

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

TWO WRITERS WHO OWN CANADA AS THEIR HOME.

Paterfex Pays a Tribute to Wickstead and LeMoine—Something about the New Laureate—Reminders of Whittier and Anti-Slavery Times.

It is our happy fortune to have known a few men who reconcile us to the late autumn and frosty winter of our age, if they shall ever arrive. Old men, who grow old without gruesome physical decay, and without spiritual or intellectual decrepitude, who ripen and grow beautiful with years, and who disclose their selectest treasures after the time has come when we suppose the cabinet of thought and invention may be sealed forever. Such are as genuine a satisfaction to us as may be found in all the promise of youth and the strength of maturity. They show us that cheerfulness, intelligence, and hope, are not the exclusive properties of such as are in "the twilight time of good or ill," and that a progressive spirit, and a constructive mind, may be manifest under the grace of silver hairs. Foremost of the Nestors we have in mind is our sagacious and genial friend "W.," who has not yet learned to stoop under the weight of more than ninety years. No chimney-corner somnolence has yet not claimed him, nor is he wrapped in dreams of the vanished years; but Ottawa is the witness that he still lives, with a vigor and brightness of spirit, and a heartiness, which make him "the wale of old men." Few men can be found to day, in any land, who at his period of life, are able to discuss with acumen the questions that concern our time,—but "W." is one of them; and his "waits," in the Week, and other journals of Canada, command attention as well as respect, for his carefully matured opinions are always expressed with brevity and point, and with the cheerful courtesy which marks a gentleman. In a recent article he discusses religious teachings in the schools, and advocates ethical teaching as preferable. He writes:

Bringing in clergymen or others for an hour or two now and then will never do. The difficulty may be lessened a little where separate schools are provided for Roman Catholics and Protestants; but Protestantism is different from these, very greatly; and as it would be inconvenient that the same day and hour should be allowed for the absence of all the pupils from the other school work, and each sect would require a separate room, your suggestion of voluntary schools seems the only alternative. It would be unjust to compel a man to pay taxes to support a school in which he could not conscientiously send his children, in Manitoba or in any other province. Let us then leave the teaching of religion to parents and clergymen; but by all means let every school teach morality, as suggested in my former letter, the teachers carefully explaining the commandments and laws I have mentioned, so that the pupils may respectively apply them to their conduct in that state of life into which it shall please God to call them.

Another gentleman, (a well-known Canadian writer,) who grows actively and gracefully old, is "Jonathan Oldbuck," who reads for us the legends of "Maple Leaves"—alias, J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., of Spencer Grange, Quebec. He is a living chronicle of the most romantic and historic city of Canada—I had almost written of America. "Few have had such opportunities," writes a brother author, Wm. Kirby, "as Mr. LeMoine for studying the lights and shades of the old Province of Quebec. His early training, social entourage—love of books—antiquarian tastes and familiarity with the French idiom; his minute explorations by sea and by land of every nook and corner of his native province and even beyond it, the whole jotted down by day in his diary, naturally furnishes him with exceptional facilities to deal with Canadian subjects in a light or in a serious vein." Mr. LeMoine is a well-known figure in the streets of his native city, a patriarch of the literary and social assemblies there, and the cicero and entertainer of many a celebrated guest who visits Stadacona. His fine presence and cordial spirits can but brighten and adorn any society; and his lips seem to give a voice to the stones of the street, and the walls that encompass that home of history wherein he dwells. For nearly fifty years he has been in the public service; having, while yet a young man, been appointed to succeed his father in the Department of Inland Revenue, of which he is the Superintendent for the Eastern section of the Province of Quebec. He finds his official duties absorb his time and attention quite exclusively at certain seasons, while at others he is allowed considerable leisure for favorite studies and recreations.

William Watson, who has a Wordsworthian passion for upbraiding England in strident sonnets, has incurred a poetical rebuke from his friend, the recently appointed laureate, Alfred Austin. He thus addresses the doubting spirit in the tone of confidence that Mother England will do the right thing at the right time:

"She, not you, nor any child of song,
Must sound the hour the friendsless to befriend,
And with unmitigated justice read
The ensanguined trappings from the Rod of Wrong,
I, too, cry out, 'How long O Lord, how long
Shall ghoulia assault and not one glave defend?'
But God's great patience never come to end,
And, by long-suffering, vengeance grows more strong.
So from unreasonable chidings cease,
Impious to her who bears within her breast
Walls from the East, and clamors from the West.
Nay should the clamor and the walls increase,
Firm in the faith she knoweth what is best,
Keep you to-night the Festival of Peace."

*Gustavus W. Wickstead Q. C.

Yet we honor Watson, and would clasp the hand of him the closer for his burning heart against wrong, and his truly British detestation of oppression. We doubt if it is the special time to sing smug lays, and prophesy security, even while we protest against unrighteous war. Much we like his greeting to the United States, since the cloud began to darken—the cloud we hope which is melting speedily away:—

O, to ring daughter, Titan of the West!
Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure;
Thou toward whom our inmost heart is pure
Of ill intent, although thou threatenest
With most unflinching hand thy mother's breast;
Not for one breathing space may earth endure
The thought of war's intolerable cure
For such vague pains as vex today thy breast,
But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of peace and findst her yoke too tame,
Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless, and put the false to shame.
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end.

It is a fiery and a generous spirit in a frail body, often overborne; but the harp, if sometimes jangled, is capable of some of the sweetest harmonies that are being uttered in our time. He would not have dishonored the Laureate's office had he been appointed to it. Very gracious and brotherly is Alfred Austin's address to the citizens of that broader England extending to the uttermost parts of the earth. It forms a portion of his volume, "In Veronica's Garden," and is entitled, "Peace On Earth":

But not alone for those who still
Within the mother-land abide,
We deck the porch, we dance the will,
And ring the portals open wide.

But unto all of British blood—
Whether they cling to Egbert's throne,
Or far beyond the Western flood,
Have reared a sceptre of their own.

And, half-regretful, yearn to win
Their way back home, and fondly claim
The rightful share of kith and kin
In Alfred's glory, Shakespeare's fame—

We pile the logs, we toll the stave,
We wait the tidings wide and far,
And speed the wish, on wind and wave,
To Southern Cross and Northern Star.

Yes! Peace on earth, Atlantic strand!
Peace and good-will, Pacific shore!
Across the waters stretch your hand,
And be our brothers more and more!

Blood of our blood, in every clime;
Race of our race, by every sea;
To you we sing the Christmas rhyme,
For you we light the Christmas tree.

Mr. Austin's appointment to the laureateship is freely criticised by the honorable body of journalists, of which he is an active member,—being an editorial writer on the London Standard. It is due to the connection of so many present-day poets with the hurried work in the sanctums of the mammoth, closely packed dailies, that the slap-dash, rough-shod style of verse has come so into vogue, and that finish is an art we talk about, but do not attain? Like Miss Rosa Dattle, we ask for information.

Another of the links that bound us a little closer to the age of Burns has dropped away, in Archibald Campbell, nephew of Highland Mary, who died recently at Gourock in the home of his step-son, Capt. Kerr, in his 83rd year. For many a day he was a well-known figure in Greenock, and foremost in the councils of the earliest Burns Club in Scotland, and the world; and he preserved his mental clearness and bodily vigor far into a green old age. Mr. Campbell remembered well how, when but a boy, he was sent to show to some visitors the old Charles street house in which the lovely Highland lassie died; and he was a veritable repository of traditions concerning her and her family, as well as of the poet, whose life was connected so brightly, and then so mournfully with hers. For years he lived in Greenock, on Kelly street, where he was visited by many pilgrims, to whom he told his stories of the past, and called up his sacred memories, with a manner and attitude almost devotional. His single life was always a bright and kindly one. When the memorial stone was laid, in the Old West Kirkyard, Jan. 25th, 1842, he was there, as among the number who reclaimed the neglected, half-deserted spot, and made of it something which the citizens of Greenock may exhibit with decent pride. Such relics as the box in which Mary kept the poet's letters, afterwards destroyed by her family, and which was in his grandmother's house, and the bible given by Burns, were known to him.

The reader who best knows Whittier's passionate antagonism to slavery, though his ringing poems, may be surprised at the amount of work he did in the interest of the cause to which he had pledged himself, and the volume of his prose writings,—letters, pamphlets, editorials, etc. etc., during a period of forty stormy years. Some of this writing deserves attention still, as best among the polemics of his time, showing Whittier to as good advantage as his verse, which in spirit, sentiment, and bravery of utterance, it resembles. Take this passage from his open letter to Edward Everett,—then Governor of Massachusetts,—printed in the Liberator of Feb. 20, 1836;

when the demand was for silence on the part of the agitators that the public peace might not be disturbed. *Silence, indeed, and, by long-suffering, vengeance grows more strong.*
So from unreasonable chidings cease,
Impious to her who bears within her breast
Walls from the East, and clamors from the West.
Nay should the clamor and the walls increase,
Firm in the faith she knoweth what is best,
Keep you to-night the Festival of Peace."

Mr. T. G. Marquis, well-known in Dominion literary circles, has lately retired from the English mastership of the Stratford, Ont., Collegiate Institute. He was presented by his friends with a well-filled purse—the raw material of ten thousand useful and beautiful things,—and a speech by Hon. Thomas Ballantyne still further testified their generous, and doubtless, well-earned appreciation. PATERFEX.

ney's Resolutions in the House of Representatives, and the Passage of Calhoun's Bill for Excluding Papers Written or Printed, Touching the Subject of Slavery, From the U. S. Post Office." In the Senate of the United States?"

Now, when our land on ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name let us speak while there is time!
Now, while the padlocks for our lips are forging,
Silence is crime:

"Is this," he continues, "the age, are ours the laws, are the Sons of the Pilgrims the men for advice like this?"

* Far fitter is it for the banks of the Bosphorus and the Neva than for those of the Connecticut and the Merrimack. It is not suited to our hard-handed artisans and free farmers.

Mr. Pickard recalls how the very flag was fluted in the face of the reformer, by the instruments and abettors of slavery; how it was asserted, as Everett had, on the occasion referred to asserted, that the Framers of the constitution and the Fathers of their country were themselves slaveholders. It will be remembered how, two years after the document of Whittier from which we are quoting was written, Wendell Phillips sprang to being as an orator in Faneuil Hall, exclaiming in his most withering invective, as he pointed to the pictured face of Washington,— "I thought those lips would have broken into voice, to rebuke the recreant American" which was, in the opinion of Mr. Kennedy, "clearly, plagiarized by an unconscious act of memory from the open letter addressed by Whittier to Everett. As we read it Webster's kinship to the poet—however distant it may have been—becomes apparent:

George Washington was another signer of the constitution. I know that he was a slaveholder; and I have not forgotten the emotions which swelled in my bosom, when in the metropolis of New England, the Cradle of Liberty, a degenerate Son of the Pilgrims pointed to his portrait, which adorned the wall, with the thrice-repeated exclamation, "That slaveholder!" I saw the only blot on the otherwise bright and spotless character of the Father of his Country held to open view, exposed by remorse less hands to sanction a system of oppression and blood. It seemed to me like sacrilege. I looked upon those venerable and awful features, while the echoes once awakened in the old Hall by the voice of ancient Liberty, warm from the lips of Adams and Hancock and the fiery heart of James Otis, gave back from wall and gallery the exulting cry of "Slaveholder!" half expecting to see the still canvas darken with a frown, and the eloquent lips part and utter words of rebuke and sorrow. I felt it, as did hundreds more on that occasion, to be a reproach and a cruel insult to the memory of the illustrious dead. Did not the speaker know that dying testimony of Washington was against slavery?

The Magazine of Poetry, for January, is entirely made up of "Notable Single Poems," and opens with an interminable, irregular ode, not without merit,—but even Pindar did not write so long. Splendor, grandeur, intensity, swiftness, harmony, and other needful elements of the ode, are missing. Like the Epic, and the Heroic Drama, the Ode is a ticklish thing to be handled except by a master. Milton and Dryden had some measure of success with the Ode, and Ben Johnson came near hitting the mark occasionally, while Gray and Collins struggled through. Once Wordsworth approved himself and was neither mechanical nor lackadaisical. But where is Mrs. Aphra Behn, or even the virtuous Mrs. Carter, or the lamented Mrs. Annie Kilgrew! Pytheas, read me some humbler poem; let us take a less pretentious form for a maiden effort. The beginner on Odes may descend to quatrains, or even to couplets. There is some excellent verse in the collection. Among familiar Canadian names are those of Carman and Lampman.

The Hants Journal lets us into the secret of certain delightful transactions in which we should like to have had a hand, at the home of a born poet. You strike the chord at Fredericton, and it still vibrates at Windsor; for "the banks and braes and streams around" Kingscroft cannot realize that their Roberts is gone. We can only add our God bless him! and wish that not only the fifteenth anniversary of his marriage, but the fiftieth may be celebrated in the same place and by the same good people.

We think the only adequate memorial to Joseph Howe will be a life-long statue of him in some characteristic attitude located in some prominent part of his native city. No pigmy or meaningless stone will ever appeal to the living nor can it be honorable to the dead.

Mr. William T. James, of Toronto, author of "Rhymes Albeit and Afild," has written a patriotic song, published in The Week, of which this is the first stanza:

We stand to guard a frontier here
Which no invading foe shall cross,
While patriots for defence combine,
Whose death may save a nation's loss.

The Week adopts the song, and invites a competitive score, to which when the words are wed, the ardent patriot may sing them.

Mr. T. G. Marquis, well-known in Dominion literary circles, has lately retired from the English mastership of the Stratford, Ont., Collegiate Institute. He was presented by his friends with a well-filled purse—the raw material of ten thousand useful and beautiful things,—and a speech by Hon. Thomas Ballantyne still further testified their generous, and doubtless, well-earned appreciation. PATERFEX.

NEW HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

Old Style Christmas and New Year Cards Crowded Out by Photography.

New Year and Christmas cards received this season from Great Britain and the Continent show a notable change in style and character. The ornate colored cards, adorned with flowers, landscapes marine views, and pictures printed in many tints, with a wealth of more or less poetical sentiment, are greatly in the minority. This class of cards has been brought to a high stand of artistic excellence in recent years, but they have gone out of fashion. In their place individual and personal Christmas and New Year cards, engraved much in the style of an invitation to a social function, have come into vogue, and, more generally, a style of card into which photography takes the place of the color printing. All the new cards, of either class, are without the chromo tints of the old-fashioned cards. Most of them are in plain black and white, while a few are lettered in gold.

A card that is very popular all over England bears a reproduction in the delicate shades of the gelatine photo process of some characteristic view of the town whence it comes. The impression is made on fine Japanese silk paper, which is pasted at the corners on a card of rough or stamped white paper. The card bears the simple legend "A Happy New Year," or "A Merry Christmas." These cards are charming souvenirs.

Other cards of the same style have photographs of famous bits of scenery: of the Rhine, Switzerland, the English lakes, and the castles and cathedrals of Europe. Others still have reproductions in miniature of famous paintings. All are highly artistic and exceedingly simple in style. Some cards of the highest class have little etchings in place of the photographic reproductions.

It is quite the swell thing in England now to send to one's friends at Christmas and New Year plain square cards bearing the engraved inscription that "Mr. and Mrs. Blank present their best compliments and their hearty wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

A less formal style of personal Christmas and New Year cards seem to be in greatest favor. It is made like an oblong book of four pages, bound together with white ribbon. The outer page bears the sender's monogram, stamped in gold. On the first inside leaf is a pair of clasped hands, stamped in gold with a sprig of holly or a spray of forget-me-nots, the latter painted by hand if the sender wishes to make his cards costly. The second inner leaf bears the engraved greetings of the sender of the card.

These changes in the style of Christmas and New Year cards have been in progress for two years, perhaps three, but this year the new styles are so much in vogue as to have almost crowded out the old colored cards. Even the cheapest cards are of the new style of photographic picture cards.—N. Y. Sun.

A FAMOUS MAN.

What His Researches Have Done for the World.



All successful and distinguished men have imitators, and Dr. Chase, the well-known author of Chase's Kidney Cure, proved no exception to the rule. Dr. Chase's discoveries have many pretended rivals, but no equals.

Long scientific researches pronounced Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Chase's Ointment, the latter a certain cure for all kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and rheumatic troubles; the latter an absolute specific for chronic and offensive skin diseases. Among his other discoveries were Chase's Catarrh Cure and Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for colds and bronchitis.

During 1895 the Canadian manufacturers, Edmondson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto, gave away free 500,000 samples of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and 100,000 samples of Chase's Ointment. The return they brought proved how much they were appreciated. The same free distribution of samples will be continued during 1896. Those at a distance should enclose a 5 cent stamp and also receive a sheet of the latest music in return.

DESCRIBING NIAGARA.

The Success of George Augustus Sala, in This Formidable Task.

Mr. Sala's stories were not always to be taken nor did he always intend them to be taken, "au pied de la lettre," as when, for example, he used to boast of having freed Mecklenburg square, where he resided for some years, from the pest of Italian organ grinders by simply going out in the dusk of the evening and planting little packets of poisoned macaroni here and there upon the doorsteps.

Another amusing story, however, that I have heard him relate was told by him seriously, and it had, I believe, at least some foundation in fact. When he was sojourning in the United States, some thirty years since, the publisher of a popular magazine waited on him one day and asked if he was willing to write him an article of sixteen pages, for which he offered a very handsome remuneration. "The subject?" inquired Sala. "Niagara," was the reply, "Good heavens!" exclaimed the English journalist, "I have been there, but what can I possibly tell you people about the falls that they don't know?" "You can tell us," replied his visitor, "How they impressed you. You see, our people are never tired of hearing how our great sights make you strangers sit up." Agreed," said Sala.

A MARVELLOUS STATEMENT.

The Oldest Merchant of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., Speaks of Paine's Celery Compound.

An Astonishing Victory Over Disease.

Every man, woman and child in and around the pretty town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., knows Mr. H. W. Cryser, the deserving and successful merchant. Hundreds of families in the district are already aware of the fact that, by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, Mr. Cryser was raised up from a condition of utter helplessness, misery and weakness to a new life, and is now in such a healthful condition, that he is perfectly able to look after the details of his flourishing business.

Mr. Cryser's story of his long fight with the worst form of rheumatism, and his failures with useless medicines, and his grand triumph with Paine's Celery Compound, are given to the public as follows: "At out four years since, I had a severe attack of gripp, followed by rheumatism, for which the local physician prescribed the usual remedies, which helped me at the time, but did not eliminate the disease. Becoming gradually worse, I finally became discouraged and began using 'proprietary' medicines without

any benefit. Then I went to 'Clifton Springs,' took the treatment, and felt somewhat better; but after coming back I became very much worse, and was confined to bed for a time. I then went to 'Preston Springs,' and really improved; but after returning home I got worse, and was a perfect martyr for more than two years, often confined to bed, and gradually becoming worse.

"I was induced to try Paine's Celery Compound, and have gained in health and strength up to the present writing. I now walk from my house to the store, a distance of a quarter of a mile, daily, and to church Sundays. Paine's Celery Compound has done all this for me. My friends are surprised and astonished to see me able to attend to business again. I must add that I have been in business in Niagara for 41 years and was 70 years old on the 7th of January last.

"Believing that it is my duty to let other sufferers know of the great benefit I have received from Paine's Celery Compound I cheerfully send this letter."

When his visitor had gone he sat down to write, telling in his discursive fashion how he contrived to prevent a smart Yankee from monopolizing a corner seat in the railway car, and how he lost his portmanteau and found it again, all of which suggested telling a little story of what once befell him at a custom-house on the German-Russian frontier, which again reminded him of a story of his late mother and the old Duke of Wellington. And so his facile and diverting pen rattled on, till he began to think it time to get to business, and therefore launched out into a picturesque description of the country on both sides of the carriage in the train that was fast carrying him toward Buffalo, his destination.

At last he paused, and taking stock of the manuscript which now covered his little table, found that he had, within a line or two, already exhausted the space allotted to him, yet had not said a single word about the Falls of Niagara. Thereupon he dipped his pen in the ink once more, and added the words: "P. S.—I ought to have mentioned that there are some very remarkable natural waterworks in the neighborhood."

The perpetrator of this audacious evasion used to declare with an extra twinkle in his better eye, that, so far from showing resentment, the editor and his readers were charmed with his smartness and delighted with the jest.—London News.

The world is conquered, not by armies, but by a gown. The dainty gown exerts a sway more potent than a king or emperor. Priestley's black dress fabric make, in the hands of the skilled modiste, adorable gowns, because the material, rich and soft, lends itself to a figure and drapes with poetic grace. A niche higher has been reached in "Eudora," the new dress fabric. To the casual observer there is no difference between it and Herietta, but ladies experienced in dress goods are full of praise for new qualities they have discovered in it. The "Eudora" does not rust, does not gather dust; has a lovely glow, which makes it fit for a princess; and has greater width and weight than the Henriettes. Wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

Had Regard for Appearance.

The kind women of the church had helped their poor sister through a long illness. They had hired a physician for her, had seen that his prescriptions were filled, had brought broth and jellies, had cleaned her tenement, and finally, when she was on the road to health again had made up a purse for her. A couple of weeks later one of them happened to call to see how their protegee was getting along. She discovered the erstwhile invalid very "low in her mind," and also in her larder. "Why, Mrs. Hendricks," she exclaimed, "we surely left you enough money to keep you comfortably for a while. Have you spent the whole \$15?"

"Yes," sighed the beneficiary. "How?" demanded the inquirer. "Well, being sick so long that time taught me a lesson about not having a decent—negligee, they call them—I think—to my name. When I was just able to sit up I thought how fine 'twould be to have something more tasty-like than an old shawl to put over my shoulders. So the first day I was out I bought me a pink cashmere wrapper—just in case I should be sick again, you know."—New York World.

Told It on Himself.

It is said that Hon. Samuel Galloway of Columbus, Ohio, was one of the plainest men ever known in the state. He told many stories relative to his own personal ugliness of face with great good humor.

One which he often related with much relish was that of the remark made by the little daughter of a friend in another city with whom he was dining.

"Mamma," he heard the child say, in earnest whisper after a prolonged survey of the peculiar features of the guest,

"that gentleman's mamma must have loved children mighty well!"

"Why so my dear?" inquired the unsuspecting parent.

"Oh," returned the child, in the same audible whisper, "cause she raised him!"

—Yonah's Companion.

ILL NIGH UNTO DEATH.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LADY WELL KNOWN IN COATICOOK.

Stricken With LaGrippe, Followed by Pneumonia, She Languished for More than a Year.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her When Other Medicines Failed.

From L'Etiole de l'Est, Coaticook, Que.

The town of Averill, Vt., is situated about eight miles from Coaticook, Que., and is the home of Mrs. Ada Hartwell, who has many relatives and numerous friends in the latter place. Mrs. Hartwell has passed through an experience which L'Etiole de l'Est thinks worthy of giving the widest publicity as many others may derive much benefit therefrom. Mrs. Hartwell has ever been considered a woman enjoying a healthy constitution until about two years ago, when she was, like hundreds of others in this vicinity, stricken with influenza or as it is more generally termed la grippe, a disease which carried off many a people in this town and vicinity, and in the case of numerous others left behind wrecked constitutions. As often happens, pneumonia followed the first symptoms of la grippe and Mrs. Hartwell was sick, nigh unto



ABLE TO RIDE WITHOUT FATIGUE.

death. The best of medical aid was summoned, and Mrs. Hartwell was saved from what seemed to her friends imminent death but when convalescence came, she remained deprived of her appetite, extremely weak, and in constant danger of a relapse, and all her physicians could do could not bring about her former condition of health. Numerous medicines were tried but to no avail; she was weak, dispirited and despaired of again enjoying her former vigor and health. For a whole year after her attack of pneumonia she continued to languish in this state. At last one day her husband purchased a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had read of the many cures wrought by this wonder of medicine, but procured them, he says, for his wife in order to be able to say "we have tried all," rather than from strong faith in them. To please her husband Mrs. Hartwell willingly consented to take the Pink Pills, and great was her surprise and that of her husband, when, after taking three boxes she was able to take a short ride without feeling any fatigue. She wisely resolved to continue the treatment, and before long found that she had regained her old time strength, and she declared that she owes her recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Last winter Mrs. Hartwell felt a slight recurrence of her former weakness and again resorted to Pink Pills, since which time she has not had a day's illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a more potent influence on the blood and nerves than any other known medicine, and speedily restore the bloom of health to pallid cheeks. Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Refuse all substitutes alleged to be "just as good."