Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

and allow to steep seven minutes. The tea that one British Colony grows for another

> Black. Mixed. Ceylon Green. Ask for Red Label. FORTY CENTS-SHOULD BE FIFTY

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFIDY & & &

> bling with the excitement of fear "No." he said sullenly, doggedly.

grasped it with her hand. Her breath came in tortured, painful

gasps, showing the fearful nature of the struggle that was going on within her brain, the terrible agony, dark and dread, that was racking

He stopped, for it was evident to

scondered he is. And if at the same time it tearns what a victim you have been-well, that's your own fault! You hato me! You-you shall have cause. Before the week is out, the story of the marquis and his dupe will be in all the papers I'll—" He stopped, breathless with rage. "I'll accompany to that week is out,

Without another word he let he

go.
She moved off the bridge like one

CHAPTER XXI. The billiard room contained an ex

game was finished, took up the sovereign which Sir Edmund had laid upon his son, and then, leaving the major to the fresh game, went back

to the drawing room.

There were only two ladies pre-

sent: Lady Scott, placidly asleep in her chair, and Blanche Delaine standing by the mantel-shelf, with

CHAPTER XX.

Elaine moved forward, but as she got a step beyond him she paused. She would not run, would not show the slightest sign of fear before this man, for whom she had nothing but profound dislike and contempt. But he misunderstood her half pause, and caught at it.

"That moves you, does it?" he said, tauntingly. "You don't wish to see him inlured."

to see him injured."
Elaine flashed round upon him, and, drawn to her fuil height, pointed to the sky.
"Those stars might fall, but you-

it is not in your power—to injure Lord Nairne? she said, with biting

scorn.

"He bit his lip and glared at her.
"Are you sure of that?" he retorted. "Go and marry him, and you
will learn whether I can or cannot."

will learn whether I can or cannot."
Then his mood and manner changed suddenly, and he stretched out his hand toward her.
"Elaine! for God's sake, stop and listen to me. I will show you something, I will prove to you that I have not been lying, or boasting without cause. I have the marquis in my power—Yes! Look at me! Do I look as if I were lying? By heaven, I speak the truth!"
Elaine tooked at him, half fascinated by the evident earnestness of ated by the evident earnestness of a look of the evident to to the corners of his eyes.
"You believe it," he went on. "You cannot help it. I see you believe it, however much you doubted it at first. I doubted and disbelieved it at first. There is only one thing you can do. Go and break off the engagement with him and go home to-morrow morning. If he asks the reason—"

ated by the evident carnestness of his voice and manner, and yet angry with herself for stopping.

"I do not believe—" she began.

"I do not expect you to," he broke in sulienty. "You have called me a liar and a coward often enough for me to know that. But if I can prove you, if I show you something will, that must convince you?"

said, with infinite scorn.

"Very well," he responded, with a calmness which astonished her. "I will show it him—you shall show it to him if you choose, but I do not think you will. There would be a scene, a scandal If—If I prove to you that you should not, cannot, marry him, you will keep the calmness which astonished her. "I will show it him—you shall show it to him if you choose, but I do not think you will. There would be a scene, a scandal. If—if I prove to you that you should not, cannot, marry him, you will keep the secret for your own sake, for the major's; you'd consider him."

He put his hand in the breast pocket of his coat and brought out a sheet of paper, but held it as a man does a treasure he is loth to part with.

Elaine: Elaine: For heaven's sake don't—don't take it to heart sake don't don't sake don't don't sake don't don't sake don't don't sake don't sake don't sake don't sake don'

Elaine half turned from him, looked at him attentively. She had no wish to go now. The moment she had the least cause for believing that this man had the power—as he certainly had the will—to injure the marquis, all her thoughts were for her lover, and her spirit rose with the keen instinct of love in his defence.

and put up her hand to keep and off.

"Don't—don't touch me! she murble hoursely, not passionately nor indignantly, but with the dult stupor of despair, "Do not speak to me. From—from this night—bever speak to me again. 1—hate—you!"

He winced as if she had struck him, and his hands clinched.

She watched him closely.

"Will you promise me," he said huskily, "that if you believe me when you have seen this letter I hold in my hand, you will keep it a secret and break with the marquis?"

"I will give you no promise, Captain Sherwin. I will make no compact with you." she said calmly. "I do not care whether you show me this letter or not. I do not care what it contains. I do not believe—"

"Then take it!" he said, with a sudden burst of passion. "I have tried to break, it for and if at the same time it learns what a victim you what a victim you the said. she watched him closely.

sudden burst of passion. "I have tried to break it to you. I have tried to prevent scandal, but you. Take
it!" and he thrust it forward.
Elaine took the letter. It was
scorched and singed at the edges,
but every word, excepting the signature and the formal termination,

will be in all the papers. I'll—" He stopped, breathless with rage. "I'll never forgive you for that speech, Miss Delaine, never! Hate! If it comes to that, I can hate as well as love, and I will prove that I can!" She stood until he had finished. It is probable that she did not comprehend half of the hurried, passionate threat—then the personal and the store of the was intact. sec ?" he asked. "Can you see?" he asked. Elaine held the letter in her hand and looked up at the sky; a light cloud was passing. She shook her

"Wait ?" he said in a tremulous whisper. He struck a wax match and held it over the letter. 'Now," he said hoarsely, "Quick." In the flickering light Elaine read

the note; read it twice, then she

threat—then she moved away. At her movement his mood changed once more, and he sprang after her.
"Elaine—Elaune—I—did not mean it!
I—you drove me to it! Come back—stop—listen to me! dive me back the note! I love you." stop—listen to me: Give me back the note! I love you."

She turned and looked at him—a look that made his hand drop to his side, his shifty eyes close, his whole being, as it were, collapse, Contempt, scorn, loathing, were all compressed in that look.

Without another word he let her bim—from the letter itself.

But the next instant, as if ashamed of her weakness, she looked up deflantly.

"It—it is a lie." she gasped. "A foolish, wicked He." Her hand went the to her gase as if to clear, away.

up to her eyes as if to clear away a mist that had fallen before them. and she pushed the hair from her

WHAT MOTHER SAYS.

"It gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Baby's Own Tablets. At the age of two months my baby was dreadfully constipated. He could not digest his food and screamed incessantly. I was almost in despair, but since giving him the Tablets he has been well and is growing splen. didly." Such is the testimony of Mrs.

She moved off the bridge like one who has suddenly been struck blind. Indeed, she was unconscious of the direction her steps were taking.

As the lights of the castle windows came in sight, comminging with the rays of the moon, which pierced the leaves of the shrubbery, she felt the carth shake and reel, and with a cry too faint to be heard at even a few yards' distance, she fell prone to the ground.

CHAPTER XXI. didly." Such is the testimony of Mrs. 8. Craig, 329 Bathurst street, Toronto, and thousands of other mothers speak in a similar strain.

Summer is here and mothers should

ceedingly merry party. The major was in gay spirits, pitted in a match against Mr. Algernon. The marquis was a witness of the contest, and had made a bet in favor Summer is nere and mothers should take special pains to guard their little ones against illness. At this season infant mortality is at its greatest; colic, diarrhoea and summer complaints can be guarded against and prevented by the use of Baby's own Tablets. Keep a box the theory was gave work. In the house—they may save your little one's life. Sold by druggists or may be had by mail, at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

her small, daintily shod foot on the fender.

"All gone to bed?" he said.

"All excepting two; and one excepting two; and one of is asleep, and the other she were!" said Lady

Blanche,
His face fell. He had hoped to have
seen, to have had a word—one little
word—with Elaine before she went
upstairs.
"And Elaine," too?" he said, with

a smile that only thinly veiled his disa smile that only than appointment.

"Oh. Elaine: no. she has not gone to bed," said Lady Blanche, regarding the sharp point of her Turkish slipper critically; "she has gone into

slipper critically; "she has gone into the grounds."

"Into the grounds?" he repeated, glancing at the clock on the mantel-shelf. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," she replied, lightly. "It was a lovely night, and I suppose she felt dull."

"How long has Elaine been gone?"
She looked at the clock.

She looked at the clock.
"Oh, I should think half an hour."
"Half an hour," he said; "and

alone!"
"Quite alone," she retorted, with a languid smile. "You are not alarmed?"

alarmed?"
"Alarmed? No," and he smiled, but as one smiles whose thoughts belie one's words. "But I think she may catch cold. She is on the terrace, did

one's words. "But I think she may catch cold. She is on the terrace, did you say?"

'I said nothing of the kind," she replied laughingly. "I think she has gone to the bridge."

"To the bridge!" he said, with surprise in his voice, and his eyes. "Are you sure? That is some distance from the house."

"I know," she said, stifling a yawn with her lace-edged hand-kerchief. "I begged her not to go, but she seemed resolved to do so, and"—she shrugged her white shoulders—"I daresay you know Elaine by this time. Lord Nairne. Opposition only makes her more determined, it seems."

"But why should she go to the bridge?" he said.

Lady Blanche shrugged her shoulders again, and surveyed her small foot languidly.

"I really cannot tell you. One would have thought from her persistence that she had some reason—yes, really, some reason—for going. But don't be alarmed, marquis. She will return; she will return."

He sailed rather grimly.

"I have no doubt she will." he said. brow. Then she looked at him steadily, bravely, unflinchingly, and forced a laugh from her lips, that had slowly grown white—ulaugh of unhellef and contempt. "It is a forgery, a clumsy forgery," she said, speaking calmly but with difficulty.

He shook his head. He was trembling with the excitement of fear "No," he said sullenty, doggedty,
"It's genuine. It's not a forgery.
What would be the use? You would
find out for yourself—anyone could
find out—in a few hours."
She drew back against the rall and

She will return; she will return.

He smilled rather grimly.

"I have no doubt she will," he said.

He walked to the window and drew
the curtain aside, and let the moonlight flow into the room, which was ow only dimly lit.
"It is a lovely night, is it not?"

she said. "Lovely," he replied absently, "Yes, Lady Blanche yawned delicately.
"I half promised to wait up fo Elaine," she said; "but I am wo fully sleepy. Do you think she would be very angry if I went to bed?

him that she was not listening, and did not hear him. She stood, the note clutched in her hand, her eyes "I am sure she would not," he re-plied; promptly. "I will tell her-b Lady Scott woke as he spoke, and mechanically stretched out her hand note clutched in her hand, her eyes
lived on vacancy, her face white,
deathly white in the moonlight.
Lot's wife at the moment of her
transformation into the senseless
salt could not have been more stafor her needle-work.
"Let us go to hed, dear Lady Scott," said Blanche.

scott," said Blanche.

"Have all the others gone? Dear
me. I must have fallen into a doze,"
said the old lady. "Yes, we will go
now. Is that you, Nairne? Where
is Elaine?"

"In bed long ago, I hope," said Lady Blanche. The marquis had not heard the question nor the answer. He

question nor the answer. He was still looking out at the moonlight. The two women left the room, and he stood, with the curtain in his hand, inresolute, undecided, until they had got half way up the stairs, then he dropped the curtain and strole quietly from the room. Elaine, his darling, was out there in the moonlight, beside the bridge on which he had first seen her. Perhaps she was waiting for him. He might snatch a few moments with her. He took a soft cap from the stand, and, going by the smaller hall to the entrance, opened the door with his private key and emerged into the moonlight.

moonlight.

As he did so he saw someone standing against the wall. It was Luigi He laid his hand on Luigi's shoul-

der.

"Luigi! How did you come here?"
The Italian turned his sightless eyes toward him.

"Is that you, Nairne? They told me it was a beautiful night, and I groped my way down here. Somehow I fancy I can feel the moonbeams. But what are you doing out here?"

"Elaine is here-out here,"

"Elaine is nere—out here, replied the marquis, simply.

Luigi started.
"Elaine — I beg your pardon,
Nairne! Miss Delaine. Impossible!"
"But she is," said the marquis.
"The beauty of the night tempted her. She has gone to the bridge. Do you remember, Luigi, that it was on the bridge I first saw her? I don't think I told you. It was a romantic cut. As he struggled for articulation a faint perfume wafted past him. It the bridge I first saw her? I don't the can say the same of me. Put your her arm in mine. We may as well walk toward the bridge; we shall meet her."

"Captain Sherwin," said Luigi. "I don't know him."

"Captain Sherwin," said Luigi. "I was a fortunate. As I said, he "You are fortunate. As I said, he "Tan in the same said. The could not have told—then the voice of the marquis broke the silence. meeting. I nearly chucked a man — a Captain Sherwin, an awful cad — into the river. No matter; I don't bear him any ill will, and I hope he can say the same of me. Put your arm in mine. We may as well walk toward the bridge; we shall meet ber."

"You are fortunate. As I said, he is a dreadful cad, and I have always a troublesome impression that "I am here, Nairne. Well?" he rehad a troublesome impression that I ought to have thrashed him. But enough of him—— What are you listening to?" for the blind man had stopped and held his head on one side in an attitude of attention. "I heard voices," he said.
"Voices?" the marquis laughed

"Voices?" the marquis laughed. right. Those acute ears of yours deceive you sometimes, Luigi mine."
The blind man shook his head.
"Not often," he said gently. "I tell you I heard voices, and one of them is Flance?"

The marquis frowned.

as both men knew.

The marquis stood as motionless as a statue.

"She has taken one of the ladies with her May, I should say."

"Yes," assented Luigi, but at that moment the tones of a man's voice reached their ears.

The marquis storied, and his arm abstainer and a temperature of the physician called, and, seeing little change, asked the wife of this patient:

"Does your husband take four glasses of wine regularly?"

"Oh, yes, doctor, he is very strict about it. Indeed, he is four weeks ahead, so earnest is he over 1t."

COULD NOT SLEEP

On Account of Headaches and Pains in the Sides

The Sad Condition of a Bright Little Girl Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Rescue.

Many young girls, seemingly in the sest of health, suddenly grow list-ess and lose strength. The color best of health, suddenly grow listless and lose strength. The color
leaves their cheeks; they become
thin, have little or no appetite, and
suffer from headaches and other bodly pain. Such was the case of Bessie,
youngest daughter of Mr. Charles
Cobleigh, Eaton Corner, Que. Speaking of his daughter's illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Cobleigh says:
"Up to the age of eleven, Bessie
had always enjoyed the best of
health and took great pleasure in
out-of-door play. Suddenly, however, she seemed to lose her energy;
her appetite failed her; she grew her appetite failed her; she grew thin and pale; slept badly at night, and complained of distressing head-aches in the morning. We thought that rest would be beneficial to her. that rest would be beneficial to her, and so kept her from school, but instead of regaining her strength, she grew weaker and weaker. To make matters worse, she began to suffer from pains in the side, which were almost past endurance. At this stage we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After a couple of weeks the good effect of the medicine was decidedly apparent. Bessie became more cheerful, her step quicker, her eyes were brighter and she seemed more like her former self. We continued giving her the pills for several weeks longer, until we felt that she had fully recovered her health and strength. I honestly believe had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills our daughter would not have recovered. our daughter would not have recov ered her health and strength, and health always have a good word to shall always have a good word to eay for this medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure

all troubles that arise from poverty of the blood or weak nerves. Among such troubles may be classed anaemia, headache, neuralgia, erysipelas, rheumatism, heart ailments, dyspepsia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the ailments that render miserable the lives of so many wo-men. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams" Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail post paid, at 502. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Com-pany, Brockville, Ont.

gripped the blind man's closely.

"Whose voice was that?" he said.

"The major's—Bannister's? Not".

The blind man shook his head.
"Neither," he said. "What is the matter, Nairne? Are you frightened by a voice?" and he smiled.

The marguis inusphed.

matter, Nairne? Are you frightened by a voice?" and he smiled.
The marquis laughed, "Not by twenty voices," he said.
"But whose is it? I tell you. Luigi, that she is out here alone."
Lugi listened intently.
"Not alone," he said, quietly.
"There is some one with her."
"You think that?" said the marchis "Your ears are keeper than

quis. "Your ears are keener than mine. You hear two voices; a strange

one—"
"Yes," said Luigi; "but that is easily explained. My dear Nairne," and he smiled, "what possesses you Mr. Bannister, Mr. Lulwood, any one with her. I may be mistak.

Mr. Bannister, Mr. Lulwood, any one may be with her. I may be mistaken and fail to recognize the voice."
The marquis laughed lightly.
"Great Heaven, Luig!!" he said.
"You don't think I am jealous? What does it matter to me who is with my darling? I will join them. Will you come? Yes, come! She is always glad to see you."
Luig! Zanti drew back.
"No," he said, "I will not go. I am not in the mood for Mr. Bannister's persiliage. I will wait here. There is a seat near, isn't there?"
"Yes," said the marquis, and he drew him to a bench under an old elm. "Wait here," he said; "I shall not be long. It is time she was in. not be long. It is time she was in The air is chilly, and she might catch cold."

He strode down the path, and th blind man sat and waited. Suddenly, a few minutes after the marquis had left him, there smote on his ear a strange, weird cry-the cry of a human being in morta agony. He rose, pale and trembling and stood clutching the arm of th and stood clutching the arm of the rustic seat. As he stood there he heard the rustle of a woman's dress close beside him. All was black, the blackness of a blind man's perpetual night. A subtle kind of horror settled upon him, and he strove to call cut. As he struggled for articulation fairt perference for the struggled of the struggled for articulation.

The marquis was silent for a moment, then he said hoarsely, in a voice broken and strained:
"Have you seen, have you—heard enything?"

(To be Continued.)

An Earnest Drinker.

St. Paul Globe. "Talking about moderate drink

ing," said Fatner Lawler of the Cathedral parish, after he had ad-The marquis frowned.

"Nonsense." he said, sharply. "To whom could she be speaking? All the rest of the women are in bed."

"I don't know! I cannot tell," said Luigi in a troubled voice. "But it was she who spoke. There," he exclaimed suddenly, and stopped short. The marquis stopped perforce, and at that moment Elaine's voice was heard. No words, no single word could be heard, but it was her voice, as both men knew.

Cathedral parish, after he had addressed the delegates at the meeting of the Total Abstinence Union, and walked down the street toward the parochial residence, "I know a physician in this town who ordered a patient of his to take a glass of wine four times each day. This patient is a well-known man in St. Paul, noted for being a strict as both men knew. glass of wine four times each day. This patient is a well-known man in St. Paul, noted for being a strict abstainer and a temperance work-

Some Notes on Canadian Fruit.

The Fruit Division of the Domin- some emulsion just as the leaf but as Dr. Fletcher gives the following deon Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, issues the following warning to fruit growers; It is to be feared that the wet weather at present prevailing will lead a good many orchardists to neglect spraying. Last year the summer and autumn were wet and many grow-

ers of fruit failed to give their orcrs of fruit failed to give their orchards more than two or three
sprayings. As Mr. MacKinnon
points out, the cool, moist weather
is peculiarly favorable to the devolopment of fungous growths, and
it is only by seizing every opportunity and spraying whenever a
day or two of dry weather comes
along that sound, clean fruit can
be secured. Wet weather should be
an incentive to greater diligence in be secured. Wet weather should be an incentive to greater diligence in spraying, rather than an excuse for not spraying, Eternal vigilance is the price of safety in fruit growing, and it behooves every one who desires a full crop of first-class desires a full crop of first-fruit to spray early and often.

Orchid Cultivation. There is a danger on account of the wet weather, orchards will not receive their usual cultivation, which is urgently needed to destroy weeds, aerate the soil, and con-serve soil moisture for future use. If the ground is not stirred it bakes, cracks open and evaporation goes on rapidly. By stirring the soil through frequent cultivation, thus keeping a loose mulch on the surface, capillarity is broken up and moisture retained. As soon as it is possible, therefore, to get on the ground after a rain, the cultivator should be started in the orchard, and kept going as steadily as time and weather will permit.

Pear Leaf Blister Mite. The Fruit Division, Ottawa, wender the following information with reference to this pest, to Mr. R. Bray, Walkerton, Ont.: The pear leaves shown at the Farmers' Institute meeting at Teeswater are infected with the Pear Leaf Blister Mite (Phy-toptus pyri). This insect is sometimes quite prevalent, and although it-spreads slowly from tree to tree, is likely to do much harm. Dr. Fletcher, Dominion Entomologist, treats of this insect in his report for 1805, page 160. He recommends as the most practical remedy the use of the kero-

Dr. Fletcher gives the following description: Reddish spots appear on the leaves, somewhat irregular in shape, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and frequently confinent. These appear on the young 'peach leaves early in spring, and as the summer progresses they turn to corky, blister-like galls, with a hole in the centre, through which large numbers of minute, elongated mites issue and attack the fresh parts of the leaf." insect attacks only pear

leaves, and is reported as having been discovered in nearly all pear growing districts.

The "King" Apple.

The "King" is one of the favorite varieties of apples in the market, but unfortunately it is so shy a bearer on its own roots that it is not at all profitable. It has, however, frequently been noted that by top-grafting it on any vigorous stock it becomes much more prolific.

much more prolific.

The Fruit Division, Ottawa, invited correspondence upon this subject, and has received some valuable information. Mr. C. L. Stephens, of Orillia, has the "King" topgrafted on "Duchess," and finds that its bearing qualities are quite satisfactory. Mr. Wm. Read, of Jarrat's Corners, has twelve "King" trees grafted on "Duchess" and reports equally good results. Mr. Judson Harris, of Ingersoll, has an orchard of two and a half acres, the crop from which for the past eight years has prevent the property of the past eight years has prevent the property that the property that the past eight years has prevent the property that the property than less than \$500. which for the past eight years has never brought him less than \$500. Many of the trees are Kings, graft-ed on Russets. Mr. Robt. Murray, of Avening, has a number of King trees on their own roots, and others grafted on Tolman Sweets, and notes grafted on Tolman Sweets, and notes that the top grafted trees are the only ones that give him paying

only one crops.

The experience of these growers and many others goes to show that it would be a very profitable piece of business to topgraft at least some of the early apples to be found all over Ontario, with Kings. The King is an apple that exactly fills the bill as a fancy market variety, as it is of excellent quality, color and size, and well known in the English bill as a lancy market tis of excellent quality, color and size, and well known in the English market. If its only defect, want of productiveness, can be cured by the simple method of topgrafting, it should prove a boon to many people who have vigorous trees of undesirable varieties.

MASSAGED HIS HEART.

And Set it Going Again After it Had Run Down and Stopped.

At a recent clinic in England the operator actually started a man's heart working after its functions had ceased by massaging the vital organ of the Society of Anaesthetists in England the other day that Dr. E. A.

Starling reported the occurrence. The case was one of appendicitis. The patient was a man 65 years of age. Ether and nitrous oxide were the amaesthetics employed to render him unconscious. It is always considered a risky matter to use the knife exa risky matter to use the kine ex-tensively upon a person over 60, and in this instance the operators were well prepared for emergencies. There-fore, when, after the operation had proceeded for some minutes, the sub-ject's pulse began to slacken and his breath to come very fainty, there ject's pulse began to slacken and his breath to come very faintly, there was no flurry among the surgeons or nurses assisting. At first they tried artificial respiration, drawing the tongue in and out to induce resump-tion of the natural functions. But the

lungs failed to respond, and finally both pulse and respiration ceased. Then the surgeon, W. Arbuthnot Lane, pushed his hand up through the adominal wound and grasped the mo-tionless heart through the disharm He squeezed it and felt it start pulsating, though no radial pulse could be feit. Artificial respiration and other restoratives were continued, and in about twelve minutes natural respiration appeared and the pulse became perceptible at the wrist.

After that the surgeon wielded his knife as before the interruption, and

proceeded to complete his work in businesslike fashion. He did not use an anaesthetic while performing the final work.

There was no complication in the case, and the old man made what the doctors call "a good recovery." Commenting on the success of the ex-periment in this case, the Journal of the American Medical Association

says:
"This rough-and-ready method and

its success in this case are suggestive of important possibilities, and demonstrate that cutting operations in these cases are not essential and can be avoided.

these cases are not essential and can be avoided.

"The previous failures followed extensive exposures of the heart either by rib resection or incision through the diaphragm, as recommended by Mauclaire, in two cases. This of itself introduces a serious complication, and Lane's success was probably mainly due to his avoidance of this. The case, as the Lancet remarks, "justifies us in saying that, if during Iaparotomy the patient's heart stops, the case should never be abandoned as hopeless until manual compression of the heart through the diaphragm has been performed."

Philadelphia North American.

The Little Tot's Recitation.

The Lewiston, Me., Journal puts on record a "true story," that from Waterville, in that comes from Waterville, in that
State. It occurred at a meeting
of the Sunday school in one of the
Waterville churches. Just before
the classes were to be excused the
superintendent asked if theme was
any one present who would like to
make any remarks or ask any questions. All swas still for a moment,
and then a little tot of 5 years
said: "I'd like to speak a plece."
"Very well, my little miss, your
shall speak a plece." The little girk
walked slowly down the alse, and,
taking a position directly in front
of the altar, made a neat bow and
said:

There was a jolly wobbin who kept her head a-bobbin'.

As he gobbled up a big fat worm; And he said, "I've eat forty-two brothers and half a dozen

others,
And golly, how it tickles when
they squirm!
The little girl bowed, and amid
laughter and applause, returned to
a seat beside her mother.

There are much more eloquent indications of the ragged edge of despair than the fringe around the bottom of a man's trousers.

Emaciated By Kidney Disease

Sulfered Greatly From Backache, Sleeplessness and Headaches-Now Enthusiasticin Praising Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Stowly and surely the victim feels strength and vigor ebbing away and realizes his awful condition. The following letter suggests a remedy which has brought back health and happiness to thousands of sufferers from kidney disease.

Mr. William E. Halditch, Port Robinson, Ont., states; "I was for several years a great sufferer from kidney trouble from which dread disease I am now happily free. I had all the usual symptoms in an aggravated degree and at times was com-pletely incapacitated with palas in my back, biliousness and headache. I had little or no appetite, insomnia

One feature of kidney disease is the gradual loss of flesh and wasting Liver Pills, and, after using a few away of the tissues of the body. Stowly and surely the victim feels and vigor, as the worst symptoms and vigor, as the worst symptom had entirely passed away. When think of my present good health in comparison with my miserable condition of three years ago, I would not go back to my former state for any amount of money. I may be considered enthusiastic over Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but, considering the benefit derived from them, I have every reason to be."

Acting, as they do, directly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, Dr. Clase's Kidney Liver Pills insure purity of the blood, good circulation and per-fect condition of the digestive organs. One pill a doss, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect resulted and my condition was really wretched. I became emaciated and grew despondent and hopeless of relief as I had taken treatment from doctors to no avail.

Sans. One pil a doss, p. cents gans. One pil a doss, p. cents and son. The port of the famous receipt book author. octors to no avail. the famous receipt book author, "Finally on the advice of a friend, are on every box of his remodies."