

# THE BEST TREATMENT FOR CONSTIPATION

The Experience of One Who Knows and Places Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills First.

It is not difficult to secure a medicine that will effect movement of the bowels. To cure Constipation and the complications which arise from it is another matter.

Constipation of the bowels is usually preceded by torpid action of the liver. Hence it follows that if Constipation is to be cured the liver must be set right.

Mr. H. M. Bell, Innisfail, Alta., writes: "For some considerable time I have been using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I have obtained through your firm. I suppose during my life I have used nearly all the best-known pills, as I have been

subject to Constipation and digestive troubles. A friend recommended Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I can honestly say that of all the pills I have tried nothing has suited me better—action always insured, and fine for the kidneys. This is how I have found them after a thorough test, and you may use this statement if you like."

This letter should convince you of the merits of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but there is nothing like personal experience. If you do not feel like risking 25 cents for a box, write to us for a free sample box, mentioning where you saw this advertisement. Put this medicine to the test when you have indigestion, constipation, biliousness, backache or kidney derangements. The results will soon prove to you the superiority of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



"But Jacques has not forgotten him. Did you note his suffering when I spoke to him of his friend? His face, a moment before so fresh and smiling, was ghastly and distorted. It was frightful. He looked like a death's head. Our friend Davidoff, you will remember, described with curious minuteness the morbid condition of the sick man cured through faith. The foundation of this recovery is frail," he said; "a word would suffice to destroy it. The passionate conviction which brought Jacques back to life, once weakened, he would relapse into a condition worse than before. He is under a sort of spell. He is possessed by an idea, and this gives him wonderful strength."

"That is what makes charlatans and quacks succeed," said the doctor. "And then, there are besides imaginary invalids whom it is easy to cure, and our friend Jacques seems to be one of them."

"You desired to know my name," she said. "You know it now." Jacques, without looking at her, said slowly: "It is a very short time since poor Pierre killed himself on your account."

"On my account?" she returned quickly. "Are you quite sure of that?" Jacques grew paler still, and looked at Clemence with a glance of terror. "Do you believe it was on some other person's account, then?" he said, resuming his seat on the sofa beside her.

"Do you not know that it was?" she looked at him fixedly; he turned his head away, but seizing his arm with authority: "It was with me he spent his last evening," she said. "It was to me he addressed his last words. I know what everyone else, even Davidoff, is ignorant of. Pierre, weary of his feverish existence, disillusioned regarding his genius, and hopeless of the future, grew despondent, and in obedience to I know not what superstitious idea resolved to sacrifice his life for the sake of a beloved friend."

"He silent!" interrupted Jacques, almost menacingly. "Why should I be silent? Are you afraid of his ghost? I would neither injure nor reproach you. He knew that I loved you. He said to me, at the moment when he took his fatal resolution: He will love you better than I can. And if anything of what I was surer in him it will be a bond that shall attach me to earth and make me thrill with joy in my grave."

At this sacrilegious falsehood, the young man cast a glance of terror at Clemence. He made an effort to rise and leave her, but his limbs refused him their support, and he sank back on the sofa faint and trembling. He felt that she had spoken the truth, and that a mysterious tie bound him already to this woman, as if Pierre had transmitted his unconquerable passion for her to him with his soul. He rebelled against this bondage, however, and forgetful of his recent eagerness to win her favor, he now desired to leave the woman he had so ardently wooed while she was as yet unknown to him. He rebelled against the thought of obeying a dead man's command; he could not consent to be the executor of his posthumous caprices. He called to his aid a last remnant of his former courage, coolness and resolution, and rising turned a calm countenance toward Clemence.

"I shall not allow myself to be vanquished by your spells, beautiful enchantress," he said. "Besides, it was useless to call in the aid of ghosts to enslave me. Your lips and your eyes would have been sufficient. You made a great mistake in mingling sorcery with love. I should be afraid now of your philters."

"I shall have no need to use them with you," responded Clemence in a tranquil voice. "and whether you wish it or not you shall acknowledge my power."

He opened his lips to answer her in the negative, but before he could speak she had glided to the door and vanished like a phantom from the box. Left alone, Jacques remained for a moment thoughtful. The dancing went on, noisy and uproarious, raising clouds of dust through which the light of the ball-room shone dimly. In the boxes, the spectators, leaning their elbows on the velvet-covered railings, formed gay and brilliant groups. This overhated room, with its glare and

noise, was pervaded by a sense of intense life. The young man suddenly remembered the miserable existence he had so short a time ago been leading, and an ardent joy filled his heart at the thought that he was once more well and strong, and free to share in the enjoyment of a scene like this, after having given up, as he had done, the hope of ever being able to do so again.

How often had he said to himself with bitter longing: "Oh, if I could but cast aside this languor, if I could be well and strong again, with what zest would I enjoy life!" And this dream had become a reality. The charm had produced its miraculous effects. Death had abandoned his prey. Or rather he had chosen another victim in his place, nobler and more brilliant than he. At this thought the pale face of Pierre Laurier rose before Jacques' mental vision. With closed eyes, a bitter smile upon his lips, and purple shadows on his temples, the painter slept his last sleep, rocked by the ceaseless motion of the waves, caressed by the sunlight, lulled by the murmur of the breeze. A wanderer on the surface of the ocean, he rose and fell with the tide, forever approaching and forever receding from the earth on which he had suffered so much. Jacques followed with his mental gaze this corpse, this waif of the waters, terrified by the sinister apparition, yet, egotist as he was, reassured by the thought that his friend was indeed dead, since it was with his life he now lived. He desired to shake off the nightmare that so painfully oppressed him. He rose to his feet, and the spell was broken.

Before him he saw only the gallery filled with spectators of the scene below, at his feet the floor of the parquette, occupied by a motley crowd of dancers. What had seemed the noise of the waves was the sound of their voices and the stamping of their feet upon the floor; the murmur of the wind was the strains of the orchestra. There had been no apparition, everything was real. He felt eager and vigorous. And pleasure was within his grasp.

He passed his hand over his forehead, a smile crossed his face, he opened the door of the box, went out into the corridor and walked nonchalantly through the crowd. Near the foyer he saw Patrizzi, who was flirting with a pretty woman. He approached the prince with all the boisterous playety of his wildest days, and said: "Shall we go and have some supper, prince? There must be at least a dozen of our friends here whom we ought to get to join us. I think we have had all the enjoyment there is to be had in this place. Shall we leave it?"

"What have you done with the domino you carried you off so unceremoniously just now?" asked the Neapolitan. Have you asked her to be one of the party? Is she to accompany us?" "Oh, I came away and left her by herself."

"You did not find the interview amusing, then?" "It was lugubrious."

"Did she not give you a rendezvous for to-morrow?" "Yes, but I shall not go."

As he pronounced these words a crowd of masqueraders poured into the corridor, and a shrill laugh was heard. Jacques turned pale. He looked around in terror for the white domino. But he saw only a group of young men hurrying past in pursuit of some women in fancy dress. A voice murmured in his ear: "Why do you boast and lie? Do you not know that you will keep your appointment?" And it seemed to him that the voice was that of Clemence Villa. He turned

around. Only Patrizzi was near him. "I am losing my senses," he said to himself. He took the arm of the prince, and saying with feverish eagerness, "Come, let us go," he drew him away.

Next day when he awoke in his chamber at the villa of Beaulieu at about 11 o'clock in the morning, he had only a vague recollection of what had taken place the night before. He remembered that at supper he had drunk a great deal of champagne, and that he had played a waltz for the women to dance to.

From this moment everything was buried in oblivion. He had been taken home in a carriage by a friend, who was returning to Eze. What had he said? What had he done? All was shrouded in a mystery which he had no desire to penetrate.

Stretched on his bed, his eyes drinking in the sunlight that flooded the room, he felt an exquisite sense of well-being. This recumbent posture, which had seemed to him so irksome when he was shaken by his violent fits of coughing that left him bathed in perspiration, weak and exhausted, he now enjoyed with delight. His brain clear, his blood flowing calmly in his veins, his respiration regular. He had staved up all night, he had supped, he had snatched his strength in one of those orgies which formerly would cost him a week's illness and depression and yet he found himself fresh and vigorous. He experienced a sense of profound satisfaction. The cure, so confidently predicted by his doctor, but of which he himself had had so little hope, had indeed been effected.

He remained thus for a time, enjoying the mere sense of being; then, springing at a bound from the bed, he began to dress. He went about his room, humming an air, careless and happy. He opened his window, and the warm breeze entered and played around his brow. The fragrance of the clematis reached him from the garden below, and on the terrace, walking toward him slowly, as he had walked a few months before, he perceived his sister.

Her eyes were cast on the ground with an air of sadness, and she seemed, in her dark gown, as if she were in mourning for her lost happiness—her health, her youth, her gaiety. The contrast between what she had been and what she now was, was so striking that Jacques could not repress a sigh. Disease had abandoned her grasp on him, but as if a victim were necessary, she had seized instead upon poor Juliette. And in proportion as she grew more erect and vigorous, she grew more bowed and feeble. The

## NO ALUM



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malady from which she suffered was one that medical science could not reach. From the day on which Dr. Davidoff had brought them the fatal news of Pierre's death, she had declined hourly in health. A profound languor had taken possession of her; she seldom spoke, and seized every opportunity to be alone. She seemed to feel a pleasure in her suffering. She disliked to be questioned about her health; she made an effort, when with her mother and brother, to shake off her melancholy, but as soon as she found herself alone, she relapsed into her habitual sadness. At the moment when Jacques perceived her she was walking with languid step, a prey to her own sad thoughts, amid the vivid green of the trees and the gay colors of the flowers, her face looked like a dark blot upon the landscape. Jacques descended into the garden, and observing his mother in the drawing-room went in and kissed her. She looked at him attentively, and seeing him so radiant with health, she smiled.

"You returned home late," she said. "It is hardly prudent for you to sit up so late, when you have so recently recovered from your illness."

"It is so long since I have had any pleasure," he answered. "You enjoyed yourself, at least?" she asked.

"Very much."

"Do not abuse your health, my child. Do not be ungrateful to Providence who has restored it to you. And do not add to my anxieties. I am troubled enough about your sister's condition."

"Is she worse to-day?" "No. And then how should we know if she were? She utters no complaint. She makes every effort to conceal her dejection. But she cannot deceive me. Day by day I see her grow weaker. Ah, if Davidoff, who benefited you so much, were only here now!"

At these words the young man turned pale.

He fancied he saw the sardonic countenance of the Russian doctor rise before him. What could Davidoff do? Was he to be asked to work another miracle? Jacques knew very well how powerless was medical science. He knew how useless it was in his own case. The help he had received had come to him from an unknown source. But was it not at the price of a terrible sacrifice that this help had been obtained? Had it not been necessary to vitalize and purify his blood, that the blood of another should be shed for him? And was not this voluntary sacrifice of a human life to save that of another, marked out for destruction by the hand of fate, a repetition of the human sacrifices offered up on the altars of the pagan gods of antiquity? Could the miracle be wrought a second time? And who should make the sacrifice? Pierre had made it for him. Who would make it for Juliette?

The sound of his mother's voice drew him from his meditation. "Besides," she added, "even if the doctor were here, would Juliette follow his directions? When she is asked about her health she answers that she is not ill, that she is only a little tired; that there is no cause for anxiety. But this very indifference makes me all the more uneasy, because in it I see the indication of a moral cause for her malady, more difficult to combat than any physical one."

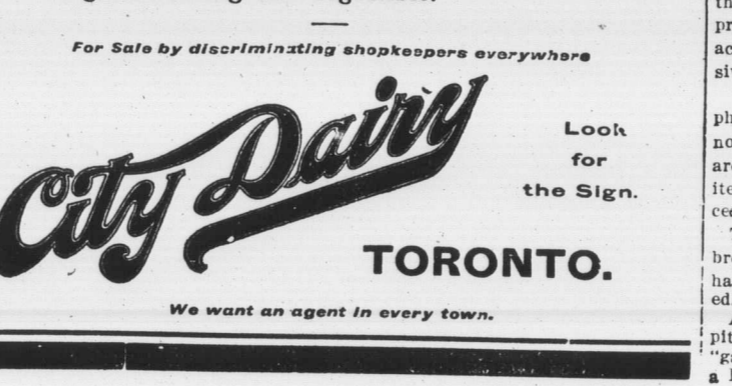
"A moral cause!" repeated Jacques. "Yes, the child has a secret grief, and notwithstanding the courageous efforts she makes to conceal it, she cannot deceive me. Each morning I see that she is paler than the last time she slept. The hours she has spent during the night, and it has been so for the past two months. Oh, I know the exact date of the commencement of her malady. It has remained indelibly fixed upon my memory. It is both a sad and a happy one for me for it marks at once the beginning of your recovery and the beginning of the illness of your sister. Yes, Juliette received the blow from which she is now suffering on the day when Dr. Davidoff came to announce to us the death of Pierre Laurier."

If Madame de Vignes had been observing Jacques she would have been terrified by the look of anguish that distorted his features. What he had already vaguely suspected his mother had put into words. The death of Pierre had produced at once a salutary and a pernicious effect; it had restored him to life and given her death-blow to Juliette.

"To be continued."



TORONTO'S MOST POPULAR SUMMER DISSIPATION IS CITY DAIRY ICE CREAM—the demand has spread from year to year until it is now on sale in nearly every town in Ontario. There seems to be so nothing about the climate of Canada that makes it the confection that everybody craves in warm weather—infants, invalids, children or grown-ups, it makes no difference what your state or station. City Dairy Ice Cream is most refreshing, nourishing and digestible.



## A FINE COMPLEXION

May Be Had Through the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

A girl's complexion is something more than a matter to concern her vanity. It is an indication of the state of her health. Pallor in a growing girl means a thinning of the blood. Parents should be watchful of their daughter's complexions and should see to it that these danger signs are corrected. When a girl in her teens becomes pale and sallow, if she shows an inclination to tire easily, is listless and inattentive to her work or studies, she needs Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a tonic which directly and specifically corrects the condition from which she is suffering. A chemical analysis of the blood of such a girl would show it to be deficient in just the elements that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can supply, and which restore brightness to the eye and color to the cheeks. Miss Delina Arsenault, Urbainville, P. E. I., is one of the thousands of anemic girls restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I was attacked with anemia, and was in such a miserable condition that I had to consult a doctor, and was under his care for several months, but without getting better. I was growing thinner every day. I had dark circles around the eyes I could hardly sleep at night, but tossed restlessly and got up in the morning with black anticipation of the day's misery before me. I was always bothered with headaches and pains in the back and limbs. My appetite was poor and I frequently vomited what I did eat. My friends feared that I would not recover. I had often seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised, and finally decided to try them. I used altogether nine boxes and they made me as well as ever I was in my life. All the pains and aches disappeared; my appetite returned. I could sleep soundly at night, and the color returned to my cheeks. I also gained seventeen pounds in weight. I am now always well, and for this happy condition I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You can get these Pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$1.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The world does not realize the diabolical nature of these tactics. He says: "When we got to the hospital we had no difficulty in finding out in which ward the men were, as the noise of the poor fellows trying to get breath was sufficient to direct us. There were about twenty of the worst cases in the ward, on mattresses, all more or less in a sitting position, propped up against the walls.

Their faces, arms, hands were of a shiny grey-black color. With mouths open and lead-glazed eyes, they were all swaying slightly backwards and forwards trying to get breath. It was a most appalling sight, all these poor black faces, struggling, struggling for life, what with the groaning and noise of the effort for breath.

There is practically nothing to be done for them, except to give them salt and water to try to make them sick.

The effect the gas has is to fill the lungs with a watery, frothy matter, which gradually increases and rises till it fills up the whole lungs and comes up to the mouth; then they die it is suffocation; slow drowning, taking in some cases one or two days.

We have lost hundreds of men who died in the trenches, and over half the men who reached hospital have died. Eight died last night out of the twenty I saw, and most of the others I saw will die; while those who get over the gas invariably develop acute pneumonia.

It is without doubt the most awful form of scientific torture. Not one of the men I saw in hospital had a scratch or wound.

The nurses and doctors were all working their utmost against this terror; but one could see from the tension of their nerves that it was like fighting a hidden danger which was overtaking every one.

The Germans have given out that it is a rapid, painless death. The liars! No torture could be worse than to give them a dose of their own gas.

He Meant Every Word He Spoke

JUST WHY J. A. HILL RECOMMENDS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Had Sore Back and Other Symptoms of Kidney Disease and Got Real Benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sixty-Nine Corners, Ont., June 7—(Special).—"I am recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills as the best of medicines." The speaker was Mr. J. A. Hill, a well known resident of this place, and he left no doubt in the minds of his hearers that he meant every word he said.

"Some time ago," Mr. Hill continued, "I had a very sore back. It started from a cold and I suffered for six months with it. I also had stiffness in my joints and cramps in my muscles and I felt heavy and sleepy after meals. My appetite was ruffled and my limbs were heavy. Then I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took four boxes and received great benefit from them. That's why I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Every one of Mr. Hill's symptoms showed that his trouble was of the kidneys. That is why he got such benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are no cure all, but they do cure sick kidneys, and the kidneys are the keystone of health.

Wigwag—I saw the sun rise this morning. Guzzler—Gee! I didn't get to bed till pretty late myself, but I've got one of 'em there.

TORTURE OF GAS POISON

Awful Sufferings of Soldier Victims of German Crime.

Hopeless, Helpless Struggle Against Slow Drowning.

A professor of chemistry writes to the Journal de Geneve that the German supply of Chilean nitrates was exhausted at the end of March, but that the exploitation of the Ostwald process for the extraction of azotic acid from ammoniac enables explosives to be produced in abundance.

The professor affirms that the asphyxiating gases used at Ypres were not bromine but oxides of azote, which are obtainable cheaply and in unlimited quantities by the Ostwald process.

They are easily liquefied, of a brown color, heavier than air, and have effects similar to those reported.—Central News.

A grim account of a visit to a hospital where the men who have been "gassed" are under treatment is given by a British officer, who complains that