The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

And he sees that Lady Damer is figure do look, even in the inartissecretly startled and winces per- tic, masculine evening dress, her lover-happy Gillian!-can gaze on ceptibly at his words.

Now, I wonder does she imagine know no more of Gillian's mind or pearls,"

Iner,

"In gloss of satin and shimmer of pearls," I know no more of Gillian's mind or feelings than she chose to kindly interpret for me," he thinks, scornfully. "Does she imagine that the dear little girl who called herself my wife—my little wife; Heaven bless her forever, loving little soul—does she think we had no confidences together or had not tried to plan ent gether, or had not tried to plan out about too clever by half, my lady."
Aloud he says, moving to the door, determined to leave the room if her ladyship will not leave it:
"I will write two letters, Lady

Damer, one to her and one to my Damer, one to her and one to my late employer, alleging certain reasons for my sudden departure. Whether those reasons will be credited, or whether others, false or true, will be alleged, I cannot of course undertake to say. The letters will delivered by hand, and I shall wait the return of my messenger to know if they have been duly received, and then—I shall go!"

She smiles bitterly as she reads the suggestion in his precautions, and thinks here years easily sha

and thinks how very easily she can repay him tenfold for the covert insult.

ert insult.

"Well, then, nothing remains for me but to say good-bye to you," she says, extending her hand grashes says, extending her hand grashes "and to wish you prosty and good fortune wherever Gorge refuses to see the out-stretched hand in its gracious con-

bows to her very respectfully. Good-bye, Lady Damer," he ys, and he walks before her to the hall-door, opens it for her, and bows egain in wordless silence, and shuts it behind her as she burries out of the little flower garden.

"Savage, rule, boorish creature" she pants, angrily; but still buoyant in her excitement as she hurries down the hill and reaches the waiting ponies and phaeton. "But still it is done!"

And poor George, left alone in the home which is his no longer, left alone with his life in ruins about him, his name and honor all brand-ed and defaced with the mire of shame, he may well repeat the sel-fish woman's exclamation of self-

As he hurries to and fro in his preparations, packing up his clothes and the books, scientific instruments and the few little articles of luxury and refinement that have been the few mo lest extravagances of his honest, stainless life, he catches sight of his own face in the glass two or three times.

He avoids the sight of it, and yet

ser, and goes over to the glass the toilet table.

In the toilet table.

In the he sees in his own pallid, gard face—sure enough, plain agh—the likeness.

In the likeness, and with his clinched fist he least the own white hown under the latter was a plain.

See the says of the latter myself that I am anything but Monsieur de Trop, undarphily for me," he says, slowly and distinctly.

What do you mean?" Gillian demands, sharply, and flighing again. on the toilet table And then he sees in his own pallid,

And then his impotent misery and

rage give way to a man's heart-rending tears, and the poor fellow th ow; himself down across his bed, an! sobs aloud in the anguish of his

Gillian has come down-stairs to the drawing-room very early on this evening, ready dressed for dinner in her beautiful new dress, with its soft rustking silk and trailing laces

evening—this first happy evening, when they are to meet as avowed friends and secret lovers; and she friends and secret lovers; and she must not for the world miss the chance of that meeting alone, per-chance a few short minutes in—

"The delight of happy laughter, The delight of low replies."

Minute after minute passes, and the with expectant eyes and throbbing likes heart, for him who comes not:

She has a book in her hand-Tenny-on's "Maud"-as a pretext of employment if any one enter and sur-price her watching at the window or leitering near the door, and she thinks as she reads the brief, sweet, and story, how much happier is she than ill-starred Mand, whose lover

the dinner party was over—
. "And render
All homage to his own darling.
Queen Mand in all her splendor."
Her lover — blue-eyed, stalwart,
fair-haired George, handsome and
all men of his type and

To cure a cold in one Day

Take Laxative Bromo Queen Tablets. All
dargists referred the money if 2 fails to evre.
E. W. Crove's signsture is a cach box. 256

unrestricted and at leisure, through long, happy hours, when he may sit beside her as an honored guest.

And she is thinking of him, deep in a reverie of tender imaginings, when she hears a man's footstep crossing the marble-paved hall without, and Gillian's red-rose cheeks, and attention concentrated on "Maud," are quite hypocritical enough without her shrinking behind the red silk curtains which are within the white lace ones, and remaining there startly with a wild betting heart tue-like, with a wild-beating heart and glowing checks, and lips trembling into smiles, until the curtains are softly parted, and she sees—Bigham Lacy looking in at her!

Lacy looking in at her!
His vanity cannot but be offended
at her start of surprise and displeas-

at her start of surprise and displeasure, at the sudden cloud of disappointment that \shadows all her fair, ingenuous face.
'You fightened me!" Gillian says, pettishly, her brows contracting in a frown of coldness at the gaze of extreme admiration which is in Capt. Lacy's eyes. "You are early, too! I got dressed early so that I could rest before dinner, but I am really more tired than if I had dressed and come down in a hurry."
'You must not stand if you feel

'You must not stand if you feel tired," he urges tenderly—or rather as the French word far more aptly expresses it, with empressement in his tone—as he assiduously draws back the curtains, rolls an easy chair near her, and takes the book from her hand as she drops it heedlessly.

"Have you been reading 'Maud?" he inquires.

"Yes, of course, as you saw the book open in my hand," Gillian says,

book open in my hand," Gillian says, smiling, but cross. "Are you going to read 'Maud' now?"

"If you like, May I read to you?"
he inquires, deferentially.

"If you care to trouble yourself,"
she says, almost ungraciously, disappointment is so wringing the girlish heart. "I am afrail I shall be a stund listener. I feel onto the stupid listener. I feel quite tired, and as if I should like to go asleep. How many hours must we wait before it is dinner-time?"

"You are not usually so impatient,"

he says, with a smile and an undertone of meaning.

"No, not usually. I am this evening." Gillian answers, steadily looking at him.

"I wish I were a guest coming from a distance Cillian."

"I wish I were a guest coming from a distance, Gillian." he says, in a low tone, carcessing his long, carefully-curied monstache with his delicate fingers. "I might flatter myself then—however falsely—that you were impatient to see me." Gillian colors hotly. A blush of anger and aversion he knows it is, caused by those words, the boldest he has ever spoken to her.

has ever spoken to her.

him a sort of repugnant fascination.

"Well, you have not come from a Until at last he can resist no longer, and goes over to the glass self," she says briefly, looking away

him, and with his clinched fixt he strikes his own white brow under the crisp, wavy, bright hair and a 'Or might have been if aother

great mark starts up and mars its guest were as early an arrival as mywhiteness.

"That's it—that's it! I've the brand there, sure enough," he says quietly, with his eyes fixed on her face.

He sees her wince and tremble in sudden girlish shame and embarrassister' as long as I live." he strikes at the toilet mirror itself—an old-fashiened glass on a stend—and it falls backward with a crash and eplinters of broading

allst he is secretly gratified.

A Roland for an Oliver, madem-selle." he thinks, "A sting of humiliation for you by and by in return for your missish slights bestowed on me in your devotion to Red George!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Gillian has come down-stairs to the drawing-room very early on this evening, ready dressed for dinner in her beautiful new dress, with its soft rustling silk and trailing laces of ivory wite. With her fresh of they-and emerald against the livings velvet of her white bosom.

For he will surely be early this evening—this first happy evening, when they are to meet as avewed friends and seered lovers; and she fields and seered the Banlavin people! Here are the Banlavin people. Here are the Banlavin people Here are the Bunlavin people!"

He is late. He is late. He has not longed to see her, and counted the for the world miss the longed to see her, and counted the hours and the hindres until they could meet, as she has; but he is compared to the hindress and the light of her eyes, lord of her heart—he is coming at last. "Poor little soul." Brigham Lacy says to hinself, with a stirring of her heart—he is coming at last. "Poor little soul." Brigham Lacy says to hinself, with a stirring of half scornful, half pitting feeling. "Ill of hore to Darragh, with orders to me every step of the way."

He has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady longer has shown his wife the note as she stants by side him, and Lady

tegether.

"Here is our little invalid," Mr. Pamer says, radiantly, as Sir Jonnes, surflers and more apoplectic looking than usual, shakes hands with Gillian

to poor little Gillian. As for Mr. Damer, he is scarcely less miserable, angered and perplexed, and the dinner would be a gloomy failure in a social point of view, but for the unceasing efforts of Lady Damer and Captain Lacy, who kept the bail of conversation going, and seem to outive each other in gaiety and courtesy toward the other guests.

But as soon as the ladies have left the room, Mr. Damer can restrain his impatience no longer. He tears a leal out of his pocket-book, writes a few lines on it in pencil, and going out of the room, desires the footman to send a lad from the stable-yard

to send a lad from the stable yard to him.

"But I'll just tell Jeannette," he thinks, as he waits in the hall for his messenger. "She has been uncommon good-natured about all this." And he sends a message into the drawing-room, and her ladyship, like a loving and obedient wife, comes instantly at his summons with a "What is it, Harry?" she says,

"What is it, Harry?" she says, pleasantly, addressing him as she used to do twenty-six years ago. "Has Mr. Archer come?"
"No, Jeannette, he hasn't come," he says with anxious, inquiring eyes. "Something must be wrong—something must be very wrong, or he wouldn't have stayed away without a message! So I'm going to send Jāck Toole over with a line to ask him what is the matter. Eh? what do you think? Something must have happened."

Her ladyship gazes at the door and hesitates.

"Yes, something has certainly hap-pened to detain him." she says, slowly, as if reluctant to speak. "That is, unlyss he really made up his mind at the last minute that he his mind at the last minute that he would not come. I fancy—I may be wrong —but I fancy Gillian Deane if the cause. I thought so directly I noticed her face before dinner, when we were all wondering why he had not come."

"By Jove! I remember," Mr. Damer

George Archer went so far as confess his feelings to her, and even perhaps propose to her. When Mit came to the test, I believe Gilhan drew back from the little game of lirtation I fear she has trapps out of the room, leaving here playing Ludy Dayor says one staring. playing," Lady do not believe for a moment that she

on not believe for a moment that she had any serious Iselings for him, or that she ever dreamed of marrying a man in his rank of life, any more than her purse-proud father would allow her to dream of it. And if it has been as I imagine, Mr. Archer would naturally resent her conduct deeply."
"But why didn't he send an apol-

ogy, in any case?" repeats Mr. Da-mer, be wildered and pale with anger still. "Nothing can excuse his still. "Nothing can excuse his omitting that."

"It was not courteous to me, certainly," Lady Damer replies, with gentle dignity. "But if you are uncasy, you had better send a note to Darragh, and see what is really the matter."

CH PTER XXVIII. When Lady Damer returns to the drawing-room. Miss Damer-Cynthia Damer, a maiden over whose head thirty-nine winters and forty sumsad story, how much happier is she than ill-starred Mand, whose lover could only venture into the rose-garden to see her late at night when the dinner party was over—

"And render"

"And render"

"And render"

"And render"

"And render"

"And render"

"Two of 'cm to 1 t you tumble off a hunt-party with great enthusiasm by the artist, with the case when great enthusiasm by the artist, with the case when great enthusiasm by the artist, with the case when great enthusiasm by the artist, with the case when great enthusiasm by the artist, with the case when great enthusiasm by the artist, with the case when great enthusiasm by the artist cover for gossip or flirtation.

ling car, and let you break your bones. Eh, Miss Deane?"

"Troth they disgraced themselves!"
Mr. Damer says, laughling heartily. "No blame to her if she has nothing to say to either of them! Though in believe Bingham here ran for a doctor, and George Archer—faith, I don't know what George did"—his eyes are twinkling with secret delight—"except sit down in the ditch to take care of her! By the bye, hasn't he come yet?"

"It does not seem as though he had," Gillian says, with a cold little (smile, and Mr. Damer's brow clouds. "It is odd, George is always so punctual," Mr. Damer persists, staring at Gillian.
"Perhaps he has forgotten the invitation altogether," Gillian retorts, more coldly and flippantly, and rising to greet the Misses Damer with smiling cordiality.

And then the rest of the guests arrive, and the hostess, smiling, gracious, and elegant, enters; but the one Gillian waits for comes not. Comments are made upon his absence, and glances are directed at Gillian—Mr. Damer's glances oftenest of all.

Lady Damer says, smilingly, that the absentee must have "five minutes' grace," and her husband smiles, surprised and grateful to her for her consideration. But the five minutes elapse, and dinner is announced. "It won's de to knew Sir Lenos" in Darragh Castle.
"It won's de to knew Sir Lenos" in Darragh Castle.
"It won's de to knew Sir Lenos" in Darragh Castle.

surprised and grateful to her for her consideration. But the five minutes elapse, and dinner is announced.

"It won't do to keep Sir James waiting," Lady Damer says, sotto voce, to her husband.

"No — no, it won't, my dear," Mr. Damer agrees, with another thrill of grateful surprise.
"He is sure to come as soon as we sit down.

"And if you will excuse me." she

another thrill of grateful surprise.

"He is sure to come as soon as we sit down.

But diamer is served, and progressed and finishes, but Gerege Archer does not come, and the dainty dishes and sparkling wines are as Dead Sea fruit—dust and asness of bitterness—to prove little (Gillian As for Mr. Dead of the composition of the composit

half an hour or so."
"Just as you please, dear," Lady
Damer says sweetly, longing indeed
herself most intensely for the suspense to be all over and the results
of her strategy known to her beyond

a doubt.

Five minutes later, just as the clock Five minutes later, just as the clock is striking nine, she repeats her wish more fervently, as she sees the door open and her husband comes into the room. Her first glance at him makes her heart bound with terror.

His , handsome, florid, genial face, under the thin, graying fair hair, is ashy pale; the muscles are rigid, and his eyes are filled with a lurid light of suppressed fury and excitement.

"What has he heard?" she thinks, her courage failing, and fairly sheinking from his sight, though he does

ing from his sight, though he does not appear to notice her or any one in the room, and has thrown himself heavily into a chair, and is staring at the floor without

speaking. Several minutes pass by, and he remains without stirring, like a man asleep or paralyzed, and Lady Damer sees that she must arouse him. Already Theresa's inquisitive eyes are glancing ceaselessly at him with a somewhat malicious smile, and poor Gilian, who has watched his entry into the room, with a keener pang of "sickness of hope deferred" thrilling through her trembling heart than any she has felt yet, nerves herself desperately and and moves nearer to Lady Damer.

"Have you had no message yet om Mr. Archer, Lady Damer?" "No, my dear. I have had no message from him," Lady Damer says, very deliberately, with her piercing glance and her cold smile; but thus impelled to action, she rises up and goes toward her husband.

'And-good heavens! he has been drinking," she says to herself, with a fresh thrill of dismay. "This even-ing will end in an open scandal, after all my care."

"Is anything wrong?" she snys, in sharp, sibilant under-tones. "Every one in the room is asking what is the matter, from your appearance."

"By Jove! I remember," Mr. Damer says, growing pale with anger, and muttering some bitter words between his teeth. "I suppose the proud little minx has taken it into her head that George was in love with her, and has snubbed him."

"I really fancy so," Lady Damer admits thoughtfully. "In fact, I think from wild gathered this afternoon wild gathered this afternoon wild gathered this afternoon from other reasons, "Aat George Arbier went so far works his feelings to her, it won't be! Nor my words nor my ingratitude! I'm not accountable for my looks to you or to any one! And I won't be! Nor my words nor my deeds either."

aying," Lady Damer says, every one staring.
virtuous-matron air; "for I | And Lady Damer moves across the room to the card table, her long, silken train making an andible "frou-frou" on the carpet in the sudden silence, and with calmest smile lays her long white fingers on her nephew's shoulder. "Bingham, dear, I am afraid your

"Bingham, dear, I am airmid your Uncle Harry is vexed or upset about something," she says, in her sweet-est, most regretful tones. "He is so excitable, you know, and does worry himself so over trifles! May I take your cards, dear ?"

"Certainly, Aunt Jeannette, and I'll just go and see if I can do any-I'll just go and see if I can do any-thing to appease Uncle Harry," Lacy answers, with smiling readiness. "I thought he seemed considerably ruffled."

"Somebody has vexed him, I am "Somebody has vexed him, I am afraid," Lady Damer says, with a sigh and a plaintive smile around the whist table. "Some servant, or tenant, or some one. And Harry, unfortunately, does not control his temper. It is very soon over, that is one comfort," with another plaintive little smile. "What are trumps, Sir James?"

tive little smile. "What are trumps, six James?"

"And I never saw, sir," Sir James says afterward, in telling the story, "any woman behave better in a thing of the kind. Harry had been drinking on the sly, and was 'half-seas over' when he came into the drawing-room; but she turned it off capitally."

But in spite of her cleverness, and her whist-playing, and Miss Dam-cr's "music," the "wet-blanket' influence, which has hung over the evening from the first, begins to prove too much for Lady Damer, though she struggles on bravely.

She has flattered Miss Damer, though she struggles on bravely.

She has flattered Miss Damer, though she struggles on bravely.

She has flattered Miss Damer, though she struggles on bravely.

She has flattered Miss Damer, though she struggles on bravely.

She has flattered Miss Damer, though she struggles on bravely.

She has flattered Miss Damer, though she struggles on bravely.

She has flattered Miss Damer, though she struggles on bravely.

She has flattered soung lady has sang a Germua song in her small contralto voice which is supposed to make up in training what it lacks in power and sweetness, she absolutely declines to be flattered into singing again; and Anne O'Neil, at the does appeal.

He does appeal.

And some of our Judges decide that to make up in training what is to make up in training what is power and sweetness, she absolutely declines to be flattered into singing again; and Anne O'Neil, at a giance from her lady-hip, sits a maccompanying herself, and herself, and her rich, passionate voice Jean Ingelow's exquisite "When Sparrows Paild" song,

(To be continued.)

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JUDGES AND THE LAW: SOME QUEER DECISIONS.

Illustrations of How the Will of the People is Thwarted.

ported the view of three western County Judges that the Ontario Legislature, which changed the as-sessment law so as to enable taxasessment law so as to enable taxa-tion of the market value of the plant and equipment of public companies, did not change the law. The reason given for the decision is that the change the Legislature

made last session made last session
"does not vary the mode of arriving at the value of the property in question for assessment purposes as already settled by judgments in the court of appeal, except that the necessity of assessing in separate wards is dispensed with."

Let us see what the court of appears to the court of appears the court of appears the court of appears the court of appears to the court of appears the court of appears to the court of appears the court of appears to the court of appears the court of appears to the court of appears the court of appears to the court of appears the court of app

Let us see what the court of appeal decided, prior to the Legislature

Suppose you had owned a house in Central Ward assessed at \$3,000. Suppose a neighbor owned a house of the same value situated on a boundary line between Central Ward and Wellington Ward, so that half the house was in one ward, and half in the other. The old wording of the assessment act was that property in any ward must be assessed in that ward.

Well, the civic assessor would come ward must be assessed in that ward. Well, the civic assessor would come to your neighbor's \$3,000 house and say, "I cannot assess the whole of this house in Central Ward. Only half of it is there. Nor can I assess the whole of it in Wellington Ward, for a similar reason. Therefore I will assess half in Central half in Wellington ward, for a similar reason. Therefore I will assess half in Central half in Wellington ward, for a similar reason.

"Precisely," said your neighbor.
"But," persisted the assessor,
"this other man next door to you, with exactly the same house, only standing entirely in Central ward, is assessed for \$3,000, and has to pay taxes on \$3,000. You have an exactly similar property, sharing in civic improvements and expenditure to exactly the same amount. iture to exactly the same amount. Why should you escape with a total assessment of \$1,000? Should you assessment of \$1,000? Should you not in fairness be assessed the same and pay the same taxes?"
"Fairness be blowed," your neigh-

bor replied. "I'm telling you what I think about the law." 1 think about the law."
"I will value you at \$3,000 anyway," said the assessor.
"I'll appeal," said your neighbor;
"I'll go to law about it."
He did. And the judges decided that he was right and the assessor

it increase your respect for wisdom of the bench? Worse was to come. A public storm arose over Iniquitous technicality supported by judges. The Legislature was called upon by the government to undo the evil the judges had done. The Legislature was the control of the

lature got to work, and changed the wording of the assessment act. Legislature inserted the words that What has happened?
To carry on the suppositious case already used, the assessor comes to your neighbor remarking, "Now I am able to rate you fairly on your \$3,000 property. I do not need to value your property in sections now. The Legislature having heard about you and the judges, has changed the old law. I am ordered to assess your house 'as a whole.' So I assess it at \$3,000. What has happened?

He does appeal.

And some of our Judges decide that

Stops the Cough Lazative Bromo-Curinine Tablets cure a cold to one day. Ne Cure No Pay. Price 25 centa.

(Ottawa Journal.)

In Ottawa Judge McTavish, Judge
Senkler and Judge O'Reilly have supported the view of three western County Judges that the Ontario

(Ottawa Journal.)

he is right and that the assessor is wrong. To repeat the words used by Judges MacTavish, Senkler and O'Reilly, the amendment the Legislature made by inserting the words "as a whole":

as a whole":
"does not vary the mode of arriving at the value of the property
in question for assessment purposes as already settled by judgments in the court of appeal, except that the necessity of assesscept that the necessity of assessing in separate wards is dispensed

It is not a house that is in ques-tion. It is the plant and equipment of powerful corporations, which pay able lawyers to argue with judges—street railway companies, electric companies, telephone companies, gas companies. "The part of our plant in any one ward," they said, it has a street because they said, and they said, anot said they said, and they said they said, and they said, and th "should be assessed as scrap be-cause that part considered by it-self had no market value except as scrap." The judges said yes. The Legislature amended the law and said property must be valued "as a whole." The companies say "yes—as a whole scrap hean—not as a use whole." The companies say "yes—as a whole scrap heap—not as a usa-ble property." And the judges again concur. The judges say in effect: "Let private property pay its full share of taxes, but let every tech-

this house in Central Ward. Only half of it is there. Nor can I assess the whole of it in Wellington Ward, for a similar reason. Therefore I will assess half in Central, half in Wellington—\$1,500 each."

"No," said your neighbor. "No, you will not—not at \$1,500 each half. Nobody can live in half a house, can he? If my house was cut in two down the middle, and only half left standing in Central ward that half would not be worth \$1,500. The half would not be worth \$1,500. The half would be no good, except as so much brick or stone and mortar. You must assess the half in Central Ward as a mere pile of brick or stone, etc., \$ay \$500. nail in Central ward as a mere pine of brick or stone, etc., say \$500. Same in Wellington ward."

"But," replied the assessor, "if I assess the two halves of your house that way, \$500 in each ward, your whole assessment would be only \$1,000."

"Precisely" said your neighbor. be rated on the fair market value of not only the plant of the companies as going concerns but upon their as going concerns but upon franchises also. The Supreme of the companies in Chicago is being increased by over one hundred million dollars. Chicago will derive an additional revenue of two million

additional revenue of two million dollars yearly.

What the Illinois Supreme Court decided is that companies with civic franchises shall be assessed on the same basis as other property owners.

GROWING BABIES.

Need Watchful Care to Prevent Over-What do you think of that? Does feeding and the Evils That Follow.

All children at some period of their infancy are subject to indigestion, diarrhoea, or constipation. While the symptoms of these troubles greatly, differ, the origin of each is due to the same cause-improper food or overfeeding. This results sometimes in diarrhoea, sometimes in constipation. In either the treatment is to remove the cause, and this can only be speedily, safely and effectually done by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, a purely vegetable medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate or any of the poisonous stuffs found in the so-called soothing medicines. Mothers who once use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones never af ter experiment with other medicines. ter experiment with other medicines, and always speak of them in the highest terms. Mrs. Geo. R. Johnston, Wall street, Brockville, says: "I have been using Baby's Own Tablets, for over a year, always keep them in the house and always find them satisfactory. If my little boy —two years of age—is troubled with constipation, indigestion or diarrhoea, I give him the tablets and he is soon relieved. The tablets regu-late the bowels and do not cause af-

ter constipation, as many medicines do. I have also found them bene-Baby's Own Tablets are a certain sure for all the minor aliments of little ones such as colle, sour stomach, constination, indigestion, diarrhoea, etc. Children take them readily, and crushed or dissolved in water they can be given with good results to the youngest infant. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medi-

cine Co., Brockville, Ont. into a useful man, but most of are willing to have good boys hope for the best.