THE ATHENS REPORTER, MARCH 12, 1902

in vain for a sight of moon or stars, fancies for a moment that she sees a figure come out of the shrubbery from the direction of the white gate leading into the wood, and next moment deems it the mercst illusion of the waving trees in the murky groom

She draws the curtains once more, and is turning away, when she hears distinctly, in the hush of the tem-pest, sounds on the path beneath the window-the soft crunching of the gravel beneath a heavy, cau-tious tread.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Gillian listens to the slow, stealthy footsteps, holding her breath in a sudden, nervous alarm at the ua-usual sound. For the narrow path beneath the library window simply runs around the west side of the house to the tennis-hawn, and the cortonics op cardenors used it. house to the tennis:awn, and the servants or gardeners never useit. No one needs to use the path on an errand of business at this hour, and no one warks there for plea-sure most assuredly on a night like

Alls lined face puckers deeply in suppressed emotion, his grey head shakes in mournful meaning, he books an old, worn-out man as he sits trembling in the firelight, and Gil-lian's tender heart aches with com-

"Uncle Harry," sile says carnead-ly, drawing, close to him, "I will write to papa this very night, and tell him you wish to see him. I am sure he will come from Paris speci-ally, if you need his presence so

him," he reiterates, feebly. "He's my cousin Carrie's husband, and he's an honest man, and a man of the work, and he'll be able to relieve

world, and he'll be able to relieve my mind, and help me to put things right before 4 die." "Yes, so he will, Uncle Harry," Gillian says, soothingly: "and I'll write to him at once. And is there any one else you'd like to be sent for ?"

to keep her voice from snaking and her limbs quivering in excitement. "You are sure there is no one you would like to see, Uncle Harry?" "No, no one," he says, closing his eyes, with a deep sigh. "Not even George Archer, Uncle Harry?" Ho starts suddonly unsight in his

Harry 7 He starts suddenly upright in his chair, his thin fingers Sutching at the arms, his sunken blue eyes glitter-

much as 'good-bye,' Lord help me ! Imuch as good-bye. Lord here me i i wouldn't speak to him h i saw him. He wouldn't come back to save my life; he'd never let me see h s face again. On, my handsome lad !--my handsome; brave lad !?

Bitter tenrs fill the sunken blue eyes, and wet the furrowed checks, and he beats his wasted hands on ench other in an ecstasy of pitcous descute

ench other in an ecstasy of pitcous despair. "Uncile Harry," Gilian says, trem-bling more and, more, whilst a rose-red flush burns hotly in cach pale check, "If I wrote to George Archer and asked him to come home again, would you not see him ?" "He wouldn't come for you either." he retorts, angrily and excitedly. 'You treated him badly, and I'll never forgive you for it ?"

The Partie

Practically all the seed for our root crops is grown in foreign countries. However important it may be that the seed for such crops be grown in the country where it is wanted for sowing, the cheap labor in those European countries, which have be-count the seed gravens of the world, has made the seed growing industry manditable to Canadian formers or forgive you for it !" "Oh, don't say that! Indeed I did not-indeed you are quite mistaken! Gilian exclaims, flushing and paling Gillian exclaims, flushing and paling. "You did," he says, roughly. "Twist it and turn it how you like, young lady you did treat him bad-ly, I say. You-you jilted him, and you never made a biggesmistake in your life, I can tell you ! You'll be sorry enough by and by; you made the biggest mistake you ever made in your life," he reiterates, white and shaking with passion, with a distorted face and gleaming eyes, "when you thought, Miss Deane, that that handsome, brave lad was not good enough for you."

that that handsome, brave had was not good enough for you." She does not quait before his al-most frenzied passion. With her sweet, grave face, and dark, pure eyes, she comes closer to him, kneel-ing on the hearth-rug by his chair and clasping his thin, feverish hand her wen her cool little, soft palms. and chapping his thin, leveral hand between her cool. little, soft palms, "Uncle Harry, shall I tell you the truth?" she asks, in. a low volce. "The whole, real, secret truth?" "About what?" he asks curtly, ir-

ritably, trying to pull his hand away. "What are you talking about 'the whole truth?" You weren't born, child, six or seven and twenty years

come over to see me if -I asked him?"
'Yes, certainly," Gillian says, rather amazed at the question, for he has been staring into the fire with his blank, despondent gaze for a long time in atter silence. "Papa and my stepmother are in Paris at present, "but when he returns to town I am sure he will come over as soon as you ask him, the larry."
''But I want him now! Now!' he returns with feeble impatience. "I want till he comes back from Paris! I haven't time. My sands are numning very low, very low! I haven't any time to spare, and 1. —I (want to put things all right, and tell the whole truth before I die."
''His lined face puckers deeply in supersed emotion, his grey head
whole truth?" You weren't years ago."
''About George Archer and me?" Galilan persists in a half whisper. "You are quite wroag, Uncle Harry, when you say I treated him badiy— you are indeed !"
''Tim not wrong, 'he insists, sullenly. "'I'm on twrong, 'he insists sullenly. "He was fond of you—George was! A sweetheart any glr! haven't time. My sands are 'nunning very low, very low! I haven't any time to spare, and 1. —I (want to put things all right, and tell the whole truth before I die."
''His lined face puckers deeply in suppressed emotion, his grey head

sist in punching me with your um-brella? "Uncle Harry," she pleads, tremu lously, but with determination in the Madam-1 want to make you look around so that I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners.

"Incle Harry," she pieads, tremu-lously, but with determination in the glowing light of her eyes, and the color in her cheeks, "you don't know the whole truth! I don't think you know any of the truth. Let me tell you," and going behind his chair she puts her hand lovingly on his shoul-ders, and stoops her fretty head over until her velvety young face touches his rough, weather-beaten cheek. "I cared for George a hundred times more than he ever cared for me. I promised to marry him-promised with all my heart, for I loved him most dearly." There is a poignant pain and pleasure in being able even to confess. "But he did not love me, Uncle Hurry, at all. He went away from me without even bidding me good-bye, and F know now why he went in that manner; I believe I know now why he fied out of the place, fied away from Darragh and angry. me that you will never bet on a horse that isn't going to win."

went in that manner, i beneve i know now why he fied out of the place, fied away from Darragh and Mount Ossory that night last Aug-ust, without bidding anyone good-bye but Anne O'Neil."

### (To be Continued.) 33

## Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

ilk

Country.

\*

If the farmers of Canada were ac-quainted with the sources of supply of their root crop seeds, and the ave-nues through which they pass before reaching them, they would be a great deal more particular when making their purchases. seed trade, into the hands of local dealers. Unfortunately, fair compe-tition in the seed trade, is practically impossible, since the appearance of most commercial seeds is but a slight indication of their real value. The competition has been, and is too largely confined to prices alone. Practically all the seed for our root

OF FOREIGN-GROWN SEEDS.

(By G. H. Clark, B. S. A., Chief of Seed Division, Department of Agriculture.)

**OUR FARMERS' SUPPLY** 

inprofitable to Canadian farmers or

Small Smiles.

Citizen-Madam, why do you per-

Madam-I want to make you look

"I want you to solemnly promise

Second-Flat Lady-My husband told

a clothes-pin when he snores.

Jilted Lover-You are cruel, Mabel; Jilted Lover-You are cruel, Mabel; did, I not do everything for you, did I not spend my last penny to give you pleasure, and now you want to discard me like that! Summer Girl-That's just it; how

largely confined to prices alone. It is well to mention, however, that through the progressive spirit of some reliable seed houses a lim-ited trade of the best stocks of-root crops, seeds has been fostered, and there is little difficulty experi-enced among intelligent farmers in getting the best quality of seeds provided they go the right way ubout it, and are willing to pay a commensurate price. But much of the root crop seeds sold in Canada are retailed to the farmer at a price quite as low as our Canadian seed unprofitable to Canadian larmers of seed specialists. Our supply of foreign grown seeds is bought and imported principally by our larger seed firms. They may make their purchases either by pay-make their purchases either by payquite as low as our Canadian seed houses have to pay reputed European seed growers for the best seed from

is boucht and imported principally by our larger seed firms. They may make their purchases either by pay-ing a commensurate price to reliable European seed growers, men who grow seed from sclected pedigreed stock, or they may buy seed at a much lower price—seed that is grown by men whose chief aim has been to produce a large quantity, independ-ent of the quality of the crop it will produce. In the former case, the seed is grown from sclected plants—from roots which have an ideal size and form and are known to be true to houses have to pay reputed European seed growers for the best seed from selected pedigreed stock. Official interference in the seed trade may have objectionable fea-tures. Perhaps the most striking example of where legiclation has been applied to improve the condi-tions under which commercial seeds are sold, is in the State of Maine, where all seeds sold must be accom-panied with a statement, showing the percentage of pure and vital seeds. They have extended to their reed trade a modification of the Act which is used in Canada to regulate the quality of commercial fertilizers, and the results have clearly demon-strated that, whatever evils may accompany an enforced guarantee system in connection with the seed trade, it is an effective way to im-prove the quality of commercial seeds, especially of cloygr and grasses, of which a great deal is sold in some districts in Canada, that name. For instance, an ideal turnip is one having a small neck, and top growth. Such a root when planted will pro-duce a comparatively small growth of stalks, and consequently a small amount of seed, but the seed from such a root is apt to produce a crop like the mother root which was planted. On the other hand a small turnip having several root prongs, and an excessive growth of top com-ing from two or three separate neck growths, will transmit its like through the seed to the next crop. Seed can be grown from such roots much more cheaply than from select-ed roots, because, in the first place, the mother roots are culls, and are not as valuable for feeding, and sec-ondly, they will produce a much larger quantity of seed. During the last ten or fifteen years For instance, an ideal turnip is one is some districts in Canada, that contains large quantities of noxious weed seeds, and is a decided injury, not only to the farmer who buys it, but to the locality where it is grown.

NERVOUS TROUBLES

# Make Life a Source of Constant Misery.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "there is one favor I want The Sufferer is Constantly Tired and Depressed, Will Startle at the to ask you. I hope you will realize it is for your own good and not get Slightest Noise, and is Easily Irritated.

There is no torture more acute and ntolerable than nervousness. A neryous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by Second-Flat Lady-My husband told me to tell you that your plano dis-turbs him all day long. Third-Flat Lady-Well, tell him I can't sleep at night for his organ. Second-Flat Lady-Organ? Why, night. The sufferer starts at every noise; is oppressed by a feeling that something awful is going to happen; is shaky, depressed, and, although in Second-Flat Lady-Organ? Why, we have no organ. Third-Flat Lady-Xes, your hus-band's nasal organ. Tell him to try a constantly exhausted state, is un-

able to sit or lie still. If you are nervous or worried, or suffer from a combination of languor, and constant irritation, you need a nerve food and nerve tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely, the best thing in the world for you. You will find after taking them that I not spend my last penny to give you pleasure, and now you want to discard me like that! Summer Girl—That's just it; how can I marry such a spendthrift?— Fliegende Blaetter. "Mary, did that tramp beat the carpet after you gave him that piece of rhubarb pie?" "Yes'm; he was so mad because it wasn't strawberry that he beat hard for two hours.

Pink Pills. I was attacked by la grippe, the after effects of which took the form of nervous exhaustion. The least noise would startle me, and I would tremble for some time. I used several medicines, but they did not help me, and as time went on 1 growing worse, and was so nervous that I was afraid to remain alone in a room. I slept badly at night and would frequently awake with a start that would compel me to scream. The trouble told on me to such an The trouble told on me to such an extent that my friends feared for my extent that my friends feater for my aunu-urged me to try Dr. Williams' Fink Fills, and after using eight boxes I was completely restored to health! I feel that Dr. Williams' Fink Fills saved my life, and I sincerely hope my concurrence will benefit some other my experience will benefit some sufferer."

It is singular that some of the most meantiful poetry ever written is exactly applicable to MONSON CEYLON TEA, or Longfellow was not thinking of MONSON TEA, when he wrote these lines, but they describe this delicious beverage very accurately. The Coming of Gillian: this.

thee but to praise.

## A Pretty Irish Romance.

She almost comes to hate Gillian, as Gilliao truly enough divines, for being concerned in that miserable disappointment, and would be glad to be rid of her presence, only that she cannot very well dismiss her as she had done Anne; knowing, too, that Gillian has really just at pre-sent nowhere to go; indeed, the poor child herself sometimes vaguely wonders why she was born at all. She does not seem to have any place in the world of human lies and af-fections; she is not in the least ne-cessary to any one's happiness or well-being, may, in truth she feels herself a sort of supernumerary — an unnecessary unit in the two households into which she has entered. Lady Damer does not want her, nor care for her; her father and his bril-

Lady Damer does not want her, nor care for her; her father and his bri-test need of her; into the slight-ly-wedded happiness of Anne not Lacy and her husband spe dare not

of sound through the woodlands sur-rounding the house. "In any case I could not leave him alone like this," Gillian says, men-taily, as she takes off her hat and jacket again, and sits down in a lit-tle chair close boside him. "I must leave the chance of seeing Anne and seeing Darragh Castle again until some other day." -would not intrude. Mount Ossory is a lonely, loveless, joyless home for her now; the tender memories of her mother are swept out of the house in South Kensing-ton, and the dwelling itself is in the hands of decorators and upholsterers, whilst its master and new mis-

ers, while its master and new mis-tress are in Paris. So Gillian has, literally, "nowhere to go." Sometimes in those dreary weeks after her arrival, Gillian ventures timidly to seek Sir Harry in his solitude, and ask him if she shall read tude, and ask him it she shall read to him or play's cibbage with him. Once or twice he languidy assents, but at other times he curtly refuses, and stares in moody silence into the burning coals for hours without

speaking. Still Gillian perseveres, though

of her days, to the love which is its guiding star. True, in spite of the vain effort she has made to turn her course aside; true as a woman's heart is but to one love in her life, no mat-ter how many affections and desires

ome other day." She cannot help an involuntary

Outside, the afternoon grows wilder

burning coals for hours without speaking. Still Gillian perseveres, though Lady Damer has even sneered at her with her cold smile for "cnacting the part of a sister of mercy," on two occasions on which she found the girl reading a chapter in the New Testament to the poor invalid. Once your Harry Damer had volun-tarily requested her to read to him some message of confort to his trem-bling soul. T don't want to see Paterson, gruffly; "but 1-want' to hear the story of the Prodigal Son." And then he cries like a child as Gillian reads the matchless relation of infinite love; and the girl goe away with a gently whispered prayer. So, in spite of Lady Damer's sneers and delicately-barbed little taunts Gillian meckly but determinedly tries to do what she can for the unhappy man who is bereft of every earthy solace; and with deep pity, and timid affection growing with her filial at-tentions, she gildes into his room whenever she can avoid Lady Damer's notice. Tor his son's sake she compassion-ates him. But there comes at last one even-ing.— blustery April evening, with gusts of firce sonthwest wind and rain difting against the windows the actually makes her quite light hearted. Lady Damer has gone to bar there comes at has one even-the actually makes her quite light hearted. Lady Damer has gone to bar the there comes at has one even-the actually makes her quite light hearted. Lady Damer has gone to bar the actually makes her quite light hearted. Lady Damer has gone to bar the bar of which she knows he is, so to send up a savory addition to the tea of which she knows he is, so we succes, much to Mrs. Hag-arty's satisfaction when she comes and the bar produce the she comes with bar tea to when she conves him to a dire the paker the son succes, much to Mrs. Hag-arty's satisfaction when she comes

sure most assuredly on a night<sup>C</sup>ike 1 this. A sense of something strange and inexplicable seems to press on her forebodingly, and the girl's limbs almost tremble beneath her as she goes back to the fire and sits down quietly once more, test the invalid perceive her uneasiness. Still she listens intently in pauses of the storm, and creeps inside the curtains more than once to try if she can discern anything beside the black tree-shapes outside in the wild night. But she hears nor sees anything more of the mysterious sights or sounds, and as the time passes on, she gradually tries to persuade her-self that both figure and footsteps were things of her fancy. "Gillian!" Sir Harry says, sudden-ly, "do you think your father would come over to see me if -1 asked him?" "Yes, certainly," Gillian says, ra-ther amazed at the question, for he

She cannot help an involution sign at relinquishing the pleasure she has so carnestly coveted these three weeks. Her faithful woman's heart is true still, true as it will be to the end of her days, to the love which is its passion. "Uncle Harry," she says earnest-

"I want to see him, I want to see him," he reiterates, feebly. "He's my much.

for ?" "No, nobody else," he says, wear-ily, in a dull, slow way. "Nobody ?" Gillian repeats, trying to keep her voice from shaking and

DF BETTER DATE. the arms, he you talk to me about "What do you talk to me about George Archer for?" he demands, huskily. "What about George Ar-cher? George Archer went away without so much as 'good-bye' to me

Find offitting against the window-panes—when Gilian hurries down to the library with a feeing of freedom that actually makes her quite light-nearted. Lady Danier has gone to Baltyford, to dine at the palaee this evening, and gone early to spend some time with the bishop's wife, who is an old acquaintance of hers; and she has ordered the carriage to meet her at the Ossory station at eleven to-night. It is now only half-past three, so there are nearly eight hours of liberty of action.deliverance from the oppres-sion of her imperious presence in the house, to b, counted on.

house, to be counted on. Gillian's first resolute determina-

Gillian's first resolute determination has been to dress herself quick-ly and hurry off as fast as she can walk to Darragh Castle, to spend two or three hours with Anne-to en-ter once again into the dear old roems, too well remembered-to go back in memory to the bitter sweet But when she comes into the lib-man walk to come and sit near yeh, miss? Sure hall, if you like?"

But when she comes into the lib-But when she comes into the lib-rary, ready dressed for her walk, her heart smites her at the sight of the desolate figure, with his chin sunk dejectedly on his breast, his wasted hands propped on his knees, staring vacantly into the fire, alone in his misery.

wasted hands propped on his knees, staring varantly into the fire, alone in his misery. "Such Harry," she says gently, for he has exhibited a curions aversion to his new title, "have you seen the Hinstrated London News? There are some interesting——" "Nore, no, no," he says, irritably: "I deu't care a farthing for it. Where are yon going?" "Out for a walk," Gillian says, ra-ther reluctantly. "Uty rabbing, isnt it?" he says, with a shiver—'a miscrable, cold, wet day. Ah, once upon a time I Harry, You promisel you would, long ago." "Houst' think I'll ever nut a lor

o. 'I don't think I'll ever put a leg across a horse again." he says, shak-ing his gray head hopetessly; "Bing-ham can ride out with you, you

Bingham wouldn't care to ride out me," Gillian says, laughing and with

tomb tornight.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tab-All droggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's sig-nature is on each box. 25c.

after six-and-twenty years-not A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

She Tells How Little Ones Can b Kept Well, Contented and Happy.

When baby is cross and irritable you may rest assured he is not well, even if you are unable to see any symptoms of his illness other than

symptoms of first liness other that fretfulness. It is not natural for a baby to be cross and he is not so without reason. He has no other way of telling his troubles than by crossness and crying. When baby is cross, give him Baby's Own Tab-lete and they will soon packet him wind, like the cry of the ban-

is cross, give him Baby's Own Tab-lets, and they will soon make him good-natured and happy, because they will cool his hot little mouth, ease his sour little stomach and help his obstinate little teeth through painlessly. These Tablets are just what every mother needs for her little ones-and for her old-er children, loo.

or her fittle ones-and for her out-er children, too. Mrs. Clarence McKay, Roseway, N. S., says: "I find Baby's Own Tab-lets the best medicine I have ever used for my little ones. When my baby was four months old he was very much troubled with indigestion. He would yout this food as soon as

He would vomit his food as soon as took it, no matter what I gave him, and he seemed to be always hungry and kept thin and delicate hungry and kept thin and delicate. He also suffered from constipa-tion. After giving him the Tablets a few days the vomiting ceased and his bowels became regular, and I must say that since I began the use of the Tablets I have had less trouble with this baby than I had with any of the rest of my child-ren." Every mother should keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times—there is no telling when an emergency may arise. \$9 burst into tears. other.

an emergency may arise. These Tablets are a certain cure, for all the minor aliments of lit-tle ones, such as constipation, in-digestion, colic, diarrhoea, sour stomach, and simple fever. They stairs." "Very enlet, indeed," Gillian re-peats to herself later on, when the night has quite closed in, darker and stormier than ever, and there stomach, and simple fever. They I break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying t the cutting of teeth. They are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug, and dissolved in water, may be given with absolute safety to the young-est infant. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent post paid on receipt of price by addressiog the Dr. Williams, Medicine Co., Breckville, Ont. are no signs of life to be heard in the house, whilst outside the tem-pest howls. "It is as silent as a tomb-as lonely and silent as a tomb tornight." Now and then come sudden lulls in the storm, weirdly sudden and still, as if the fierce spirit that rides the blast had paused to draw breath for a fresh onslaught. And in one of those pauses Gillian, locking out into the night, hoping

Brockville, Ont.

siream of finely made and worn garments of good material that tell a sad story of decline from better days by those who part with

Professor-You know that in our country a man can marry only one wife. What is the special term for this? Well, speak up, sir! Monoclothing. Stylish dresses of finest cloth, of and satin trimmed with lace.

silk and satin trimmed with lace, no longer proper after financial re-verses, go into these shops, and bring to the former wearers a few dollars that, under changed conditions, seem so much more than did the large Student-Monotony! - Filegende Blaetter. She-Oh, Jack! You didn't shoot

hat poor little bird, did you? He-Why, yes, dear; I thought ou'd like it to trim a hat. so much more than did the large sums paid for them. And into these shops go purchasers who desire goods better than those they can afford to buy in the first-hand stores, and so, from these who are going down to those who are strugging up, go the finery and substantial garments that are fitted to cover it wo masters "Oh, how good of you ! It's perfect-' lovely !"

"I could face starvation itself for your sake," he exclaimed as he drop-ped on his knees. "You mean that you wish to marry me?" said the heiress.

'Ah, yes."

ubstantial garments that are fitted to serve two masters. Into one of these shops, near Herald Square, last Friday night there came a timid looking woman, and when I saw her I stepped into a corner darkened by a profusion of hanging garments, for I thought that she had entered because she believed the woman in attendance to be there alone. 'My dear count, I wish you would kindly explain how you think star-vation can get close enough to a family with as much money as ours to give you a chance to face it."

Mabel-Harry compared me with sparkling wine last night. Clara-Because you have improved with age, I presume.

to be there alone. She asked to see some street dresses, and a number were shown to her. The bargaining was pro-iracted. The saleswoman insisted Bachelor-I am told that a mar-ried man can live on half the inthat her prices were low and that she was really asking no profits on her goods, yet the other hesitated, while dress after dress was laid come that a single man requires. Married Man-Yes. He has to. before her.

Finally a grey street dress was spread before the customer. "That is a great bargain," said the shopkeeper; "you can have it for **Exceptional Opportunities** To visit all points of the Great West for pleasure, education or business. The Union Pacific has authorized

the following excursion rates: Twenty-five dollars from Missour The woman raised it from the counter, and, instantly dropping it, burled her face in her hands and

River points to California, Or and Washington points every What is the matter ?" asked the

during March and April. Phenomenally low rates to the Pacific Coast and intermediate points. Siggle trip Colonists' tickets open to "That was my dress," she answer-ed, sobbing. "Just a year ago, when misfortune overtook me. I sold it to an old clothes man for \$2. I won't buy a dress to-night." open to all during the coming spring and sum

Special round trip excursion rates will be sold to the Pacific Coast at ess than one cent per mile. Choice With an effort she restrained her tears, wiped her reddened eyes, and walked from the shop.-N. Y. Herald.

of routes returning. People identified with local inter-ests at various points on route will show you every attention. It will be to your, advantage to make in-quiry in regard to these low rates to the Bacilio Coast before deciding When Politeness Doesn't Pay. Mamma-If Mrs. Smith gives you a plece of cake be sure and say "Than the Pacific Coast before deciding on the trip., Call or address postal card to Freddie-What good is that? She

G. G. Herring, G. A., 126 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich, never gives you any more .- Town and

sufferer," These pills never fail to restore health and strength in cases like the above. They make new, rich blood with every dose, strengthen the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. Dr. Williams' Fink Pills

the system. Dr. Williams' Fink Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney and live troubles, and the ailments that mal the lives of so many women a sour of constant misery. Bright ey rosy cheeks and an elastic step certain to follow: a fair use of a medicine, Be sure that the full nar "De Williams' Fink Pills for Par medicine, he sure that the fulls for Pa. "Dr. Williams' Pink Fills for Pa. People" is on every box you buy. All others are imitations. If you do not find these pills at your dealer they will be sent post paid at i cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 addressing the Dr. Williams' Med addressing the Dr. Williams' Me 'o. Brockville, Ont. /

In Beauty's Name.

There is one cosmetic nev down in books of beauty. It niness

There is nothing which so beau the face as a happy expression outward signs of the condition

Happiness is something which be cultivated.

The great Rachael says memors that she gained her the best of things. It is a help to health, to yourself happy. Think always of beautiful th "For the thoughts you do no Shine out in your lips and The great Rachael says memors that she gained her by looking hour after hour

by looking hour after hour tues and thinking much of