

## LIKE THORNS IN THE FLESH

Are the Sharp Twinges and Tor-  
tures of Rheumatism--Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills a  
Certain Cure.

The twinges and the tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many people imagine. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. The pains may be started by cold weather, damp weather or by keen winds. There is only one way to cure rheumatism. It must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing, and so-called electrical treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism. The acid that causes the disease must be driven out of the blood and the blood enriched and purified. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, red blood that they have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism after all other treatment had failed. As a proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do even in the most severe cases of rheumatism, the case of Mr. David Carroll, a well known furniture dealer of Picton, N. S., may be cited. Mr. Carroll says: "I have been a most severe sufferer from rheumatism, and in the hope that some other poor sufferer may find relief from my experience I gladly write you of the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The trouble settled in my shoulders and down my sides and at times I was quite unable to raise my arm. I was attended by a doctor, but as I did not appear to be getting any better I sent for a so-called electric belt for which I paid \$40.00. It did not do me any good and then I tried another remedy, but without any better results. A friend asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got three boxes, by the time I had used them all I found the stiffness and pain less severe, and I got another half dozen boxes. When I had taken these every symptom of the trouble had disappeared and in the two years that have since passed I have had no return of the trouble. I believe there is no other medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for curing this most painful trouble, and I have recommended the Pills to others who have been benefitted by their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure rheumatism, but all the other diseases due to poor watery blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood, with their headaches, backaches, side-aches and attendant miseries. Only the genuine Pills can do this and you should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### PRIDE.

The Man at the Door--"My little girl, ma'am, picked up a shoppin' bag which she says she seen an old lady drop--an' I thought maybe it was yours, ma'am."

The Lady in the Hall (haughtily)--"There are no old ladies here. It isn't mine."

And yet it was hers just the same.

### THEIR PRIVILEGE.

When we hear some people sing,  
We wonder how they dare;  
Yet we suppose they have the right  
Because they rent the air.

A camel can carry three times as heavy a load as a horse is capable of doing.

Fortunate is the man with a pull--providing he doesn't pull the wrong way.

"My good man, did you ever take a bath?" Tramp--"No, mum. I never took anything bigger than a silver teapot."

Do you know that it is poor economy to save the cost of building at the expense of heavy loss of feed-stuffs? Do you know that the hay stack wintered out doors loses in value many times what the interest would be on the money invested in a building suitable to house it? Figure it out for yourself.

Some successful dairymen believe it is a mistake to yard the cows at night and let them run in the pastures during the daytime. They say that the cow will get more good out of the grass she will eat in the evening and morning and during the night than she would during the heat of the day when the flies are annoying her.

## THE HOME-COMING OF CECIL CLIVE

"And, meantime," thundered Barth, "remember that it is my house, and that your place is on the other side of the door. Be gone, and never want to see you again."

Cecil laughed. His uncle's brutality did not seem to affect him nearly so much as little Miss Holmes's kindness had done, and he went towards the door with good feet.

"I'm going, uncle," he said, "don't lose your temper. Good-bye, all of you."

Miss Holmes sat in a corner, crying softly. He approached the girl and patted her gently on the shoulder and then went from the room.

"A good riddance," said George, "he's positively hateful," commented Mabel.

"Another moment and I'd have thrown him out," muttered Arthur, who was always very pugnacious when there was nobody to fight.

Mr. Barth, however, was silent. Obviously he was considering a weighty matter, and the outcome of his deliberations proved rather unpleasant for Miss Holmes. Clearing his throat, he said in a loud, judicial tone:--

"Miss Holmes, be good enough to attend to me."

The girl rose, and stood with her small hands clasped tightly together.

"For some years," said the dignified voice, "you have occupied position in my household, and have no reason to disapprove of you; but your conduct this morning makes it impossible for me to let you continue as governess to my two youngest children. Your sympathy with a penniless and reckless ne'er-do-well proves that you are not fit to have the training of your minds, and so, Miss Holmes, I wish to ask you to take a month's notice."

The girl did not seem to mind very much.

"I will go this very day," she said bravely.

"That is as you please," replied Mr. Barth, magnanimously, and feeling vaguely that he was doing a very noble action, "but perhaps it will be better."

"It will be a splendid thing for the neighborhood," observed Mabel Barth a few weeks later; "though I wonder why he selected our part of the country for his home."

He had been discussing with the family the news that had just reached Meadowhurst, to the effect that Constantine McIlwraith had purchased the Hall and intended settling down there for some months.

"The man is enormously rich," went on Mr. Barth. "And no doubt he will be correspondingly generous. If I can interest him in that scheme of mine for adding new plant to the works, it will mean a difference of thousands per annum to me."

Now, Mr. Barth did not believe in letting the grass grow under his feet, and that very day he sat down and wrote to Mr. McIlwraith, begging for an interview.

"The fact that we are such near neighbors makes me bold to address you," he concluded. "And I believe that the scheme which I desire to propose to you would prove mutually advantageous."

By return of post he received communication from the great man's secretary, asking him to call at the Hall on the following morning at eleven o'clock.

Delighted by this speedy reply Mr. Barth went his way in the cheeriest of spirits, and on the next morning he buttoned himself up in his most dignified frock-coat and sallied forth to the Hall.

A resplendent man-servant ushered him into the great oaken library and asked him to sit down. A moment later the door opened and another visitor entered. Mr. Barth jumped up in amazement.

"Halloa, George!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I was just going to ask you the same question, dad," replied George, sulkily. "As a matter of fact, I have an appointment with old McIlwraith here at eleven."

"H'm! That's queer!" commented Barth. "He told me to be at the house at the same hour."

Once again the door opened, and father and son started up, ready to make their obeisances to the golden calf as represented by Mr. Constantine McIlwraith, but to the supreme amazement of both of them they beheld Arthur and Mabel.

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