

JOY SUCCEEDS DESPAIR

IN THE HOME OF MR. JOSEPH HILTON, THOROLD, ONT.

His Daughter, Florence, Was All But Dead From Dropsy—Her Doctor Had Given Her Up—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Were Then Used and To-day She is Well and Strong.

From the Post, Thorold, Ont.

Everybody believes in a dreamy sort of way of the efficacy of a well and wisely advertised medicine, when the recorded cases of restored health are at hand, and when a case comes up in the home town, and the patient is known to everyone, and when the cure is not only positive but marvellous, the efficacy of the medicine becomes a fact—a decided thing. For many years the Post has advertised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, large quantities of them have been sold by the local drug stores, and many remarkable cures have been effected. One of these attracted the attention of our reporter and the result is Miss Florence Hilton, the eighteen year old daughter of Joseph and Mrs. Hilton, living in the west part of the town, was taken ill early last summer with dropsy, coupled with heart trouble. She was compelled to give up one duty after another, and finally became unable to walk or to lie down. Her suffering was intense and medical skill all that could be done. Florence, however, grew worse, sitting in her chair day and night for five long months to get her breath, and the parents despaired. At last, however, they got up and said further visits were futile. The poor girl's limbs were pitifully swollen and finally burst below the knees. She sat helpless and gasping for breath, and at times could breathe at all only with the greatest difficulty. One night the neighbors came in and said she could not live till morning, but when they saw she is alive and well, moving about among her young companions a remarkable and miraculous contrast to what she then was. The reporter called one evening at the Hilton home, but Miss Florence was out visiting. The father and mother were in, however, and freely told the entire cure, which they attributed entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first box was brought to her by her grandmother, who urged their use. Then Mrs. Hilton herself remembered that she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of a slight attack of dropsy, and also remembered the many cures advertised in the Post. She bought two boxes and Florence commenced the pills at a dose. In two weeks she felt a slight decrease in the pain in her limbs, and more pills were procured. For five months—five long painful months—the weak girl had sat day and night in her chair, but now she began to feel the pain leaving her and to see her limbs resume their natural size. Fourteen boxes of the pills were taken and at last her perseverance was rewarded. She rose from her chair; her former strength gradually came back; one by one her household duties were taken up again, and the Post representative called by her to be met by beaming faces and thankful hearts and a grateful readiness to give to the world the story of her cure. She had a bright young life and had brought joy instead of grief to a Thorold home.

In thousands of other homes, scattered over the length and breadth of Canada, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought health and joy and gladness and in every home in the land where sickness and suffering enter, new health and strength are had through a fair use of this medicine. Remember that substitutes can't cure—they make the patient worse, and when you ask of this medicine see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around the box—then you are sure you will get the genuine. The medicine dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

Old Lady Still Keeps a Vegetable Stall.

President Loubet, of France, has been visiting his old home at Montelima. He was received at the railway station by the French newspapers, by several functionaries, and he subsequently took a drive in sclamate with one of his children. Much was conversed about the charming scene described by the Rev. A. N. Cooper, the "walking parson." Mr. Cooper in one of his rambles, found himself at Montelima, and looking out of the window he observed early morning he saw the President escorting his old mother to the market-place, where she continued to sell farm produce, even though her son had become Chief Magistrate of the Republic. She drove up in a marked cart which was duly honored. Then the President gave her his arm, escorted her to the market, and seated her under the umbrella which she sat. No functionaries were in attendance, and the rest of the market people showed no signs of regarding the incident as anything remarkable. At the end Mr. Loubet gravely saluted his mother and went off to read State papers, while she remained to sell cabbages.

A THOUGHTFUL PRIEST.

Points Out to Mothers the Way to Keep Their Children Well and Happy.

Rev. K. L. Francoeur, Casselman, Ont., is a kind-hearted priest, who has done much to alleviate suffering among the little ones in the homes of his parishioners. Writing in a recent date he says: "I must say that Dr. Williams' Baby's Own Tablets are deserving of the high praise they have had as a cure for the ailments of children. For the past eight months I have been introducing them in many families, and always, the mothers tell me, with perfect results. Their action is always effective, without any sickly reaction, and they are especially valuable in allaying pains in the head, fever, teething, nervousness, sleeplessness, spasms, cramps in the stomach and bowels, colic and other troubles. Their regulating action gives almost instant relief, and gives good results. This is the comforting experience that has come to my knowledge out of their judicious use. I am glad to give you my sincere testimony, and I will recommend the Tablets to all mothers and nurses of sick children as I have done heretofore." The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers, or mothers can obtain them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CORK CURTAINS.

A curiosity to be seen at Berlin is a pair of curtains made of champagne corks, each cork being still covered by the gilt paper associated with the premier brands. The curtains hang in lengths of sixty each, the rows being separated by strings of Chinese turquoises. The curtain ties are also of blue silk. The value of these unique curtains is estimated at \$25,000 francs.

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXXVII.

One of the clear and sunny afternoons following the great thunderstorm, Jess, palpating his chest, and with a shiver, passion and despair, found herself flying past unfamiliar fields, strange towns and villages steeped in golden light. In the foreground a press to London—that city of marvel and splendor, whither gravitate the greatest thinkers and workers, whose streets are paved with gold and carpeted with diamonds, who had never travelled express before, or never twenty miles from the native London, and whose fresh heart had once thrilled at the very name of London.

But she cared little to-day whether she was flying, as long as it was away from the magnetism that must soon overpower both reason and principle, and from the disgrace that snatched her fair name. From both of these she fled, with unreflecting fear, seeking only to hide herself, and instinctively choosing the vast chaos of London as the most secure place of concealment. She thought it best to fly for the exercise of the art by which she rendered with irresistible force. But this flight was her only chance of salvation, as she knew by every pang tearing her weak heart. Had she remained, there was now nothing to save her but the strength of that weary, passion-strained young heart, to which she dared not trust.

For Jessie sorely believed herself to be ruined in the sight of the world; she supposed herself to have sinned conventionally, and thus to have incurred interdict, and she had no doubt she would be banished to some dreary place, the smoke and grime of which would surround her prisons of hell, and which was large without grandeur, and gloomy without majesty. The noises were irritating, the bustle and hurrying, and the dizziness of the unaccustomed motion and smell of smoke and oil, tired and over-wrought, she stood on the pavement, jostled by hurrying passengers and the squalid, frightened by the hoarse, guttural, "Now miss, and 'By'r leave there," of porters clattering past her laden trucks—not knowing what to do. Parents gathered, gathering their broods about them, gave no eager business men, fine ladies with their trains of maids and footmen, middle-class ladies with their retinues of maids and grooms, all sorts of people, hurried by, claiming luggage, calling cabs, meeting friends, and parting friends, all drew aside beneath the dull yellow gaslight, and waited, alone at nightfall, without one friend in all the millions of that great city. She watched the passing tide of passengers, timidly seeking some friendly and less self-centred face to ask advice. Presently she selected a prosperous, jovial-looking fellow carrying a bag, but on addressing him, was met by a look that made her shrink back trembling. She next tried a comfortable-looking matron in bags and shawls, who murmured her all over with a look of cold, hard disapproval, and passed on by the side of her husband, who regarded her for a moment with a look of indifference. A sense of her own helpless isolation and of the wide world's stony cruelty, weighed upon her unfeeling, chilling looks and filled her with despair.

Yet some paces further off among the crowd were two men, each of whom was thinking of her, and each of whom would have been glad to save her from her impending fate. "Keb, miss?" asked a porter, looking with wonder at her fair, troubled face, when at last she ventured to follow the crowd and wishing to reach the grand boulevards, she started from the Avenue de Villiers, on the northern section, passes down to the Gare Saint Lazare, along the Rue d'Anjou, under the Bois de Boulogne, to the Place de la République, behind Pere Lachaise Cemetery. A remarkable piece of engineering work had been performed at the Opera station on this section. At that point two other lines are destined to cross, and it has been found necessary to pass under the other, so three stations have been constructed, and foot passengers passing along the roadway now walk over what is practically a three-story building in the bowels of the earth. As to the working arrangements, these have both their good and their bad points. To take the good ones first, one can pass under the other, first-class, second-class, and third-class, for conveyance from any part of the city to another is admirable. A concession is made to the walking classes, who speak in measured praise of the Metro, as they call it, by means of the issue of

return tickets at 4c each in the early morning. MUCH OVERCROWDING. On the other hand, the way in which passengers are permitted to enter the carriages is disgraceful. The ventilation on the line is at no time good, but when this is added the discomfort of standing up in a closely-packed crowd, with the certainty of a hard struggle to get to the door when the passenger's destination is reached, the prospect is discouraging. The cause of the bad ventilation is said to be the fact that the tunnels unlike those on the London lines, are made for two sets of rails; the up and down trains running in the same boring. This creates stagnation of the air, which as fast as it is drawn one way by an up train, is forced back again by a down train. Altogether, Parisians have much cause to be dissatisfied with the originators of this honeycomb of underground lines, who have given them in a few short years a means of travelling from one part of their magnificent city to another, which on any other day would have been regarded as absolutely impossible.

NATURAL GREEN tea of Ceylon. "The rival of Japan." Free from all chemical coloring and adulteration in any form whatever, of great strength, delicious and pure. Sealed packets only, same form as the celebrated Black teas of "SALADA" Brand.

25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

behind her and she had been transported to another age. (To be Continued.)

UNDER THE CITY OF PARIS THERE IS A NET WORK OF ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

In Thirty Years Will Be Public Property—Money Making Concerns.

Londoners are very proud and rightly so of their tube railways, which have proved such a boon to the city since their inauguration, and whose rapid development is watched with so much interest. In the French capital also attention is absorbed by the progress of the underground electric railway system, which has made such giant strides since the concession was first granted to the Metropolitan Company in 1898. The realization of the plan then laid before the municipal authorities has been greatly accelerated by the terms of the contract, which was fixed during which the company was to construct the lines and work them for its own profit, at the conclusion of which period the lines and the property of the city, so that the sooner all the lines are open for traffic the greater will be the benefit accruing to the promoting company.

GOOD FOR RENTS.

A fact that is very noticeable, as emphasizing the utility of the lines, is that on the various routes already opened rents have risen over 100 per cent, while even on those which are still "in the air" the prices of apartments are augmenting with alarming rapidity, and the tenants who have agreements are congratulating themselves.

UNDER RUE DE RIVOLI.

This line, passing under the entire length of the boulevard, the Rue de Champs Elysees and the Rue de Rivoli, known to all British visitors, owing to its proximity to the Place de la Concorde, the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and the Louvre, and dotted with stations, as are all the lines, at every 500 or 600 yards. At the Arc de Triomphe there is a fine station, where the Rue de Dauphine, another of the principal boulevards, leading to the Bois de Boulogne, while from the same spot starts the line proceeding to the Trocadero, right opposite the Eiffel Tower, and passing through the Bois de Boulogne, and again starting from the Arc de Triomphe, is the line passing along the outer boulevards and serving the Gare Moreau, that charming little resort so much favored by children; the districts of Batignolles, Clichy, Montmartre, La Chapelle, La Villette, and Belleville—the poorer quarters of Paris—until it again approaches at the Place de la Nation, the central line first mentioned.

THEY MADE THIS COUPLE HAPPY

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DOING GOOD WORK AROUND PORT ARTHUR.

Mr. Dick Souvey and Wife Both Had Kidney Troubles and the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Them. Port Arthur, Ont., Oct. 24. (Special.)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to do double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey, a farmer and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said: "After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute cases of heart trouble, inside of thirty minutes and never fails."—35.

DOES THE BABY THRIVE?

If not, something must be wrong with its food. If the mother's milk doesn't nourish it, she needs Scott's Emulsion. It supplies the elements of fat required for the baby. If baby is not nourished by its artificial food, then it requires Scott's Emulsion. Half a teaspoonful three or four times a day in its bottle will bring the desired result. It seems to have a magical effect upon babies and children.

Scott's Emulsion advertisement with logo and contact information.

Little Sunlight Soap advertisement.

Domion Line Steamships advertisement.

WANT TO LEARN OPERATING TELEGRAPHY advertisement.

HOPS USED IN OLDEN TIMES advertisement.

SMOKERS AND MADNESS advertisement.

Defiance of 12 Years Standing advertisement.

MOOSE HUNTING advertisement.

MINARD'S LINIMENT advertisement.

MINARD'S LINIMENT advertisement.

MINARD'S LINIMENT advertisement.

MINARD'S LINIMENT advertisement.

Some people want a change, but once drink Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement.

"ISLAND CITY" HOUSE AND FLOOR PAINTS advertisement.

POULTRY THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited advertisement.

H.B.K. BRAND advertisement.

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