

TRIAL FOR LIFE

"Well, Mrs. Russell, how does the business?" said young Cassinove, cheerfully, as he entered.

"Oh, very indifferently, I thank you, sir. Your last half dozen of shirts are quite finished, and I should have sent them yesterday, only Frank is sick with a cold, and little Emily does not know the way. How sorry I really am that you should have had the trouble to come."

"Reassure yourself, Mrs. Russell, I have not come about the needlework. I wish to know if your second floor front is let."

"Oh, no, sir. The rooms take no better than the shop, somehow. It seems very unlucky, but I suppose it is my fault."

"I am sure it is not; and, as a proof of my confidence, I have brought you a lodger in myself, if you will take me."

"Oh, willingly, gladly, sir!" replied the little widow, her black eyes beaming with delight. "When would you wish to take possession?"

"Immediately, if the rooms are ready. My baggage is at the door."

"Very well, I will have first lighted there instantly. To air the rooms is all that is necessary," said Mrs. Russell, hurrying into the back parlor to give the necessary directions, while Cassinove went out to have his luggage brought in, and pay the cabman.

And in ten minutes more Mr. Cassinove was installed comfortably in his new quarters, consisting of a sitting room, front, and bedroom back, both very neat and clean, though small and plainly furnished.

He lost no time but immediately unpacked his writing-case, set it upon his table, and wrote an advertisement to be put in the Times, to the effect that a young gentleman, a graduate of Christ Church, desired a situation private tutor or secretary in a gentleman's or nobleman's family.

The same night he despatched this to the office of the Times and within two days he received an answer requesting him to call at No. Grosvenor Square.

CHAPTER XII.

Laura Elmer arrived in London alone, at nightfall. Leaving the maid, she called a fly, had her luggage put on, and directed the driver to drive to a house in one of the fashionable localities in the West End.

An hour's ride brought her to within a few blocks of her destination. To get nearer seemed impossible, from the long line of carriages that stood along the street in front of the house, and stopped the way. Every circumstance seemed to indicate that a large evening party was being entertained at the house in question.

Laura put down the window, and asked the driver: "Can you go no farther?"

"No, madam; not as yet," answered the cabman.

"How long will we have to stay here?"

"Impossible to say, madam. Here is a great crowd, as her ladyship has 'aving a ball, or summit."

Laura sank back in her seat, and waited perhaps half an hour before the cab drew up to the door, which, standing open, revealed a lighted hall, with a supercilious-looking porter, seated in an armchair, and several footmen in attendance—to one of whom Laura handed her card.

Laura Elmer was dressed in deep mourning, and muffled in the cloak and hood in which she had travelled from Swinburne. But there was in her air and manner a certain gracious dignity that seemed to mark her as a lady of high rank. The servant that received her card bowed low, and showed her up the broad staircase to the door of a cloakroom, where several splendidly-dressed ladies were laying off their wrappings before passing into the drawing-room.

Laura saw at once the servant's very natural error, and turning, said: "I think you mistake me for one of the invited guests this evening."

Even that explanation did not shake the servant's faith in the high position of the noble-looking woman before him. He glanced at her deep mourning, and thought he had found the reason why she was not a guest of the gay party. He answered respectfully: "I beg your pardon, madam; if you will be so good as to walk into the library, I will take your card up to her ladyship."

And then the excitement that had sustained her through the long journey subsided, now that it was over. There came a strong reaction, and she burst into a passion of tears; but not one thought was given to the loss of wealth or title; a commonplace woman might have wept bitterly, for the loss of these, but Laura Elmer could only weep for the loss of her position.

had carried up her card, and who seemed to be apologizing for the mistake he had made. The other was the voice of an elderly female servant, who was roundly lecturing the man in the following words: "To carry up the governess's card to her ladyship in the drawing-room! I'm ashamed of you, James! but I never could teach you the difference between a lady and a woman. Now I not only know a lady from a woman, but among ladies, I can halloo them, tell a mistress, an 'onorable mistress, countess, marchioness, and duchess, the minute I see one, and I graduate my respects accordingly. Hand similarly among young ladies, I can tell at sight a miss, hand a lady; hand likewise graduates my respects accordingly: Now a governess, James, is not by no means a lady; but his only a person lent to no manner of respects whatsoever, except Christian charity, has one may say. Now you shall see how I receive this governess."

"Just so, Mrs. Jones; you'll put her on her proper footing in no time."

"You shall see, James."

But Mrs. Jones did not know that there were spiritual hierarchies as dominant as were earthly ones, and that in Laura Elmer's person lived the honor-compelling spirit of a queen.

She opened the door and bustled in, swinging herself from side to side, with all the insolence of a pampered menial. Elmer raised her stately head, and fixed her full, dark eyes upon the woman's face, whereupon the latter immediately, and quite involuntarily, dropped a curtsy, and addressing Miss Elmer very respectfully, said: "My lady has sent me to receive you, ma'am. Would you prefer to see your room before you take supper?"

"I thank you, and may show me to my apartment, and send me a cup of tea; that is all I shall require to-night," said Laura.

The housekeeper touched a bell, which was answered by a housemaid, to whom she said: "Show Miss Elmer to the bedchamber adjoining the schoolroom, and take her up a cup of tea."

The girl brought a light, and requested Miss Elmer to precede her, showed her the way from the library.

"There, James, you see with what self-respect and dignity I treat the governess," said the housekeeper, just as soon as the restraining influence of Laura's presence was withdrawn.

"Can't say as I did, Mrs. Jones," said the footman, very dryly.

"You seen, at least, I kept her at a distance," said the housekeeper.

"I see you kept yourself at a respectful distance, just as if should, if any accident was to throw me in the way of her majesty the queen."

"You're a himperent fellow, and I shall report you to Sir Vincent!" exclaimed the housekeeper, in a fury, as she swung herself from side to side, she brushed out of the room.

"Well! governess or duchess, I could no more fall in respect to that young lady than I could to Lady Leser herself. Leastways, when I'm in her presence; nor no more could you, Mrs. Jones, for all your swinging about of your hoops behind her back. Why, she's grander looking in her plain black dress, than all the peacocks in their velvets and diamonds, as I saw huncunced in the drawing-room this evening."

was the acute criticism of the footman, James, as he returned to his post of service in the hall below.

Meanwhile, Laura Elmer was conducted by the housemaid to her apartment, next to the schoolroom, in the third story.

"My lady appointed this floor as the apartments of the young ladies and their governess, upon account of its quiet and fresh air, and I am directed to wait on you and them, ma'am. Is there anything I can bring you with your tea?" asked the maid, as she ushered Miss Elmer into the comfortably furnished and well-lighted bedroom, where her luggage had already been brought.

"Nothing else, thank you. My good girl, what is your name?"

"Nothing then, Lizzy," said Miss Elmer, laying off her wrappings and bonnet, and throwing herself into an armchair before the bright fire.

And then the excitement that had sustained her through the long journey subsided, now that it was over. There came a strong reaction, and she burst into a passion of tears; but not one thought was given to the loss of wealth or title; a commonplace woman might have wept bitterly, for the loss of these, but Laura Elmer could only weep for the loss of her position.

Her voice was so sweet and her look so gracious and benignant that the children readily met her offered hands, and smiles broke through their sulky faces, like sunshine through the clouds.

The elder one looked up slyly into her face, and said: "I am sorry that I said anything to offend you, ma'am; but Miss Primrose was such a plague! But I will please you."

"I hope so; and now shall we go to breakfast?" said Laura, leading the little girl to the table.

"If he had been ten miles away from me by death, while I yet believed him to be true and noble, then, indeed, I could have borne it! I should have had mourning on earth a widowed maiden for his sake, waiting for that death which should reunite us in eternal love. But now! but now! he is lost to me forever, in time and in eternity!"

She dropped her face once more upon her hands, and sobbed as though the very fountains of her life were breaking up.

Thus bitterly she wept, in her hour of weeping, for the false-hearted traitor, caring nothing, knowing nothing, of the woe that awaited her; but this she had secretly consecrated himself to her service, and who would gladly have shed his life-blood, drop by drop, to have saved her from shedding tears.

Not long did her weakness last. She dashed the sparkling drops from her eyes, murmuring: "I must not give way to sorrow for the past. I must struggle through my life. I must not murmur at misfortune, but rather thank Heaven for the blessings that are left. I have lost wealth, position, and my father, but I have left youth, health, intellect, and much acquired knowledge, with many accomplishments. These will always enable me to lead a useful life. How much more favored am I still than half my fellow creatures. I will grieve no more, but rather show my gratitude to Heaven by a cheerful industry in the station in life which providence has assigned me."

She arose, bathed her eyes and smoothed her hair, and resumed her seat, just as Lizzy entered with the tea tray.

And after this slight refreshment, Laura Elmer dismissed her attendant and retired to bed. She could not sleep. The novelty of her position was enough to have disturbed her repose; but this was not all. Accustomed all her life to the luxurious stillness of Swinburne Castle, where her own delicious sleeping room was bathed in light and deaf to sound, she found the noise of the London streets a perfect antidote to sleep.

All night long there was the sound of carriages coming and going, as late guests arrived and early ones departed. At length, when the day broke and all the rest of the world woke to life, London became quiet.

Laura Elmer dropped asleep and was visited by a singular dream or vision. First there was infused into her soul a delicious warmth and light, strengthening as soothing. She was again at Swinburne Castle. The beautiful and beloved home of her childhood and youth, was bathed in the sunshine of a glorious summer's day. Many loving friends were around her, and by her side was one whose kingly countenance seemed strangely, yet strangely familiar, and whom, in her dream, she loved with a passion as profound as it was elevated, as ardent as it was pure.

In his hand he held the coronet of her ancient house. This glittering diadem he placed upon her brow, saying: "Hail, my beloved! once more Laura, Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne."

With the fullness of joy that this diadem inspired she awoke and the beautiful vision fled. The vision fled, but not its beneficent effect. Charmed and strengthened and elevated, she knew not wherefore, except through the influence of her dream, she arose and made her simple morning toilet—a plain, black bombazine dress, and black crepe collar. Her rich and abundant black hair, worn in plain bands, was her only headgear. By the time she had completed her toilet, which simple as it was, occupied her longer than usual, for she was quite unaccustomed to waiting upon herself, there came a gentle rap at the chamber door, and to her "Come in," entered the little maid.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am, I thought you would want me to assist you," said Lizzy, adding, "breakfast is quite ready."

"Show me the way, then, child," said Miss Elmer.

The maid conducted our heroine to a small sitting room adjoining the schoolroom, where a table was laid for the morning meal.

"The young ladies and the governess take their meals here, ma'am, if you please."

"And where are the young ladies?"

"If you please, ma'am, Mrs. Rachel will bring them directly."

And even as the maid spoke, a respectable middle-aged matron entered, leading two dark-eyed little girls, of about ten and twelve years, by the hand, whom she presented to the governess as Miss Lester and Miss Duec Lester, adding: "Now, my dear, this lady is your teacher. You will be very good, and not plague her as much as you did Miss Primrose."

"But I hated Miss Primrose, nurse, and I shall hate this one, too, I know I shall," said the elder child.

"For shame, Miss Lester. Go and speak to your governess as a young lady should," said the nurse.

The children drew back, frowning and sulky; but Laura advanced and met them with outstretched hands, saying: "I am very glad to see you, my dears and I am sure you will like to stay with me."

Her voice was so sweet and her look so gracious and benignant that the children readily met her offered hands, and smiles broke through their sulky faces, like sunshine through the clouds.

The elder one looked up slyly into her face, and said: "I am sorry that I said anything to offend you, ma'am; but Miss Primrose was such a plague! But I will please you."

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took her pupils into the schoolroom and entered into a preliminary examination of their progress into their various studies. This occupied her whole forenoon, and it was nearly two o'clock when a servant knocked at the door, and being admitted, brought the complimentary card of Lady Lester, with a request that Miss Elmer would come immediately to her ladyship's dressing room.

With a mournful smile given to the memory of the past, when as Baroness Etheridge she herself received dependents in her own dressing room, Laura Elmer arose, and, attended by the footman, who showed her the way, descended to the second floor, upon which was situated the private apartments of Lady Lester. Laura was shown into a spacious dressing room, with hangings of blue satin, and otherwise splendidly furnished, the walls being adorned with the choicest paintings, and the niches filled with the rarest statues, all original or copies of old masters. Many bouquets of the rarest exotics diffused a rich fragrance through the air.

In the midst of this room stood a large Psyche mirror, and beyond it, in the softest of easy chairs, reclined a fair, statuesque woman, arrayed in a graceful white dressing gown of Indian muslin. At her side stood a small rosewood table with a breakfast service of gold plate, upon which stood the remains of a dainty ship's breakfast. At the back of the lady's chair stood a French maid, engaged in combing out the long, luxuriant, light hair of her mistress.

The first thought of Laura Elmer on entering the room was: "Surely this young, fair, inane-looking woman cannot be the mother of those very vivacious and beautiful little brats in the schoolroom. She must be their step-mother and the baronet's second wife."

"Jeannette, tell the young person to come around here, while I can see her without having to turn my head," said her ladyship, addressing her femme de chambre.

Laura smilingly advanced and stood as she was desired, immediately before Lady Lester.

"You are the new governess that Sir Vincent engaged?" she inquired, without taking the trouble to lift her languid, snowy eyelids.

"Yes, madam," replied Laura.

"Your name is Miss Elmer?"

"It is, madam."

"Well, Miss Elmer, Sir Vincent desired me to see you this morning, though I am quite at a loss to know why," drawled her ladyship, languidly.

"Perhaps, madam, the baronet wished me to receive your instructions as to the best method of managing my pupils," suggested Laura.

"Oh, Nurse Jones could tell you how to manage much better than I could. She understands their dispositions."

"It is probable, then, Sir Vincent wished me to receive your instructions as to the best method of managing my pupils," suggested Laura.

"Oh, then, he should have sent for you to the library, talked with you himself, for he is interested in all those matters, which only bore me."

Laura Elmer had stood with her stately form drawn up, and her large, dark, starry eyes, looking steadily down upon the fair inanity before her.

"I am sure I cannot conceive why Sir Vincent should wish me to see you," said her ladyship, in a tone of vexation, and she then, for the first time, raising her languid eyes to the face of the governess, she asked: "Can you suggest anything else?"

Then, seeing for the first time, that she was being trifled with, she came a gentle rap at the chamber door, and to her "Come in," entered the little maid.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elmer, for having kept you standing so long. Pray take a seat, ma'am, and I will attend to you."

"I thank you, madam, but if your ladyship has really no commands for me, I will ask your permission to return to my charge."

"I really do not know that I have anything to suggest to you, Miss Elmer. Yet, now I think of it, I wish you to tell me, do they make you comfortable? I leave all these things to Jones."

"Quite comfortable, I thank you, madam."

"If you find there is anything that you require for your comfort or your happiness, let Jones know; and if she neglects your orders, inform Sir Vincent. He has more energy than I have, and relieves me of all that sort of trouble."

DAILY FADING AWAY.

The Story of a Woman Made Well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Bad blood means bad health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills mean good health. They actually make new, rich blood which strengthens every nerve and every organ in the body. That is why people who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feel bright, active and strong. Mrs. Arthur Hannigan, Marshville, Ont., is a witness of the truth of these statements. Mrs. Hannigan says: "For nearly three years I suffered from anaemia (bloodlessness) and during that time consulted and took medicine from several doctors, without beneficial results. My complexion was of a waxy appearance, my lips and gums seemed bloodless. I suffered from headaches, dizziness and palpitation of the heart. My appetite was so poor that I did not care whether I ate or not and I grew so weak, and was much reduced in weight, that my friends thought I was in consumption. As I have said, I doctored without benefit, until the last doctor whom I consulted advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I followed his advice and less than a dozen boxes have made me the well woman I am to-day. All the symptoms of my trouble have vanished and I enjoy the very best of health. I know there are hundreds of women who are drifting into the same condition I was and to each I would strongly urge the immediate use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act upon the bowels; they do not tinker with mere symptoms; they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they cure common ailments like rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney trouble, headaches and backaches. St. Vitus dance, and the special ailments that afflict so many women and grow up girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail for a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHANGES IN THE CALENDAR.

Reforms Made by Caesar and Pope Gregory the Most Notable.

When Julius Caesar came into power he found the Roman calendar in confusion. The Alexandrian astronomer Sosigenes suggested the Julian calendar, which, with slight modifications, is the one used to-day. The beginning of the year was moved back from March to Jan. 1. Previous to that time September was the seventh month (from September, seven), October the eighth month (octo, eighth), etc. In honor of himself Caesar changed the name of the fifth month from Quintilis to July.

Augustus Caesar, successor to Julius, the sixth month from Sextilis to August, and stole a day from February to make August as great a month as July. At the time of Pope Gregory the Julian calendar had thrown the reckoning out ten days, because the year is not quite 365 1/4 days, as had been supposed. The calendar was changed so that Gregory, following the advice of the astronomer Clavius, ordered that ten days should be dropped so that the day following Oct. 4, 1582, should be the fifteenth instead of the fifth, and that leap years should be dropped in century years not divisible by 400.

The change was not adopted in all Catholic countries at once, but the Greek Church and most Protestant nations refused to change. England, however, adopted the change in 1751, providing that the calendar should begin on Jan. 1 instead of March 25, and that the day following Sept. 2, 1752, should be the fourteenth instead of the third, thus dropping eleven days. Riots followed in many places, since the people thought they had been robbed of eleven days, although the act of Parliament was framed so that no injustice resulted in the payment of rent, interest, etc. Since 1800 and 1900 were Julian leap years but not Gregorian, countries using the old Julian calendar are now thirteen days behind the Gregorian calendar. Thus in Russia Oct. 30 is called the 17th. If a writer in Russia wishes to be accurate he writes the date Oct. 17-30, thus showing the date by both calendars.

MADE M. FALLIERES WEEP.

Touching Tribute Paid by the People of His Native Town.

A pretty compliment was paid by his fellow townsmen to President Fallieres of France upon the occasion of his recent visit to his birthplace, the little town of Mezin. To widen the street the house in which the President was born had been pulled down some years ago. What was to be done? The people of Mezin put their heads together and when their distinguished fellow-citizen arrived, imagine his delight at finding an exact reproduction of his old home in paper mache! All was perfect, down to the very furniture, part of which had been collected from the country around and part reproduced in facsimile. The president thanked his friends in a voice broken with emotion and tears actually streamed down his cheeks as he finished his little speech.

The late French President, M. Loubet, was once the recipient of an interesting present. It consisted of an immense album filled with thousands of press cuttings related to his visit to Italy and to England. The album, which is of enormous size and richly bound, contains not only cuttings, but photographs and illustrations of all kinds. It forms, indeed, a complete chronicle of his life written by many different people and in more than a dozen different languages.

In India the native rajahs consider it the highest possible compliment to be presented with fine specimens of wild beasts and consequently both King Edward the recipients of many gifts of this delectable and the Prince of Wales have been the recipients of many gifts of this description. But when, one fine day, two splendid tigers arrived unexpectedly at Sandringham, King Edward was driven to remonstrate. "I have accustomed myself," he said, "for horses, dogs, cows, cats, mice and even rats, but I must draw the line at tigers."

An od gift was received by the Crown Prince of Germany upon his coming of age. A deputation of hunters presented, bearing an enormous and magnificent

steak, upon the surface of which was worked in such their greetings to the future monarch.

The late Prince Bismarck once received from some miners in Westphalia a bust of himself carved in coal, and it is said that this odd present was always carefully preserved by him and looked upon somewhat in the light of a lucky bringer. A compliment which had serious results was paid to an actor named Hanson at a little mining town in Britia's Columbia. The audience was so stirred by Mr. Hanson's acting that some persons began throwing presents upon the stage. One burly miner, having nothing else handy, hurled a lump of gold ore. Unluckily it hit the actor on the head and knocked him down. He was badly injured, and it was weeks before he was able to play again.

Perhaps the oddest idea of paying a compliment belongs to a tribe of Indians on the Alaskan coast. When a chief wishes to do honor to a distinguished visitor he invites him to a "potlatch" or feast. Then when all have eaten their fill the chief goes to the edge of the cliff and solemnly casts into the sea as many of his possessions as he thinks he can afford. This is held to be the highest form of compliment and much superior to merely giving presents to the guest.—London Tit-Bits.

TALL TELEPHONE POLE.

Single Stick of Fir One Hundred and Twenty-six Feet High.

One of the tallest telephone poles in the world is where the wires of the Pacific States Telephone Company cross the Chehalis River, near Aberdeen, Wash. For some years past a pole 90 feet high was sufficient to keep the wires clear of river craft. But the increasing passage of ocean steamers made a higher pole necessary, and a new one 126 feet high was set up. This pole is one single stick of Washington fir, 18 inches at the butt and 8 inches at the top. The pole weighs 6,000 pounds. To make the stick was cut at a point twelve miles distant and towed down the river, where it was erected by six men, using a 12 horse-power hoisting engine. The American Telephone Journal says that for making attachment to the pole and moving it a five-eighths inch steel cable was employed, run through ten-inch steel blocks.

The pole was set 12 feet in the ground and guyed with four steel-stranded wires at the top, and also guyed about 40 feet from the top with four five-eighths-inch stranded wires. The guys are fastened to dead men set in the ground to a depth of eight feet. These dead men are of cedar, eight by eight inches in section and seven feet long.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

If you have a baby or young children in the home always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand. Don't wait until the little one is sick, for sometimes an hour's delay may prove fatal. This medicine cures stomach troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, and makes teething painless. If children are sick Baby's Own Tablets make them well; and better still an occasional dose will keep them well. The Tablets are good for children of all ages and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Joseph Ross, of Toronto, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing to keep children well." These Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAN WHO RULES ENGLAND.

Not King Edward, But the Leader of the Political Majority.

The real ruler of the British empire is not the titular sovereign nor the hereditary nobility; it is the leader of the political majority, who derives his power solely from the direct vote of the people. The prime minister of England is subordinate neither to the King nor the House of Peers. Every man who shares with him in the work of the government is his subordinate.

Following a general election the sovereign sends for a member of the majority party and instructs him to form a government. This is one of those fictions of the constitutional authority of the sovereign to which the English people cling as to the heritage of tradition. The summons is delivered, but it is merely a form. The party leader is such not by the grace of the sovereign but by the choice of the majority; not by election but because he has the qualities of leadership.

The leader, having received the sovereign's instructions to form a government, becomes by that mandate the autocrat of the empire. His power is absolute. Like the president, he may appoint whomsoever he pleases a member of his cabinet, but unlike the president, he is not influenced by geographical considerations, nor does he have to submit his nominations to the senate. In both countries the members of the cabinet hold office at the will of the appointing power, but the tenure of office is even more precarious in England than it is in the United States. Here a minister may differ from the president on a matter of policy, and not feel it incumbent upon him to resign; in England there can be no differences. Either a minister agrees with his chief or he resigns.

In England the cabinet is an extralegal creation. Nationally it is one of the committees of the privy council, whose functions are to advise the sovereign, but this is simply ceremonial of the medievalism. The cabinet is under the sole control of the premier, unhampered by royal or other interference, but—another survival—no member of the cabinet may make public any matter discussed by the cabinet without the express sanction of the sovereign. When the premier issues a summons to a cabinet council, which meets at irregular intervals according to the exigency of public business, the minister is requested to attend a meeting of his majesty's servants.—London's Magazine.

Dagger in the Duke's Bouquet

(Pall Mall Gazette.) There recently called to see the Grand Duke Vladimir in Paris a person of unimpeachable appearance with a very large bouquet. The visitor desired to present his salutations and the nosegay. No objection was raised in the case of the former, but he was invited to hand over the floral offering to a groom of the chambers. He did so with no great readiness, and the groom of the chambers also eyed the flowers with a very

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring the text: 'Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, is one of the most weakening diseases known. Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science. It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles. Use Scott's Emulsion after Influenza. Invaluable for Coughs and Colds. ALL DRUGGISTS; 60c. AND \$1.00.'

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, featuring the text: 'DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRUISED KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DIARRHOEA, BILIOUSNESS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM. Sold everywhere. Price 25c per box, 60c per dozen. Wholesale price, \$5.00 per dozen. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, 100, N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.'