

DOCTORS BAFFLED.

A CASE OF SCIATICA WHICH REFUSED TO YIELD TO THEIR TREATMENT.

The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital Without Getting Better—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Strength.

For upwards of a quarter of a century, Mr. Geo. McLean has been a resident of the town of Thorold, He is foreman in the lumber yards of McLean & McLean, and is known not only to the citizens of the town, but by most of the inhabitants of the adjoining region as well. Many of Mr. McLean's friends know that he was afflicted with a severe type of sciatica, and know also that he has been released from the pangs of that excruciating trouble. Believing that his story would be of public interest, a reporter called upon him, and asked him to what agency he attributed his fortunate release from pain. Mr. McLean's unhesitating reply was: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and never hesitate to say so." Mr. McLean continued: "I was afflicted with sciatica for a number of years. The most severe attack occurred several years ago, when I was confined to my bed for several months. I suffered horribly with the trouble, and the only relief I could get was from morphine, either in tablets or hypodermically injected. I could not put my left foot on the ground without undergoing intense agony. I was treated by physicians, and at the hospital in St. Catharines, to which institution I had to be taken on a stretcher. I was in the hospital nearly three months, but without being cured. Then I returned home very much discouraged. I next tried electricity, but it had no perceptible effect. I also tried a number of advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally, I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to try anything that seemed to offer hope of a cure, I got several boxes. I had been using the pills nearly a month before I found much relief, but from that on my recovery was rapid, and in the course of a few months, I was as well as ever I had been. I am now a strong, healthy man, and although I have since endured much exposure, I have had no return of the trouble, and feel that my cure is permanent. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly proved a blessing in my case, and I shall praise them when opportunity offers."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear after a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and sent paid at \$20 a box, or 6 boxes for \$100, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Still Unimproved. Johnny complained of being thirsty, and as he happened to be passing a drug store at the time his father took him in and admitted his throat with soda water.

A few minutes later Johnny's thirst impelled him for a glass of lemonade, which was found at a convenient lunch counter and duly absorbed.

"Papa," said Johnny a few minutes later, "don't there seem place where I can get a drink of water? Those things didn't thirst me a bit!"—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Assist.



Employer—What are you pondering over so long?
Clerk—I want to ask for an abatement of taxes, and I can't think of any reason to give.
Employer—Well, Meyer, I'll tell you. Suppose I cut down your salary?—Lustige Blätter.

Anglo-Saxon Fiction.

In the fine old English novel Harold is protesting his unworthiness.

"You are wealthy!" he cries desperately. "You are these broad acres, these oaks and yewes!"

"Does it follow, Betty?" he murmurs, blushing with the utmost violence.

Here everything goes, and the bulk of it substantially as merry as a marriage bell.

His Sight Not Offended.

Styles—I do hate to see a woman hanging on to a strap in a street car.
Barton—And so you always give a woman a seat when you have one to give?

Styles—No, I never go quite so far as that. I give my whole attention to my newspaper, you see. In that way my sight is not offended by the poor, weary woman.—Boston Transcript.

Mean About It.

"Whenever Bannister wants to get even with his wife for anything that she has said to make him feel like a whipped cur, he says 'hello' to her."
"Why?"

"She was a telephone girl before he married her and is trying now that they have money, to keep it a secret."
—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Professor's Rebuke.

Alex Smith—"The earth is merely a speck in the universe."
Professor Squelcher—"While your statement is true, young man, that does not justify your apparent theory that you own it."—Ohio State Journal.

Those Chicago Divorces.

Mrs. Dearborn (at a Chicago reception)—Is that your husband going out of the room with that blond lady?
Mrs. Washburn—I can't tell. He was my husband when I came here.—Yonkers Statesman.

The more praise a man bestows upon himself the wiser he is not.
If a woman is dressed to kill she is a dangerous associate.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Youth is blind and will not see," it had been too bitterly true with him. It was in his college days, when the world seemed all gayety, youth and sunshine to him, he first met the beautiful face that was to darken all of his after life. He was young and impulsive; he thought it was love that filled his heart for the beautiful stranger who appeared alone and friendless in that little college town. He never once asked who or what she was, or from whence she came, this beautiful creature with the large, dark, dreamy eyes that thrilled his heart into love. She carried the town by storm; every young man at the college was deeply despondent in love. But Basil, the handsomest and wealthiest of them all, thought what a lark it would be to steal a march on them all by marrying the dark-eyed beauty then and there. He not only thought it, but executed it, but it was not the lark he thought it was going to be. For one short happy week he lived in a fool's paradise, then a change came over the spirit of his dreams. In that one week she had spent his year's income and all the money he could borrow, and then he left him in anger.

For two long years he never looked upon her face again. One stormy night she returned quite unexpectedly at Whitestone Hall, bringing with her their little child Pluma, and placing her in her father's arms, bitter recollections followed. Bitterly Basil Hurlhurst repented that terrible mistake of his youth, that hasty marriage.

When the morning light dawned he took his wife and child from Whitestone Hall—looked them abroad. What did it matter to him where they went? Life was the same to him in one part of the world as another. For a year they led a weary life of it. Heaven only knew how weary he was of the woman the law called his wife. One night, in a desperate fit of anger, she threw herself into the sea; her body was never recovered. Then the master of Whitestone Hall returned with his child, a sadder and wiser man.

But the bitterest drop in his cup had been added last. The golden-haired young wife, the one sweet love whom he had married last, was taken from him; even her little child, tiny image of that fair young mother, had not been spared him.

How strange it was that a passionate yearning always came over him when he thought of his child!

When he saw a fair, golden-haired young girl, with eyes of blue, the pain in his heart almost stifled him. Some strange unaccountable force urged him to seek her for that one face even in the midst of crowds. It was a mad, foolish fancy, yet it was the one consolation of Basil Hurlhurst's weary, tempest-tossed life.

No wonder he set his teeth hard together as he listened to the cold words of the proud, peerless beauty before him, who bore every lineament of her mother's dark, fatal beauty—this daughter who scornfully spoke of the hour when he should die as of some happy, long-looked-for event.

These waving cotton-fields that stretched out on all sides as far as the eye could reach, like a waving field of snow, laid waste beneath the fire of his scorching breath! Never—never!

Then and there the proud, self-conscious young heiress lost all chance of reigning a queen, by fair means, of Whitestone Hall.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The servant who opened the door for Daisy looked earnestly at the fair, pleading young face, framed in rings of golden hair, so pure and spiritual that it looked like an angel's with the soft white moonlight falling over it.

"You will not refuse me," she repeated, timidly. "I must speak to Mrs. Lyon."

"You have come too late," he replied, gently. "Mrs. Lyon is dead."

The man never forgot the despairing look of horror that deepened in the child's blue eyes raised to his.

"Rex's mother dead!" she repeated, slowly, wondering if she had heard aright. "Oh, my poor Rex, my poor Rex!"

How she longed to go to him and comfort him in that terrible hour, but she dared not intrude upon him.

"If there is any message you would like to leave," said the kind-hearted Parker, "I will take it to Mr. Rex."

"No," said Daisy, shaking her head. "I have no message to leave; perhaps I will come again—after this is all over, she made answer, hesitatingly; her brain was in a whirl; she wanted to get away all by herself to think. "Please don't say any one was here," she said, quickly; "I don't want any one to know."

The sweet, plaintive voice, as sweet

"Grippe Deadlier Than Smallpox."

Says Dr. Dillingham of the New York Health Board—The Dreadful After-Effects Most to Be Dreaded.

Every reader of this paper can recall many cases in which the after effects of the grippe have proven fatal. How many people are now complaining of special ailments or lingering sufferings or weaknesses which are clearly the results of the debilitating effects of the grippe.

The best plan is to prevent the grippe, if possible, or, once a victim, to apply yourself diligently to obtaining what relief you can. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Licorice and Turpentine is a wonderful remedy, because it allays the inflammation in the throat and bronchial tubes, loosens the cough, heals the lungs, and prevents pneumonia or consumption.

Is a great mistake to suppose that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Licorice and Turpentine is a mere cough remedy. It is far more. It thoroughly cures the cold as well, and seems to take the system by surprise. It is a great remedy for the ordinary cold mixture which can never attain the enormous sale which this medicine now has. For old and young

as the almighty note of a forest bird, went straight to his heart. Whatever the mission of this beautiful, mysterious visitor, he would certainly respect her wishes.

"I shall not mention it if you do not wish it," he said.

"Thank you," she replied, simply; "you are very kind. My life seems made up of disappointments," she continued, as she walked slowly home under the restless, sighing green branches.

It seemed so indeed. She was so young and inexperienced to be thrown so entirely upon the cold, pitiless world—cut off so entirely from all human sympathy. She entered the house quite unobserved. Eve—bright, merry, dashing Eve—was singing like a lark in the drawing-room, making the old house echo with her bright young voice.

"How happy she is!" thought Daisy, wistfully. "She has home, friends, and love, while I have nothing that makes life worth the living."

Like a shadow, she flitted on through the dim, shadowy hall, toward her own little room. She saw Gertrude's door was ajar as she passed it, and the sound of her own name caused her to pause involuntarily.

It was very natural for Daisy to pause. How many are there who would have passed on quietly, with no desire to know what was being said of themselves, when they heard their own names mentioned in such a sneering manner? Daisy certainly meant no harm by it; she paused, thoughtfully and curiously, as any one would have done.

"I am sure I don't like it," Gertrude was saying, spitefully. "It is an actual shame allowing Daisy Brooks to remain here. Uncle Rex was a mean old thing to send her here, where there were three marriageable young ladies. I tell you he did it out of pure spite."

"I believe it," answered Bess, spitefully. "Every one of my beads either hints for an introduction or asks for it outright."

"What do you tell them?" questioned Gertrude, eagerly.

"Tell them I, I look exceedingly surprised, why? I do not know to whom you refer. We have no company at the house just now." I mean that beautiful, golden-haired little fairy, with the rosy cheeks and large blue eyes.

"If you don't your guest, may I ask who she is?" I am certainly compelled to answer so direct a thrust.

"Well," said Gertrude, eagerly, "she is a certain cousin of mine, a very young woman, my mother's companion."

"What do they say to that?" asked Gertrude, laughing heartily at her sister's ingenuity, and tossing her curls papers until every curl threatened to tumble down. "That settles it, doesn't it?"

"Mercy, no!" cried Bess, raising her eyebrows; "not a bit of it. The more I say against her—in a sweet way, of course—the more they are determined to form her acquaintance."

"I don't see what every one can see in that little pink and white baby-face of hers to rave over so!" cried Gertrude, holly. "I can't imagine when in the world people see her. I have as much as told her she was not expected to come into the parlor or drawing-room when strangers were there, and what do you suppose she said?"

"Cried, perhaps," said Bess, yawning with ennui.

"She did nothing of the kind," retorted Gertrude. "She seized my hand, and said: 'Oh, Miss Gertrude, that is very kind of you, indeed! I thank you ever so much!'"

"Pshaw!" cried Bess, contemptuously. "That was a trick to make you believe she did not want to be observed by our guests. She is a sly, designing little creature, with her pretty face and soft, childish ways."

"But there is one point that seriously troubles me," said Gertrude, fastening the pink satin bow on her tiny slipper more securely, and breaking off the thread with a nervous twitch. "I am seriously afraid, if Rex were to see her, that he would be the end of our castle in the air. Daisy Brooks has just the face to attract a handsome, debonaire young fellow like Rex."

"You can depend upon it he shall never see her," said Bess, decidedly. "Where there's a will there's a way."

"I have never been actually jealous of any one before," said Gertrude, frowning furiously, as she acknowledged the fact; "but that Daisy has such a way of attracting people toward her! They quite forget your presence when she is around. When you are rival leaves the field, another one is sure to come to the fore. That's a true saying, said Gertrude, meditatively. "You see, he did not marry the heiress of Whitestone Hall. So he is still in the market, to be captured by some lucky girl."

"Well, if I am the lucky one, you must forgive me, Gertrude. All is fair

in love and war, you know. Besides, his wealth is too tempting to see slip quietly without a struggle."

Before she could reply Eve popped in through the long French window that opened out on the porch.

"Oh, I'm so tired of hearing you two talk of lovers and riches!" she cried, throwing herself down on the sofa. "I do hate to hear love weighed against riches, as if it were a purchasable article. According to your ideas, if a fellow was worth a hundred thousand, you would love him moderately; but if he was worth half a million, you could afford to love him immensely."

"You have got a sensible idea of the matter," said Bess, coolly. "For shame!" cried Eve, in a hot fury. "It's an actual sin to talk in that way. If a handsome young man loves you, and you love him, why, you ought to marry him if he hadn't a dollar in his pocket!"

Gertrude and the worldly-wise Bess laughed at their younger sister's enthusiasm.

"Now, there's Rex Lyon, for instance," persisted Eve, absolutely refusing to be silenced. "I would wager a box of the best kid gloves either one of you would marry him tomorrow, if he were to ask you, if he had a penny in his pocket!"

"Pshaw!" reiterated Gertrude, and Bess murmured something about absurd ideas; but nevertheless both sisters were blushing furiously to the very roots of their hair. They well knew in their hearts what she said was perfectly true.

"Eve," said Bess, laying her hand coaxingly on the young rebel's arm, "Gertrude and I want you to promise us something. Come, now, consent that you will do as we wish, that's a good girl."

"How can I promise before I know what you want?" said Eve, petulantly. "You might want the man in the moon, after you've tried and failed to get the earthly brethren, for all I know!"

"Eve, you are actually absurd!" cried Bess, sharply. "This is merely a slight favor we wish you to do."

"If you warn her not to do a thing, that is just what she will set her heart upon doing," said Gertrude significantly. By this time Eve's curiosity was well up.

"You may as well tell me anyhow," she said; "for if you don't, and I ever find out what it is, I'll do my very worst, because you kept it from me."

"Well," said Gertrude, eagerly, "we want you to promise us not to give Daisy Brooks an introduction to Rex Lyon."

LUDELLA

CEYLON. Evenly blended, deliciously flavoured and absolutely pure. Lead Packets 25, 30, 40, 50 and 100.



AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

But the Publisher Will Never Use It Again.

His name is suppressed in compliance with a solemn promise, but he is a publisher of a certain line known throughout the land. He is of that type that foresees awful results from the most trivial indications. If he has a pain in his great toe, he anticipates an amputation of his leg, and if a neuralgic shoot pierces his body he considers himself a victim of galloping consumption.

He waked up the other night with a dull ache in his side. Of course it was pneumonia and a bad case at that. He called upon his wife to get the "big bottle" of witch hazel and give his side a thorough rubbing. She found the bottle, which is properly labeled, and returned.

"No, no," he said as she began preparations for the application. "Don't turn down the covers. It would be my death if the air struck me." So she sat down and rubbed the bottle between the sheets and fought sleep for a full hour while she rubbed. Finally he reported that he was all right and paid a glowing tribute to the curative powers of witch hazel.

When the good wife went to replace the bottle, she found her hands as black as coal and the sleeves of her only garment in the same condition. She hurried to her patient in fear and trembling to find his side as deep an ebony as that of the king of Dahomey and all of his surroundings of the same color. Just as she concluded that he was rapidly mortifying or had the black plague and not more than a few minutes to live the son came in. He heard the story breathlessly told and then laughed until his back had to be tended to insure breathing. When he told her how he filled that bottle with ink, as he had bought more than the usual depositories would hold, the old gentleman forgot all about pneumonia while he was turning the air a ghastly blue and impregnating it with the odor of sulphur.

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DISAPPEARANCE OF ENGLISH FISH.

Sole for breakfast will soon be a tradition in England. A wall over the disappearance of flatfish proceeds from the London Mail. The price of sole and plaice has doubled in five years, and the outlook is that it will double again in another five. It is the steam trawlers and the destruction of young fish are doing the mischief.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS. Half six green cucumbers and take out the seeds. Make a filling of half a cup of bread crumbs, two tablespoons of boiled ham chopped very fine, one tablespoon of minced parsley, one of chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste. Fill the cucumbers with this, tie the halves together, place in a covered pan with one cup of water and bake for forty-five minutes. Serve hot with drawn butter.

IN INDIANA.

Despite the following bit of dialogue, found in the Indianapolis Journal, there is nothing topographically wrong about the town in question.

Do you mean to tell me, said an inquiring visitor in Hoosier village, that those two Hill brothers are deaf and dumb?

Yes, replied the native, we all call em' the two Hills without a holler.

GRAPES FROM CANAAN. A very little child may open a very large door into Heaven.

To be content with less is to have less discontent.

No coin is current with God without the stamp of a heart.

It is little use lending a hand unless you give a heart