## ፟ጜኯ፟ኯጜኯዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀቝቝቝቝቔ LOVE'S EXILE.

She turned quickly towards me again, biting her under lip as she fixed her eyes wistfully, eagerly, apon my face. Then with tears rolling down her cheeks, she laid her head on my arm, and clinging to my hand, to my sleeve, began to sob and to whisper incoherent words of gladness at my coming.

pose; on my acquaintance, intimacy with people he dislikes; on my taking part in amateur theatricals; on a lot of things—on everything in act."

"But if your husband can't induce you to do what he wishes, what hence have I, an outsider?"

"Oh, Mr. Maude, dear Mr. Maude,

'My child, my child!" I said, hoarse ly, with a passionate yearning to comfort the fragile little creature whose whole body was trembling with repressed sobs. I got into a frenzy as she went on help lessly crying, and eloquence soon ran dry in my efforts to comfort her. "Look here, child, this won't do any good. Hold up your head, Babiole; for goodness sake don't go on like this, my dear, or I shall be snivelling myself in a moment," I said, with more of the same matter-of-fact kind, until she presently looked up and laughed at me through her

tears.
"There now, you've quite spoilt yourself by this nonsense," I continued, severely. "Go and put yourself to rights before your husband

And I led her to the looking glass with my arm round her, feeling with my arm round her, feeling though I did not recognize the fact the time, a great relia in this little demonstration of an affection which demonstration of an affection which was growing every moment stronger.

"Do you know," she asked presently, as she turned her head away from the glass before which she had, by some dexterous feminine sleight of hand with two or three hairpins, arranged her disordered hair, "why Fabian had proofs to correct tomight?"

confessed with shame that my

I confessed with shame that my male mind had been content with the reason he had given. ', "He wanted to leave me alone with you," she explained, "because he knows what a strong influence you have over me, and he hoped that you would give me a lecture."

"A lecture! What did he want me to lecture on?"

me to lecture on?' "Oh, on my general conduct I sun

## WOMAN'S WORK

### Often Leads to a Breakdown

in Health.

Severe Headaches, Loss of Appetite Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart and Other Distressing Symptoms Follow.

Woman's cares about the house-hold are many and often worrying, and it is no wonder that the health of so many give way under the strain. To weak, tired-out, depressed women everywhere, the story of Mrs. Geo. L. Horton, the wife of a well known farmer living near Ferwick, Ont., will come as a mesretwick, Ont., will come as a message of hope. To a reporter who interviewed her on the subject. Mrs. Fenwick said: "Yes, I am quite willing to give my testimony to the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, as my experience may help some other sufferer. A couple of years ago my health be-gan to give way, and I suffered from anaemia, with most of the depressing symptoms of that trouble. I became much smaciated, had distressing headaches, and a very poor appetite. At first, I thought the trouble would past away, but in this I was mistaken, as I continued to grow worse. My heart began to palpitate violent-ly at the least exertion: my rest at night was broken and finally a bad cough set in, and I was scarcely able to do a bit of work about the house. aunt in England who had been all had written me that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had restored her to health, and I getermined to give the pills a trial. After the use of a few boxes I a distinct improvement in m consister and after using the pills for a few weeks more the trouble had completely left me. I could seep well at night the cough left me, the headaches that had made me so misorable considerations. headaches that had made me so mis-erable vanished, my appetite re-turned, and I could again perform my housework with case. I shall al-ways feel grateful for what Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills have done for me, loms' Pink Pills have done for me, and strongly recommend them to

Other giling women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished jast such good results in thousands of other cases among all-law women and the proposed of the cases among all-law women and the proposed of the cases among all-law women and the cases among all-law women and the cases among all-law women and the cases among all-law women. men and women and suffer-from any of the numerous allers from any of the numerous all-ments resulting from poor, watery blood, who will give these pills a fair trial will soon be on the high road to health and strength. Imitations are some-times offered by unscrupulous dealers, who care more for their own profit than for their customers' health. Be sure that the full name, "Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is found on the wrapper around every Hams. Pink Pills for Pale People, is found on the wrapper around every, box you buy. If your dealer does not keep these pills send to the Dr. Wil-Melicine Co... Brockville, Ont., if Melicine Do... Brockville, Ont., they will be mailed post paid at cuts per box or six boxes for

"But if your husband can't induce you to do what he wishes, what chance have I, an outsider?" "Oh, Mr. Maude, dear Mr. Maude,

have you been so long among the hills as to think like that? Or is it that life was a different thing when you took an active part in it? It's only in books that husbands are husbands and wives are wives.'

She sat down on the sofa beside me, but I was not going to be talked over like that. Her words had roused in me the instinctive antagonism of in me the instinctive amage walked the sexes, and I got up and walked up and down, an occupation which demanded some care amidst the min-lature inlaid furniture with which lature inlaid furniture with which the small room was somewhat over crowded.
"You know, my dear," I began ra-

"You know, my dear," I began ra-ther dryly, looking at the ceiling, which was not far above my head, "when things get so radically wrong between husband and wife as they seem to be between you and Fabian, the fault is very seldom all an one side". on one side.

"But in this case?"

"Are you sure?"
"Yes, quite sure."
"You think you are not to blame in the least?" "In this, no."
"And that all the fault lies on poo

Fabian's side?

"Oh, no."
"Well, on whose side does it lie then ?' "On yours.

I stopped short in front of her, and looked down on the little Dres-den china figure, sitting with clasp-ed hands and crossed feet in exasperating demureness on the sofa below me.

"Do you know that you are a con-oundedly ungrateful little puss?"
"No, I'm not," she answered passionately, raising her head and meetlag my gaze with eyes full of fire.
"I think of you by day and by night.
I read over and over the books I read with you, to try to feel as if you read with you, to try to feel as if you were still by my side explaining them to me. I talk to you when I am by myself, I sing my best songs to you, I almost pray to you. But just as the heathen beat their gods and throw them in the dust when they lose a battle, so I, when things go wrong with me find a consolation in accusing you of being the cause." She laughed a little as she finished, as if asham. ing the cause." She laughed a little as she finished, as if asham-ed of her temerity, and anxious to let it pass as a joke. But I held my ground and looked at her stead-

"That is very flattering," said I, more moved than I cared to show, "but it is nothing in support of your accusation. Women, the very best of you think nothing of bringing against your friends charges which a man—" a man-

She interrupted hastily, "I brought no charge."

"You only accused me of delibernot only accused me of deliberately spoiling the lives of two of my dearest friends."
"No, no, not that; I only said that

you brought about our marriage."
"Which then seemed to you the
climax of earthly happiness. Remember, you married him with your eyes open, content not even to expect him to be a good husband. You admitted that yourself. Is it my fault that your love has proved

weaker thing than you thought?"
"Weaker!" This was apparently a
new idea to her. She now spoke in a
humbler tone. "How could I know." she asked meekly, "what strong things it would have to conquer? I thought all men were somthing like you—at heart, and that to please them one had only to try. Oh, and I did try so hard!"

The poor little face was drawn into piteous lines and wrinkles as the

The poor little face was drawn into piteous lines and wrinkles as she sighed forth this lament.

"But what has he done, child?" She shook her head. "Nothing. If I could have seen before marriage a diary of my married life as it would be. I should have thought as I did, that I was going into an earthly paradise. There is nothing wrong but the atmosphere, and there is only one thing wanting in that."

"He does not care lor you?" I scarcely did more than form the words with my lips, but the answering tears rolled down her cheeks again at once.

"Not a bit. At least, not so much as you care for To-to or—Janet. And

"Not a bit. At least, not so much as you care for To-to or—Janet. And it isn't his fault. He is perfectly kind to me in his fashion, admires the way I have worked to please the way I have disastisting is rejected that I am disastishim, is grieved that I am dissatisfied with the result. Only—he did not take me in—of his own accord, and so I have remained always—outside. That's all!

She spread out her little hands, and clasped them again, with a plaintive gesture of resignation. "And—and if I seem ungrateful you must forgive me; I've never been able to tell it all to any one for all

these four years." I was stricken with remorse, but I dared not give it the least expression for fear of the lengths to which it

gipsy tables and the pestilent brical-brac, and returning sat down, not on the sofa beside her, but in a chair a few feet away. I took a book up from a table by my side; I remember that it was Marmion, and that it had year area. remember that it was Marmion, and that it had very exquisite illustra-

"How about these friends, then, whose intimacy your husband disapproves of?" contemptuously. "One doesn't open one's heart quite wide to such friends as those."

to such friends as those."
"Then if you care about them so little, why not give them up and please your husband?"
"One must be intimate with somebody," she said entreatingly, "even if it's only a tea-drinking and scandal-talking intimacy."
"But why with these particular people?"
"Because we all have a particular people."

"Because we all have a particular grievance; we all have bad husbands. At least—no., Fabian's not a bad husband," she corrected hastly; "but we are all dissatisfied with our husbands."

ny: "but we are all dissatisfied with our husbands."

"Perhaps the husbands of those ladies I saw with you at the theatie—forgive me if I am making a rude and ridiculous mistake—are dissatisfied with them?" I suggested very meekly and middly.

"I daresay they are," she answered, flushing. "The less a man has of domestic virtues, the more he invariably expects from his wife."

"I am not surprised that Fabian shrinks from the thought of your looking as they do."

"You mean that they make up their faces? Mr. Maude, listen. A woman must have something to live upon, to live for. If through her fault or her misfortune, there is not love enough at home to keep her heart warm, she will—I don't say she ought, but she does—look about for a make-shift, and finds it in the admiration of graphed requests. for a make-shift, and finds it in the admiration of some lad younger than herself, who is ready to give more than he ever bopes to receive. The than he ever hopes to receive. The boys like dyed hair and powdered faces, they think it "chic." But my friends are not the depraved creat-ures Fabian would like to make out. I was horribly shocked at her de-fence of these ladies, for it showed a

### WAKE UP, BABY!

A New Game for Mothers.

Baby's awakening ought to be look ed forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knewing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of inexperienced mother fiabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby sufferred much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him sev-eral medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

bitter knowledge of some of the world's ways that jarred on the lips of a woman of twenty.
"I should not like to see you con-soling yourself like that."
She looked at me frankly, and her

face relaxed into a faint smile

No, I had no thought of doing so I am going back to Lark—" Before I could finish the word she was at my feet, kneeling on a cushion and leaning over the arm of my chair with her face distorted by strong excitement.

"No, no, not Larkhall; you must not go back to Larkhall," she whis-pered earnestly. "Promise me you pered earnestly. "Promise me you won't go there, promise, promise."
"Why, what's the matter? Where should I go but to the only home I have had for eleven years?"
"Yes, but it isn't safe now. If I tell you why wors!" tell you why you will only laugh a

me."
"No, child, I should be ungrateful to laugh at any proof of your interest in me."
She put her hand on my arm, ear nestly pressing it at every other word to give emphasis to her warn

word to give emphasis to her warning.

"My father—you remember him—he is dissatisfied with my marriage. He says you promised to be answerable for my happiness, and he shall make you answer for breaking fatth with him."

"But I have not——"

"I know. I told him that, I told him everything; that I was dying, like the idiot I was, for the love of a man who didn't care for me. He has

man who didn't care for me. He has taken to drink-much worse than before—and he is impatient, savage, and won't listen to reason. He will de nothing he and won't listen to reason. He will do nothing but repeat, again and again, 'He said he would answer for it, and he shall.'"
"But he doesn't even know I have returned."

He said you were sure to fly back "He said you were sure to Hy back to the old nest, and—listen, Mr. Maude, for I know this is true; he has gone up there to lie in wait for you, And remember, a man who has one crazed idea and won't listen to anything but his own mad impulses, is more dangerous than one who is appear with good cause."

Poor fellow, I think he has good

ingry with good cause."

cause."
"But, Mr. Maude, you don't know what ridiculous things he says?"
"What things?"
"He says that you ought not to have consulted my caprices, but to have married me yourself straight away!" away! She began to laugh as she finished,

out I stopped her.
"He is quite richt. So I ought to have done. He have there was one I made another journey among the thing in th

Bablole, who was still on the cushion at my feet, leaning against the
arm of my chair as she used to do in
the Highiands, was fooking interested and deeply surprised.
"One thing in the way!" she
echoed, softly, looking into my face
with earnest scrutiny. "What—before
I fell in love with—Fabian?"
"Yes, long before that."
She hesitated, and her eyes slowly
left my face, while her brows contracted with a puzzled expression.
"What was it?" she asked at last,
in a whisper.

"What was it?" she asked at last, in a whisper.
"I was in love with you."
I could see very little of her face, but a shiver passed over her, For a moment I wondered, sitting quietly back in my chair, what she thought.

duetly back in my chair, what she thought.

"Didn't you ever guess anything of it, child, when we had that odd sort of half-engagement?" I asked, in a most loyal tone of indifference. She raised her head and looked at me modestly and solemnly.

"I should as soon have thought," she said, in a low, unsteady voice, "that the Archbishop of Canterbury was—in love with me."

"Aha!" I said, with a ridiculous cackling laugh. "Then I shouldn't have had much chance."

The next moment I knew better.

The next moment I knew better

The next moment I knew better. She rose without another word, as the sounds of an opening and shutting door reached our ears. But as she did so she cast upon me one quick, sly, involuntary side-glance, and I knew that my scruples about my ugly face had been worse than thrown away.

The next moment Fabian came into the room.

#### CHAPTER XX.

I left London for Ballater the very I left London for Ballater the very next day; and having sent Ferguson on in advance to prepare the place for me, I found Larkhall just as I had left it four years before, down to a newspaper which had been lying on my study table. But the spirit of home had deserted the place; Ta-ta was still at Newcastle; To-to recognized me indeed, but with more sulky impatience at my absence than pleasure at my return. The cottage was shut up and empty; I got the key from Janet after dinner, and wandered through the unused, dampsmelling little rooms. The furniture wandered through the unused, dampsmelling little rooms. The furniture
had been left, by my orders, just as
it had been during the occupation of Babiole and her mother.
But I found that instead of
recalling the child Babiole, as
I had seen her so often flitting
about the sitting-room, or, in the
latter days, leaning back, languid
and listless, with glistening dreamy
cyes, in the rocking-chair by the
fire, it was the pale little London
lady, with pretty conventional manners and worn weary face that I
was trying to picture to myself in
the uninhabited rooms. I came out
again, locked the door carefully, again, locked the door carefully and finished my cigar in the porch. It seemed to me a remarkably odd thing that Babiole's degeneration from the faultless angel she used from the faultless angel she used as a child to appear, into a mere soured and sorrowful woman who looked six or seven years more than her age, had deepened my interest in her, while my knowledge that she had been lost to me through nothing but my own diffidence had changed its character. To get the better of the un-

healthy and morbid state of mind into which I now found myself fall-ing, I began to break through my old habits of retirement, and to avail myself of such society as Balavail myself of such society as Bal-later and its neighborhood afforded. The hot weather had begun early this year and the summer residents were al-ready established before my arrival. I was a sort of "great unknown," concerning whom there were float-ing about many interesting and romantic stories; therefore I found no lack of earger acquisitements. afforded. no lack of eager acquaintances as soon as I cared to make them. Prom-inent among these was a certain Mr. Farington, a Liverpool solicitor, who, she spoke."

"You need not be afraid; now you are back in England, I don't want any other consolation. I can't forget that there is goodness in the world while I can see you and hear from you. You are going to settle in town?" she added, quickly and anxiously.

"No. I had no thought of doing so. gave me a strong impression of hav-ing had doubtful antecedents. This second wife had a numerous family, ranging from Tive years old to fit-teen, between whom and their halfteen, between whom and their half-sister was fixed the gulf of her nother's fortune.

At a very early stage of our acquaintance the eldest Miss Farington, who was a good-looking young woman of three and twenty, with a strong sense of the importance attached to an income of fifteen hundred a year, had honored me by a marked partiality for which Lin my new scolability at first foltoness. I, in my new sociability, at first felt grateful. It was pleasant to find ome one who could pass an opinion, even if it was not a very original opinion, on a picture, a book, or a landscape, and Miss Farington could always do that with great precision. Perhaps, too, it flattered my van-ity to be appealed to as the one representative of high civilization amidst barbarian hordes. But when it became plain even to my modest merit that the lady proposed to annex me, I grew suddenly coy; and I then found to my surprise that, diffident as my disfigurement had made and proper in the same and never once drops her pretty smile. He is infat-

# Prevention and Gure of Anthrax.

In reply to the question, 'Is anthrax a danger to humanity?' put recently by a daily newspaper, anthrax is a blood disease which affects thrax is a blood disease which affects all domestic animals. Carnivora or flesh eaters, dogs for example, enjoy a high degree of protection against it; but, at times, they, too, succumb. Man himself is quite susceptible, and sheep, goats, horned cattle and horses are especially liable to contract it. The result depends upon the portion of the body that is affected. If the poison passes the stomach and develops in the intestines, death follows. If in the case of a man a but the

and develops in the intestines, death follows. If in the case of a man a wound on the hand or the leg gives the poison entrance into the body, then malignant pustules form. Oftentimes such patients recover; possibly one in five may die. The same may be sald of horned stock, but sheep and grafts with one or two sheep and goats, with one or two curious exceptions, have little or no resisting powers, and anthrax once in a flock often claims one-half its number as victims.

The cause of this disease is a mant too small by

plant too small by far to be seen by the eye unaided. Under the mi-croscope it looks like a rod about five times as long as it is thick. Five thousand of these rods of bac-Five thousand of these rods of bac-illi put end to end might meagure one inch in length. This rod-like plant goes to seed under certain circumstances, a point to be remem-bered, hecause it is this peculiarity which gives to it almost

Unlimited Power for Causing Loss These seeds (spores) can stand both heat and cold, and can lie for years in a dry place without loss of vitality. A combination of heat, moisture, and food, such as the animal body offers, may cause the seed to germinate and develop an epidemic anew. Once within the animal body, anew. Once within the animal body, anthrax plants multiply without seed formation, and if they cause the death of the animal, and it is buried without a dissection or mutilation, which would allow air to come into contact with the blood, then, in a short time, the plant dies, and nothing remains to generate future trouble. Almost invariably, immediately after death, however, blood exudes from all the natural openings of the carcase of an anthrax victim: therefore it is the anthrax victim; therefore it is the duty of the farmer to take care that the carcass is cremated imme-diately life is extinct. In no case should the carcase be skinned or the plague may extend not only among the adjacent flocks and herds, but to the tanners and their helpers who

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. | take part in removing the hide from

take part in removing the hide from the animal.

Last year a belietin was issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, dealing with anthrax, and demonstrating the efficacy of the use of Pasteur's vaccines to produce liminanity.

The anthrax bacilli themselves are easily killed, but their spores resist ordinary germicides, and even such degrees of heat as kill other spores of bacteria. If the disease be left

but the Land Itself May be Rendered Infective

for centuries. The spores of the bacillus in some way get into the ground and remain there in a dormant state for many years. The skin, hair, wool, hoofs and horns of infected animals, if soiled with blood, are contaminated by the bacillus. It is an infection the very reverse of that of contagious pleuro-pneumonia, which requires the contact of living diseased animals with living healthy animals, whereas anthrax infection mals, whereas anthrax infection mals, unless the blood containing bacilli be allowed to contaminate the food, or inoculate a wounded surface. The carcase and excreta are to be The carcase and excreta are to be dreaded as the source of infection. If after death the blood be confined within the body, and discharges from the natural openings be prevented by plugging them with tow saturated with a 20 per cent. solution of carbolic acid, and the carcase be carried, not dragged, to the place prepared for burning it, no infection is likely to take place from it. As a precautionary measure, however, the precautionary measure, however, the stall and surroundings where the death occurred should be thoroughly disinfected, as well as the cart or wagon in which it has been carried. After burning the carcase bury the ashes deeply with lime. The risks that are run by any carelessness in dealing with a carcass from which millions of militions of infective spores may be given off, which may years after infect and destroy cattle, sheep, swine, and horses, and precautionary measure, however, the

years after inject and destroy cat-tle, sheep, swine, and horses, and enormously reduce the value of the farm, must be obvious. Vaccination or protective inocu-lation should not be undertaken by any inexperienced person, and on no lation should not be undertaken any inexperienced person, and on no account should old or doubtful lymph may be account should old or doubtful lymph be used. Protective lymphs may be obtained through the Dominion De-partment of Agriculture at a dis-count of one-third on the ordinary retail price.

me, I was still, like the rest of my uated with another woman—takes sex, humble only to one woman, and her to theatres and wine suppers, sex, humble only to one woman, and mightily fatuous as regarded the rest. But if Miss Farington was merely what one calls a nice girl," with no particular conspicuous qualities of alluring sweetness or captivating vivacity, she had one virtue which would not have shamed an ancient Roman—an indomitable resolution that would not know de-

(To be Continued.)

### HOW SCANDAL **GROWS AND SPREADS**

Chicago Daily News

Mr. Jones is a solemn gentleman with a pessimistic view of life in general and his neighbors' actions in particular. He looks sad in a pleased sort of way as he speaks to his wife across the breakfast table.

Mr. Jones It is really too had here

across the breakfast table.

Mr. Jones—It is really too bad how that young Ferguson is getting on. Only married a few months, and his wife is such a nice girl. Poor little woman!

Scene 4.

The home of the Fergusons. Clara and her husband are contentedly sitting by the reading lamp, cutting magazines.

woman!
Mrs. Jones (with cager interest)—
What has he been doing? I have
always had my suspicions of him, but
of course I have said nothing.
Mr. Jones (attacking his omelet)—
Why when I went down lest pickly

mond instead, even if he is old enough to be her father!

Scelle 2.

Sitting room of Mrs, Snith. She is

her to theatres and wine suppers, and is out every evening in the week. Mrs. Jones knows all about it, and she says Carla bitterly regrets her mistake in not taking that nice Mr. Raymond instead. Of course he is dull, but then he would not have neglected her. Oh, these young men! Mrs. White—I always did feel that he wasn't to be trusted!

Scene 3.

Mrs. White has three women to Mrs. White has three women to luncheon.

Mrs. White—And so Clara has reached the limit of her endurance. She's going to get a divorce and marry Mr. Raymond—he was desperately in love with her before she made the mistake of marrying Ferguson and has jumped at the chance. I admire her spirit, though I hate to see a home broken up. It serves Ferguson just right. I only wonder why she delays leaving him and going back to her father. Chorus of Women—Yes; isn't It odd? Poor child, what an unhappy experience for her—and how she keeps her troubles to herself.

The home of the Fergusons. Clara

woman!

Mrs. Jones (with cager interest)—
What has he been doing? I have always had my suspicions of him, but of course I have said nothing.

Mr. Jones (attacking his omelet)—
Why, when I went down last night to the board meeting Ferguson was on the same train and alone. He was beaming in the most undignified way, like a schoolboy out on a lark. When I came home I passed one of the theatres just as it let out, and caught a glimpse of Ferguson sailing away with a stunningly dressed woman—most devoted, too. They were on their way to supper, for I watched them turn into a cafe.

Mrs. Jones (cestatically) — The wretch! And I suppose poor Carla was sitting patiently at home waiting for him, or else crying her eyes out! It's disgraceful! I'll wager she wishes now she had married Mr. Raymond instead, even if he is old enough to be her faither!

She does, and Ferguson, coming tome next evening, is swamped with hysterical torrent of speech, in which ineffensive Mr. Raymond, "gossipy, horrid women," coruscating wrath and choking laughter are inextricably mingled.

Ferguson (after three distinct at

# THE DREAD OF AN OPERATION

Stares Many Pile Sufferers in the Face-The Safest and Surest Cure is Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Possibly you are a sufferer from piles, and have been disheartened and discouraged because your physician has told you that nothing short of an operation will cure you.

You dread the thought of a surgical operation, for, besides the expense and strain on the nervous system, there is the risk of life itself. It is only a few months since a member of the Ontario Legislature lost his life as the result of an operation for piles. The risk of an operation is too great, and besides it is unpossessing.

his life as the result of an operation for piles. The risk of an operation is too great, and besides it is unnecessary.

Dr. Chase's Ointment has frequently cured piles after surgical operations have failed. It is every day curing cases which physicians have stated to be incurable by any treatment short of an operation.

If you could read a few of the letters we receive from persons who have been cured of piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment you would soon be convinced of its wonderful control over this frightfully common disease, Rev. S. A. Duprau. Methodist minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps of abscesses formed, so that it was will great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me so that the lumps disappeared and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day, and have not the lumps disappeared and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day, and have not years of suffering. It is with the greatest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial knowing that Dr. Chase's Ointment has done so much for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c a box, At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Teronio.