

WE SHOULD BOAT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time spreads to the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and in fact, the entire muscular system; and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives release from suffering.

LADY ETHEL.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT, [Mrs. Ross Church,] Author of "Lionel's Confession," "Veronique," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE TELEGRAM.

But she was not a woman to sit down quietly and cry over misfortune. Temporarily worsted in the engagement with her step-mother she acknowledged herself to be; for physical weakness and an unavoidable delay had for a while placed her at a disadvantage, but so long as she had power to rise again and renew the encounter, the calamity was not irremediable.

When she arrived at this conclusion, Lady Ethel became all anxiety to leave her room and return to the arena she had quitted; and, notwithstanding her husband's entreaties and Dr. Chalmers' prohibition to the contrary, she was down stairs again on the day but one after the accident had occurred.

The first thing that met her eye on entering the drawing-room were the cards of those friends who had called to inquire after her health, conspicuous amongst which naturally appeared the names of the Countess of Clevedon and the Marquis de Lacarras.

Lady Ethel tossed them contemptuously to one side, thankful only that their owners had not reserved the expression of their deep interest in her welfare until that afternoon, by which she ran the chance of gaining a little strength before meeting them again.

At this remembrance Lady Ethel drew herself up, and resolved, at all hazards, that she would be present at the forthcoming assembly. They might say that she had been overcome at the first sight of her lover; but they should not have it in their power to censure her for the assertion that she was afraid to trust herself in his presence.

She would go: with her husband by her side, and brilliant as it was possible for art to make her, she would challenge the world to detect the traces of tears upon her cheek, or a false ring in the lightness of her laugh.

Her heart's language, unlike that of jealous Guinevers, "Tell her she shines me down," was rather a determination to shine down not only her rival, but every woman she should meet that night, and to whom she had rejected her to acknowledge that she was the fairest of them all.

The idea excited and lent her a new strength; it was a fresh trumpet-call to battle, and Lady Ethel was eager for the fray. But when Colonel Bainbridge became aware of her intention he was very much annoyed.

It wanted but two days to Thursday, and Dr. Chalmers had warned him that if his wife were not kept quiet for a little while she might be seriously ill. But what availed advice to Lady Ethel? Opposition to her wishes only made her more determined to follow them; and her husband, seeing that his attempts at persuasion were worse than fruitless, consoled himself with the idea that he should be by her side, and ready to warn her if she went too far.

Her bridal robes, which she had never used since her wedding day, were prepared for the occasion; a professional coiffeur was engaged to dress her hair, and as upon the night in question Louise put the finishing touches to her mistress's toilet, the mirror certainly never flashed back on anyone a lovelier reflection of womanhood.

The soft white satin and rich lace, without power to extract from the fairness of her skin, drooped in easy folds over her slight figure; brilliant flashes upon her bosom, and mid the flowers in her hair, contrasting strangely with the innocent and natural-looking love-locks which lay upon her forehead; whilst a heightened color on her cheeks and brilliancy in her eyes, though both false and fleeting, added in no small degree to the marvellous effect of her general appearance.

She was looking at herself with interest, and, consequently, she cared nothing for the weeping smart from the use she was about to make of them, when a tap sounded on her door. She thought it was her husband, who, after dinner, had sauntered over to his club, promising to be back in time to dress and go with her; and gave the command to enter with alacrity. She was eager to have his opinion added to her own, to receive the burst of applause with which he was certain to greet her appearance, and hear him say that she had never looked so handsome.

Not because she loved his commendation (or thought she loved it), but that it would be satisfactory to know another thought her armour fitted well. But the comer was not Colonel Bainbridge; it was only a servant with a large, long envelope in her hand.

"A telegram, if you please, your ladyship, for my master; and he is not home yet," she said, in a half-frightened manner, for telegrams are alarming, even when we have no reason to anticipate misfortune—they come so suddenly and unexpectedly, and it is such a time before our trembling fingers can open the fast-closed end of the official envelope; with most people, that is to say; but Lady Ethel at that particular juncture was so perfectly easy with regard to the fate of all the world, that a dozen telegrams would not have had the power to disturb her equanimity.

"Is it paid?" she demanded, supinely, of the servant.

the mail train at Northwick to-morrow morning.

The mail train! and if her husband went by that, he must quit home as soon as he had entered it; must start at once, leaving her to go to Lady Clevedon's alone, or to give up the triumph which she contemplated; neither of which prospects suited Lady Ethel's inclination.

As she took in the full consequences of the message sent, all her indifference vanished. She started, flushed deeply, knit her brows, and finally crushed the telegram between her hands.

"It is impossible," she said to herself; "he cannot start off in this manner at a moment's notice. It is unreasonable to ask him." She thought of the ill-natured comments which would be made on her appearing without her husband at the first large evening party she had attended since her marriage; and of the malicious exultation which her step-mother would experience if she stayed away altogether; and of how she would deplore her weakness and its cause in the eyes of her dear Marquis, and call him a "dangerous fellow," and so on.

Lady Ethel ground her teeth over the probability of such an ignominious mention of her name, and then she glanced at her reflection in the mirror, and considered if it were possible that she could waste all the trouble she had taken, or consent to throw away the opportunity for which she thirsted.

And that it should be her father-in-law who thus threatened to interfere with her plans, was an aggravation of the evil in her mind, for she had never forgiven the old man for his plain speaking to her. She had not mentioned the fact to her husband, or any one else; but it was quite sufficient for Colonel Bainbridge to allude to Cranshaw or his own family to stop all conversation on his wife's part, and consequently the subject was seldom mooted between them.

Yet she felt sure that if he received the telegram in time, no entreaties from her lips (even if she stooped to entreaty) would prevail on him to obey the summons of his mother. And Lady Ethel, with a heaving breast, and a heart not entirely at ease, told herself that he was her property, not Mrs. Bainbridge's, and that his first duty lay towards his wife; and crushed the unwelcome messenger more and more between her fingers as she did so.

She was still uncomfortable, still undecided, still flushed and palpitating with uncertainty, when a second tap upon the door was followed by the intrusion of her husband's head.

"Lots of time, darling!" he said, cheerfully, in anticipation of a reprimand for being late; "I shan't be ten minutes dressing, and then, struck by the appearance of his wife, he came further into the room. "By Jove, Ethel!" he exclaimed, with eyes glowing with admiration, he surveyed her from head to foot, "you are a success! I never saw you look so well in your life—you are a perfect picture!"

"You are a success!" he repeated, with a happy chuckle over his own good luck; "you will take the room by storm!" and then he stooped down, like a foolish lover, and kissed the white arm which hung by her side, in the hand of which was crushed the telegram entreatingly him to fly to the bedside of his poor old father.

"You will be late," she answered, "if you do not go at once!" "If you only knew how hard it is to tear one's self away from you, you little witch!" he said, laughing, as he left the room.

His fervent praise, which had given her proud heart more pleasure than it would acknowledge, decided the fate of the telegram from Cranshaw. No, she could not go! It was impossible. If there were any real danger, which with a fat, red-faced old man like Mr. Bainbridge was most improbable (so Lady Ethel argued), they would be sure to send again, and then it would be quite time enough for her husband to go to them; meanwhile, what should she do with the obnoxious paper?

There was a fire burning in the grate, for the evenings were still chilly, and, without further thought, she threw the telegram upon it. Her conscience did just give her an uneasy twinge as she watched the ready flame seize, scorch, and shrivel it to nothing, but she had been too much used to make her own way in everything to feel much alarm; at the thought of the probable consequences of what she had done!

At all events, it was gone—there was an end of it; she could not recall her act, and there was no use crying over spilt milk. And in another quarter of an hour she was seated in the carriage by her husband's side, and driving rapidly towards the residence of the Countess of Clevedon.

CHAPTER XXXII. LADY CLEVEDON AT HOME.

Perhaps it is scarcely necessary that I should halt at this portion of my narrative in order to assure my readers that notwithstanding their apparent intimacy, the Marquis de Lacarras had no intention of marrying the Countess of Clevedon. It is true that he spent much of his time in her society, called her by her Christian name, and treated her generally in a very nonchalant and familiar manner; but undue licence between man and woman is not always the token of impending marriage; on the contrary, it often means that nothing further is wished for or intended.

It meant so with the Marquis de Lacarras, although Lady Clevedon was hard to be convinced, and hoped against all hope. The intercourse between them had always been more upon her side than on his, for it was she who invited him to the house; breaking, without scruple, all engagements that interfered with meeting him, and set him the example of an address, which, naturally, he copied, but would never have presumed to originate.

Without doubt he liked the attentions of the Countess; it was pleasant to have the habitual entrée of a good establishment, with a pretty woman at the head of it; pleasant, too, when he had no higher game in prospect, to be carressed and flattered by such rosy lips as Lady Clevedon's; and, what the Marquis perhaps valued more, there was a pleasant prestige for him amongst his fellow-men, in being known as the recipient of so much favour, to which, at the best, he was but tolerant.

Yet still Lady Clevedon believed that success would eventually be hers; it seemed so improbable that a man who made her the confidante of all his pecuniary and amatory difficulties, and was to be seen day after day hanging about her opera-box and drawing-room, should learn to live without the sympathy with which she never failed to greet him. But the net for his feet was spread in vain; for Victor de Lacarras was not a marrying man, and if he had ever entertained the idea of throwing himself away, it had been before Lady Ethel Carr had committed a similar error—though her step-mother continued so blind to the truth that she persisted in drawing his attention, in a derisively compassion-

ate manner, to the supposition of the girl's hopeless attachment for himself.

Yes, though men can be very hard against the obstinate faith of women for whom they never carried, or have lost their fancy, the case hearts are concerned, or rather where their vanity is flattered.

And Victor de Lacarras was exceedingly vain, more so than the general of his sex (which is saying a good deal for him),—and the notion that a woman, who promised to be the belle of the season, was dying of love for him, was very soothing to his feelings; it was more than soothing, for, added to the little uncertainty respecting his former regard for her, it almost made him think that he was ready to return her love.

So, contented and justidious with his hostess to a degree, he was awaiting Lady Ethel's advent that evening with an unusual amount of eagerness; and when, in all the pride of her youthful beauty, she entered the room leaning on the arm of her husband, and he heard every stranger asking who she was, and all those who knew her remarking how beautiful she looked, he started forward to demand her hand for the dance, as though, above all others, he had a right to claim her preference.

Lady Clevedon advanced to meet her step-daughter with an expression of welcome and congratulations on the restoration of her health, which ill disguised her envy. Her quick eye, taking in at a glance every detail of the bride's costume, noted how admirably it suited her, and how much handsomer it was than the grey *moiré antique* and black lace that she wore herself; and she became jealous accordingly, and with her jealousy a little more tart than was quite proper.

Victor de Lacarras noticed the change in the Countess's manner, and smiling innocently to himself, resumed his attentions to the new-comer, whilst Lady Ethel, opposed to both her antagonists at once, felt as though every joint and muscle of her armour had been tightened. She had studied well her part before venturing to appear before them, and the result did credit to her powers of acting.

"How blooming you look, my dear!" cried Lady Clevedon, as she saw the bright smile with which Lady Ethel greeted her. "I am sure no one would suspect you of mysteriously fading away at inopportune moments."

"So stupid of me, wasn't it?" replied the girl, as she placed one hand cordially in that of her step-mother, and extended the other to the Marquis de Lacarras, "and to have you both waiting on me, too, when I had no idea that you were even in the house, Monsieur! I embrace the opportunity of thanking you for the trouble which my husband tells me you took on my behalf, though I trust it may be for the first and last time. A waltz?" glancing at the programme which he tendered for her acceptance. "Yes, certainly, with the greatest pleasure. Is it commencing now? Here, dearest! turning to her husband, who started and colored at the unusual appellation; "just hold my flowers for me, will you?" and in another moment Lady Ethel Bainbridge was spinning round the room in the embrace of Victor de Lacarras.

The Marquis was astonished; in fact, he hardly knew what to say, or to do, in the sense in which she had addressed her husband. From the representations of the Countess he had expected to meet a depressed and love-sick girl, covered with confusion by his presence, and trembling at the sound of his voice; but here she was, the woman supposed to have contracted an unhappy marriage from despair at his neglect of her, bright and smiling, and waltzing as though she had not a care in the world.

The circumstances piqued him; he felt unaccountably injured by the liveliness with which Lady Ethel carried on a conversation over his shoulder on all that she had seen and done since quitting Temple Grange. It was not what he had expected of her, and he higher her spirits seemed to rise, the more silent did he become, until, as after the third or fourth round, they stopped to breathe themselves, and scanning the crowd, she said, with assumed anxiety—

"Where is my husband? Can you see him anywhere, *monsieur*?" The only answer that he made her was— "That seems a strange question for you to put to me, Lady Ethel; at least, there was a time when I should have said so."

At these words Lady Ethel's heart gave a great thump,—a thump of excitement and agitation, rather than of love, although she may have mistaken it for the latter feeling. It was so familiar to her to hear the measured tones of his voice, and meet the menacing glances of his dark eyes, that on being for the first time brought again beneath the influence of the present. Yet she raised herself, and answered, lightly—

"Times change, *Monsieur le Marquis*, and indeed it is almost longer than one cares to count since you and I last danced together. "Too long for you, perhaps," he whispered, "but as to myself, it has been counted for me, in days and nights of pain."

But here remembering what she had witnessed between him and her step-mother, Lady Ethel frowned, and slightly drew herself up. The man must be cautioned not to go too far.

"Shall we proceed, *monsieur*? I am quite rested." And as he passed his arm round her waist again, she thought she heard something like the word "cruelle." "Whilst we are on the subject of marriage," she said, with an attempt at a laugh, as they continued their dance, "will you allow me, as an experienced person, to recommend it to your notice, *monsieur*? I hear that for some time past you have been shivering on the brink, but you do not appear able to make up your mind to take the final plunge. But, as an old friend, let me advise you not to waste any more time. It is like the measles, one takes it so much more favorably whilst young."

"I shivered on the brink too long, Lady Ethel, and the bank gave way beneath me. I shall never take the plunge you speak of now."

"Was it possible she had heard him right, or did he dare a second time to dupe her? Lady Ethel believed it was the latter case, and made a desperate attempt at an indifferent reply.

"What nonsense? You cannot deceive me, for I know all about it, excepting the day fixed. And did I question Lady Clevedon on the subject, I dare say she could tell that too."

There was no balcony to retire to that evening, for the season was not sufficiently advanced to leave the windows open; but as Lady Ethel made this bold assertion, her partner stopped dancing, and placing her upon a sofa, sat down beside her and looked her in the face.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, in a low voice, and speaking in his own language, which he always used with intimate friends.

"And you can believe that, Lady Ethel?" he responded, earnestly.

Her heart was throbbing violently, her head bowed, her thoughts flying at a tangent, anywhere, and she upon the point of crying out, "No! No! I might have known it was false! O Victor! we are lost to one another!" when the remembrance of the night on which she had seen those two together, the attitude and look of her step-mother flashed again upon her mind, and turning fiercely round upon the Marquis, with eyes brilliant and replete with scorn, she replied, firmly—

"Of course I can. Did not I see you sitting upon the sofa together at Temple Grange? How easily you must think I am to be deceived."

"At Temple Grange!" he repeated, mockingly. "Yes, I remember it—but too well. It was about a month before your marriage, Lady Ethel."

She colored, and was silent; then felt that she was losing ground, and resumed the attack vigorously—

"It was, but that matters nothing. I understood from Lady Clevedon at the time that you were engaged; and considering the circumstances, I was not surprised to hear it."

"The circumstances! But who was to blame for them, I wonder? It is a delicate matter to handle; but has a man the option to refuse attention which are lavished on him gratuitously?"

"Monsieur, pray think of what you are saying. You are calling in question the character of your hostess—and your betrothed."

"Of my betrothed—yes; and, as such, I humbly ask her pardon. Of my betrothed—no. And if this rumor has become public, Lady Ethel, I must beg of you to contradict it. The subject of marriage has never been canvassed between Lady Clevedon and myself."

Lady Ethel was thunderstruck; she did not know how to proceed with the conversation. A month before she would have been overwhelmed at the thought that by her unnecessary rashness she had ever severed all possibility of union with the man who sat beside her; but now, though she felt flattered to hear that he had not forsaken her for her step-mother, the news did not seem to waken any great emotion in her mind, and she was amazed with her own tranquillity as with the Marquis's assertion.

"You surprise me, *monsieur*," she said, after a moment's pause; "I have been looking forward to the event as a certainty."

"You are the last person in the world who should be surprised, Lady Ethel," he replied; "I do not possess the control over my memory for which you seem to give me credit."

The dance was ended by that time, and other partners were already claiming her attention. The Marquis de Lacarras, with a long, lingering gaze, relinquished her to their care, and refusing to yield to the Countess's solicitations, that he should join in the galop just commencing, took up his station in a corner whence he could observe Lady Ethel's movements, and throw a hot sigh or a pensive look after her every time that she approached him.

Meanwhile, Colonel Bainbridge, leaning over his amiable hostess, was being instructed in the secret of true happiness—supplication.

"How wonderfully well our dear Ethel is looking," she exclaimed, as together they watched the graceful figure and lovely flushed face of the girl gyrating round the room; "she seems to have perfectly recovered her little attack of the other night."

"Well, I am afraid a great deal of it in excitement," replied Colonel Bainbridge, gravely; "for she was so weak this afternoon I was quite alarmed at the idea of her coming here."

"Dear me! She would have been much better in bed, I dare say."

"I am surprised at that, for there is not much attraction for her, one would think, to-night. What does Chalmers say about her fainting?"

"He considers it entirely due to the lowness of her nervous system. He says she is weaker than she ought to be, and must keep quiet, but he does not appear at all anxious about her."

"And she wouldn't stay at home to-night? How foolish of her! It was curious her fainting just at the time she did."

feelings. For the news he had told her affected her more than she dared to let him see, and she was curious to hear the climax of his story, to learn how far she had been deceived, and if he never cared for any but herself (there was triumph in that thought for Lady Ethel), why he had hung back from offering her his hand! Her cheek was flushed, and her eyes sparkling with the excitement of discovery she had made, and yet it never struck her that she did not feel so miserable at its failure as she ought to have done. That revelation was reserved for a later and more momentous occasion.

Only one other opportunity had the Marquis of speaking to her privately that evening, and he made good use of it. It was in the upper room that they found themselves alone together.

"I don't think that Lady Ethel Bainbridge half credits what I told her," he said, softly, as she was engaged in taking the refreshment he had brought her.

"It is difficult to do so," she replied, as she turned her burning face away. "—Where is the difficulty, Lady Ethel? To believe that no woman can ever again engage a tithe of my attention; or to comprehend by a man could commit so fatal an error as to fear to speak his mind? Fatale, because defeat could not have placed him in a worse position than he stands at present; and success—success, Lady Ethel," in a low voice, and looking quickly away from her, "would have turned this life into a paradise for him."

She could not profess to misunderstand his meaning.

"You must not speak to me like that," she commenced in an agitated voice, and her husband entering the room at that moment in search of her, she ran up to his side with great relief.

"Yes, yes," she said, hurriedly, in answer to his inquiry if she was ready to go home; "I have had quite enough. I am tired out; let us return at once," and with a nervous bow in the direction of the Marquis, she suffered Colonel Bainbridge to lead her to the carriage.

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE SECOND TELEGRAM.

Lady Ethel Bainbridge reached her own home in a very fervid condition. All the old doubts and difficulties which she had trampled under foot (as she thought) months before, had commenced again to surge within her breast and away her mind; and though (unperceived by her) the passionate regret which used to mingle with them had disappeared, they were sufficiently interesting to disturb her whole being by their unexpected recurrence.

Was it possible, she asked herself, as released from the attentions of Louise, she remained in an arm-chair before the fire in her dressing-room—possible that, after all, she had been mistaken; had judged him too harshly, too hastily; and that Victor de Lacarras, as insinuated by himself, had permitted her to slip through his fingers from sheer want of boldness to declare his wishes? Was it her step-mother who had been their enemy; and by her forward intervention, prevented their reading each other's hearts more clearly? or was it the fault of her own pride which had made her shrink from anything that looked like affording him the opportunity for which he had been sighing?

Lady Ethel could not say; perhaps she did not care so closely to inquire. She seemed to have forgotten the long months during which the Marquis de Lacarras had been in suspense and uncertainty as to his intentions regarding her, and the weeks they had passed together in which he had made no sign. The sight of his eyes, looking as if they had done of old, forebode the blight of disbelief in him had fallen on her heart, and the accents of his voice, lowered for her ear alone, had revived so much of her former feelings, that her soul was fast becoming absorbed in a sentimental pity, not for her own loss, but for that of the man whose ill-fortune had been revealed to her. In fancy she pictured the long life which lay before him; unlighted by the possession of her love, or of herself; a miserable, lonely existence, which could never be freed from the sting of regret; and then to think that he had missed his happiness by a mere chance, a stroke of ill-luck, which could never be remedied—a last opportunity, which could never be recalled. Poor Victor! poor Marquis de Lacarras, with the reproachfully sad eyes! Was it possible she was the cause of all this misery? that she alone was to blame for his unhappy life? He seemed to think so, and that she might have saved him from it. And yet all the while her heart had been full of the most bitter reproaches. Should she, could she ever forgive herself?

Profoundly wrapt in some such reverie, with her pretty countenance supported by her hand, and her eyes morbidly fixed upon the still sitting up, when having finished her last cigar, an hour and more later than her return to Carouze Street, he sought his bed-chamber.

"My dear Ethel," he exclaimed, "not yet in bed? Why, do you know what time it is, darling? past six o'clock! What would Dr. Chalmers say?"

"Oh! don't tease me so," she answered, fretfully.

She had just arrived at that pitch of mental fervor, when, having discovered that both her happiness and that of the Marquis had been ruined for evermore, she decided that thenceforth they should pass through life with sunken cheeks and sad eyes, taking part in the hollow amusements of the world, it is true, but testifying to each other by their appearance and demeanour that they were dejected by regret for their irrevocable loss. And it is amazing to say the least of it, to have a romantic world like this broken in upon by the common-place remembrance of a great, strong, muscular, every day husband, and to why she did not go to bed in to sleep, like any body else, whose heart was not broken.

Colonel Bainbridge recoiled at the tone in which his wife addressed him. He had been so elated by the one term of affection she had unexpectedly used to him at Lady Clevedon's soirée, that he had been calculating on its effects ever since. But though he knew he threw cold water on his joy, he had not the power to make him retract. His was the generous nature to return evil for evil.

"I did not mean to tease you, dearest," he said, gently; "but this fire is nearly out, and you will take cold. Shall I make it up again, or would it not be better if you came to bed? You must be very tired."

She was very tired, and her musing had been interrupted, so Lady Ethel resolved for once to follow the advice given her, though long after her husband had fallen asleep, she continued too excited to close her eyes, but lay awake, believing herself to be the most unfortunate and miserable woman in the world, as with false sympathy she pondered on the revelations which had been made to her.

When at last she fell asleep, it was to slumber profoundly for a few hours—so profoundly that on being roused again she started straight up in bed, having forgotten everything that had occurred the night before. It was broad daylight then; the sunshine was streaming through the closed blinds of her windows; and as she rubbed her eyes she became conscious of a gentle tapping on the

Richmond Corners, N.B., Jan. 10, 1886. Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you the good your Seigel's Syrup has done me. I thought at one time I would be better dead than alive, but had the luck to find your medicine after reading it in the paper. I tried one bottle and found my health so much improved that I continued it until now I feel like a new man. I have taken altogether 6 bottles. Every body here speaks well of it. Yours truly, JOSEPH WARD. RICHMOND CORNERS, N.B., Oct. 15, 1885. A. J. WHITE, Limited, Genl.-Seigel's Syrup gives good satisfaction wherever used. One case in particular (where the cure of Dyspepsia seemed almost a miracle) was greatly benefited by your medicine. Your respectfully, JOSEPH G. MORRISON. STEVENSVILLE, WELLSLAND CO., ONT., Feb. 17, 1884. A. J. WHITE, I commenced using the "Shaker Extract" in my family about three weeks ago, and in a few days a sick headache, weak stomach, pain in my left side, often attended with a cough, but I am now fast gaining my usual health, my neighbors are also astonished at the results of your medicine. Yours, etc., MANASSEH E. BARK. A. J. WHITE, Limited, FREDRICKTON, N.B. Gentlemen—Your medicine has done more for me than any doctor ever did, and I would not be without it. Yours truly, PATRICK McLEDER. SOUTH BAY, ONT., Dec. 7, 1885. Sir,—I take great pleasure in informing you that I have been cured by your Seigel's Syrup and pills. I suffered ten or twelve years with indigestion and constipation of the bowels, vomiting, food and drink sick stomach, which cost great pain. I tried several good physicians, none of whom were able to give me any relief. I tried several patent medicines, some of them giving relief for the time being, so you can easily see that I was discouraged, and it was with little faith that I commenced to take your Seigel's Syrup and pills. I started with your medicine about a year ago, and have taken in all about 2 dozen bottles, it did take some little time to stop the vomiting, but I can say that now my health is greatly improved. I will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from stomach complaint. I can give you the names of several others if you wish. You may print this if you wish, it may be the means of helping some other sufferer. Yours truly, LEWIS WALBANK. South Bay, Ontario. Proprietors: A. J. White (Limited), 17 Paragon Road, London, Eng. Branch office: 87 St. James Street, Montreal. For sale by every druggist in Montreal. THINGS A HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD KNOW. The salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion. That milk which stands too long makes bitter butter. That rusty flat-irons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard. That it rests you in sewing to change your position frequently. That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold. That tooth beef is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar water. That a little soda will relieve sick headaches caused by indigestion. That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath. That a cup of hot water drunk before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia. That well ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude. That one in a faint should be laid on the flat of his back; then loosen his clothes and let him alone. That consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water. That a fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water. That to beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt. Salt omelets and cold eggs froth rapidly. That the hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea. That you can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of eggs before washing. That white spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate over them.—Family Doctor. A Most Liberal Offer. THE VICTORIA BOOT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VANGUARD Boots and Electric Appliances to thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars mailed free. Write them at once.