

Builder and Strengthener.

That is the Term an Ottawa Lady Applies to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,

Among many in Ottawa and the vicinity who have been benefitted one way or another by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the Journal has learned of the case of Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of Mr. T. V. Gilchrist, of Hintonburgh. Mr. Gilchrist keeps a grocery at the corner of Fourth Ave. and Cedar street, and is well known to a great many people in Ottawa as well as to the villagers of this suburb of the Capital. Mrs. Gilchrist states that while in a "run down" condition during the spring of 1898, she was greatly strengthened and built up by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Speaking of the matter to a Journal reporter she stated that while able to go about at the time she was far from well; her blood was poor, she was subject to headaches, and felt tired after the slightest exertion. She had read at different times of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. She was benefitted by the first box and continued their use until she had taken five boxes, when she considered herself quite recovered. Mrs. Gilchrist says that she always strongly recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a builder and strengthener, when any of her friends are weak or ailing.

An Incident.

So much is said about the ill-feeling and jealousy of musicians that it is a pleasure to record an instance of the opposite sort. Two or three years ago a concert was given in one of our large cities for the assistance of some charity. The programme was long, and repeated encores had drawn it out to a wearisome length, when a colored woman came forward to sing. She sang well,—not better nor worse than her predecessors,—and the management, thinking to hurry matters a little, sent the next performer on as she left the stage.

This was a man who plays the organ with masterly skill, and whose name is sufficient to give distinction to any programme. He took his seat, and at the first lull in the enthusiastic applause which followed the singer's withdrawal, began to play.

It appeared that the audience felt that a slight had been put upon the singer, and the applause became uproarious. The woman came forward and bowed her thanks, and the organist began again, but the people would have none of him. They clapped and pounded and stamped, apparently bent on drowning out the organ.

At last the singer came out again, and with a half-apologetic glance towards the organist, stepped to the front of the stage. An accompanist behind the scene struck the preluding notes of "Annie Laurie."

An instantaneous hush fell upon the great throng. The house was as quiet

as it had been noisy a moment before. Then the singer began, and as she sang there came, so soft as hardly to be heard, an exquisite accompaniment from the organ—a beautiful, wordless song breathing through the sweet old melody, uplifting and sustaining the singer's voice.

It was a gracious tribute, and the audience was not slow to recognize it. When the music ceased, there was another tremendous outburst of applause, but this time it was by way of reparation as well as reward.—Youth's Companion.

An Assisted Proposal.

Dr. A. Toomer Porter says, in his autobiography, that some of the scenes connected with the Charleston earthquake in 1886 were exceedingly funny. One, especially, led to a romantic conclusion. A certain young man had been visiting an attractive young woman for a long time, but without being able to ask her to become his wife. He could not summon the necessary courage.

When the shock came, they were in the parlour together. The house was on the battery facing the bay, an exposed situation if anything was to be feared from the sea. It was only reasonable to expect a tidal wave with such a shock, and when the earthquake came, the young man at once rushed to the window and put out his arms. Sure enough, he plunged them in water to the shoulders.

He ran back, and threw those arms about the lady.

"Come, O my darling!" he cried; "let us die together!"

So they stood, dying together, and the water stood also; for it did not come in at the window. After a time the father and mother appeared, and found the pair in this alarmed embrace. They asked its meaning and were told the story being illustrated by the young man's dripping arms.

Then the older people had an explanation to add. Their prospective son-in-law, said they, had not thrust his hands into the sea, but into an aquarium outside the window.

Nevertheless, he did not regret the shock, since it completed an uncertain business, and he and the lady have not died, but lived, together.

What He Lacked.

"Why don't you call me a donkey and have done with it? You've hinted at it long enough," he snarled out.

It wouldn't be quite true," she replied.

"I suppose not. I suppose I haven't ears enough for that animal," he retorted sarcastically.

"Oh, yes you have," she returned sweetly. "You don't need any more ears."

"What do I need then?"

"More legs and a better voice."

An ordinary cough or cold may not be thought much of at the time, but neglect may mean in the end a consumptive's grave. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will not cure Consumption when the lungs are riddled with cavities; but it will stop the cough, will cure Consumption in its early stages, and even in its last stages gives such relief as to be a perfect Godsend to those whose lives are nearing a close.

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