********************************* The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

The "ting" of the little bronze clock near her has marked the half-hour several minutes before, but there is no sign of the return of Captain Lacy and Gillian.

She had received a brief message an hour before that they were going out for a short time, and has scarcedly troubled herself to think twice about the matter. The 'lovers' so frequency take walks together, and late as is the hour, and odd as seems their absence, still even Mrs. Grundy stretches a point in favor of a betrothed pair.

"It is quite time for them to be with a gay glance flung at him—that I guess you forgot all about it!"

'Indeed, no, Aramintha! Indeed, no, Idd not, my love!" Mr. Deane says vehemently, g owing redder and looking at his wife's gay self-posses-is owith a sort of despair. "I would not be guilty of the least forgetfulness or neglect of Lady Damer on any account."

"Pray do not apologize," Lady Damer says with stern brevity, growling haughder as he grows humbler and more embarrassed.

"No, pray, don't! It isn't any

"It is quite time for them to be back now, however," Lady Damer thinks, knitting her brows. "What can Bingham be thinking of? What a contretemps it would be if her father were to arrive just at this

Another five minutes pass away, in the first state of the first of carriage wheels, and a loud shot and ring. The hall door, is thrown open hurriedly by the butler, and a strange voice is heard in loud, authoritative tones in the hall. Lady hame sits absolutely still; growing devith apprehension, growing hot larm and displeasure; her face pains under its delicate rouge.

"A is Mr. Deane, I believe," she in the strange panic that

guap in the strange geome to seize on her. Gillan 13 What can I do or say?" butler throws open the drawing-room door and announces:
"Mr. and Mrs. Deane-my lady!" CHAPTER XXXIV.

the space of half a dozen sec-Lady Pamer sits petrified with

For the space of han a conds, Lady Pamer sits petrified with oddsmay.

And then shiprises, slow and stately, and stands it tall, statue-like rigidity, her imperious brow slightly thrown back, her imperious chin slightly raised, watching the portly, pompons gentleman with the bald forchead and long, drooping whiskers, and the lady by his side, who are entering the room.

The pomponer is the portion of the unexpected guest.

"Gracious!" Aram'ntha says, with a bright little laugh, quite unabashed. "It will take Sylvia five minutes at least to fix my being, and I could not get into any of my dinner dresses in less than another ner dresses in less than anot

and the lady by his side, who are entering the room.

"Lady Demer! My dear madam!" thus the digentieman begins with the digential smile and bow; who me to introduce myself. Herebeane at our service, as I bedieve I have nevel that the honor of meeting, your ladyship before! I believe I am not wrong I have the pleasure of addressing Lady Damer?" he says, pausing With some uneasiness in his manner, and a certain stiffness as well.

were married only very recently, and there was rently not time, that is to say—at least—to communicate, but—Aramintha, dearest, allow me to introduce you to Lady Damer.'

Another bow, almost slighter than

Another bow, almost slighter than the preceding one, not the 'aintest trace of a smile-ley or otherwisz-is Lady Damer's sole acknowledgment of the introduction of the new Mrs. Deane, who, on her part, bows more gracefully and quite as haughtily as Lady Damer, and returns the flash of her ladyship's glasses, with a brighter, keener glance of her own brilliant eyes.

"I suppose you are astonished, Lady Damer, at Mr. Deane's marriage?" she says, cooly. "The ceremony was on the twentieth of last month, and as we left on the twenty-sixth there was no use in writing; we should

was no use in writing; we should have arrived nearly as soon as our letter, you see, and one can break startling news rather better in person than in a letter l' with an audaclous smile which points her words, and makes Lady Damer feel quite faint with speechless wrath for the

e being. Nevertheless, Mrs. Denne," her "Nevertheless. Mrs. Define," her ladyship says frigidly—with the most galling reproof that deliberate condescension of tone and faint, pitying smile can convey—"you should not have failed to acquaint me at the very earliest opportunity with this certainly unexpected fiews. You appear to forget, both you and Mr. Deane," and the eye-glasses flash on him so that he winces, "that I have, at his rewinces, "that I have, at his request, taken upon me the position and the duties of the mistress of this house, pending the preparations for his daughter's hurriage. I should, at least, have received notice'—with for dense ignorance "that I should be required to resign

Damer! Now, my my position an My dear La ests, growing red all head. It would disme extremely if you were to say

But the new Mrs. Deane Interrupts her husband with the audacious smile in her bright eyes, an audacious ring in her clear, slightly ansal accents, right we nervou D mer's quite right, Mr. Sh is quite right. We oug'it witten, sure enough, only tten, sure enough, only things so at the last"-

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Lax ve Bromo Quinine Tablets. All crargists retund the mercy if it fails to cure.
W. Green's signature is on each box. 22.

ing haughtier as he grows humbler and more embarrassed.

"No, pray, don't! It isn't any use, not the least bit in the world," laughs Aramintha, easily. "You did forget, or you didn't do as you ought to have done, Mr. Deane; and I suppose you will lay all the blame on me!"

She flashes another arch glance at her newly-wedded lord, which unlucky Mr. Deane—between the two fires of fear of his bride's displeasure—received with a sickly smile, and wipes his brow,

"I'll explain it all to Lady Damer by and by, my dear," he says, propitating his Aramintha with a beseeching glance and trying in vain to propitate her ladyship with her deferential bow, "if you'll allow me to ring for your maid, Aramintha, dearest. It is just dinner time, my love, and we must not keep Lady Damer waiting. I presume dinner is served at the usual hour, Lady Damer?" with another timid bow.

"I have not altered any of your arrangements, Mr. Deane," Lady Damer says, youchsafing him the briefest of glances, beneath her haughty erelids. "Dinner at 7—it

will kindly allow us five minutes, Lady Damer! Aramintha, love, you must please hurry your toilet on this oc-

Mally. "You will see her dute the many of dinner."

And then as Mr. Deane has followed his Aramintha, nervously impressing on her the necessity of haste. Lady Damer is left alone, and she takes off her glasses and her hands drop at her sides, in helpless dismay.

"Who would have imagined this?"

Who would have dreamed of such Who would have dreamed of such Ity time for me to make myself believed.

Who would have dreamed of such a thing?" she gasps, too stunned for much wrath as yet, as she begins to fully comprehend the overwhelming calamity that has fallen upon her and her plans and weillaid schemes.

"Married again to a young wife!" she mutters, trembling and bewildered, she is so utterly, helplessly taken by surprise. "A young wife of five or six-and-twenty, a cleven, bold, and acious creature, who had murried him for his money and rules him like her slave. A horribe, underbred, designing, calculating underbred, a village swell as villager step-mother will not make a result of the conception."

"As bad as that?" he asks, shrugging his shoulders. "Poor Gillian."

"All goes well a villager step-mother will not matter to Gillian."

Lady Damer says, coldly. "And of course, our would take care that this person—the new Mrs. Deane—kept her distance and never presumed on with a sigh of despair. "I date say this mercenary creature has person—the new Mrs. Deane—kept her distance and never presumed on with a sigh of despair. "I date say this mercenary creature has person—the new Mrs. Deane—kept her distance and never presumed on the connection." with a sigh of despair. "I dan's say
this mercenary creature has persuaded him to make a will entirely
in her favor already! There is little chance of Gillian's hundred
thousand pounds now! There may
be little chance of a wed gag at all
now! What shall I do? What course
must I insist on Binghar, adopting at ouce?"
And as she hears her nephew's
knock at this mon, nts so

nervous and so anxious is she to commence her hasty succeeded outplan of action that she byrries to the drawing room door an calls and beekons to him imperatively.

"What is it, aunt?" he says, coldly and impatiently, pausing at the foot of the stairs with Gillian leaning on him, or rather clinging to him, as it appears.

"I wish to speak to you at once," her ladyship says, sternly. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing very much," he says, coolly, in a brief, determined way.
"We walked too far, and Gillian is over tired and rather upset. That is all."

"I wish to speak to you," Lady Damer repeats, ignoring: Gillian's evident weakness and illuess, with au utter departure from her role of maternal solicitude.

"Wait a moment, please," Captain Lacy says, in the same cold, simpatient way, delaying until Gillian's maid hurries down to assist her mistress wortains to her room. The white maid nurries down to assist her mis-tress upstairs to her room. The white faced, drooping figure seems scarce-able to stand alone.

And even then Lady Damer sees her nephra linear recogning down to

And even then Lady Damer to her nephew linger, stooping down to Gil'ian and murmuring something in her her nephew linger, stooping down to Gil'ian and murmuring something in earnest undertones, pressing her hand as she turns away, and gazing after her with unusual tenderness in his face and munuer "Of course!" Lady Damer sneers in bitterness of heart. "I shall not wonder in the least if I find fresh obstacles in some Qu'xotic idea, or rome mt pluced scrupalousness on the part of this absurd, selfish, unpractical boy! He is nothing better though he is nine-and-twenty! I have bad news for you," she says, hurriedly, as Bingham comes into the drawing-room. "Shut the door! I must speak to you for five m.nutes—I have very bad news to tell you."

"Have you," he mays, in a low, constrained tone, an! Lady Damer wonders if it is a prevision of her bad news which makes his face so deadly pale, his brow so gloomy, and his eyes so fiercely bright. "Well, that's nothing strange, aunt Jeannette. Go on, please."

"Gillian's father has returned un-

on, please."
"Gillian's father has returned unon, please, "Gillian's father has returned unexpectedly—came here a few minutes ago," she says, almost stammering in agitation. "And what do you think, B.ngham? It is dreadful for me to have to tell you!" Lady Damer says, with tears of despairing rage 11 ing to her eyes. "The wicked man actually has gone and married a girl a few years older than his daughter—a low, designing Yankee girl! Married her in a disgraceful, hurried, hole-and-corner fashion, without acquainting any one!"

Lady Dam'r apparently denies the possibility of a few score of American citizen; possessing any individualty of their own.

"Oh!" Lacy says, with a surprised "Oh!" Lacy says, with a surprised look, and a cold, scornful smile. "Has he really? I fanced he was a very shrewd, long-headed fellow. He is only as big a fool as every other man—that is one comfort!"

"What are you talking about? Is that all you have to say?" Lady Damer exclaims, grinding her foot on the floor.

Damer exclaims, grinding her foot on the floor.

"What else should I say?" Lacy retorts, curtly, his fair forehead darker and sterner than Lady Jean-nette has ever seen it. "If I knew Mr. Deane better I should be sorry for him, I dare say. At present I am indifferent. What does it matter to

me?"
"What does it matter? Are you mad, or are you only insolent and ungrateful, as you have often been?" she says through her shut teeth. "What does it matter to you teeth. "What does it matter to you not your prospects—to me— that there has come a young wife and all her possible future children between you and fortune? What does it matter? How dare you say such a thing

"Lady Damer! My dear madam!"
thus the "U gentleman begins with
"The strip of the ential; smile and bow;
"Me to introduce myself. Here
"To Deane at our service, as I beneve I have never had the honor of
meeting your ladyship before! I bepleasure of addressing Lady Damer?"
he says, pausing with some uneasiness in his manner, and a britain
stiffness as well.

"I am Lady Damer, Mr. Deane,"
her ladyship says, with her statellest
bow, her lelest smile, "and—" she
looks maj-stically toward the lady on
his left arm with an imperious flash
of her eye-glasses.

"My wife, Lady Damer! My wife!"
Mr. Deane says, smiling and bowing
again with a secret deprecatory rub
of his hands together, as she is gratifled to detect. "I—we, that iswere married only very recently, and
there was really not time, that is to
say—at least—to ac manuleate, batAramintha, dearest, allow me to in-

ladyship says, sharply, but impressively; her keen business instincts all a ve and overcoming even her proud displeasure at a certain difference or reluctance evident her nephew's manner. reluctance evident in

"If there be less money in reversion on future inheritance you must at least make certain that your income on your marriage with the girl, and your own private allowance, be not less than you have had every reason to think they would be! You must be firm and decided on every point," Lady Damer says, warmly. "The man is a tradesman, and with a tradesman's instinct he will try to beat you down and bargain with you; he has this new wife of his to think of now, you see, no matter how anxious he may be for an alliance with us!"

the connection."
"Ay—true, I forgot," Bingham
Lacy says, sardonically. "If everything went well, she would be my
mother-in-law. Naturally I should
desire that she kept her distance.
Well, I must disappear. It is past
seven." "Bingham," Lady Damer says, sud-

"Bingham," Lady Damer says, suddenly, with an intuitive suspicion.
"Bingham! stop a moment; that American woman won't be down for half an hour. She is fixing her bang, she says, if you know what that means. What is it you want to tell me to-night?"

"Think of you, 'my lovely "and accomplished relative'—as Cousin Feenix used to "ay—confessing to a vul-

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Brome-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one 257. Ro Cure, No Par. Price 25 conta

Sozodont Tooth Powder

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

iozodont Liquid asc Large Liquid and Powder vsc Al HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

man!" Lacy says, scornfully jesting.
"I will tell you when to-night comes,
Aunt Jeannette."

Aunt Jeannette."

But as he goes hurriedly up-stairs,
a slender, dark-robed figure in a
clinging, velvet gown comes across
the lamp-lit lobby, and with outstretched hands hurries up to him.

"You haven't told Lady Damer—
anything?" Gillian whispers, fever-"You haven't told Lady Damer—anything?" Gillian whispers, feverishly, with two little, hot, white hands clasped tightly on 'his arm. "Oh, Captain Lacy! you haven't told her, have you? I dare not go down to dinner and meet her if you have. I am afraid of her; I always was!"

was !" Great bright tears well up into the dark, gazelle-like eyes, and she draws back with quivering lips. "You promised you would—pity me—and be kind to me," she falters, with a rising flush, and a sad, reproachful look in her sweet wet

eves.

proachful look in her sweet wet eyes.

"So I did So I will I promise you most faithfully, Gillian, dear," he fays, kindly, even tenderly. "Don't be afraid; I have said nothing to Lady Damer ol—what happened this evening, except that we had walked too far and you were over tired. And you do look tired—and ill—and unhappy—you poor little soul!" he adds, compassionately. "I wish you could stay quietly upstairs, but unfortunately you can't this evening. Do you know, Gillian, that your father has come, and he—"

"Papa come home!" Gillian exclaims, growing white and red by turns. "I never knew! Nobody told me. Where is he?"

"He—he is dressing for dinner, as I am not," Captain Lacy says, with a faint attempt at gayety, noticing Gillian's scared face, "and he—I'm going to surprise you, Gillian, a disagreeable surprise, too, worse luck! Your father has married again, dear, and brought home a step-mother to you!"

"Papa has married again!" Gil-

er to you!"
"Papa has married again!" Gil-"Papa has married again!" Gll-lian 3ays, with blankest amazement in her face and voice, but with no trace of pained or wounded feeling in either. "Papa married! Who on earth diddte marry? When did he get mar-ried? And never told me one word!" Her face flushes indignantly for a

"He has brought her home with him, of course," Captain Lacy says, gravely, fearing Gillian is not properly comprehending her misfortunes. "She is here now, dressting for dinner, as I am not.
Your father married quite recently a young American woman—
lady—only about a fortnight since Lady Damer says, quite a girl, I un-

derstand, and—"
"My father has married an American girl?" Gillian interrupts, suddenly, with a rising color and a heaving breast.

And then a few large tears roll down her cheeks silently.
"Poor mamma!" site says, in a trembling voice, but says no more. "But that is not quite the worst, Gillian, dear, I am sorry to say," Captain Lacy says, pityingly. "Poor little girl! I feel for you in my very soul! Lady Damer says that she is not at all a well-bred or ladylike person. 'Horribly ander-bred,' was her expression, but let us hope she exaggerated a little in her vexa-tion at your father's unexpected marriage." marriage

"Try and make the best of her, dear," he adds, as parting consola-

TEETHING BABIES.

A Trying Time for Mothers When Great Care and Watchfulness is Necessary.

There is scarcely any period in baby's early life requiring greater watchfulness on the part of the mother than when baby is teething. Almost invariably the little one suf-fers much pain, is cross, restless day and light, requiring so much care and night, requiring so much care that the mother is worn out looking after it. But there are other real dangers frequently accompanying this period that threaten baby's life itself. Among these are diarrhoea, indigestion, colic, constipation and convulsions. The prudent mother will anticipate and prevent these transless by keeping haby's stomach will anticipate and prevent these troubles by keeping baby's stomach and bowels in a natural and healthy condition by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine readily taken by all'children, and which, dissolved in water, may be given with perfect safety to even a new-born infant. In home where these Tablets are used baby i the mother is bright and healthy and used baby is bright and healthy and the mother has real comfort with it, and does not hesitate to tell her neighbors. Mrs. C. J. Delancy, Brockville, says: "I have been giv-ling my fifteen-months' old baby Brockville, snys: "I have been giving my fifteen-months' old baby Baby's Own Tablets, whenever necessary, for some months past. She was teething and was cross and restless. Her gums were hard and inflamed. After using the Tablets she grew quiet, the inflammation of the gums was reduced, and her teeth cil not seem to bother her any more. An improvement in baby's condition was noticeable almost at once, and I think there is no better medicine for teething babies." Baby's Own Tablets can be procured from druggists think there is no better medicine for teething babies." Baby's Own Tablets can be procured from druggists or will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine (co., Broof fille, Ont. A GUARANTEE—'I her by certify that I have made a carril chemical Analysis, of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreyl. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain absolutely no equate or narcotle; that they can be given with perfect safety to the youngest infant; that they are a safe and efficient medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure."

elieve and cure.

(Signed)
MILTON L. HERSEY, M. A. Sc.,
Provincial Analyst for Quebec
Montreal, Dec. 23, 1901.

tion, with his arm around her shoulders in a brotherly set of caress. "She is your father's twife now, and nothing can alter it, and she may not be an unpleasant person, even if she be vulgar."

"I hope she is a good woman, and will be a good wife to my father," Gillian says, firmly, even with those piteous, trembing lips. "Of course, I shall be respectful to her and try to make her like me."

"No one could help liking you, dear," Lacy says, gently—"she could not help liking you if she we're a gorgon!"

gon!"
"Hush," Gillian says, apprehensively, looking back at the door immediately behing them. "This is papa's dressing room."
And she has hardly spoken when the door opens and a dazzling vision appears. appears.

CHAPTER XXXV.

pearl embroideries on the trailing robes; there are yards of lustrous robes; there are yards of lustrous rustling silvery green and white laces lying on the crimson stair-carpeting; the dazzling vision might be "Venus Aphrodite rising from the waves," with a little stretch of the imagination, only that Venus Aphrodite has a gigantic cluster of red geraniums and green leaves clinging to her left shoulder, and is buttoning a tenbutton pale-green glove, as she advances with a pleasant smile and a certainly self-possessed bearing. A

vances with a pleasant smile and a certainly self-possessed bearing. A quick look of womanly interest makes her bright, self-satisfied face serious in a moment, as she looks at the young pair standing together in the centre of the lobby. "I know who you are," she says to Gillian, with a sudden cordiality, which, however, she represess the next moment. "You are Miss Deane," my husband's daughter," she adds, with a gracious smile, but extending her hand slightly. "Won't you say you hope we shall be friends, or am I too utterly detestable?" and her brilliant eyes flash half a dozen arch meanings in her last question, and Captain Lacy feels himself tingling down into his boots with shame and confusion of face.

"Aunt Jeannette is a fool," he thinks generally "the last half lat her last lat her."

"Aunt Jeannette is a fool," "Aunt Jeannette is a fool," he thinks, savagely, "to let her jealousy and temper make her blind and stupid! 'Low, designing, vulgar, horridly under-bred; married in a hole-and-corner fashion?' The woman is a young New York belle, and a handsome one, too!"

"Yes, indeed, I hope we shall be friends," Gt lian says, timidly, looking up at the goddess in pale green and diamonds with shy, admiring eyes, wondering at her spiendor, and her

wondering at her splendor, and her white skin; and the stylish cofffure of luxuriant red-brown hair, which is colled on the top of her head, and among whose creped wreaths and shining coils big diamonds flash like dew-drops.

Gilian feels a very pale, small,

Gillan leels a very paie, small, faded, ineignificant creature, in comparison to this superb step-mother, but still not utterly quenched because of a certain kindly regard in the steady, keen light of the fine

the steady, keen inght of the line brown eyes sparking on her.

"I hope we shall be friends, and that you will like me and that you will be very happy," she says, fattering and indistinctly, but earnestly, and looking up at Mrs. Deane wist

At which the superb step-mother gushes into quite unexpected affec-

gusnes into quite unexpected affection.

"I'm sure to like you," she says, emphatically—"you're sweet!"

And she kisses Clian very warmly, and, with one arm about her, holds dazzling flash of eyes, teeth and dlamonds — "you will have nothing to say against her and me being good friends. Try and change your opinion of me, won't

"I assure you, Mrs. Deane," Lacy says, bowing, "you could not desire my opinion of you to be changed." be

DEER HUNTING In the Highlands of Ontario, The Grand Trunk Railway System andounce that the over numbing season in Ontario resulted most satisinto this district during the open season of 1901. Though the comniete information with regard the number of licenses issued this year has not yet come to hand, it is es-timated that over 5,000 heenses were issued, and hunting parties and others estimate the deer killed to be ers estimate the deer killed to be about one-and-a-hall deer to each hunter. This would make a total of 7,500 deer killed, and it is somewhat marvellous how the stock of deer keeps pase with the number killed, but it seems that each year they are becoming more numerous, and there is an increase instead of a diminution. This is accounted for by the shortness of the open season by the shortness of the open season (which runs from November 1st to 15th) and by the strict prosecution by the Ontario Government of anyone transgressing the laws. The wanton slaughter which, no doubt, would one transgressing the laws. The wanton slaughter which, no doubt, would have prevailed had hunters been allowed to kill at their pleasure has thus been prevented to a greatextent, and one of the best heritages of the public saved. This year the Canadian Express Company alone carried 2,372 deer, which is an incréase over the season of 1900 of 878 deer, the total weight of these chipments amounting to 256 637 lbs. All of these shipments were made from points located on the Grand Trunk Railway, the largest number of carcases being taken out of the Magnetawan River region, the Muskoka Lakes district and points on their northern division north of Huntsville. Of course, this is not a criterion of the number that are killed, as this does not include those killed by settlers, Indians and half-breeds and by those hunters who do not have to express their deer to their homes; nor the wounded ones

which get away and die; nor those killed and eaten by the 5,000 hunters and their dogs der ng the two weeks they are in the woods. Taking all this into consideration, there could not have been less than 8,000 or 9,000 deer killed during the season of 1901.

ALMOST A MIRACLE

Wrought in the Case of a Charlottetown Lady.

Her Doctor Said She Was in Consumption and Held Out No Hope of Recovery - To-day she is Well, Strong and Active.

Simultaneously Captain Lacy and Gillian perceive the dazzling vision—a tail and gracejous form—"a daughter of the gods," clad in goddess-like robes of silvery shimmering silk, the hue of moonlight, faintly green and lustrous, with pearl embroideries clinging around her splendid white bust and arms, and a band of p. tegreem velvet, studded with diamon scintillating around her splend, white neck.

There is a foam of white laces and pearl embroideries on the trailing robes; there are vards of justrous while the disease is readily communi-cated from one person to another it is not necessarily inherited, though the tendency to it may be. It is therefore of the utmost importance that people with was lungs should take the greatest care of themselves to prevent consumption obtaining a hold upon them. Pure, out of-coor hold upon them. Pure, out of coor air, lots of sunshine, wholesome food air, lots of sunsanne, wholesome tookeep amd a good tonic medicine to keep the blood rich, red and pure, will en-able anyone to resist the inroads of the disease. As a blood forming tonic there is no medicine the equal of Dr. Williams Pink Pilis. These pills, of Dr. Williams' Pink Pils. These pills, where freely and fairly used, will strengthen the weakest constitution, and have cured many cases of consumption when taken in its early stages. Proof of this is given in the case of Mrs. Abram Henry, of Charlottetown, P. E. I. To a reporter of the Islamder, who called upon her, Mrs. Henry said: "A few years ago I found myself growing weak and pale and emaciated. I fook various medicines on the advice of friends, but none of them appeared to do me any good, and two years friends, but none of them appeared to do me any good, and two years ago my condition became so much worse that I was obliged to take to my bed and call in a doctor, who said that I was going into consumption, and he told my mother, who was mostly in attendance upon me, that my recovery was very doubtful. I grew gradually weaker and weaker. I could not sit up for five minutes; my lungs pained me; I coughed severely, lost almost all defire for food, and when I did eat I found it difficult to retain food on found it difficult to retain food on my stomach. I fell away in weight from 148 pounds to 100 pounds, and I do not think any of my friends expected to see me get better. But some of them urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so. I began by taking one pill a day, for my stomach was very weak, but I was soon able to increase this to three pills a day, and finally as my strength was increasing under their use, I took nine pills ing under their use, I took and with a day. The change which came with the use of the pills was little short of miraculous, and so marked and rapid that inside of two months after I began their use I to leave my bed and move about the house, and soon after I was able to house and soon after I was able to walk about in the open air and make short visits to my friends. On one of these occasions I met the doctor who had attended me, and he asked me what I had been taking that had made such an improvement. I replied that I had been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he wald tall wight continue them; emphatically—'you're sweet!"

And she kisses Clian very warmly, and, with one arm about her, helds out her other hand to Captain Lacy.

'I know who you are without telling," she says, with a smile that shows all her white teeth; "you are Gllian's flancee, Captain Bingham Lacy, and I hope" — with a dazzling flash of eyes, teeth can see for yourself what they did for me. I may say, too, that my weight has increased to 137 pounds.

I weight has increased to 137 pounds. I am not anxious for publicity, but when I think of what the pills did for me, I believe I ought to sacrifice my own feelings for the benefit of some other poor sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have produced such remarkable cures as the duced such remarkable cures as the above, because they are wholly unl above, because they are wholly un-like ordinary medicines, which only act upon the symptoms. These pills go direct to the root of the trouble, making new, rich blood, and giving increased strength with every dose. In this way they care consumption in its early stages, also such diseases as paralysis, rhemmatism. St. Vitus as paralysis, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, heart trouble, neuralgia, dvspepsia, chronic crysipelas, and all the functional troubles that makes the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."
If you do not find them at your dealers, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

This alphabetical advertisement has been discovered in an issue of the London Times in 1842; To wis own

the London Times in 1842: To widows, and single gentlemen—Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Juliebous, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophical, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantionish, Youthful, Zeelous.