# CANDO CONTRACTOR OF THE CONTRA he True and The False The True

No, no! a court, an army, a legion of angels, could not have saved him when the behest of the Highest summoned him away. He must go in the glorious prime of manhood, in the climax of his power and usefulness—must go and leave his great work unfinished! Oh! mysterious providence. Oh! inscrutable mystery of death and the grave!

of death. It was strange that he hould be ill; unaccountable that he should die. Such was the deep, unexpressed feeling. And: "What caused his illness?" "What could have caused it?" were the questions constantly asked. The cause was this: There was an approaching Presidential election; and the whole country was aroused to that state terious providence. Oh! inscrutable my-stery of death and the grave! And then his sorrow and remorse, and

bitter, bitter disappointment! that was most severe, most insufferable of all. For Falconer was not one to love or hate, revenge or repent in moderation. And since the scales had fallen from his moral vision, and he had seen and understood, appreciated and admired Daniel Hunter he really was, his whole heart had en revolutionized, his whole nature had set toward Daniel Hunter with an ardent, remorsefull, passionate desire; for his approbation. At any time the boy his approbation. At any time the bound have embraced him; could have pressed him to his heart; could have thrown himself at his feet in penitent, passionate acknowledgment. And now his dearest purpose had been to hasten to make dearest purpose had been to hasten to him as to an injured father; to make the most thorough and satisfactory re-nunciation of his former misconceptions and errors and then to cast himself upcertain love of that noble, that magnanimous heart. Yes, he had intended to go to Daniel Hunter, and accuse and abuse himself to him and accuse content; for nothing else could satisfy the demands of his feelings!

True, much of all this had been writ ten in letters to him, but what can a pen do in such a case. Could it demon-strate the power of a felling that it required a lifetime to live out? And he had been hurrying home so eagerly, so joyously for this purpose. Such a son as he had hoped to be to him. Daniel Hunter had no son; but he! for affection, and devotion, and reverence, and service; he would be a dozen sons in one. Oh, yes, if his noble-hearted father-in-law yes, it his hobbe-hearted have had loved him even when he was perverse, how much more would he love him now, when he should prove himself worthy? Oh! very ardent had been his desires, his aspirations; very admirable his resolution; very bright and joyous is hopes.
But now! now! Oh! it is a passing

bitter thing for death to step in be-tween us and our late remorse; a bitter, a severe, an insupportable, a crush-

the young man felt it now, that the poble-hearted friend he had wronged so deeply, known only so lately, and I loved and honored so ardently, yet vainly, was snatched away from repentance! Had purgatory punishment than that?

worse punishment than that?

The remaining hope, the one last poor hope of seeing him yet alive, of clasping his living hand, of gaining one blessing. This hope, this possibility inspred him; lent wings to his action. That night he left New York for the western part of Maryland.

He hurried on, he travelled day and night. But everywhere, everywhere, he heard of Daniel Hunter's extreme illness. In the stage-coaches the conversation of passengers was full of it; at the roadside inns the travelers talked of nothing ele; every paper spoke of it; it seemed to be regarded as a sudden ad great national calamity. He heard various reports, often inconsistent and contrasometimes that Mr. Hunter was dictory; sometimes that Mr. Hunter was in the last extremity; sometime that he was dying; once that he was dead; but this last dreadful rumor was instantly contradicted by another, that assured the people he was better, much better, that there were hopes.

ried on, never stopping for needful rest; posting day and night, praying ever lest his friend should die before he reached his friend should die before he reached there; die before he ceuld sob out, on there; die before he could sob out, on his knee, his bitter repentence, before he could receive forgiveness and his dying and face as he stood the voice, as it reliables to the could receive forgiveness and his dying a six there is the could receive forgiveness and his dying a six the could receive forgiveness and his dying a six the could receive forgiveness and his dying a six the could receive forgiveness and his dying a six the could receive forgiveness and his dying and face as he stood that we have the could receive for the could receive

pened at Howlet Hall.

Yes! it was true. In the midst of his glorious struggle, the champion of poli-tical righteousness had been stricken down with a mortal illness. The news of his attack had spread like wild-fire through the country, carrying a sort of consternation with it. For he whom the destroyer had felled was in every resdestroyer had felled was in every test beet a man of might—one upon whose integrity, strength and power, and, strange as it may appear, upon whose continued existence the people had quietly, blindly reposed. For with him they never remembered to associate the idea

weak and sickly.

entire body.

blacksmith.

NAMAGAMAMA MAMAMAMAMAMAMA

whole country was aroused to that state

whole country was aroused to that state
of political agitation, not to say frantic
madness, into which it is regularly
thrown every fourth year.
Among other things, the old subject
of contention, supposed to be partly
dead and buried under "Hunter's Bill," was revived again, to sway the election.
True, a law had been passed setting it at rest forever. But if Congress made that law, Congress could repeal it again. And at it the politicians went with all their might. And again the nation was divided against itself, section against section. d against itself, section against section ed against itself, section against section, State against State, party against party. neighbor against neighbor, brother again brother, "the father against the son, and the son against the father."

All this was the subject of the bitter-

est disappointment and well nigh despair to the patriot staesman. It seemed indeed a useless as well as thankless task to care and toil for the welfare of a country surrendered to the government of mobs, which were themselved the sport of every caprice; the tools of every successive political adventurer. Yet never had he labored so hard, struggled so desperately in the cause of political integrity as now; he wrote innumerable letters to partisans and opponents; great political essays for the leading journals of the country; travelled from country to country, and from State to State; ad-dressed conventions and mass meetings; dressed conventions and mass meetings, in short, gave nor est to soul nor body, day nor night. And this unremitting toil was attended by the most harassing anxiety, that wore terribly upon his nervous system, and all combined nervous system, and all combined brought about a state in which cause and effect acted and reacted upon each other with fatal power.

The convention of his party met at

the city of — to nominate their candidate for the Presidency. He was a member of that memorable body, and when he arrived unavoidably late upon the first day of the session, he found that n already divided against itself The great, distracting question had ansen among them, and thrown everything else into confusion. He had come thither with the intention of nominating and the found that the found of the found that the supporting General —, 'it he found only half the members with lim. The others were nearly equally divided in favor of Mr. — and Mr. — Mr. Hunter addressed the meeting with even more than his usual power of logic and eloquence—he labored severely to tring the meeting to some unity of feeling, to some harmony of action. nl vain, in vain! For days, for weeks, anarchy reigned in the asseably, which grew daily more tempestuous.

It was on the prink of breaking ap in riot, when Daniel Hunter arose lo last time to address them. I know not what of Divine inspiration was calved by that pale, majestic countenance; but never before had their godlike orator stood before them in such imposing, such commanding, sten sovereign ma-jesty of power. It might be the dark-ness of the grave, and the glory of hea-ven, that marked his speaking center-ance in such strong lines of shade and ven, that marked his speaking vertical ance in such strong lines of shade and light. Every eye was fixed up in 1 m; every ear bent to catch his words; a spirit of prophetic awe subdued the meeting to attention. The spoke; poke people he was better, much better, that there were hopes.

Thus in almost insufferable anxiety and anguish of mind the poor fellow hurried on, never stopping for needful rest; in his manner; he snoke with regurdations. in his manner; he spoke with remend-ous power; those who heard him recelled with wonder and enthusiasm his icrus

and receive forgiveness and his dying essing.

We must leave him hurrying on, and late what had in the meantime haplate with convincing power. We all hearts with convincing power. We all know the speech. in the inclines of legislative oratory it is preserved as the masterpiec of argument and eloquence. It prevailed over the anarchy of the corvention. It secured the nomination of - It succeeded, though be General who made it never knew i'. For at the close of his address Mr. Hunter sat down, amid the silence that followed the silence more eloquent than the loudest aplause—the silence that was fear-

fully broken at length by a voice, exclaiming, in alarm:
"Mr. Hunter has fallen." The meeting arose in a mass. His

He didn't have a strong muscle in his

the family for thirty years prescribed

would think he was apprenticed to a

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:

A Boston schoolboy was tall,

His arms were soft and flabby.

The physician who had attended

To feel that boy's arm you

friends gathered around him. In their arms he was raised.

The fatal intelligence found Mrs. Hunter cheerfully occupied at her writing-table in her morning-room at the hotel, and, alas! how unprepared for the blow! Daniel Hunter—who, by the pressure of political engagements, had been of late much separated from his family—had, upon this occasion, brought his wife and daughter to the city, and taken apartments at the Metropolitan Hotel.

And upon this fatal day Mrs. Hunter, gracefully wrapped in an elegant neglige, sat bending over her writing table. He side her lay a pile of manuscript in stenography, from which she was writing out letters, which she successively laid in a neat pile for signature. For, in the hurry of his business, the lady was acting as her husband's amanuensis.

hurry of his business, the lawy as her husband's amanuensis.

In fact, every morning, after the mail came in, Daniel Hunter received about a hundred letters, more or less, which it was necessary to notice. And before gowas necessary to notice. And before going to the convention for the day, he sat and opened them in succession, rapidly sketching off in shorthand the reply to each, and filing them for his wife to answer during the hours of his absence. Long ago Mrs. Hunter had acquainted herself with the art of stenger with because she said it was an inaphy, because, she said, it was an inraphy, because, she said, it was an in-genious accomplishment, and very con-venient in taking down a paragraph that pleased her in any sermon, lecture or oration; but her principal motive, which she never mentioned, was to be useful in just such frequent emergencies as the present, when she could considerably lessen the burden of the overworked and toiling politician, her husband. And very dear to her heart was this task, for it not only lightened his labors, but secured his society to her for the even

And so he sat, with afectionate diligence, bending over her work, the long, black ringlets, rich and abundant still, black ringlets, rich and abundant still, though here and there a silver thread gleamed undisturbed amid their black-ness,, drooped, half-veiling the pale, in-tellectual face. Once in a while she would lift her head and smile, as she gazed on her beautfiul child-her Maud, gazed on her beautiful calld—her Maud, who sat reading upon an ottoman near her feet. Miss Hunter was in full dinner dress, for she was obliged to receive all callers to whom her mother de-

ceive all callers to whom her mother denied herself that day.

Thus were they busy when the messenger of ill came—without haste, without bustle. There was no noise nor confusion below—no hurrying steps upon the staircase—nothing to herald an approaching fate—nothing to warn them of a calamity at hand. She had just finished the last letter, looked it over to see if it was a fair copy and, finding it all right, had smilingly laid it upon the pile. Smilingly—alas! it was her last smiling moment on earth—and yet the pile. Smilingly—alas! It was ner last smiling moment on earth—and yet she knew it not—suspected it not!

There came a soft tap at the door.

And Mrs. Hunter, supposing it to be a waiter, with a message or card, or some such matter, without looking up from her work of arranging the papers, said:

"Come in." And a quiet, gentlemanly-looking per son, clothed in black, entered, bowing son, clothed in black, entered, bowing, and somewhat deprecatingly advanced

into the room.
Surprised at the unwonted unan unced intrusion of a stranger, the nounced intrusion of a stranger, the lady arose, and, with one hand resting upon the table, stood with perhaps the slightest degree of hauteur in her manner, as she looked her inquiry asto his siness there. "Mrs. Hunter, I presume," said the

gentleman, in a very low voice, approaching and bowing; "Mrs. Hunter?"
"That is my name, sir."

"Madam, I am extremely sorry to in orm you that Mr. Hunter has been taken suddenly ill at the convention rooms
—a stroke of apoplexy, it is feared." Angels in heaven, no!

exclaimed Maud, starting up.

But Mrs. Hunter stood, still and silent, gazing at the messenger of evil, while all the color died slowly, slowly, from her checks—died never to tive ther again.

The lady reeled back as though she must have fallen, and clutched the edge

of the table for support.

Maud, pale as death, rushed to her ide, encircled her waist with her arms, drew her head against her shoulder, snoke to her: "Mother-dear mother-dear, dearest

mother!"

"Be quiet, Maud—be quiet, my dear child. Where is he, sir?" spoke the lady. trying to sustain herself.

"They are bringing him here, madam. They are already here, I believe," answered the messenger, and as he spoke, the sound of many slow and heavy foot-

steps were heard approaching.

They bore the stricken Titan in; they laid him on his bed; anxious and agitated friends were hurried from the room; physicians gathered around the couch, physicians gathered around the couch. How suddenly, how terribly the world was changed and darkened to the sorely-smitten wife and daughter—for them a hideous night had lowered over the earth which was the control of the cart of the court of the cart of th a hideous nightmare settled on their

For many, many hours, Daniel Hunter lay insensible, and for many days thereafter speechless. And, oh! to her, his adoring wife, it was unutterable anguish to hang over him, and witness his ineffectual efforts to speak. That the trumpet-tongued, whose clarion notes had reached and governed multitudes— he, the mighty in field and forum, should be there, so powerless. Oh, awful! oh, inexorable power of death!

His first words, on partially recover-ing his speech, were addressed to Au-

She was standing by him, bending over him, holding and pressing his chilled hand to see if she could impart to it any warmth, looking fondly in his face to catch and interpret his wishes in its expression, when she felt his cold fingers expression, when she felt his countingers gently close upon her own, and met his faded eyes fixed upon hers with ineffable affection, and saw his lips move; and when she bent down her ear to hear his faltering tones, he whispered earnestly, "Wife! wife!" and gazed upon her loved foce till bis dimmed eyes grew warm "Wife! wife!" and gazed upon her loved face till his dimmed eyes grew warm and brilliant with the life of a love "strenger than death." She bowed and kissed the clammy brow, and lips and hands. Nor had she any difficulty in maintaining her composure; for since the physicians had given her to understand there were no hopes of his restoration, the hand of death scened coldly tion, the hand of death scemed coldly

friends gathered around him. In heir closing around her own heart, chilling calming, awing her into a strange resign ation.

The next day, while she was sitting by

The next day, while she was sitting by his bed, he beckoned, and, when she stooped to listen, whispered. "Home, Augusta."

And after a few days she prepared to take him to Howlet Hall. he doctors remonstrated; but he repeated his brief, expressive plea: "Home, Augusta;" and could she withstand it? She had never opposed him in her life and could she could she withstand it? She had never opposed him in her life, and could she begin now? She had never opposed him in the noon of his health, strength and power, and could she do so now in the night of his illness and weakness? No, night of his illness and weakness? No, no, no; forbid it every feeling of love, honor and faith. The doctors told her that the journey might be dangerous. She inquired whether to give it up and detain Mr. Hunter in town could save his life? They frankly answered—no. She then asked whether it would prolong it? They could not promise even that.

it? They could not promise even that.

Their replies confirmed her resolution, and she hastened her preparations accordingly. A very large and commodious carriage was prepared for the invalid's use, and driven by his own coachman. Augusta rode with him to support and nurse him. Maud and her maid followed in the family travelling carriage, which was laden with their baggage and driven by Mr. Hunter's body servant. An eminent physician accomponied the sorrowing party—he rode in his own buggy. They travelled very slowly, with short stages and frequent rests. They arrived at Howlet Hall, and Daniel Hunter was supported to his room cordingly. A very large and commodi-Daniel Hunter was supported to his room and laid upon his bed—a shattered, and laid upon his bed—a shattered, nerveless, dying man.

Though exhausted and failing in al-

most every other respect, Mr. Hunter had recovered the use of speech-though his voice was faint and broken, though his voice was faint and broken, and he conversed but little—chiefly with his dear Augusta. Since his attack it seemed that the wearing cares of politics had lost their hold upon his mind—at least by no word or sign did he manifest the dightest integet in the subifest the slightest interest in the sub-ject that had lately so deeply engaged is whole heart.

But one morning, while she sat in his com, he beckened her to approach, and nquired:
"Have the convention agreed upon

their nomince, do you know, Augusta?"
She could not inform him. She had not looked into a paper for many days. She had not thought; she had not cared about the convention. She thought, she cared only for the stricken form before her. And now that he was to pass away, her. And now that he was to pass a way, it was nothing to her who was nominated; who was dropped. As I said before—noble woman though she was—she was no Spartan matron, who in the good of her country could sink all other good; she was a devoted wife, whose very political opinions had taken character from those of the husband she adored.

Yet now she felt regret that she could Yet now she left regret that she could not answer him satisfactorily. She said she would go into the library and look, over the week's papers, and find out. She went, and in less than half an hour returned and told him that the conventional state of find when their against the same than and the same than and the same than a same tion had not yet fixed upon their cand date, though for the last several ballots the votes for General been steadily on the increase.

A smile played for a moment on his wasted features, and then, beckoning

her to stoop, he whispered:
"Watch the papers, Augusta. Let me

know the moment you see the nomina tion of their candidate settled." She promised to do so, and arranged the pillows comfortably under his head and smoothed the coverlet, and then, at his request, sat on the side of the bed and sang his favorite hymn in a low, melodious, soothing voice, until he fell asleep. She then gave up her watch to Letty and went down to receive the evening mail, which had just then ar-

rived.

There were letters upon letters of inquiry and condolence—but those for the present she shuffled all aside, and sought the last papers. The desired news was there—the nomination of General—was announced in triumphal terms. She took the paper to Mr. Hunter's room to wait there until he should awake. She dismissed Letty, and took her place at the her heart grew sick-for, oh! a fearful change had come upon that face, a pur-ple darkness had fallen in the hollows of his eyes and cheeks, an expression, in-describable, but warning of approaching dissolution, had settled upon his countenance. He was not asleep; she could see that; and she bent over him to tell him, according to her promise.

(To be continued.)

# BABY'S WELFARE MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE

The one chief desire of the mother is that her little ones shall be healthy, bright and good natured. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure Own Tablets. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other little ills of childhood. Mrs. E. LeBrun, Carillon, Que, says: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to my baby. I have used them to regulate her stomach and bowels, and for teething and always with the best of results." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Hundred Years to Come. Where, where will the birds that sing, A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring, A hundred years to come?
The rosy cheek, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now?
Where, where will be our hopes and fears,
Joy's pleasant smiles and Sorrow's tears.

Whe'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Whe'll tread you alsies with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth?
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves will sleep
A hundred years to come,
No loving soul for us to will weep
A hundred years to come,
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our homes will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

The talipot palm of Ceylon grows to the height of a hundred feet, and its leaf is so large that it will cover from sixteen to twenty men like



### CANADIAN CHEESE.

To the Editor - - ---Sir,—Mr. Geo. H. Barr, a member of my staff, who was official referee of butter and cheese at Montreal last season, in speaking of his work at the re-cent dairy convention held at Picton, Ont., made the statement that "only 2 per cent. of the cheese which he exam-ined were of No. 1 grade." This state-ment has been widely quoted as show-ing a serious condition in the Canad-ian cheese trade. As there is nothing in he statement itself or in the facts

the statement itself or in the facts of the case to warrant such a conclusion, I ask your permission to make the following explanation.

As Mr. Barr explained in his statement, he examined less than half of 1 per cent. or about one lot out of every 200 lots of cheese received at Montreal during the season, and further, as he was asked to examine only those lots which had been condemned by the purchasers it is not surprising that only 2 per cent. were first grade. The showing is a remarkably good one rather per cent. were first grade. The showing is a remarkably good one rather than a bad one. As a matter of fact, the quality of Canadian cheese never stood as high as it does at the present time. as high as it does at the present time. More improvement has been made in the last year or two than for many years previous. The writer has just returned from a lengthy visit to the markets of Great Britain and can speak with confidence on that point.

By giving space to this explanation, you will greatly oblige.

J. A. Ruddick,

Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner.

# FROZEN MILK.

Method of Preservation Yet to Be Tested on Large Scale.

Whenever milk is scarce in the cities somebody comes forward and suggests that it be shipped from distant points n a frozen condition.
This idea has been frequently sug

gested during the past years, but it does not seem to be coming into practical use. The latest suggestion is that the use. The latest suggestion is above the fresh milk should be trozen by submerging the sealed cans in brine chilled far below the melting point of ice. The milk would not only be frozen, but would be cooled still further to a hard, dry ice, which, it is claimed, would remain the best for repursel for a day a the solid form after removal for a day or two before the entire mass would rise to a melting point, the keeping qualities being much superior to that of milk which is merely frozen at common

temperature,

The operating plan would be to establish a freezing plant at the creameries
and milk stations, the frozen product to be shipped in ordinary cans, thus doing away with the present high cost of refrigerating cars.
It is claimed that frozen milk kept

over a month in a refrigerating room showed no change in taste on thawing, and that the cream remained evenly mixed throughout the solid mass, no rising, as it would when milk is merely kept liquid at low temperature. Milk for freezing would need to be in fresh, clean condition when frozen, else its keeping period would be very short after melting. If this plan ever comes into melting. If this plan ever comes into favor it would greatly increase the com-petition in the business of supplying milk in the great crites.

#### Dry Farming. (Christian Endeavor World.)

Every American should be greatly interested in the wonderful advance of pos-sibilities for the West owing to the dis-covery that much of the land heretofore thought to be arid can be farmed with great profit without irrigation. By "dry farming" the wheat belt has already been moved into Eastern Colorado fairly to the foot of the Rockies, and where the line will stop no one can predict. These Colorado dry lands, that had been ing, produced last year an average of 25 bushels of wheat to the acre, thus lead-

the entire country.

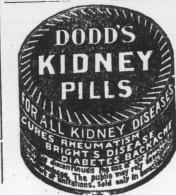
The steam plow is the chief factor in the miracle. It will plow, pack, harrow and seed thirty or forty acres a day, at a cost, including seed, of less than two dollars an acre. The plowing and seeding are one operation, so that there is no chance for the ground to lose what moisture is in it. Moreover, the modern farner drives his weeder and harrow with out compunction through his growing wheat, not minding if he does destroy some of the stalks, knowing how necessary it is to preserve the moisture by breaking up the soil. It is believed that if the land is thus cultivated, at least five hundred million acres of land west of the Missouri River, that have been considered arid and barren, may be transformed without irrigation into enormously productive wheat fields.

# HERD OF 20,000 SHEEP.

Moved to Winter nange in Utah Under Heavily Armed Escort.

Under the escort of a small sized army of heavily armed men combined herds of 20,000 sheep are being driven from the summer ranges in Montrose County, Col., to the winter ranges in Utah. In order to reach the latter section it

was pecessary to pass through that por-tion of the western slope heretofore used exclusively by cattlemen. Because of the alleged damage done by sheep to grazing lands, cattlemen strenuously ob-ject to their presence in any numbers



whatsoever and frequently in the past

whatsoever and frequently in the past attempts to drive across a cattle range have resulted in assaults on the herds, murders and the wholesale slaughter of sheep as a warning that the offences must not be repeated.

This year the flock masters who summered their sheep in Montrose County combined for protection and are driving their animals in one big bunch in charge of thirty herders with ninety armed men as guards. This typical western caravanhas so far met with no determined opposition.

sition.

The 20,000 woolies make an impressive sight, stretching in a solid mass almost as far as the eye can reach.—Den-

Great Forest Reserves of Nevada.

The national forest reserve in Nevada ow reaches the enormous total of 8,-528,479 acres, says the San Francis Chronicle. The total acreage of the State, including water surface, is some-State, including water surface, is something over 71,000,000. Therefore the forest reserve comprises more than one acre in every ten. The last reserve formed was the Las Vegas National Forest, locally known as Sheep Mountains. It covers an area of 195,840 acres and is the eighth to be formed in the State.

the State.
In addition to this the Sec In addition to this the Secretary of the Interior has announced the withdrawal of 616,451 acres in White Pins and Nye counties, to be added to the national forest reserve, making a total of over 9,000,000 acres that all have een withdrawn in a short

# THE COST OF GOOD HEALTH

# Will Be Lessened By the Timely Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

How much money is wasted on useless medicines. How much time is lost; how much pain endured simply because you do flot find the right medicine to start with. Take the earnest advice of thousands who speak from experience in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you well save time, money and above all, will find perfect health. Proof of this is found in the statement of Mr. J. A. Roberge, a well known resident of

found in the statement of Mr. J. A. Roberge, a well known resident of Lachine, Que., who says: "I am a boatman, and consequently exposed to all conditions of weather. This exposure began to tell on my health. The cold lead to weakness, loss of appetite, pains in the limbs and side. I tried several medicines but they did not help me. My condition was appetite, pains in the limos and said. I tried several medicines but they did not help me. My condition was growing worse and a general breakdown threatened. I slept poorly at night and lost much in weight, and began to fear that I was drifting into chronic invalidism. One day while reading a newspaper I was attracted by the statement of a fellow sufferer who had been cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had spent much money without getting relief, and I hated to spend more but the cure was so convincing that I decided to give these pills a trial. I am now more than thankful that I did so. After the first couple of weeks they began to help me, and in seven weeks after I began the pills I was as well as ever I had been. I am now convinced that had I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset I would not only have been weeks and the sevent would have the outset I would not only have been spared much suffering, but would have saved money as well."

Rich, red blood is the cure for most

of the ailments that afflict manking.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually
make new rich blood. That is why they cure such common ailments as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, heart indigestion, rheumatism, neuraiga, nearpalpitation, erysipelas, skin troubles, and
the headaches, backaches, sideaches and
other ills of girlhood and womanhood.
The pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six
boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bioodhound Tracking in England. ful official employment of the blood hound in the public service was that of nound in the public service was that of the lost girl, Miss Campbell, in Ayrshire, a year or so ago, when the Provost of Gatehouse sent to Mr. George Oliphant, Secretary of the Bloodhound Hunt Club, for these hounds

for three hounds. These hounds were three days at work on the scent, in most difficult and treacherous country, and succeeded in carrying the search party to the edge of a pool, at which they threw up the search, and from which on its being dragged the body of the missing girl was recovered.

The bloodhound has the same instincts for guarding his master as any dog or hound possesses, though he does not hurt the man he has hunted.—Fry's Maga-

# Missouri Sale Bill 61 Years Ago.

State of Missouri. County of Pike. To State of Missouri, County of Pike. To whom it may concern: The undereigned will Tuesday, September 29, A. D. 1846, sell at public outcry for cash on premises, where Coon Creek crosses on the Misouri road, the following chattels, to wit: Nine yoke of oxen with yoke and chain, two wagons with beds, three nigger wenches, four buck niggers, three nigger boys. two prairie plows, twentyger wences, four buck niggers, three nigger boys, two prairie plows, twenty-five steel traps, one barrel pickled cabbage, one hogshead of tobacco, one lot nigger hoes, one spinning wheel, loom, three foxhounds, a lot of coon, mink and sturk skins and a lat of other arts. and skunk skins and a lot of other arit-cles. Am gwine to California.

Richard Roe, Cryer. Free headcheese, apples and hard cider at noon.—Humansville Leader.

Told the Teacher. Freddie had just returned from his first day at school: Auntie—What did you learn?

Auntie—What did you loarn Freddie—Didn't learn anything. Auntie—Well, what did you do? Freddie—Didn't do anything. The was a woman wanting to know how spell "cat," and I told her.

The Sick Man's Dial. And the evening and the morning Were another day,-How wore the afternoon And the night away?

Weary is the afternoon and weary is the night; but the little hour that