

AGONY ON OPERATING TABLE

Did Not Remove Stone in Bladder GIN PILLS Passed it.

JOLIETTA, P. Q. CANADA.
"During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone in The Bladder. He decided on an operation and was assisted by another doctor. They said the calculus was larger than a bean and too hard to crush and they could not take it out."
I returned home suffering greatly and did not know what to do but was recommended by a friend to try GIN PILLS. I bought a box and found relief from the pain at once. I took a second and third box of GIN PILLS after which I went back to the specialist. He told me the calculus was reduced in size, still he could not relieve me of it although he tried for two and a half hours.
I returned home again and continued to take GIN PILLS as they reduced the pain very much, but I did not expect that they would relieve me of the stone but to my great joy, I passed the stone on October 3rd, and am now a well man and very happy.
I am sending the stone in to you so that you can see for yourself what a great work GIN PILLS did for me. GIN PILLS are the best medicine in the world and because they did so much for me, I will recommend them all the rest of my life."
J. ALBERT LESSARD.

What glorious news to those who are almost going insane from the pain of Stone in The Bladder! Here is ease and comfort! Here is relief! Here is a certain means of getting rid of the stone without being cut to pieces by the knives of a surgeon. GIN PILLS dissolve Stone or Gravel in Kidneys or Bladder because GIN PILLS are the greatest solvent for uric acid the world has ever known.
If your trouble is like Mr. Lessard's, follow his example and take GIN PILLS. Money refunded if they fail to give relief. At all dealers, 50c a box—6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write us, mentioning this paper.
National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
If the bowels are constipated and liver torpid, take National Lazy Liver Pills 50c a box.

A Millionaire's Countess Westerleigh

CHAPTER XXXIV.

On the two or three occasions she accepted invitations to dinners, she made a great sensation among the west-country gentry, and set many a young man's heart aching; but most of all these mingled fear with admiration; the expression of quiet reserve, mixed with a vague sadness in her gray eyes, was so unlike anything they had ever seen—except on the stage," they said—that they felt thrown back upon themselves as it were. But if Nora was reserved with her equals and those in high places, the poor soon learned the other heart was tender enough toward them and their sorrows, and no one ever came to her for pity or for aid and went away uncomfited or empty handed. Indeed, Mr. Lester banteringly scolded her on the indiscriminate manner in which she dispense her charity.

"You give a sovereign where five shillings would be quite sufficient, my dear Nora," he said; "and I warn you that Vale Hall is getting to be regarded as a revival of the old monastic system of charity. In the old days, you know, the poor flocked to the monasteries and convents whenever they were hungry or hard up, and were fed and clothed with no questions asked, which was all very well in those benighted days—"

"But not in these enlightened ones, when the poor must bring a certificate of good behaviour with them before we throw them the crust which may save them from starvation," she said, with a flash of her eyes. "Please let me go upon the old system, Mr. Lester. We will follow the good monks and nuns and ask no questions, won't we, Milly?" Mr. Lester laughed.

"All right," he said. "It's a good thing that you are not only rich, but very rich. Only, when you've given away all your money, don't forget that I shall remark: 'I told you so.'" And Nora half smiled and sighed.

"What is the use of all the money if I can't try and make some of the miserable ones happy, even if it is only for a little time?"
"While they are getting drunk on it," suggested Mr. Lester.



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She smiled again, and shrugged her shoulders.
"Do they? Some of them, I dare say. But would you and I be any better than they are if we were in their places?"
"No, I should be worse," he said, with a laugh. "Oh! I am not going to argue with you, my dear Nora. It's so monotonous, for you always win or think you do."
"No, I should be worse," he said, with a laugh. "Oh! I am not going to argue with you, my dear Nora. It's so monotonous, for you always win or think you do."

It was a peaceful life she led, but notwithstanding Milly's companionship, a solitary one; she was always communing with the past, on which her lips were closed; always thinking of Vane Tempest; of the life in London; of the days spent so happily by his side, of the cottage in Scotland, and the scene which had changed her, as by the wave of a magician's wand, from an ignorant girl to a sorrow-stricken woman.

The winter passed, and the spring stole over the land. It makes itself seen and felt very early in this region; and one day, late in February, Nora pulled up the black mare on the edge of the moor and looked round her with a sense of wonder breaking upon her melancholy meditations in the past. A warm breath came across the ocean, as if it were laden with spices from the south. The grass beneath her horse's hoofs was tender green, the primroses peeped shyly from the sheltered places, the young lambs on a distant hill bleated in harmony with the song of the lark and the thrush just trying his voice. She let her reins lie loose and leaned forward, her lips apart, as if she were drinking in the fragrant breath of spring. The boom, boom of the sea, breaking on the rocks in the distance, smote upon her ears with a muffled sound, and there seemed a note of invitation in its voice. She had not yet, since her return, visited the beach below the hut, though it rose before her in her dreams night after night. She had avoided the actual spot, for she knew that the sight of it would only add a keener pang to her memories.

But this morning, and for the first time, a desire to see the wild place in which her childhood had been passed stole over her, and at last became irresistible; for, though she turned the horse toward home, she stopped again, and after a moment or two of rebellion against the impulse that possessed her, rode toward the Calderon.

The latter part of the way the road was not too safe, but Nora was absolutely fearless in the saddle, and she guided the mare up and down the narrow path on the ledge of the rocks without a tremor.

She came to the bridge at last, and stopped and looked down into the gorge below it. It seemed to her that it was only yesterday that she had seen Vane Tempest through the mist of rain and fog and heard his voice—the voice whose echoes still made sad music in her heart. She turned away with a heavy sigh and tremulous lips, dismounted, and tying the mare to a tree, picked her way along the path upon which she had led Vane blindfolded that never-to-be-forgotten night.
Her heart beat quickly as she came to the hut, then sunk sadly as she looked at what remained of it. It was empty and partly in ruins; the rain and the wind had swept in through the open door; a gull, uttering scared shrieks, fled out, its wings almost beaten against her face. The secret place in the rocks which smugglers of a couple of generations ago had wrought so skillfully, was broken open and a secret no longer. It was difficult to realize that there had ever been a girl called Nora Trevanion who had called that hollow "home"—more difficult still to realize that she who stood there, clad in one of Redfern's habits, the mistress of Vale Hall, and a million of money, was the same girl who ran about the rocks below with bare feet and tattered frock. Mistress of Vale Hall and a million of money! Why, she would gladly give it all in exchange for that day when Vane came down the rocks calling to her to take him sailing with her.

CHAPTER XXXV.
Vane went home after his proposal to Lady Florence, and to bed and he did not get up again for two months.
The doctors called it a scientific name in six syllables, and said the trouble had arisen from a cold brought about by exposure to the wet; and everybody remarked there was another instance of the truth that a common cold was the beginning of a serious illness.
For some time it was a question whether he would recover. The fever was obstinate, and the doctor said the patient showed a lack of nerve power; there was no evidence of a desire on his part to second their efforts at pulling him through.
To Mr. Senley Tyers, who proved a staunch friend, and was to be found for some portion of each day by his friend's bedside, one eminent doctor remarked:
"I am inclined to think that Mr. Tempest has something on his mind some trouble or annoyance upon which he has been dwelling; there is a morbid condition which militates against his recovery and defies the usual treatment. Physically, he is a splendid specimen, splendid; but the body, you see, Mr. Tyers, is very much, too much, under the influence of the mind, and our patient's mind has suffered some great disturbance I am convinced. Are you aware of any trouble that would have been likely to affect him seriously?"
And Senley Tyers had put on a look of careful consideration before he had replied:
"No, no, certainly not. If there had been, I must have known it. There were money troubles. Most young men of his position—"
The eminent one shook his head and smiled.
"The anxiety was not a financial one, I should say," he remarked. "Do you know of anything else?"
"No," replied Senley Tyers. "Of course there may have been, but I don't think it is likely. I know him so intimately that I must have heard of it. No; I should say that my friend was particularly free from anxiety. As you know, he is engaged to Lady Florence Heathcote, and—ahem!—whatever monetary trouble there may have been would, in con-

sequence of that engagement, have ceased."

LIFE'S STRUGGLE WITH ILLNESS

Mrs. Stewart Tells How She Suffered from 16 to 45 years old—How Finally Cured.

Euphemia, Ohio.—"Because of total ignorance of how to care for myself when verging into womanhood, and from taking cold when going to school, I suffered from a displacement, and each month I had severe pains and nausea which always meant a lay-off from work for two to four days from the time I was 16 years old.
"I went to Kansas to live with my sister and while there a doctor told me of the Pinkham remedies but I did not use them then as my faith in patent medicines was limited. After my sister died I came home to Ohio to live and that has been my home for the last 18 years.
"The Change of Life came when I was 41 years old and about this time I saw in one of your advertisements. Then I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot tell you or any one the relief it gave me in the first three months. It put me right where I need not lay off every month and during the last 18 years I have not paid out two dollars to a doctor, and have been blessed with excellent health for a woman of my age and I can thank Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it.
"Since the Change of Life is over I have been a maternity nurse and being wholly self-supporting I cannot over-estimate the value of good health. I have now earned a comfortable little home just by sewing and nursing since I was 41 years old. I have recommended the Compound to many with good results, as it is excellent to take before and after childbirth."
—Miss EVELYN ANDERSON, Euphemia, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

sequence of that engagement, have ceased."
The doctor nodded the professional nod.
"Quite so, quite so," he said. "We may be mistaken. The fever—it has been a severe and obstinate one—may have produced this extreme lassitude and indifference; it is quite possible. What we have to do now is to build him up, and—er—arouse that desire for life which—ahem!—should exist in the breast of a man so young and physically sound."
"You think he will pull through?" Senley Tyers had asked, looking down at the haggard face of his sick friend with a peculiar expression which rather puzzled the eminent doctor.
"Oh, yes—yes!" he replied. "With care—with care. As I told Lady Florence, whose anxiety is naturally very great, he has a capital chance if we can get the better of this weakness and lassitude."

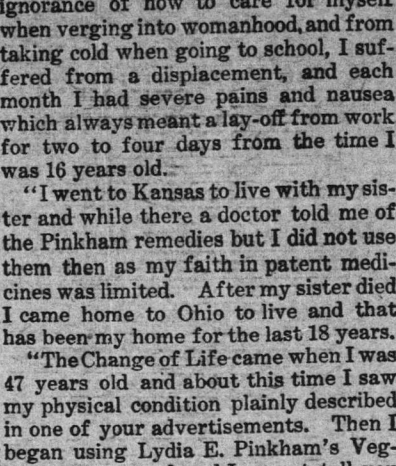
Lady Florence had a rough time of it during these two months, and Senley Tyers had the pleasure of seeing the woman he loved almost mad with alternate hope and despair for the life of another man.
Sometimes, when consumed by jealous rage which he had managed to conceal while in her presence, he wished his "friend" dead and buried, but that Vane's death would ruin the scheme which he, Senley Tyers, had worked out so skillfully up to the present.
"No, he must live until—" he groaned out between his teeth, and always left the sentence unfinished; and one day he was able to carry to Lady Florence the news that Vane had taken a decided turn for the better, and would balk the honest and often disappointed undertakers.
"You need be anxious no longer," he said, in his slow, half-cynical voice. "He has turned the corner and we shall save him."
(To be Continued.)

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25 cents a box all dealers or Ed. Cannon, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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