Well, sir, I hope to God it may! Field assured me that after he had come back the marquis shunned ladies' society. If he went to one of their soires or receptions or balls, or whatever you call them, of their soirees or receptions or two, and go to the club and stay there playing cards or billiards. And he wouldn't visit at country places as he used to do. A complete change seemed to have come over

Future

Play or Study-Keep Them Healthy

ter him. Haunted him, one might

say." Gerald Locke pricked up his ears. Everything, the smallest detail of the life of the man he had under-

taken to save from a shameful death, was of moment to him. "You know nothing of it?" he asked, earnestly. "If so-but I need not tell you how important it is that I should know of anything, however apparently trivial, which might threas a light on the derk might throw a light on the dark

"I don't know. No one knows' said Ingram, "Not even the valet. I've gone so far as to ask him if be had ever heard of anything happening to the marquis that might have made him so quiet and gloomy like

Elaine.

Well ?"

"Well?" "Well, be doesn't. He's been with him for years. No one leaves his lordship's service unless he's oblig-ed. Strange that, for a man who's given to stabbing in the back, isn't it?" be put in, sarcastically. "The only thing he remembers is that at one fime some years back — the than anything. Why, sir, from what I know and have seen of her, I should have seen of her, I should have said that she was the last woman in the world to have deserted her sweetheart in the hour of his adversity " one time some years back — the marquis gave him a long holiday, and said he was going to travel. The valet thinks his lordship went abroad, but he might have gone to Glengowrie, the place in Scotland, versity !" Gerald Locke hung his head.

MAKE BABY FEEL GOOD.

Gerald Locke hung his head, "Miss Delaine was called away be-fore-before the discovery of the murder," he said, hanely. Ingram shook his head. "That's the mystery to me, sir," he said. "Not this murder; that will be cleared up. That Miss Elaine, the believed the science believes. A baby's temper depends upon how be deels. If along he will be cross, worry the mother and annoy everyworry the mother and annoy every-body in the house: if feeling well he will be bright, active and happy. It is easy to keep your baby feeling good by profiting by the experience for mothers who give their little ones Baby's Own Tablets. One of these mothers, Mrs. C. W. Shore, Castle-ton, Ont, says: "Our child, eight months old, has always been trou-bled with indigestion. We had medi-elne from two aloctors and tried cine from two aloctors and tried other remedies without benefit. I clue from two alectors and tried other remedies "without benefit. I then sent for a box of Baby's Own Tablets and found them just what was required. The child is now all right and is doing well." Indigestion, colic, constipation, diarchoca, simple fevers, in fact all the miner allments of Withe ones are

the minor ailments of little ones are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. They always do good and cannot possibly do harm, and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. Sold by druggists or direct by mail, box, by addressing the Dr. Medicine Co., Brockville, Williams' Diac

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places as he used to do. A complete change seemed to have come over him. He was quite altered. Field says that sometimes when he's come into the room he'd find his lordship "Well, lost the only woman he'd ever cared for. Yes, Mr. Locke, I-and

work, when one has so little to go upon, and when one's own client de-clines to help." Lulgi did not look startled or al-armed, but his head sank still lower. "He will say nothing?" he said, after a pause. "Nothing," repeated Gerald, "and that is the very worst course for a man in the marquis' situation to adout toward his lawner's you-can guess that a woman was a the bottom of it. It's always a woman. Don't the French say when ever anything goes wrong, 'Find the woman'? I'm not a French scholar.'

a man in the marquis' situation to adopt toward his lawyer.' "Yes, yes, yes!" breathed Luigi, as if a heavy weight were press-ing down upon his chest and mak-ing it aidcent for nim to speak. Gerald nodded. "Well, sir, that went on till he cam down to the Castle and saw Miss Elaine. And then-well, we know what happened. And for my part 1

"You must do it all alone, without ald, without...." He stopped, and Gerald, who could not resist the temptation, sprang the question upon him suddenly: "Luigi, do you know where Miss Elaine is?" what happened. And for my part 1 can only say that I was not sur-prised. There isn't a lovelier or a sweeter lady in the world than Miss Elaine. No, Mr. Locke, I wasn't sur-prised when I heard of their engage-ment, but I was surprised when I heard that the engagement was broken off, and that Miss Elaine had run away. That worries me more

He saw the blind man start and vince as he shook his head. "No. Why-why do you ask?"

"isn't it a natural question ? Shi was engaged to the marquis-his promised wife-

"She is so no longer," Luigi broke in abruptly. "They parted — there was no blame on either side, re-member that ! She is blameless, faultless. The night—."

"The night of the murder," put n Gerald, distinctly. Luigi winced again, then turned is face to Gerald's keen eyes with

dogged kind of stubbornne 'On the night of the murder, yes at what has that to do with it

"I don't know. Do you?" he added, "Luigi, his face still set and hard,

be cleared up? But that Miss Elaine, the kindest, the nicest lady we know, should leave him just at the beginning of this trouble?" Gerald Locke was shent for a mo-ment and then he said: "And Lady Scott is ill, you say?" "Yea sir, quite knocked over. She's a proof Lady, Mr. Locke, and this carting the marquis off to prison has just knocked her over." "And Signor Zanti?" Ingram shook his head. "No. She has nothing to do with it. Let her alone. Do you want to drag her innocence and purity into the shameful glare of a court of justice. Let her alone, I say!" His voice grew stern and angry. voice grew stern and angry has suffered enough. Besides.

This voice grew stern and angry. "She has suffered enough. Besides." and he seemed to control himself with a great effort, "she could do no good. She could not help him, if you were to find her and drag her into the witness hox. Remem-her that—" said Gerald, in a low voice. Ludgi let his head fall again. "How do Ju know " he remeated Ingram shook his head. "I'm as sorry for him as for any one, excepting the marquis. He-the signor-is just heartbroken. It's dreadfai 'to see him. They talk about a man's hair turning grey in a single night; well, Mr. Locke, if his hair hasn't turned grey, the signor has grown old in a single night."

But

head fall again with an expression of resignation. "He is right," he said at last; "he is right, II-if Elaine were your sister, Gerald Locke, would you wish her to appear in this? Would you not do all, risk all, rather than her purity should be sullied by con-tact with all this shame?"

breathlessly.

me to insert it.

said Gerald "I don't know." I don't know, said Geraid, watching the white, haggard face. It depends. If I thought she could throw any light upon it, help to clear up the mystery, and save an

the safe of the mystery, and save an innocent man, even though she were my sister, I should expect her and desire her to come forward." There was silence for a moment, then Luigi said in a low voice:

"And if she could not save him ! Gerald was silent. Was it possible Luigi Zanti knew something of th truth, and he, too, desired Elaine

"And if she could not save him ?" repeated Luigi with melancholy earestness.

"Then she is better away," said Gerald, with a sigh that was almost a groan. "Luigi, I see-I should be blind-oh, forgive me!"

"Go on." "I cannot help seeing that you know-You know you not tell me?"

Luigi shook his head doggedly. Gerald Locke Jaid his hand upon the blind man's thin arm.

"Consider, for God's sake, consid-r!" he said solemnly. "This is not a light thing. It is a matter of life or death! Of life or death! You know

or death! Of life or death! You know the evidence that has been brought against him." -'I know nr.-yes," responded Luigi with a stifled moan. ''It is-damning! As it stands, with nothing further to strengthen it, it may be sufficient to-to con-demn him. You understand?" ''My God! Yes, I understand," moaned Luigi, the great drops of sweat standing on his white brow. "And neither he, who knows all, nor you, who know something, will nor you, who know something, will speak. Do you intend to "remain si! speak. Do you intend to remain sit-cat? Do you mean to say nothing till the verdict -'gulity "-has been pronounced? For Heaven's sake, Luigi if you can say one word that may help me save your friend-

"A brother could not be dearer to "Well, then!" urged Gerald. (To be Continued.) me !' lips

As Other See Us.

his hair hasn't turned grey, the signor has grown old in a single might." "I are going to the bridge," said Gerald. "Yes, sir? It's pretty quiet there now, but after the news spread the piace ras thronged. What the bed surfly, with a look of terror in' with us."

'Run back," they him to come and help you with the bear." So the youth went and told the cld man that he must come and help carry the bear home. But the old man said he could not go out if the shops are shut, and, if you want to buy anything, you have to ring or knock before you can attract attention. Even then you will very likely the old to call again to-morrow. the vouth to make haste, and the meat was lying. Then they cut up the bear, the old man constantly urging the youth to make haste, and the meat was placed on the old man's shoulders as he directed, the youth at the strength ho showed. Loaded with the bear meat the old man began to run toward the cleft in the rocks as fast as he could, but clouds began to gather rapidly in the distance. The old man threw down his load

Another Cure of **Chronic Disease**

Of the Kidneys and Bowels-Well-known Steamboat Man Endorses Dr.

Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills-Statement Vouched for by Minister.

Mr. James A. Buchner, Port Robin-ton, Ont., was for years a steam boat man, and is favorably known in every port from Cieveland to Mont-real. Until a few months ago he was for years a great s.fferer form kidney disease, rheumatism and con-tipation. Dr. Crass's Kilney-Liver Pills have made him well, and for the benefit of others he has made the statement below: M. Exchart witten: "For many kidney trouble, rheumatism and con-stant sufferer, entirely unit. We was a con-stant sufferer, entirely unit. I became machated; could not sleep, but arcse in the morning tired and enfective till growing worse, and became to severe and discouraged because could obtain no relief from the many meticines used. Triends advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have to be in any way misleading-to the morning tired and enfective the morning tired and enfective the morning tired and enfective the dimense used.

ful that this medicine, came to my bundy when I was in such a miser-able condition. The first box gave re-lisf, and, filled with joy at the