THE LACK RATECULTS SERVED AND

"Why, Margery," he said ,lightly, a little sigh, "and I must look on now."

what is the matter? Who has been Margery did not answer; she was watching her husband. She heard his "what is the matter? Who has been frightening you?"

I am nervous about you; you look so worn and ill. Nugent, you must put sway those deeds and writings. They You shall not be distressed then, my

You shall not be distressed then, my darling; see— I have put them away at once. But you are mistaken, Margery: I am not ill, only a little tired."

Tired?" she repeated, putting her Tired?" she repeated, putting her hands on his. "Yes, yes, of course! How forgetful I am! I leave you all this tiresome business to do. I am very sel-

You are my dear, sweet Margery!

he said, lightly. "But what has caused you this sudden fear, my darling?" "You have been looking ill for so long! The squire has just spoken to me, and it has frightened me: and, Nugent, I want to ask you something. Will you promise to do it?"

Promise to do it?"
"What can I refuse you, Margery?"
"Then let us leave here and go back
to the manor—the squire is longing to
see our dear old home. You will come, "Home!" repeated the earl dreamily,

as if the word brought content. Then with a sudden contraction of his brows from pain, he added, "But it will be lonely for you, my dear one; you will not care for it." wish it with all my heart," said

Margery quietly, glad to see that this proposal brought a gleam of pleasure Then." returned her husband, looking

with astrange, sad steadfastness into home, Margery.' CHAPTER XXIX.

Back at Court Manor, Margery ban-ished for awhile the sad memory of her lost love. This spot was hallowed by the presence of Enid's spirit, and for that reason, apart from all others, was dear to her. The squire reveled in the picturesque surroundings of the estate.

They may call Beecham magnificent, he said, dreamily as he stood in the old fashioned gardens and gazed round on the fragrant flowers, "but this is home." "Cousin Sholto, you indorse my opinion. I love the manor!"

Margery, clad in a long robe of creamy white, with just a knot of black ribbons at her neck and in her broad-brimmed hat, glauced at her husband as she spoke and smiled at him.
The squire responded to his hostess by

poetica! quotation: "And primroses, pale gems of spring, Lay on the green turf glistening

Close by the violet, whose breath Is so sweet, in a dewey wreath.

And, oh, that myrtle how green it grew, With flowers as white as the pearls of

dew
That shone beside! And the glorious rose Lay like a beauty in warm repose,

Margery listened dreamily.

thoughts had flown to the springtime of the life, recalled by the breath of the flowers, the sweetness of the air. The earl had wandered across the lawn; and, though he looked less grave and worn, the expression of his eyes as he turned from Margery was unspeak-

Margery's reverie was disturbed by the squire, and she was soon deep in an interesting scientific discussion with him. Presently her husband returned,

him. Presently her husband returned, followed by one of the gardeners.
"I am going to the west part of the grounds, my darling," he said. "Marshall tells me the men are going to cut down that dead tree this morning. It was struck by lightning in the autumn. "I will come with you, Court," broke in the squire. "In my young days I was rather good at that sort of thing."

"Come, by all means. Marshall, see that there are two extra axes ready." "You are not going to help them, are you. Nugent?" Marger: asked, quickly

"Yes, my darling, But don't be afraid; I am, as school boys would say, a big gun, at wood cutting am I not, Mar-

Indeed you are, my lord," the garden er replied, solemnly

"May I come and watch you?"
The earl hesitate.

I should be afraid, darling, as the ardinters fly about so rapidly; but per-haps I can place you in a safe corner. Run and put on some stronger shoes; the ground is damp down at that cor You have good ropes, Marshall?'es, my lord."

"I will follow you directly." said Margerv: then, as they turned, urged by an uncontrollable impulse, she called, "Nu-

The earl came back at one You are sure there is no danger?" Quite sure—as certain as any man

ean be."
Margery smiled, raised her lips to his, and he kissed her. A faint flush rose to his brow as the simple action; and then, with a swift tender look, he turned and

walked rapidly away.

Margery went quickly to the house and changed her shoes for a stronger pair; then, seeing the look of eagerness on l'auline's face she good naturedly told the maid to put on a hat, and they start-

sound of voices and heavy blows them to the exact spot, and Pauline her excitement could not repress the shricks and exclamations of as-As they turned the corne the earl came toward them; he had renoved his coat, and, with his strong right hand grasping the axe, his face flushed from the unwonted exercise, he oked almost handsome.

my darling," he said, come nere, my darling," he said, leading Margery to a safe nook. "Crosbie, stand by my wife. We shall soon have it down, poor old tree! How well I remember it in my school days! You are frightened, Margery!"

"No." she answered with a smile, though her heart thrilled with strange

The squire came to her, looking rather

enduring. The doctor looked round as the sound fell on his ears, and in an insened my strength," he remarked, with stant he knew how to act.

Margery did not answer; she was watching her husband. She heard his clear ringing voice directing the men, saw his straight even strokes, and the excitement overcame her dread. It was a novel scene, and one that pleased her, though the sight of the gray dead trunk, the remains of a noble flourishing tree, saddened her somewhat. Pauline cowered and shrieked as she heard the great rough mass creak; but Margery never moved; the bustle and vigor of the men roused her spirit—she almost longed to assist. The earl, glancing now and then at the group of watchers, caught the gleam of her eyes, and, smiling, he waved his hand toward the girlish figure that looked so fair and graceful in its waved his hand toward the girlish figure that looked so fair and graceful in its white robes against the background of young trees and bushes.
"It was not such a tough job as it looked," observed the squire, as he

looked," observed the squire, as he watched the men throw stout ropes round the great trunk and knot them firmly, preparatory to dragging the

tree to earth.

Margery nodded her head absently:
she was lost in the excitement of the
moment. She saw the earl wave them
further back toward the bushes, felt Paulen drew her on one side though her eye never left her husband's form, and the came a moment of silence. Suddenly a mighty crash sounded in her ears, while a cloud of dust obscured her vision. "Is it all over?" she asked vaguely,

turning to the squire; but her cousin had left her side and was hurrying to the group of men. "Miladi will return?" queried Pauline, with a little shudder. "Ah, what ter-

rible noise!" "I will wait for Lord Court." answered Margery: then, after a little pause—"But, Pauline, what is the matter?" Some

"But, Pauline, what is one is hurt."

"They crowd together—that is all, miladi. Shall I go and see?"

Drawing her skirts together, Margery left her retreat and approached the group. As the men looked round and perceived her, she thought they seemed alarmed and pained. She quickened her steps, and then the squire came toward her.

"You must let me take you to the house, my dear," he said hurriedly; "your husband wishes it."
"What is the matter? Some one is

"What is the matter? Some one is hurt! Cousin Sholto, don't stop me! I know now—it is Nugent."

She pushed the squire's trembling hand on one side, and with swift steps approached the group. The men fell back in silence, and in an instant she was on her knees beside a silent pros-trate form with face of deathly hue.

"Nugent!" she cried, bending over him in agony. Then as he lay perfectly still, she looked around wildly. "What is it? Fetch a doctor quickly—your master is hurt!"

The man Marshall stepped forward "We've sent for the doctor, my lady It was done in an instant; the tree swerved and brought his lordship down t. We've just dragged it off his He were sensible at first, and with it. body. He were sensible at first, and asked us to keep you away; but he ainted now.

Margery scarcely heard the explana ion; with a heart full of dread she wa bending over the pale face, breathing words of agony and tenderness that fell on silent ears. The squire came to her and tried to draw her away; but she would not stir. They brought brandy rom the house, and a mattress with nil out all were afraid to touch him. Then when her misery and despair was greatest the heavy lids were raised, and she met the gaze of the deep dark eyes. bent her head to catch the whisper.
"It-is nothing-my darling. Take

The labored speech died away in an other faint; and, as she saw his weak ress and suffering. Margery rose to ber feet, with courage born of despair. "Carry your master to the house," she said steadily, never taking her eyes

from his face,

The men stooped, and with tender The men slooped, and with tender, gentle hands lifted the inanimate form on to the mattress, then with slow, even steps, they carried him through the sunlit gardens to the house. It was not far; yet by the time they reached the entrance the doctor of the village the entrance the doctor of the village. Was seen riding furiously up the avenue He leaped from his horse, and was at the wounded man's side in an instant. Margery turned her eyes from the pale face of her husband and fixed them upon the doctor. As he scanned the earl's drawn countenance, her heart seemed to stand still. In that moment she was conscious of nothing but an agony of dread remorse, and pain, so ferrible that it al-

most overpowered her. "Carry him into a room on the ground oor," said the doctor decisively; "we

must not risk the stairs." They earried him through the hall in-o the room where long before he had sat by Enid's couch, Margery walked with them, though what power enabled her to move she knew not, for all life

eemed dead within her. The men withdrew quietly to the doorway, while she crouched down by the still form and buried her face in her hands. The squire and the doctor

exchanged glances.

"Get her away!" murmured the lat-

"Get her away!" mirmured the lat-ter, But Margery heard him.
"No, no!" she protested, rising to her feet, "Let me stay. I will be braye, Con-sin Sholto, You will let me stay—you

must let me stay; I can not go!"
"Dr. Godfrey will let you remain if you have the strength," the squire said. soothingly: then he took her two cold hands in his and drew her to the wide window, while the doctor motioned the

men away and closed the door.

Margery's eves never left the pallid face of her husband. In breathless, sickening anxiety she watched Dr. Godfre chest and fractured arm, unconscious that the broken respirations that came from her lips told of the agony she was he said, gravely, advancing to her, "Go at once, and fetch me brandy, some warm water, a sponge, and some old linen—as quickly as possible; please."

In a moment she had turned and left

the room. The squire glanced at the doc

tor.
"It was to get her away," explained the medical man, "The case is hopeless; I can do nothing. The ribs are terribly crushed, the lungs and heart vitally in jured, and there is a severe fracture of the left shoulder and arm. It is only a question of hours now—perhaps min utes; but it will do her good to giv her occupation. That tension of he nerves was killing her, poor young crea

"I can do no good?" queried the squire, passing a trembling hand across his brow.

"No." answered Dr. Gorfrey. "Let me advise you to go to your room; who

The squire went away, feeling now more than ever that he was indeed a weak old man. The doctor was alone and bending over the patient when Marg ery came back, carrying all that he had asked for. She stood as silent as a sta tue while he slowly poured a few drop of brandy between the closed line: then as a sign of life came once more the death like face, she gave a sob thankfulness and sunk upon aer knee by the couch.

earl's eyelids were raised with The earl's eyelids were raised with difficulty and his dark eyes wandered round slowly till they rested on his wife's face, then the faintest of smiles broke over his countenance, dying away the next instant in a contracti

"Nugent-Nugent-oh, speak to me! whispered Margery, wildly, putting her trembling lips to his passive hand, all the goodness, the generosity, the tendthe goodness, the generosity, the tend erness that this man had lavished upon her coming back to her memory and maddening her.

Dr. Godfrey moistened the earl's lips

again; the breath came from the injured chest in short, broken respirations; and then, as dew to a parched flower, as golden light in direst darkness, fell the whisper of her husband's voice on Mar-gery's ears. He looked at the doctor, then said, with difficulty:

"Leave us --- alone."
Dr. Godfrey rose, and turned to Mar-

"Do not agitate him," he said, gently. "He has comething to tell you, I see Moisten his lips with brandy if he grows faint. I will go out on to the terrace; it all be close at hand if you want me. The cari's eyes followed him; then they came back to Margery. He tried to raise his hand to her head, but the effort was too much; it fell nerveless to his

"My darling-my wife! You are sor-"Sorry!" whispered Margery, her voice thick with agony. "Oh, that I could give my life for yours, Nugent-that I could spare you all!" She could say no

The earl moved his head a little, his yes closed; she put the bramly to hi

"It has come at last!" he murmared. "It has come at last!" he nurmured.
"Margery, listen, my darling! I know
your secret, your love-story." He wrestled for a moment with his growing
faintness, then went on, brokenly: "I was in my room that day when you parted from Stuart, and I heard all, my brave darling—learned how much you

were suffering. My death will let you free. You will be happy in the future, Margery, my sweet one!"
"Do not—oh, do not speak like that, Nugent!" she whispered, mad with a fever of pain, regret, remorse. "You tor-late met." dre me!

"Let me!"

"Let me tell you how happy you have made me, wife. Death is near—you must—" His voice sunk; then, with a last effort, he went on; "Promise to make Stuart happy; he loves you, Margery. Give me your promise "I cannot," she broke in,

gery. Give me your promise——"
"I cannot," she broke in, in tearless agony. "Nugent, you break my heart—you—" Then, seeing the intense eagerness of his dark eyes, she paused. 'Promise!" his lips formed, rathe

than spoke.
She hesitated only for a moment

"I promise," she murmured, faintly. smile lighted up his face. Now all is ended!" The words came very faintly. "I am content. Kiss me

Margery put her lips to his—their celdness filled her with dread. A sigh came from the earl's injuiced breast, hi

Nugent, I promise" she murmured wildly, "But you will not go you will not leave me! I want you; you must stay! Nugent, open your eyes speak to me husband!"

me - nusband?

She bent over him again, and as she did so a gentle hand was placed on her shoulder, and she was raised from her knees. She saw the still, pallid face, calm and passive as the sunlight; then a knew no more.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Margery, the sea is beautiful to-day, ome out, child; it will do you good." Miss Lawson spoke in her old abrupt, most stern way; out she experienced icep, heartfelt pain as she looked at the light form in its heavy mourning-robe, and at the girlish, beautiful face beneath he widow's cap. Margery raised her eyes from her writ-

"I do not care for it, dear," she an wered, gently; "and I must finish these etters for the post. Remember, Wave-nouth is not London; we do not go by

"Your letters can wait." said Miss Lewson. "They are not of such consequence as your health." My tenants at Beecham do not say

at." returned Lady Court, with a faint nile; "but if you wish it very." "I do wish it very much; indeed, I am rather dull. Margery."

The well-assumed plaintiveness of the

der woman's last words was most suc-"Dull!" repeated Margery, putting How selfish I am, dear friend;"

There, don't waste time in self-re-crach! Go and put on your hat—not our heavy bonnet. The fresh air will be you more good than sentimentaliz-

Miss Lawson brushed away a tear as he siender figure left the room. A reas had gone —a sharp and frying spring. a summer of golden spiender, in antumn — The world's largest coke oven is being spieless misery, a winter of frost and ling built at Gary, Ind.

"Lady Court, I want you to help me," FARMER TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY

Whether Sick or Well, in Good Weather or in Stormy, He is Obliged to Work Always.

Market people complain about prices They forget that rain or shine, warm, or cold, the farmer must keep at it or else the narrow profit, his bare living, will be left to the control of the con will be lost to him.

A well-known Haldimand farmer, Mr. P. Pelletier, writes: "For nearly three years I was in poor health. three years I was in poor health. A drenching storm caught me in the fields and wet me to the skin. I got home only to find I was threatened with inflammation of the bowels. I never got over it and felt weak and heavy and my system never worked quite right. But a farmer has to work—and I found myself going down hill with stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Failure seemed to follow everything. I remained wretched and sick until advised to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. It is not easy to describe ton's Pills. It is not easy to describe the sort of feeling a sick man gets when he strikes a medicine that he can see ne strikes a medicane that he can see is doing him a lot of good. I was over-joyed— Hamilton's Pills put new life into me and everything worked right. Since cured with Dr. Hamilton's Pills I haven't had a single symptom of stomach, liver or kidney trouble. I am free from headaches, languor and weakness, as strong, robust as a man could be. mild, healthful and certain to cure. Sold in yellow 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Cc., Kingston, Ont.

chill, and apring was come again; and during all that time Margery had lived weighed down by a burden of anguish and wegned down by a burden of anguish and sorrow. Misa Lawson had gone to her at the beginning of her grief, and, discarding all other ties, had given herself up to the old pupil, who clung to her so despairingly; and it was the elder woman's one aim to drive the gloom and despondency from the girlish brow, and bring joy and happiness back to the youthful heart.

She knew Margery's secret now. Stuart and she were leagued together; but all through the year, though she had tried again and again, she could not bring the lovers and cousins together. Margery shrunk from meeting Stuartwith a heart full of remorse pain and morbid gloem. Was it right that she should be glad, have happiness, when one who had loved her so truly and tenderly lay in the grave forgotten' Once, only once, had she spoken on this subject to Miss Lawson; and, like a wise roman, the governess said nothing, but

"It is but natural, after all. Mar gery's sensitive, generous spirit has re-ceived so terrible a shock, that it has

shattered all joy in life at one blow."

So spoke Miss Lawson as she reasoned with Stuart, who hungered for a kind word, a sign, from his early love.

He honored her for her fealty to the dead, but he was human, and his hear cried out for peace after so much misery He had been more than touched by the noble, generous thoughtfulness of t ing man: for, after all was over and the will read, a letter was sent him, and, alone in his chamber. Stuart learned the wish and desire of Nugent, Earl of

(To be Continued.)

Medical Relief by India Railways. The Bengal railway computes have gareed to allow their station masters to be utilized as agents for the sale of

quinine. Orders have been issued to sup ply them with the drug. The Licuten ant-Governor is of opinion that they will become very useful agents, especially in districts where there are no post offices.

A very interesting form of medican relief, by the way, has been inaugurated in practice to depute medical officers charge of dispensaries to visit outlying markets and afford any medical aid which is required by the people who assemble there. Colonel Harris states that in this way a large amount of sickness in relieved, and further the dispensary it self becomes widely known. excellent plan of reaching the people to which Colonel Harris draws attention is that of floating dispensaries. Every one knows that there aer in Bengal many places which are practically only accessible by water. For their benefit float ing dispensaries are obviously necessary. It apears there is one such dispensary in the Cuttack district which in three years treated no less than 17,500 patients. In the Burdwan district a floating dispen works along the Bhagirathi and Khari rivers. One is disposed to agree with Colonel Harris that local funds could hardly be more profitably spent than upon the various forms of itinerant medical relief.—Calcutta Statesman.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS USED FROM BIRTH

Mrs. H. V. Ossinger, Tiverton, N. S., says: "We have used Baby's Own Tablets since our little boy was timer months old, and know nothing to equal them. He is now twelve months old, and has always enjoyed perfect health. Daby takes the Tablets easily, and we always keen them in the house." We always keep them in the house.' Mrs. Ossinger's experience is that of thousands of other mothers. An occasional dose of the Tablets will weep the wellchild in excellent health, or if the buby is ill with any of the many authents that afflict little ones, they will specially restore him to health again and make him thrive and grow fat, rosy and strong. The Tablets are sold by medi-Brockville, Ont.

ARMY OF DIAMOND CUTTERS. The Amsterdam diamond trade is in the hands of ten firms employing 10,000 workmen.

IN THE COMPOSING ROOM. "What type would you suggest for the reports of the baseball games""
"Diamond, of course."

WHAT TO DO IF ATTACKED ON THE STREET

(Interview With Captain John J. Halpin,

(Interview Wir. Captain John J. Halpin, Cnicago Jetecure sureau.)

"Don't get attacked!" says Capt. John J. Halpin, of the Chicago detective buleau. "Mind Jour own business, and have that busin sa legitimate. Don't put yourself on a local with a brawler or a dranken man and argue with him, or think he is man enough to insult you. "If you mutsi light or take a beating, try to get in the blow first and hit hard. Quli when the ther fellow has enough. To make the fellow has enough. The hard run if you discover the robber before he gets close to you. He will not shot except to save himself. He is not likely to chase you. "Most cases of assault grow out of drinking and drunkenness. Most of us have at times come in close proximity to a riotous, pugnacious, argumentative drunken man, or one who has been drinking. It may have been on the street cars, on the street, on the train, or or in some other public place. The next time you see such a man watch and if ne pre-sently becomes engaged in a brawl you will find that his opponent either has been drinking too much himself or has permitted himself to be drawn into an argument with the brawler."
"But. suppose, lieutenant, I am reading or thinking about my own business, and the man sits beside me and begins to talk. I do not reply or notice him in any way. Then he grows abusive and insulting. "The average man will have to go on setting into trouble, however, until he learns how to attend strictly to his own business."
"Let's admit that both are at fault. What ought the man who is least to

learns how to attend strictly to his own business."

"Let's admit that both are at fault. What ought the man who is least to blame do if he is attacked?"

"It's a hard question to answer," he said "My advice, though, will always be to avoid a row. In most cases it is easy to go away from a man when the sraument begins to lead toward a row. It you can't do that there may be a policeman nearby. Ask him to take the other fellow in hand. The average police officer will generally tel the man to shut up, and generally that will be sufficient.

"If you must figh! or submit to be beaten up, why then fight, and hit as hard as you can, and stop as soon as the other fellow is convinced he has enough. Then let it drop. Don't go on arguing with him.

"As to just what to do physically, I can't say. That will depend upon the man or the men."

"How about highwaymen?" the lieutenant was asked.
"Holdup men don't attack people un-

"How about highwaymen?" the lieutenant was asked.
"Holdup men don't attack people unless they are resisted. One man in a hundred may make a successful resistance, but there isn't any way to tell whether you will be that one man. The chances are ninety-one to one against you. With such odds against you, the safest plan is to do nothing. "Suppose you are armed. Your revolver will be in your pocket. The holdup man will have his in his hand, probably pointed at you, maybe pressing against you. What chance have you to draw and fire."

you. What chance have you to draw and fire "
"If you are walking along a poorly lighted street after dark and have to pass an alley or a particularly derk spot—and are afraid of robbers—don't do it. Take the middle of the road.
"If you see a suspicious looking man coming towards you, don't go to meet him. Go around or turn back. If he follows, but on more steam and run, Stick-up mer. don't chase people. They depend upon surprises to do their work. If they cannot surprise you they will let you alone. They'll seldom shoot at a man running away from them.
"I'd like to say about holdup men about the same thing I said about assaults. Keen good hours and mind your own business and you're not likely to hump into them."

"For two years I was under the doc tor's care, but he never seemed to do

me any lasting good. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new wo-man of me." To save yourself suffering cure your Kidneys at the first sign of trouble Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure

SILLY HYMNS.

(Rochester Herald.) (Rochester Herald.)

The "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" song is not the only offender against good taste. The cources, we are glad to learn, are weeding out the doggerel from their hymn books. It is certainly those they did. Imagine men and women, presumably of average intelligence, singing a thing like "O To Be Nothing." Why, we send our children to school, and train them in other ways, so that they may be something. And if they turn out to be nothing, after all, we do not thank the Almighty for it, but sied very sally lears. Another hymn which folks used to sing, before it was stricken out of the hymnis, ran as follows:

which tolks used to said the hymanis, ran as follows:

"Lord, regard my earnest cry,
A potsherd of the earth;
A poor, suffly worm am I,
A Canasuite by birth."
And there used to be another which began, if we remember rightly, "O what a wretched land is this, which yields us no supply." In the first hyma, the singers biasphemed against man in the second they biasphemed against the parth and the fulness theref. We are not sure that the singers did not calso biaspheme against the soft-pospecting worm of the dust, who does as well as he can under the conditions imposed upon him.

WOMEN AND VOTES

(Letter in Pittsburg Gazette-Timen.)

Women are keeping entirely within their sphere when they ask a voice in the control of their own property, a voice in the running of our schools, which leave a lasting impression, and have so much to do with the health and entirely good. All muscular placing of men in the high offices of our conditions to exist which have raised tiegories of liking to such an extent that conditions to exist which have raised tiegories of liking to such an extent that they wife and mother has to make one dollar do the work of two. We want a dollar do the work of two. We want a dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of liking to such an extent that convergence of liking to such an extent that convergence of the work of two. We want a dollar do the work of two. We want a dollar do the work of two. We want a dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of liking to such as to the placing of men in our constitutions to exist which have raised ties and the convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two. We want a convergence of the dollar do the work of two.

CANADA'S FIRE LOSS.

During the last two years Canada has sustained a loss of over \$45,000,-000 worth of property by fires.

TOO LITTLE BLOOD

The Cause of Nearly All the Everyday Ailments of Life.

Too little blood-that is what makes men and women look pale and sallow and feel languid. That is what makes them drag along, always tired, never them drag along, always tired, never real hungry, unable to digest their food, breathless and palpitating at the heart after slight exertion, so that it is weari-some even to go upstairs. Doctors tell them that they are "anaemic"—the plain them that they are "anaemic"—the plain English being too little blood. If your face is pade or sallow, if your gums are pale instead of being scarlet; if you are easily tired and frequently despondent; if you do not relish your meals, and small matters irritate you, it is a sign that your blood is thin and water; and that you rout be only the your blood is the and water; and that you are on the verge of a complete breakdown.

More weak, anaemic people have been made strong, energetic and cheerful by

made strong, energetic and cheerful by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. They actually make new blood, which reaches every part of the body, braces the nerves and brings new health and new strength. The case of Miss Nellie Welch, Essex, Ont., is proof of the great curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Welch Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Welch says: "A few years ago I was going into what my friends believed to be a hopeless decline. I was subject to severe headaches, had no appetite, was pale and grew distressingly weak. I tried several doctors, some of whom we counted the best in this part of the country, but they failed to help me. At last my heart grew so weak and I was so vervous and thin that I had to take to my bed and the dector held out but little had often read of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and though the doctor opposed my taking them I determined to give them a trial, as I felt I might as well be dead as to be living in the misery
I was in. In a month after beginning
to take the pills I was up and around
again, and steadily growing stronger until I was again enjoying the blessing of
perfect health. Several years have since
alanged and my health has been the elapsed and my health has been the very best. It is, therefore, with great gratitude that I write you in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other sufferer." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cepts a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine

WHAT TO DO IN CASE

OF AN ACCIDENT. (By Dr. George C. Hunt, Chief of Chi-

Diss an alley or a particularly very spot.

Take the middle of robbers—don't do it.

Take the middle of the road.

"If you see a suspicions looking man him. Go around or turn back. If he follows, put on more steam and run. Stick-up mer don't chase people. They depend upon surprises to do their work, if they cannot surprise you they will let you alone. They'll seldom shoot at a man runming away from the same thing I said about as a saults. Keen good hours and mind your own business and you're not likely to bump into them."

SAVED HERSELF YEARS OF PAIN

If she had used Dodd's Kidney Pills First.

Mrs. McRea Suffered For Over Two Years, Then Two Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Made a New Woman of Her.

Previl, Gaspe Co., Que.—(Special).—That she might have escaped two years and seven months of suffering had she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills in the first place is the firm conviction of Mrs. John McRea, an old and respected resident of this place. And this is the reason sle gives for believing so:

"For two years and seven months I was a sufferer from Kidney Disease to the property of the property of the wound and twist it tight with a piece or lead apond or turn back. If he first place is the firm conviction of Mrs. John McRea, an old and respected resident of this place. And this is the reason sle gives for believing so:

"For two years and seven months I was a sufferer from Kidney Disease to brought on by a strain and a cold. My eyes were puffed and swollen, my muscles cramped and I suffered from in neuralgia and Rheumatism. By back ached and I had pains in my joints.

"For two years I was under the doctor's care, but he never seemed to do not seem the wound and the position of cold water or the application of cold water or the

we clean as possible.

Do not give whiskey or grandy. A drink of cold water or the application of cold water to the head or back of the neck will frequently reveive an unconscious man or make him more comfortable if he is not unconscious. Loosen the clothing.

ON THE SHOOTING OF WHALES. The announcement that Theodore Roosevelt was going to Long Beach, California, to harpoon whales is contradict ed. The fact is they do not harpoon whales at Long Beach, but shoot them with a gun. The shooting of finback whales, a species ignored by the New Belfast whaler, who pursues only the sperm and right whale, has lately become a pastime with yachtamen, and Frank Brown, who maintains the unique industry of manufacturing whaling plements for the whale hunters of has sold a number of whalling guns lately to sportsmen. But shooting bomb into a whale is a very different thing from the profession of the mighty Queegueg, who ate his steaks "mostly raw," or of the wielder of the long lance, "now wildly elbowed," with which "Nathan Swain did kill fifteen whales between a sunrise and a sunset.

TERRIBLE BACK PAINS

They fairly agonize your life. Some thing powerful and penetrating is needed. Doctors know of nothing so swift to relieve as Nerviline, a strong, penetrating liminent, made to cure just such pains as yours. Nerviline is very concentrated, about four times more pewerful than ordinary liminents. In the erful than ordinary liniments. In the worst cases Polson's Nerviline is extraordinarily good. All muscular pain flees before it. Nearly lifty years in use-a

BAD TEETH.

(Kingston Standard.)

Of some 400 or more pupils who have been examined in the public schools up to drive the instantishing revelation is made than 50 of them have defective teat. Surely this is not a matter to be pussed over lightly-dist parents should be so neglectful of their children that they should allow so deplorable a condition to persist. No clearer evidence could be offered than this, of the faccessity of medical inspection in the schools.

You can't always measure the depth

You can't always measure the depth