

## MISERY AND HEALTH

A STORY OF DEEP INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN.

Revealing the sufferings of a Lady who has experienced the most excruciating Affliction of Her Sex, Passed Through Four Operations Without Benefit.

Throughout Canada there are thousands and thousands of women who undergo daily pains—sometimes bordering on agony—such as only women can endure in uncomplaining silence. To such the story of Mrs. Frank Evans, of 33 Frontenac street, Montreal, will bring hope and joy, as it points the way to renewed health and certain relief from pain. Mrs. Evans says: "I feel that I ought to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering woman. I am now twenty-three years of age, and since my eleventh year I have suffered far more than my share of agony from the ailments that afflict my sex. At the age of sixteen the trouble had grown so bad that I had to undergo an operation in the Montreal general hospital. This did not cure me and a little later I underwent another operation. From this I received some benefit, but was not wholly cured, and I continued to suffer from pains in the abdomen and bilious headache. A few years later, having with my husband removed to Halifax, I was again suffering terribly and was taken to the general hospital where another operation was performed. This gave me relief for two or three months, but again the old trouble came on, and I would suffer for days at a time and seemed to have no relief. In February, 1899, I was again obliged to go to the hospital and underwent a fourth operation. Even this did not help me and as the chloroform administered during the operation affected my heart, I would not permit a further operation, and was taken home still a great sufferer. In 1899, I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to do so. I have used the pills for several months and have found more relief from them than from the four operations which I passed through, and I warmly recommend them to all women suffering from the ailments which afflict so many of my sex."

Writing under a later date Mrs. Evans says: "I am glad to be able to tell you that not only has the great improvement in my health been continued, but I am now perfectly well. I had given up all hope when I began the use of the pills, but they have restored me to such health as I have not before known for years. I feel so grateful for what your medicine has done for me that I gladly give you my name to publish my letters in the hope that other women will follow my example and find health and strength and joy and happiness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

No discovery in medicine in modern times has proved such a blessing to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the blood, purify the functions, and restore health and strength to the exhausted patient when every effort of a physician proves unavailing. Other so-called tonics are mere imitations of these pills and should be refused. The genuine bottle is labeled "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. They are sold by all dealers in medicine or can be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## BUILDING STONE

A German Process by Which It is Made to Order.

An establishment for manufacturing building stone by a new and promising process has begun operations in Germany, with very prospect of success. The process is exceedingly simple, only lime and sand being used. The proportions are from 4 to 6 per cent. of lime to 94 to 96 per cent. of sand. The materials having been mixed thoroughly and shaped into blocks of the desired size, the latter are thrust into a boiler that is subsequently closed hermetically, and subjected to the influence of steam at a pressure of from 120 to 150 pounds to the inch. This operation lasts about ten hours. The consolidation of the lime and sand is effected not only by mechanical force, but by chemical action. Nor is this chemical action the same as that which occurs in making ordinary concrete. Drying sheds are not necessary. The plant can operate all the year round. The stone is harder than brick and is a morning's work through breakage. It has a high compressive strength. The granulated clinker from blast furnaces can be used instead of sand.

## NOW THE CONTRACTOR IS SILENT.

A certain well-known railway contractor has the reputation of looking after the minor details of his great business with a keen eye. One morning, while out inspecting the work that was being done on a railway he picked up a stray bolt lying by the side of the line. He walked to where the men were working on the road.

Look here, he called out to one of the workmen, "Now the fact that I find bolts lying about wasted a lot of money for these things, you know. Why, where did you get that, sir? I found it a little way up the line here."

Oh, did you find the workman, I'm much obliged to you, sir, for I've been hunting for that bolt all the forenoon, and it was worth the worth of your money. I knew there was one missing.

The august contractor concluded that he could give the men a lesson in economy and left in silence.

## SNAKES AND BEASTS.

During the year 1899 no less than 24,621 human beings were killed by the bites of venomous snakes in India. The number was larger than in several preceding years because, it is thought, of the floods, which drove the snakes to the high lands where the homesteads are situated. Wild beasts during the same year destroyed 2,906 human lives, tigers being responsible for 1,892 of the victims, wolves for 388, leopards for 327, while the remaining 1,449 were killed by bears, elephants, hyenas, jackals, crocodiles and other animals. The destruction of the year amounted to 28,527 killed by wild beasts, and 9,449 by snakes. These statistics are from the government report of India.

## Heiress and Wife.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Rex Lyon secretly married Daisy Brooks. They are separated by force of circumstances on their wedding day. Daisy thinks that Rex has cast her off. He is true but believes that she is dead. According to mother's dying wish he engages himself to Pluma Hurlburt, the daughter by the first marriage of the master of Whitestone Hall. Mr. Hurlburt's second wife, whom he loved better than the first, died and her child is supposed to have died with her. After seventeen years' silence, his dying housekeeper confesses that his child did not die, but was stolen. He sets out to find her. Pluma was responsible for Daisy's removal. Lester Stanwick, her tool, threatens to expose her if she will not marry him. She defies him. Daisy after many vicissitudes determines to visit her Uncle John.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

If she could only see poor, old, faithful John Brooks again she would know at his feet just as she had done when she was a little child, lay her weary head down on his toil-hardened hand, and ask him how she could die and end it all.

She longed so hungrily for some one to caress her, murmuring tender words over her. She could almost hear his voice saying, as she told him her pitiful story: "Come to my arms, my poor little trampled Daisy! You shall never want for some one to love you while poor old Uncle John lives. Bless your dear little heart!"

The longing was strongly upon her. No one would recognize her—she must go and see poor old John. She never thought what would become of her life after that.

At the station she asked for a ticket for Allestree. No one seemed to know of such a place. After a prolonged search on the map the agent discovered it to be a little inland station not far from Baltimore.

"We can sell you a ticket for Baltimore," he said, "and there you can purchase a ticket for the other road."

And once again poor little Daisy was whirling rapidly toward the scene of her childhood.

Time seemed to slip by her unheeded during all that long, tedious journey. Two nights and a day.

"Arc you going to Baltimore?" asked a gentle-faced lady, who was strangely attracted to the beautiful, sorrowful young girl, in which all hope, life, and sunshine seemed dead.

"Yes, madame," she made answer, "I change cars there; I am going further."

The lady was struck by the peculiar mournful cadence of the young voice.

"Forgive my pardon for my seeming rudeness," she said, looking long and earnestly at the fair young face; "but you remind me so strangely of a young girl I once knew."

We both attended Madame Whitney's seminary. Perhaps you have heard of the famous school. It is a very old and justly famous school. She was seated at the beautiful flush table like the girl's flower-like face—like a soft, faint tinting of a sea-shell.

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