

WORDS OF HOPE.

TO ALL WHO SUFFER FROM A RUN DOWN SYSTEM.

Mrs. Harriet A. Farr, Fenwick, Ont., Tells How She Obtained a Cure After Suffering for Two Years.

Thousands throughout this country suffer seriously from general debility—the result of impoverished blood and shattered nerves. To all such the story of Mrs. Harriet Farr, widow of the late Rev. Richard Farr, Fenwick, Ont., a lady well known throughout the Niagara district, will point the means of renewed health. Mrs. Farr says: "For a couple of years prior to 1899 I was a great sufferer from a run down system. My digestion was bad, I had little or no appetite, and was in a very poor state. I suffered from heart palpitation and a feeling of continual exhaustion. Doctors' treatment failed to benefit me and I gradually grew weaker until I was finally unable to do the least work. I then began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and from the very first I noted an improvement in my condition. The severity of my trouble gradually lessened and by the time I had taken eight boxes I was again enjoying the best of health despite my sixty years. I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and would strongly urge all sufferers to give them a trial, believing they will be of great benefit. When your blood is poor and watery, when your nerves are unstrung, when you suffer from headaches and dizziness, when you are pale, languid and completely run down, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will promptly restore your health by renewing and enriching the blood. They are a positive cure for all troubles having their origin in a poor and watery condition of the blood. But only the genuine cure and these bear the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or five boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

HOW CONTAGION SPREADS.

The Way to Avoid the Transmission of Diseases.

In these days we have most of us learned the lesson that contagion—that is to say the "catching" of a disease—is in every case a matter of a specific microbe or germ. By specific is meant that each disease has its own microbe, and one cannot catch the disease of one person receiving in one way or another that particular germ.

These germs have their own manners and customs, means of travel and prescribed length of life, and it is by the study of these details that we learn how to avoid the transmission of contagious illnesses. We know, for instance, that the germs which produce typhoid fever, cholera, and dysentery, should be taken into the system in the form of impure food or water, and so every year one or more preventable diseases are taken to the water supplies of our big cities, free from contamination, and stricter attention is given to the purity of our food. An outbreak of typhoid fever is no longer caused by the microbe, but is recognized as a shame and a reflection on local conditions, wherever it occurs.

Consumption, and whooping-cough, we know, are passed from one person to another by means of the expectorations, and it is to be hoped that in the near future we shall put this knowledge to better use than we do at present, and protect ourselves by much more stringent rules. General expectation is a public offense and means of escape, and should be a penal matter. The danger of expectorated matter is that it dries and then is scattered by the wind so that one and all must take the risk. This outrage should be regarded by all in authority that in the near future the present condition of our cars and streets will seem like an evil nightmare.

Scarlet fever and diphtheria are caught by any emanations from the body, especially by saliva. The poison can cling for months and years to clothes and toys and books, and these things should always be destroyed if they have come in contact with the sick, and sick rooms should be fumigated and made scientifically clean before they are again occupied.

Notwithstanding all our precautions there will always be disease germs, but the most virulent germ does no harm unless it finds its proper soil, and therefore, to compare with the resistant power of perfect health—Youth's Companion.

BABY'S BIRTHRIGHT

Is Health and Happiness—How Mothers Can Keep Their Little Ones Well.

Health is the birthright of all little ones. It is a mother's duty to see that her baby enjoys it. Mother's greatest aid in guarding children's health is Baby's Own Tablets—a medicine which will always be destroyed if they have come in contact with the sick, and sick rooms should be fumigated and made scientifically clean before they are again occupied.

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RAZOR GRINDING FALLING OFF.

Considerable concern is felt in Sheffield, England, at the decrease in the number of razor grinders, which has heretofore been an important craft in Sheffield. It is estimated that fully 25 per cent. of the old journeymen have either died or dropped out of the business, so that only 300 grinders are left. The interesting feature is that young men appear averse to apprentice themselves at the trade, so that, with the further natural inroads on the ranks, the razor-grinding business is in an acute stage, particularly as no machinery has yet been devised to supersede hand labor for this operation.

A British barrel contains 1,000 barrels; a Norwegian, 500.

A scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I have come," says Gretchen, shyly.

It is the night of the Potter's ball, and very nearly ten o'clock. Gretchen, coming into the full glare of the lamps, looks like some white vision fresh from fairy-land, in her robe of snowy tulle undyed by color of any description, unless one counts the tremulous green leaves of the water-lilies that lie—as though just freshly thrown—on her gown. Her hair (wise child that she proves herself) is quite unchanged, the same soft little waves loosely straying first from her forehead, then over her eyes, dark violet, and true and tender as that sweetest of flowers, glance down at Gretchen's white cheek beneath. As she sweeps the white cheek beneath, a sweep, no roses warm her face; to-night she is peculiarly pale,—pallid as her gown, fair as a fragile snow-drop.

"I dressed myself very quickly," she says, rather nervously, feeling as though she has laid herself open to the charge of vanity. "I have just the minutes to— to bid you good-night."

She pauses, and Dugdale says nothing. Perhaps something in the situation strikes her as comical, because Gretchen has taken her eyes, and meeting his—and being cheered by the unmistakable admiration in them—she gives way to laughter.

"Don't you speak?" she says. "The truth is, I haven't said a word."

"You are a very charming dress, is it not?" she says, looking at Gretchen. "You think it suits me?" inquires she, anxiously.

"You are lovelier even than I thought you," returns he, simply.

"You have taken me by surprise, my mind. Your silence seemed to me so ominous that I dreaded a disparaging remark. I am very glad you admire me," says Gretchen, in a relieved tone, "taking an exhaustive survey of her own perfect image in an opposite mirror, because—to confess a secret—I have been admiring you, immensely for the last half hour."

At this moment, Parkins, entering with the admirably noiseless step that so becomes him, and on which she relies so much, so highly, presents to Gretchen a very exquisite bouquet of choicest white flowers, arranged in a silver holder, and accompanied by a note.

"With Captain Scarlett's compliments," says Parkins, deferentially yet confidentially; after which he retires to the door way and there awaits further orders.

"What a lovely bouquet, and how sweet!" exclaims Gretchen. "Are they not?"—holding them under Dugdale's nose.

"Very," replies he, who would rather indulge in the breath of the "dearly nightshade" than Scarlett's gift.

"So thoughtful of Tom," goes on Gretchen, with a puffed tone. "I wonder wonder what he says?" Opening the letter, she reads aloud little scraps of it as her eyes scan the page.

"So sorry he can't be at the Potter's to-night, as he has sprained his foot. Oh, poor, poor fellow! His love to me, and many happy returns of the day; and—yes— an eloquent hesitating— he hopes I will like the flowers;—and—that's all."

"There seems a good deal of it," remarks Dugdale.

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white skirts trailing behind her, she draws back the heavy velvet curtains of the window and looks out upon the night.

"You remind me," says Dugdale, "of some picture, some story—a legend of the Rhine, I think it is—as you stand there, and the moonbeams come nearer to me, or I shall fear to see you melt away altogether, as did the 'happiest lady' of that tale."

"There are ladies," says Gretchen, not noticing his last remark, but coming quickly forward into the full, warmer light of the lamps,—"there are times when I am almost ready to melt away, and I feel so bare to me. At least I know you are vainly longing for something."

"What is it, Kenneth?" she asks. "I believe that I have been waiting for the existence I drag on from day to day."

"Don't speak like that, Ken: it saddens me," murmurs she, tremulously. "And then, with some tiny idity, 'Extinction is not for us. There is always a heaven.'"

"For such as you, perhaps. Heaven is made for angels; for 'me'—recklessly—I see no hope at any point."

His tone compels her, although reluctantly, to turn her eyes to his, and, seeing something in his eyes, strange yet in part familiar, as it were, the waking confirmation of a dream—she says, hurriedly,—

"Can I do anything for you, Kenneth?"

"Nothing. Not you, of all people. There is no help for me, anywhere. I wish with all my heart I were dead."

"Oh, Kenneth, not that! Do not wish that!" she exclaims, with a touch of terror in her tone. Great tears gather and dim the luster of her eyes. She comes up to him, and, standing so, furls and unfurls her fan with a certain bashfulness that sits very prettily upon her.

"It is a very charming dress, is it not?" she says, looking at Gretchen. "You think it suits me?" inquires she, anxiously.

"You are lovelier even than I thought you," returns he, simply.

"You have taken me by surprise, my mind. Your silence seemed to me so ominous that I dreaded a disparaging remark. I am very glad you admire me," says Gretchen, in a relieved tone, "taking an exhaustive survey of her own perfect image in an opposite mirror, because—to confess a secret—I have been admiring you, immensely for the last half hour."

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"Wish!" says Gretchen, puzzled. "But of course I could not refuse. He seemed so glad to give it, and he has so few pleasures. I felt it would pain him to return it, and— I have so much pain."

"Take care you do not increase it," says Mrs. Tremaine, still in the same curious tone. "Mental pain, child, is worse than bodily."

"Who is the man, mamma?" asks Gretchen, shrinking a little. The flush fades from her cheek, leaving a deadly pallor to replace it. Her eyes grow larger. Instinctively she lays one hand upon the arm of the chair near her.

"Perhaps nothing. But thoughtless causes more trouble and pain than people know of. Are you ready, dear?"

"I shall see," says Gretchen, in a stifled tone, hurrying gladly from the room.

She sighs profoundly, smooths away the lines from her forehead, with careful fingers, and, gathering up her fan and scent-bottle, sweeps from the room to her carriage.

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One cent wise

One dollar foolish

To use any but the best

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Oceanic Bar

"TRY BEEF AND SPINACH."

HOW FAT PEOPLE MAY REDUCE THEIR WEIGHT.

Diet that Has Taken Thirty Pounds Avoidsoids of a Person in Six Weeks.

This is the season of the year when the person who is anxious to lose flesh may find with a minimum of self-denial and sacrifice. Some privations are necessary, but in the spring markets there are substitutes for forbidden foods that are not to be found at other times of the year, especially in the winter.

Every system of reducing flesh forbids its disciples to eat certain things. These are forbidden as rigidly as poison, and it is to persons who had no suicidal plans and was trying to keep in good health, comprehensively stated the forbidden articles are starch and sugar. In vegetables these cover peas, potatoes, beets, carrots, squash and lima beans.

Included in the list are also all sweet fruits, such as grapes, figs, and sweets of any kind unless they happen to be made of saccharine instead of sugar; and unfortunately the preserves and similar articles the patient must not suffer from indigestion as to be practically beyond the means of any but the wealthy.

If a person of great fortitude and capable of self-denial in a high degree, should be desirous of getting thin in a very short time, there is one method of diet by which he or she could do it without the least possible doubt. It is summed up by the physician who always prescribes it as "Beefsteak and Spinach."