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Horsford's Acid Phosphate

is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

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Art Notes.

No sketch of Sargent's career would be complete without reference to his success in England, where not only the cultured admire him, but even the sometime antagonistic Philistine element is beginning to acknowledge him. The earliest picture of his which I recollect seeing in the Academy was the portrait of the Three Misses Vickers. This canvas when hung in the salon (where it was first exhibited) seemed to be a vivid piece of impressionistic portraiture—I mean "impressionistic" in that wider sense which the word used to have before a certain school monopolized it to designate their own very narrow conception of how nature should be translated into pictures. But the Vickers portrait, as seen on the walls of the Academy, was a somewhat startling apparition; for, surrounded as it was by the painstaking efforts of British mediocrity, it looked a trifle like a joke. It exhibited none of the traces of pain, none of that plodding conscientiousness which is so highly commended by the English Press, and which is considered by a large section of the public to be the stamp of the highest order of art.

The year following the exhibition of the Vickers picture Sargent sent to the Academy a work which *The Standard* described as an "at first baffling and unexpected but finally fascinating picture." The critic says further: "Mr. Sargent has noted down and artistically intensified what he saw at the very beginning of evening in an English country garden—even though part of what he saw was several Japanese lanterns, all aglow, and two refined and lovely children gravely charmed with the cheap spectacle. For, besides the delightful little girls and the garish lanterns which they took so seriously, Mr. Sargent saw and painted with equal subtlety, the tender

greyness and the quietude of the beginning of night—had the sense of the serenity of the late Summer, and of its splendid abundance in flower and leaf; the little homely garden bursting, as it were, too full to hold its crowd of blossoms—'carnation, lily, lily rose.' This is a picture before which intelligent people, if they chance to come to mock, are likely to remain to praise. But they must take it quietly, and they must take it by itself. Near it—horribly near it—hang many works of an entirely virtuous mediocrity, in which the thing that has been seen a hundred times is seen again, by no new eyes. That at first bids fair to be very fatal to Mr. Sargent. For it is his distinction to come with new eyes, and to see the new thing. His picture is eccentric by the respectable—a vagary by the side of that which is made by the machine. Isolate it, if it is possible to do so, and you understand—and then not at once—its value and curious beauty."

The English have "remained to praise"; and Sargent to-day is actually in receipt of numerous portrait commissions from the hands of people of no especial culture. The "Carnation" picture was bought by the Royal Academy and is now perhaps the most noteworthy of a rather mixed assortment of purchases most of which are to be seen on the walls of the South Kensington Museum. The portraits of Mrs. William Playfair, Henselt, Ellen Terry, and a host of others have appeared since he set up his studio in Tite Street. And he seems to have found time to make pilgrimages to the States and paint the wonderful child-and-parrot portrait, a Senator or two, and a large decoration for a ceiling. He is still a young man—about thirty-six or so—of a dark complexion, and bearded. In manner he is reserved; in dress he is conventional. But the best gauge of his significance is his pictures, for it seems to me likely that if a handful of painters are to occupy the position in this century that was enjoyed by Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney in the last, Sargent will be of that handful.

E. WYLY GRIER.

In Deep Despair.

A MONTREALER RELATES HIS WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

He Had Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and was operated Upon Without Success, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When all Other Medicines Failed.

From the *Montreal Herald*.

Instances of marvellous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also to the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Aqueduct street, and who resides at 54 Argyle Avenue, in an interview with a *Herald* reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is 25 years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while sculling on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on the street, and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition, when I rallied, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue. I called in a physician, who prescribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M.D., who also prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his sugges-

tion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year, as I wished to get cured. All this time my urine was tainted with blood, although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation was suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition re-



Caught in a Storm on the Clyde.

maining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians, but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again; but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but none could cure that bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was listless and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale and ill-looking, no doubt owing to loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the *Montreal Herald*, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store, and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'If they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to make a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now and have had no recurrence of the trouble, and as you can see, the flush of health shows itself in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation in vain is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$2.00 or \$3.00 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone."

"I am willing," said Mr. Frank, in conclusion, "to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow-men and a matter of gratitude to the marvellous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think everyone should try them."

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT. Andrew King, Halifax.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT. Lt.-Col. C. CREWE READ, Sussex.

I was cured of acute Rheumatism by MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT. C. S. BILING, Markham, Ont.

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