BACHELOR GIRL IN A BASEMENT

THE PART THAT PUSSY PLAYED IN SECURING HAPPINESS FOR THE YOUNG WOMAN.

One Way to Solve the Problem of High Rents—The Telephone and Easy Means of Squandering Money - Flat Life.

This is the true story of how a Bachelor Girl came to live in a basement with a cat. The Bachelor Girl was by nature a plunger. She put her best foot foremost every time and kept a stiff upper lip, as do many such girls in the whirl and turmoil of New York life, be it said to their credit. But in the case of this particular Bachelor Girl, the plunging had been of a nature so heavy that it was a time to put a stop to it, or the foot she put foremost would be minus a shoe. By plunging is meant that she spent nearly all the money she made on the rent of her flat.

When one rents a flat in an apartment house in New York, it is not the nominal rental, be it $40, $50, or $60, which mounts up, so much as the attendant expenses, as every one knows. The telephone bills, the gas bills, the tips to the elevator boy which are necessary if one desires to live in peace with the world, the tips to the janitor and janitress.

For example, her gas bill had grown to be a nightmare with the Bachelor Girl. She had attempted to reduce it, and failed. In spite of the fact that she bought candles by the box, and candles are far more prevalent in New York than anyone would dream they are; in spite of the fact that she lighted them instantly upon entering with a party of friends, insisting smilingly meantime that the mellow, yellowish light of the candle was far better for the eye than the flare of the gas jet, which is really true; in spite of all this, her gas bill grew and grew.

It was the same with her telephone bill. Her telephone hung right in the hall where her friends could see it at once upon entering. As a matter of fact it slapped them right in the face. It instantly, moreover, suggested innumerable messages which should be delivered at once.

It seemed to the Bachelor Girl that her friends finally saved up all their important messages until they visited her. It was, "Dear, may I use your telephone a minute?" until she was sick and tired of the word telephone, knowing full well that the bill at the end of the month would deprive her of much-needed wearing apparel.

Of course, keeping her stiff upper lip and showing a bold front to the world, she was obliged to smile and say, "Why, certainly," but it got to be, by and by, that she said this, "Certainly," in a faint, weak voice, and the smile became hardly discernible, so much indeed, that a few of her friends could hardly notice it at all.

And this was where the cat came in.

The Bachelor Girl was extremely fond of cats. She, as a child, contracted a yearning for them, and as she grew older the yearing took hold of her more deeply. She restrained this yearning, knowing full well its fatal indication in the case of bachelor girls. She would permit a kitten, a very young kitten to enter her flat, but the moment this kitten assumed the proportion of a cat, she excluded it hastily. Perhaps it is not well known, but the fact remains that, while fondness for kittens does not stamp a bachelor girl as an old maid, fondness for full-grown cats does.

As fall came on and the Bachelor Girl found herself in dire need of winter clothes, she looked about her for a place to live in which the rent would leave her a little change for flannel petticoats.

"One-half of New York doesn't know how the other half lives," but in Bohemian circles it is not out of the ordinary for artist and others of slender purses to fit up the basements of antiquated brown-stone-front houses in and about Washington Square and elsewhere; take up their abode within, and still be recognized.

True, there are some slight objections in the way of ash barrels and views from back windows, which too often display only a slight rift of blue skies looking up through line upon line of the week's wash; but there are those who declare that, given a few decorations in the way of old blue steins, large blue plates, shelves, a rug or two, and a couple of barrels cut in the shape of chairs, fitted with a more or less stationary bottom which serves as a seat, cushioned and set in opposite corners; a basement is not so half a bad place to live in as a matter of fact.

The Bachelor Girl found one of these basements which had been decorated in rather a pretty way by a vacating friend, and moved in.

It was a raw, damp day when she moved in, and cheerless. There was no glittering lobby, no chocolate-colored boy at the desk, telephone glued to ear, ready to exclude unwelcome visitors for her, or to welcome those she wanted to see.

Instead, behold the hand-organ man, lopping up to the basement door, with the monkey tied to his string, demanding coin, and upon being refused, backing away hissing, both monkey and man.

Then when the ash man removed the barrels, the ashes flew in her window and face without 'phoning her for permission, without saying a word. Then the scissors grinder stood and rang his bell before her basement door until he was black in the face and so was she.

Added to which, the long, low rooms were damp and chill. The vacating artist had used a stove. To the dismay of the Bachelor Girl, she found that if she wanted a fire in this stove she must make it herself, or ring for a messenger boy. She had not taken this into consideration.

Before the day was over she found that there were many things which she had not taken into consideration, so much that the yesterday of her plunging began to assume the proportions of a glorious day filled with the sunshine of prosperity in comparison with the present, even if the clothing did seem to be wearing thin. By night she was ready to cry.

She had straightened out her belongings as best as she could, had fitted up her couch, had made her bed there, turned out the light, and crept disconsolately into bed. She had dropped off into a doze out of sheer fatigue, when there began slowly, insinuatingly, but persistently, a small, slight, infinitesimal scratch! scratch! scratch! The Bachelor Girl sat right up in bed, drew the clothing all off the floor so nothing could climb it, and wrapped it closely about her person.

Mice!

In a cellar, of course, what else could she have expected?

But this was not exactly a cellar. It was a basement. Well, anyway, a basement is second cousin to a cellar.

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

The Bachelor Girl could endure it no longer. She stood up, stood on the couch, which began to rock like a ship under full sail, and stared into the darkness.

Mice!

From where she stood she could reach to the gas jet. Good! She would light the gas. Stooping, she reached for a match she had placed on the tabouret by her side, scratched it on the gas pipe, and lighted the gas.

The gas flickered across the two low rooms toward the barred window of the back room which gave a view of the week's wash of those who lived grandiosely above her.

At the same time a face appeared at one of the twin back windows of the desolate view, and a very welcome face it was. It was the face of a large gray cat, that, hearing something about mice, looked smilingly in. Violently conquering her fear for the moment, the Bachelor Girl sprang down from the rocking couch, ran to the window, uplifted it, and let the cat in. Surrounded by mice, she clasped him in her arms and welcomed him as her life preserver.

And that's the story of how the Bachelor Girl came to live in the basement with the cat, but it isn't the sad part of it.

It is the ending that is sad.

There are no mice now, but that isn't the sad part, yet.

This is the sad part:

The Bachelor Girl has grown quite fond of the cat, seeing how well it keeps the mice away, and when a Bachelor Girl gets to be fond of a cat, why that seems to settle it, somehow or other. As a matter of fact, there are those who declare that the Bachelor Girl has become quite a confirmed old maid, sitting alone with her cat, and the men she knew when she plunged in the fashionable flat now shun the basement.—New York Evening Post.

ARE YOU OFTEN BILIOUS?

Read This and Learn How to Prevent Attacks.

Biliousness is merely a term applied to a condition that exists when the body is overloaded with bile.

The complexion turns yellow, eyes look dull, pimples, itching and eczema break out, headaches are ever present.

Biliousness has two great causes, constipation and defective liver action.

When Dr. Hamilton's Pills are taken they not only correct the bowels, but act directly on the liver, regulating its bile secretion.

Unlike other medicines which purge and give but temporary relief, Dr. Hamilton's Pills remove the conditions which cause biliousness; thus permanent cures are effected.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills do cure biliousness and liver ills under all circumstances.

We prove this statement by producing such convincing evidence as the statement of Mr. Fenwick Luddington of New Harbor, N. S., who writes: "Three months ago I had no expectation of ever getting free from periodical bilious attacks. They were preceded by dizziness and dreadful headaches. If I stooped over my head would swim and a neuseous feeling crept into my stomach.

"Dr. Hamilton's Pills fixed up my liver, drove all the bile out of my blood, and made me a well man in a few months. Today I enjoy a good appetite, excellent digestion and the best of health. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today. Sold by all dealers, 25 cents per box or five boxes for $1 00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Advantage of Being Bald.

Frank A. Vanderlip, at the end of the American Bankers' Association's convention in Washington, said of optimism:

"Sane optimism I like and cultivate, but there is such a thing as foolish optimism, and on that I frown.

"It would be foolish optimism too insist that a bull movement will keep on forever, just as it would be foolish optimism to see anything advantageous in a bald head.

"Yet such optimists exist. I once heard a man praise baldness recklessly.

"'I have decided,' he said, 'that baldness is a wise provision of nature.'

"'How so?' said I.

"'Well,' said he, a bald man had no hair, except below his hat brim, eh?"

"'Yes,' I agreed.

"'And barbers' shops are drafty places?'

"'Yes.'

"'They are very apt to give one cold?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, a bald man escapes the drafty dangers of a barber shop because he can get his hair cut without taking his hat off.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

Cured by Hand Glass.

A ward patient in Roosevelt Hospital grew gradually weaker without any apparent reason.

"She's fretting herself to death about something," said the nurse. "If she would confide in me I think she would get better."

By-and-bye the patient did open her mind and heart.

"If I only could see myself," she wailed. "I'd feel different. I know I must look like death, or you'd let me have a looking-glass."

It was against the rules to supply patients in that ward with mirrors, but the nurse, recognizing the gravity of that particular case, smuggled in a small hand glass. The result was miraculous.

"Why, dear me," said the sick woman, "I don't look half so bad as I supposed I did."

And from that hour she began to improve.—New York Sun.

HAPPIER DAYS ABOUT TO DAWN

FOR WOMEN OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE—EMPRESS WILL SEE THEY GET EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES.

Schools for the Girls—Mongolian Brides Do Not Have a Pleasant Time—Slaves to Mothers-in-Law.

The statement of the Chinese envoys on the day they left the United States, after their recent visit to that country, that it is the intention of Tsi An, the dowager empress, to help along the movement for the better education of Chinese women, was the most direct intimation the outside world has had that China really has been inoculated with the lymph of modern progress.

It was a semi-official declaration that China purposes taking her place among the world's progressive nations as Japan has, and that the Chinese rulers at last recognize the fact that no nation can possibly reach a high grade of progress if half the population is kept in dense ignorance.

It is only right to say that many who understand something about the Chinese deny that the women of the empire are so much worse off than the men in enlightenment as the outside world supposes. These say the mere fact that a seventy-two-year old woman is undoubtedly the supreme power in the empire goes far to support their contention. That she holds her position illegally and in direct contravention of the empire's ancient laws; that there is much dissatisfaction with her rule—these things do not weaken their position. Nor does the fact that the birth of a girl baby is regarded as a misfortune in China, while the birth of a boy is hailed with delight.

Even in the United States, where women stand on the same level as men, the birth of a girl baby is sometimes received with very Chinese-like sentiments; and the mere suggestion that a woman could become president would be laughed at by all except a comparative handful of extreme radicals.

MOTHERS SUPREME IN CHINA.

In speaking of the purpose of China to give more attention to the education of the women than formerly the envoys said that they are already better trained than the western world supposes.

The schools for Chinese girls are of first quality, according to Chinese standards, quite the equal to the boys' schools, at all events, and perhaps better. The immense respect shown throughout China to the mothers of families has been commented upon by every observer who has written about China; still, its extent is not understood by the outside world. The truth is that while, as wives, the status of the Chinese women is unsatisfactory, as mothers they are supreme; when a Chinese woman becomes a grandmother she becomes at the same time a sort of dowager empress over all her descendants, men as well as women. And there is no doubt whatever that the millions of mothers and these "dowager empresses," the grandmothers, are among the strongest factors in the entire empire in upholding the policy of the empress for the introduction of real progress.

An American who has spent many years in China says that it is not at all unusual for a middle-aged mandarin to announce that he cannot go here or there at a certain time because his mother requires his presence somewhere else. Nor is the respect to Chinese women confined to that shown to them as mothers. The late Li Hung Chang, the most powerful Chinaman of his day, and one of the greatest statesmen of any age in the whole world, consulted his wife on all important matters and it was well known, during his life time, that she often said the deciding word when problems of moment were under discussion.

DOWAGER'S CHANGE OF HEART.

Of this lady, who was one of the real powers in Chinese affairs, it is remembered by Americans of long Chinese residence that she was always as strongly in favor of progress as the Dowager Empress herself now appears to be, and years in advance of Tsi An. Her present attitude has apparently been brought about altogether since Japan's war with Russia.

It is true, however, that the Dowager Empress believed that her sisters, the women of China, should have a better chance in life long before then, and that, years before she gave any signs of which the western world had a hint she contemplated a number of measures which would be to their advantage. One of them was put into effect two years ago, when she issued her famous edict that the feet of the women should be unbound, that deformed feet should no longer be considered necessary.

How generally this edict has been followed in China is not known. Grown women, whose feet have already been carefully deformed, have not found it much to their advantage, for although many of them removed the bandages with which their feet were smothered, it was impossible that they should ever assume their natural shape, the growth of the toes especially having been so interfered with that it could not be stimulated. Thus the unfortunate women found it about as difficult and as painful to walk after the unbinding as before.

In San Francisco, where there are many women of the class to whom foot binding was formerly obligatory, and many Chinese children as well, the bandaging on the feet of the little girls who were undergoing the pains of compression were immediately removed, and to their great joy. There is no more supreme torture than that to which little Chinese girls have had to submit from time immemorial through conformity to the senseless foot-binding custom.

NEVER WAS UNIVERSAL.

Binding the feet, however, has never been universal among Chinese women. "Golden lilies," as small feet are termed by the Chinese, make any work in doing which much standing and walking are required practically impossible. The vast majority of the Chinese women taking all grades, have to work, and the feet of most working Chinese women have always been allowed to remain in their natural shape.

Foot binding is not confined, however, to the daughters of the rich. Many daughters of the poor are subjected to its tortures, the first-born girl in nearly every family possessing a pair of "golden lilies." The idea is that while the parents cannot afford to lessen the working value of all their daughters by having their feet bound, this extravagance can be borne in the case of the eldest. The object is to secure at least one good marriage in the family, for in the past no simon-pure Chinaman of any position would marry a woman with natural-sized feet.

Men of Tartar blood are not such ticklers for deformed feet; in fact, the Tartars, who make up a large percentage of the empire's total population, do not follow the foot-binding custom. As the dynasty now reigning over the empire is of Tartar, not Chinese blood, the women of the court, including the dowager empress herself, have undeformed feet.

THE OLD MAIDS.

The old maids of China are not like the snakes of Ireland, since there are a few single women in the empire, but they are very scarce, and foreigners do not often see them. They are kept out of sight and not spoken of except when it is unavoidable, since it is a disgrace to any Chinese family if any of its daughters fails to marry.

The practical seclusion of the young and unmarried women who do not have to go out in the fields and work, and the making of matches through the parents, are mainly responsible for the few single women in the empire.

In theory, at least, the bridegroom never sees his bride till after the marriage; consequently his aversion to marrying a young woman lacking in beauty does not have to be taken directly into account.

Then the son is expected to obey his mother as long as she lives; the daughter-in-law must bow humbly and unquestioningly to the mother-in-law's slightest wish. Such a thing as the younger woman showing the least opposition to the older one's will is practically unthinkable, and thus the early years of the Chinese woman's married life are often very unpleasant.

In time, however, the mother-in-law grows old, and at last she dies. Meantime the daughter-in-law has borne sons of her own; she is then entitled to the respect accorded a mother, and when her sons marry is able to get some compensation in the way she treats her own daughters-in-law.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE WOMEN.

Americans who have studied both Chinese and Japanese women say that the former are much superior to the latter. The Japanese women may be more attractive, though their superiority in that respect is said to be largely a matter of clothes, the Chinese woman's garb being not nearly so fetching as that of the Japanese woman's.

The latter is often said to lack in all the solider qualities of womanhood, while the Chinese woman is said to excel in these very qualities. She is modest and retiring to a degree, and makes it her special province, as she is expected to, to do everything in her power to restrain her husband's tendency to drink too much ramshe (a popular alcoholic drink in China), and to smoke too much opium. It is the wife who strives most to economize, and, almost invariably, her face is set as a flint against immoderate gambling. In all these matters wife and mother-in-law labor toward the same ends, otherwise they would oftener be at swords' points.

Chinese women above the coolie class are personally neat and clean. Even the poorest of them take exceptional care of the hair, devoting much time to its dressing. Their neatness does not often extend to their homes, however. Many of the houses of the well-to-do, especially when the housewife has deformed feet, which makes it hard for her to move about, are distressfully untidy and dirty. In this respect the Japanese women, none of whom bind their feet, show to especial advantge.

It is quite probable that many of the contrasts unfavorable to the Japanese women, drawn by serious-minded observers, are due mainly to the fact that while the Jauanese woman is allowed all sorts of freedom when young and attractive, it is not till she is old and her attractiveness gone that the Chinese woman is privileged to see and be seen.

By this reversal of conditions the Japanese woman is seen and known of all the world when she is most likely to be frivolous; the Chinese woman is kept out of sight until the frivolity of youth has been displaced by the good, hard, common sense that experience creates. But surely, if the stories told of the Japanese women during the war with Russia, of their fortitude, their devotion, their willingness to sacrifice themselves to their country and its glory are to be believed, the daughter of Chrysanthemum Land need not blush to be compared with the women subjects of the dowager empress.—Washington Star.

COD LIVER OIL.

It almost makes you sick to think of it, but it isn't nearly as bad as it used to be. The improved method of refining it makes it much easier to take, and when made into Scott's Emulsion almost every one can take it. Most children like it and all children that are not robust are benefited by it. When the doctor says "Take cod liver oil," he generally means Scott's Emulsion; ask him if he doesn't. They know it is more easily digested and better than the plain oil.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont.

After Hope Was Dead

"But you are such a slip of a girl; what could you do on a farm?"

"But I am sixteen years old."

"Oh, are you? I would not have imagined it."

Bruce Conklin's attention had been distracted, but he now took a good look at the girl standing before him, with downcast eyes and crimson cheeks. Her dress first claimed his attention. It was a faded print, darned in many places and was evidently the best she had. From the garment his eyes wandered to the curly brown head, which just reached to his breast, shifting and resting finally on her sweet and pretty face. Her features were regular and delicate. The little nose was straight, and eyes large and the mouth—when had he seen such a mouth? Its expression when she smiled begot in him an almost irresistible desire to stoop and press his lips to it.

"I'm afraid, I'm afraid!" he said at length, as the girl modestly turned her face away from his searching scrutiny; "I'm afraid you are too little and too delicate."

"Oh, but I am not, indeed. I can work. You shall see that I can."

"But your weight would not hold you down to such work as you would have to do here. It's one everlasting grind at this farm, let me tell you. I am sorry to say it, but it is true. There doesn't seem to be any end to the work. The last girl we had wisely threw up her job and decamped. I didn't blame her. But, somehow, things keep cropping up all around you that must be done, and there must be some one to do it. If it is allowed to accumulate it simply swamps us. You are too little. You couldn't stand that sort of drudgery."

"But, since you want a girl, would you at least give me a chance to try?"

"Well, yes, I might do that, but I would first have to consult my aunt. She's housekeeper and queen regent just at present, and it wouldn't do to take any steps where the household affairs are concerned without first consulting her. Supposing we go to the house and see what she says about it. Of course you are from the village, but tell me your name."

"My name is Sallie Meadows," the girl answered, and once more she blushed beneath the searching scrutiny of his eyes, and her own fell. Modest in the extreme, the flushed and heated face bore evidence of the ordeal she was undergoing, of which Bruce was eventually becoming aware. He did not suspect, little as she was, that there was a woman's heart beating beneath her shabby garment, and that it was his handsome face which had deprived her of her self-possession.

Owing to the unceremonious departure of their late domestic, who could not become reconciled to a life of drudgery on the farm, the need of some sort of help was urgent, and Miss Collins, the aunt in question, concluded to give Sallie a trial. She had her misgivings, as she looked at her delicate little hands, but even those hands would be better than none at all. This decision having been reached, Bruce hitched up the buggy and took Sallie home, engaging to come for herself and her belongings the next day.

As might be supposed, Sallie's belongings did not materially tax the carrying capacity of Bruce's buggy, and a feeling of pity surged to his heart as he noted the extent of her wardrobe, deposited, as it was, in a receptacle no larger than an ordinary bandbox. It was but natural that she should be fond of pretty clothes, but those little hands of hers would first have to earn the wherewithal to get them, and to earn it on a farm—Bruce knew what that meant.

The week which followed was one of surprises to Aunt Jane and Bruce. More especially to Aunt Jane, for that the village, the brazen and frivolous girls of which she had always held in supreme contempt, should have held such a litte jewel as Sallie she would not have though possible. Mild, gentle and affectionate, an industrious and competent little worker, that was what the week had disclosed of the new acquisition to the household. But the surprises were not confined to Miss Collins and Bruce; Sallie had also been agreeably undeceived. Her first impression of Bruce's aunt was not flattering, and that she should prove anything but the exacting taskmistress she had thought to find her, was a revelation. She knew now that she would be able to hold her situation, and dearly loving her surroundings, this thought occasionally brought to the fragment of a song from her lips. There was yet another thought, later on, that stirred her heart into giving vent to these little melodies which occasionally caught Bruce's ear. He invariably stopped to listen when he heard her sing, for these outburst were trilled by a voice that was soft and inexpressibly sweet.

It was not long before Miss Collins began to suspect the possible source of the inspiration that had come into the girl's life, rendering her impervious to fatigue. She was such a little thing that Bruce had been treating her very much as he might have treated a child, it was so natural to catch her, in passing, and press his lips to hers, or rub his face for an instant on her soft cheek, as he might have rubbed it on that of an infant. Sallie took it all in good part, so what was the difference? But Miss Collins thought differently as this state of affairs finally came to her knowledge.

Bruce was engaged. Engaged to a fashionable city butterfly who would make but an indifferent farmer's wife compared to the jewel he would have had in his little Sallie; but since he was no longer free she would see to it that these attentions to Sallie would cease. As a result of this determination on the part of the aunt, Sallie now became conscious of a change in Bruce, and, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came at last the announcement of his approaching marriage. Not from Bruce himself, nor from his aunt did she gain this knowledge, but through a chance remark she had heard at the village.

Bruce must not know, neither must his aunt, nor her mother, nor anyone else. She was thankful now that she had never expressed her admiration for him to any of her friends. She would brace herself for the ordeal, and remain till after the marriage, for to leave suddenly now, when it was known how dearly she loved the place, must inevitably betray her secret. She would not have them say she had gone to the farm expressly to throw herself at Bruce Conklin's head. Yes, she was a slip of a girl, as he had said, a silly little thing to believe that he could have meant anything by his endearments and his kisses. She was just a child in spite of her sixteen years; it was but natural that a man should be deceived by her appearance and take the liberty to caress her whenever he chose, as he might caress a child in it's mother's arms. When would it be, she wondered?

A month passed, and as yet there were no preparations in evidence for the important event. What mystified her was a sudden and great change that had taken place in Bruce. He scarcely spoke to her now, or to his aunt, either. Something had happened to cast a gloom over the home, but, whatever it was, it was clear that they did not intend to confide in her.

"How does he take it?"

It was at the postoffice, while waiting for the mail to be distributed, that she overheard the remark. Two young men just behind her were conversing in a low tone of voice.

"Rather hard, I believe, but Bruce is a sensible fellow, and I think a little reasoning will convince him that it was for the best. He could never have lived happily with that sort of girl. I feel sorry for him, though. To learn, without a moment's warning that your sweetheart has become the wife of some other man must be painful beyond conception."

The window opened at this juncture, and, but for the rush that followed, Sallie felt that those nearest her must have heard the beating of her heart. Could she be glad, now that she knew the nature of the trouble which had been evident to her for some time? And yet, in her self-reproach, how could she stifle this great joy which was thrilling ever fiber of her being?

Two years had passed. They had restored Bruce to a semblance of his former self again, and had added a little to Sallie's stature.

"My hand right here," he said, indicating the spot on his breast, "was just level with the top of your head, and now see how much I must raise it." He threw out his arm as he ceased speaking, encircling her neck, and drew her close to him.

"Sallie, I love you. You don't know how dearly. Let me present you to my aunt as the future mistress of my home. May I?"

RICH WARM BLOOD

Absolutely Necessary to Health, Strength and Comfort — Good Food Banishes Disease.

People with rich, red blood do not feel the cold of winter. When your feet are cold, your fingers numb and your face blue and pinched, it is a certain sign that your blood is thin and your circulation weak. Your blood needs building up with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new blood; they stimulate the circulation. The new blood they make races through your veins to every part of your body from finger tips to toes, and makes you warm, happy and healthy. Mr. Alphonse Lacoussiere, St. Leon, Que., says: "About a year ago my blood became impoverished and I was badly run down. My hands and feet were always cold and I could not stand the least exertion. My trouble was further aggravated by pains in my kidneys and bladder and often I could not go about without aid. I consulted doctors, but they did not help me, and I was almost in despair when I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got six boxes and before they were all gone I knew I had found a medicine to cure me. I took the pills for about a month longer and every symptom of my trouble was gone, and I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure after doctors and common medicines have failed, because they actually make new rich blood, and so strengthen all the organs and brace up the nerves. That is the way they cure indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, nervousness, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the secret ailments that fill the lives of so many women with misery. Do not take any pills without the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WOMAN DEMONSTRATES HER LOVE FOR DOGS

CARED FOR AS THOUGH THEY WERE CHILDREN.

It is because man has become so callous and engrossed in business that he can no longer give the necessary caressing attention to woman that she thinks is her due that she now goes to animals for it? Woman wants to show affection as well as to receive it, and we read that a woman whom Dr. Magnin impolitely called degenerate has adopted a turtle which was cruelly treated by a former master, and which she placed in the warmest corner of her bed to nurse it and cure it of a cold which she was afraid would turn into consumption. She was sorry to learn that no specialist exists to cure turtles of tuberculosis, which she regards as one of the things lacking in civilized countries.

I do not know that woman with the turtle, but I do know the woman about whom I shall tell a "dog story." She has a private house for the comfort of ten of twelve dogs that she cares for better than she would for her own children, if she had any. When she is away in Paris the maid sends a telegram to her every day, letting her know of the state of health of the dogs. A veterinary is paid to visit them once a week, and he has carte blanche for expenses for medicine, or for anything which a dog needs to cure a cold or to destroy anything that grows that might incommode these pupples "in clover." Just now the favorite lapdog of Miss M. is ill with bronchitis and the veterinary calls twice a day to see the dog. She watches it, nurses it night and day, buys chickens for broth, to see if Tinette will not take some, and possibly condescend to take a bite from the wing.

But this is not all. I met Miss M. recently at a luncheon, and when the meal was over one of them offered her a cigarette, and to the great astonishment of all the guests she refused it. Upon being asked why she could not smoke she said she had made a vow never to smoke again if the good Lord would save Tinette's life. Now, if Miss M. has any other passion besides a love for dogs it is smoking cigarettes. She once said to me at a dinner: "I wish one were through with this long dinner. I wish to smoke." "Are you fond of smoking?" I asked. "Yes, but I can't wait till such a dinner as this is over before beginning to smoke; I smoke thirty cigarettes a day." Now, Miss M. is a Protestant; I tell you that because Protestants are not so prone to making vows as Catholics and she has made one to save her dog.

The habit of having animals instead of children for pets is not only foolish, but animals transmit their diseases to man. It has been proven now that dogs can transmit tuberculosis. Catching it from one human being, they can give it to others. The taenial echinococcus in the dog transmits its eggs to man, finds a home in his liver, decomposes it, transforms it into a liquid tumor, which, in medical phrase, is called "hydatid cyst."

Must not all of us come to the conclusion that human creatures are heirs to enough diseases, without catching those ordinarily confined to animals? The brute world is one of the most beautiful works of the Creator, but should it not be left in its place, as everything else is? There is no doubt that such intense individual love of animals is one of the serious symptoms of degeneracy in man.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THERE IS NOTHING equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

CATARRH

The true Cause and the true Cure.

How and why "Fruit-a-tives" completely eradicate this disease from the system.

Catarrh means inflammation. Ordinary catarrh is inflammation of the nose cavity opening into the throat. This cavity receives all the air going to and from the lungs. Food and drink passes through it to the stomach. And the prime cause of catarrh is indigestion.

Because indigestion means an irritated stomach. This irritation spreads to the throat and nose. Belching gas keeps up the inflammation. The blood is impure and badly nourished. And nine times in ten, there is Constipation and poor skin action.

The only way to cure Catarrh is to cure the cause of catarrh. Digestion must be improved — inflammation in stomach soothed—blood purified—and the liver strengthened so it will give up enough bile to make the bowels move regularly every day.

Fruit-a-tives
or Fruit Liver Tablets

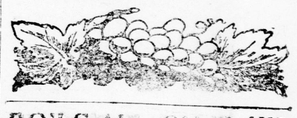
will always cure Catarrh of the throat and nose because these marvellous fruit tablets cure indigestion—sweeten the stomach—and eradicate all impurities from the blood by its stimulating and invigorating action on liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

Leave sprays, atomisers, powders and snuffs alone. Take "Fruit-a-tives" regularly—be careful of your diet—and catarrh will soon be a thing of the past.

One 50c. box of "Fruit-a-tives" will prove how effectively these tablets relieve catarrh—and will do you so much good that you will gladly continue the treatment until cured.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price, if your druggist should not have them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



BOILS ALL OVER HIS FACE AND NECK

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS DID FOR HIM WHAT FOUR DOCTORS FAILED TO DO

KEEWATIN, ONT., July 28th, 1905

MESSRS. THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.,

DEAR SIRS:—I am writing to let you know what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I am a young man, twenty years old, and a year ago last March I began to feel dull and sick, and was greatly troubled with boils coming out on my face and neck, mostly on the latter. I would no sooner get rid of one than I would have, perhaps, two or three more appear.

I had four doctors trying to cure me but they had very little success. They would stop them for a month or six weeks and then they would be as bad as ever again.

Almost every patent medicine, advertised to cure boils, I could get hold of, I tried, but still without success. At last one day, last spring, someone happened to say: "why not try taking Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood?" I was willing to try anything and immediately sent for a bottle, but at the time was doubtful if it would be of any use. However, I used that bottle and while I was taking it I began to feel better, although I still kept having a few boils but not nearly such bad ones. I did not miss any work, while otherwise, I used to miss, sometimes, a week out of every month. I kept on taking the medicine until I had taken six bottles, and needless to say, I was not sorry I did so when I tell you I have not had a boil appear for the past three months. Everybody was surprised when they heard that Burdock Blood Bitters had done for me what four doctors failed to do. If any sufferers are afflicted with boils, I would strongly advise them to use B.B.B. It makes you feel like a new man. I always keep a bottle in the house, now, as I think it is a medicine that should be in every household.

Yours truly,
HENRY A. SMITH

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