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# DR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT:

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX,

Joint authors of "Stories from the D'ary of a Doctor."

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. & II .- Pretty Hetty Armitage, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Armitag, innkeepers at the village of Grandcourt, is admired by two young undergraduates named Horace Frere and Everett, and the first named elicits a promise from her to become his wife. Notwithstanding this promise, however, Hetty, who is a born firt, is in love with Mr. Robert Hetty, who is a born firt, is in love with Mr. Robert Awdrey, the son of the Equire, upon whom, however, is thought to rest the curse of his race, a total absence of memory of the most important events of his life, whilst less significant matters are remembered. Awdrey is passing a brook side when Frere asks Hetty to give him a kiss as his ifflued wife. She refuses, and as they are struggling Awdrey in tervenes and takes the girl home, she denyin? that she has given any promise to marry. Frere is enraged, and visiting the inn again asks Hetty for her decision between Awdrey and himself. She speedily declares for Awdrey, much to Frere's chagrin.

#### CHAPTER III.

Frere stood perfectly still for a moment after Hetty had spoken, then without a word he turned and lett her. Everett was still standing in the porch. Everett had owned to himself that he had a decided penchant for the little rustic beauty, but Frere's fierce passion cooled his. He did not feel particlarly inclined, however, to sympathize with his friend.

'How rough you are, Frere,' he said angrily; 'you've almost knocked the pipe out of my mouth a second time this evening.' Frere went out into the night without

uttering a syllable. 'Where are you off to?' called Everett after him.

'What is that to you?' was shouted back.

Everett said something further. A strong and very empathic oath left Frere's lips in reply. The innkeeper, Armitage, was passing the young man at the moment. He stared at him, wondering at the whileness of his face, and the extraordinary energy of his language. Armitage went indoors to supper, and thought no more of the circumstance. He was destined however to remember it later. Everett continued to smoke his pipe wi h philosophical calm. He hoped against hope that pretty little Hetty might come and stand in the porch with him. Finding she did not apappear, he resolved to go out and look Awdrey that he did not even reply. He know in case you choose to get up at cockfor his friend. He was leaving the came to the conclusion that Frere was crow, and perhaps leave us for the day. Inn when Armitage called after him-'I beg your pardon, Mr. Everett, but

will you te out late?' ,I can't say,' replied Everett, stopping

short; "why? 'Because if so, sir, you had better take the latch-key. We're going to shut up the whole place early tonight; the wife is dead beat, and Hetty is not quite well.'

'I'm sorry for that,' said Everett, after a pause: 'well, give me the key. I dares sy I'll return quite soon; I am only going out to meet Mr. Frere.' Armitage gave the young man the key,

and returned to the house. Meanwhile Frere had wandered some distance from the pretty little village and the charming rustic Inn. His mind was out of tune with all harmony and beauty. He was in the sort of condition when men hension. I wish to pretect Hetty Armitage will do mad deeds not knowing in the least as I would any other honest girl. Keep why they do them. Hetty's words had, as

·She has owned it,' he kept saying to himself. 'Yes, I was right in my conjecture-he wants her himself. Much he regards honour and behaving straight to a woman. I'll show him a thing or two. Jove, if I meet him tonight, he'll rue it.'

The great solemn plain of Salisbury lay not two miles off. Frere made for its broad downs without knowing in the least that he was doing so. By and by, he found himself on a vast open space, spreading heavier, older man than Awdrey. He had sheer away to the edge of the horizon. The moon which had been bright when he had started on his waklk was now about to set-it was casting long shadows on the ground; his own shadow in gantic dimensions walked by side as he neared the vicinity of the defend himself with but a slight stick which plain. He walked on and on, the he carried. Frere let him go for a moment blood boil within him. All his life hither: o | memory came to Awdrey's aid-a memory he had been calm, collected, reasonable. which was to be the undoing of his entire He had taken the events of life with a cer- life. He had been told in his boyhood by tain rude philosophy. He had intended to | an old prize-fighter who taught him boxing, do well for himself—to carve out a pros- that the most effective way to use a stick perous career for himself, but although he | in defending himself from an enemy was had subdued his passions both at college to use it as a bayonet. and at school, he had never blinded his eyes to the fact that there lived within his breast, ready to be awakened when the the mouth. Grasp your stick in both time came, a devil. Once, as a child, be hands, and when he comes to you, prod had given way to this mad fury. He had | him in the mouth or neck.' flung a knite at his brother, wounding him in the temple, and almost killing him. The sight of the blood and the fainting form of his only brother had awakened his better or two of something else, but Frare never | with a sudden groan to the ground. forgot that time of mental torture. From that hour untill the present, he had kept | his 'devil,' as he used to call it, well in

It was rampant to-night, however-he knew it, he took no pains to conceal the fact from bis own heart-he rather gloried

in the knowledge. He walked on and on, across the plain.

Everett calling him.

'Frere, I say Frere, stop a moment, I'll

A man who had been collecting underwood, and was returning home with a bagful, suddenly appeared in Frere's path. Hearing the voice of the man shouting be-

hind he stopped.

in his rude dialect. looked behind him, saw Everett's figure stick he felt softly across the point. The silhouetted against the sky, and then took point of the stick was wet—wet with blood.

splendid air, but they had nei her of them ever visited it at night before. The whole place was strange, uncanny, unfamiliar. Frere soon lost his bearings. He tum-

of pain, and raised himself with some underwood he thrust his stick. 'Hullo!' said a voice, 'you might have

here P

face, but he knew the tone. 'What the devil have you come to meet | the s'able clock struck twelve. me for?' he said. 'You've come to meet | will be the worse for you.'

'Look here,' ne said, 'I don't want to injure you, upon my soul, I don't, but there's a devil in me to-night, and you had better go home without any more words.'

'I shall certainly do nothing of the kind,'

your own path.'

standing,' said Frere.

'Well, step aside and leave me alone!' Frere came a step nearer to Awdrey.

'You shall have it,' he cried. 'By the heaven above, I don't want to spare you. Let me tell you what I think of you' 'Sir,' said Awdrey, 'I don't wish to have anything to do with you-leave me or go

about your business! 'I will after I've told you a bit of my mind. You're a confounded sneak-you're a liar-you're no gentleman. Shall I tell

you why you interfered between me and my girl tonight? -because you want her Cuthberts, and they can join us on the for you: self !"

'You forget yourself,' he said, after a long paule. 'I excuse you, of course; I loving sister, Aan.' con't even know what you are talking

'Yes, you do, you black-hearted scoundrel. You interfered between Hetty Armi. tage and me because you want her for from his brow. yourself-she told me so much toright!'

'She told you !-it's you who lie.' 'She told me—so much for your pretended virtue. Get out of the way, or I'll

strike you to the earth, you dog! Frere's wild passion prevented Awdrey's so preposterons that it did not even rouse about the murder—the doom of his house

'I'm soriy for you,' he said after a pause, 'you labor under a complete misappreout of my path now, sir, I want to continue he himself expressed it, 'awakened the very | my walk.'

By Heaven, that you never shall.' Frere uttered a wild, maniacal scream The next instant he had closed with Awdrey and raising a heavy cane which he carried, aimed it full at the young Squire's Lead. 'I could kill you, you brute, you scound-

rel. you low, base seducer,' he shouted. For a moment Awdrey was taken off his guard. But the next instant the fierce blood of his race awoke within him. Frere was no mean antagonist—he was a stouter, also the strength which madness confers. After a momentary struggle he flung Awdrey to the ground. The two young men rolled over together. Then with a quick and sudden movement Awdrey sprang to his feet. He had no weapon to further he went the more fiercely did his to spring upon him like a tiger. A sudden

> 'Prod your fee in the mouth,' old Jim had said-'be he dog or man prod him in

The words flushed distinctly now through Awdrey's brain. When Frere raised his heavy stick to strike him te grasped his own slender weapon and rushed forward. self. He had lived through agony while He aimed fu'l at Frere's open mouth. The his brother's life hung in the balance. The stick went a few inches higher and entered lad eventually recovered, to die in a year | the unfortunate man's right eye. He fell

In a moment Awdrey's passion was over. He bent over the prostrate man and examined the wound which he had made. Frere lay perfectly quiet; there was an awful silence about him. The dark shadows of the night brooded heavily over the place Awdrey did not for several moments realite that something very like a murder had been committed. He bent over the pros-Presently in the dim distance he heard | trate man-he took his limp hand in his, felt for a pulse—there was none. With trembling fingers he tore open the coat and pressed his hand to the heart-it was strangely still. He bent his ear to listenthere was no sound. Awdrey was scarcely frightened yet. He did not even now in the least realize what had happened. He felt in his pocket for a flask of brandy which he sometimes carried about with him An oath escaped his lips when he found Frere stared at the man blindly. He he had forgotten it. Then taking up his wildly to his heels; he ran as if something evil were pursuing him.

At this moment the moon went completely down, and the whole of the vast plain lay in dim grey shadow. Frere had not the least idea where he was running. He and Everett had spent whole days on the plain revelling in the solitude and the point of the stick was wet—wet with blood. He felt carefully along its edge. The blood extended up a couple of inches. He knew then what had happened. The stick had undoubtedly entered Frere's brain through the eye, causing instant death.

When this knowledge came to Awdrey he laughed. His laugh sounded queer, but he did not notice its strangeness. He

felt again in his pocket—discovered a box of matches which he pulled out eagerly. He struck a match, and by the weird, uncertain light which it cast looked for an instant at the dead face of the man whose

'I don't even know his name,' thought Awdrey. 'What in the world have I killed him for? Yes, undoubtedly I've killed him. He is dead, poor fellow, as a door-nail What did I do it for ?"

He struck another match, and looked at the end of his stick. The stick had a par- the Squire came up to her. row steel ferrule at the point. Blood bepattered the end of the stick.

'I must bury this witness,' said Awdrey, to himself. He blew out the match, and began to move gropingly across the plain. His step

was uncertain. He stooped as he walked. Presently he came to a great copse of bled into a hole, uttered an exclamination underwood. Into the very thick of the Having done this, he resolved to go home. Queer roises were ringing in his

broken your leg. What are you doing head. He felt as if devils were pursuing him. He was certain that if he raised his Frere stood upright, a man slighter and eyes and looked in front of him, he must taller than himself faced him about three see the ghost of the dead man. It was feet away. Frere could not recognize the early in the night, not yet twelve o'clock. As he entered the grounds of the Court,

'I suppose I shall get into a beastly mess a madman. Turn back and go home, cr it about this,' thought Awdrey. 'I never meant to kill that poor fellow. I ran at 'I don't understand you,' said Awdrey. him in self-defence. He'd have had my Frere put a tremendous restraint upon | blood if I hadn't his. Shall I see my father about it now? My father is a magistrate; he'll know what's best to be done.'

Awcrey walked up to the house. His gait was uncertain and shambling, so little characteristic of him that if anyone had met him in the dark he would not have been answered Awdrey. 'The plain is as open recognized. He opened one of the side to me as to you. If you dislike me take doors of the great mansion with a latch our own path.'
'My path is right acress where you are orderly household who went to roost in good time-the lamps were out in the house only here and there was a dim iliumina-It was so derk the men only appeared as | tion suited to the hours of darkness. Awshadows one to the other. Their voices, drev did not meet a soul as he went up each of them growing hot and passionate, some stairs, and down one or two corridors seemed scarcely to belong to themselves. to his own cheerful bedroom. He paused as he turned the handle of his door.

'My father is in bed. There's no use in (roubling him about this horrid matter bafore the morning,' he said to himself.

Then he opened the dcor of his room, and went in. To his surprise he saw on the threshold, just inside the door, a little rote. He

picked it up and opened it. It was from his sister Ann. It ran as follows: 'Dearest Bob-I have seen the plain tomorrow for a pienic. As you have This sudden accusation so astounded gone early to bed, I thought I'd let you and that Margaret will be there .- Your

> Awdrey found himself reading the note heart cooled down. He sank into a chair, took off his cap, and wiped the perspiration

'I wouldn't miss Margaret for the world,' he said to himself.

A look of pleasure filled 'his dark grey bed, and sound asleep. He awoke at his doors. On my way home I met Frere usual hour in the morning. He rose and again. He tried to pick a quartel with me rising. The accusation made against him dressed calmly. He had forgetten all had fallen upon him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

'I wish you would tell me about him, Mr. Awdrey,' said Margaret Douglas. She was a handsome girl, tell and slightly made-her eyes were black as night, her har had a raven hue, her complexion was a pure olive. She was standing a little

apart from a laughing, chattering group of boys and girls, young men and young ladies with a respectible sprinkling of fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts. Awdrey stood a foot or two away from her-his face was pale, he looked subdued and gentle. 'What can I tell you?' he asked.

'You said you met him last night, poor fellow. The whole thing seems so horrible, and to think of it happening on this very plain, just where we are having our picnic. If I had known it, I would not have come.'

'The murder took place several miles from here,' said Awdrey. 'Quite close to the Court, in fact. I've been over the ground this morning with my father and one of the keepers. The tody was removed before we came.' 'Didn't it shock you very much?'

'Yes; I am sorry for that unfortunate

Everett.' 'Who is he; I have not heard of him?' 'He is the man whom they think must have done it. There is certainly very grave circumstantial evidence against him. He and Frere were heard quarrelling last night, and Armitage can prove that Everett did not return home until about two in the morning. When he went out he said he was going to follow Frere, who had gone away in a very excited state of mind.'

'The usual thing,' said Awdrey, giving Margaret a quick look, under which she lowered her eyes and faintly blushed. 'Tell me,' she said, almost in a whisper.

'What about, I wonder?'

'I am interested—it is such a tragedy.' this valley and get under those trees yonder.' 'Come then,' said Margaret.

She went first, her companion followed her. He looked at her many times as she walked on in front of him. Her figure was supple and easy grace, her young steps seemed to speak the very essence of youth and springtime; She appeared scarcely to touch the ground as she walked over it; once she turned, and the full light of her dark eyes made Awdrey's heart leap. Presently she reached the shadow caused by a corpse of young trees, and stood still until

'Here's a throne for you, Miss Douglas. Do you see where this tree extends two friendly arms? Take your throne.' Shedid so immediately and looked up

at him with a smile. 'The throne suits you,' he said. She ooked down-her lips trambled-then she raised her eyes. 'Why are you so pale?' he asked

anxiously. 'I can't quite tell you,' she replied, 'except that notwithstanding the beauty of the day, and the summer feeling which pervades the air, I can't get rid of a sort of tear. It may be superstitious of me, but I think it is unlucky to have a picnic on the very plain where a murder was com-

mitted. 'You forget over what a wide extent the plain extends,' said Awdrey; 'but if I had knowa'—he stopped and bit his lips.

'Never mind,' she answered, endeavour-ing to smile and look cheerful, 'any sort of tragedy always affects me to a remarkable degree. I c.n't help it-I'm afraid there is something in me akin to trouble, but of course it would be folly for us to stay indoors just because that poor young fellow came to a violent end some miles away.' 'Yes, it is quite some miles from here-

am truly sorry for him.' 'Sit down here, Mr. Awdrey, here at my feet if you like, and tell me about it.'

'I will sit at your feet with all the c'easure in the world, but why should we talk any more on this gruesome subject?' 'That's just it,' said Margaret, 'if I am to get 1id of it, I must know all about it. You said you met him last night?'

'I did,' sa'd Awdrey speaking with unwillingness. 'And you guess why he came by his end?'

'Partly, but not wholly.'
'Well, do tell me.' 'I will-I'll put it in as few words as possible. You know that little witch Hetty, the pre'ty niece of the innkeeper Armitage?" 'Hetty Armitage-of course I know her.

tried to get her into my Sunday class, but she wouldn't come.' 'She's a silly little creature,' said

'She is a very beautiful little creature,' corrected Miss Douglas.

'Yes, I am afraid her beauty was too much for this unfortunate Frere's sanity Don't forget that we start at two o'clock, I came across him last night, or rather thay passed me by in the underwood, enacting a love scene. The fact is, he was kissing her. I thought he was taking a liberty with interest. The excited beating of his and interfered. He told me he intended her back to the lnn-she was very silent and depressed. Another man, a handsome tellow was standing in the porch. It just occurred to me at the time, that perhaps he also was a suitor for her hand, and eyes. A moment or two later he was in might be the favoured one. She went inwhich of course I nipped in the bud. He referred to his firm intention of marrying Hetty Armitsg', and when I told him that she had denied the engagement, Le said he would go back at on e and speak to her. I then returned to the Court.

The first thing I heard this morning was the news of the murder. My father as magistrate, was cf course made arquainted with the fact at a very early hour. Poor Everett has been arrested on suspicion, and there's to be a Coroner's inquest tomorrow. That is the entire story as I know anything about it. Your face is whiter than ever, Miss Douglas. Now keep your word-forget it, since you have heard all the facts of the cas .. '

She looked down again. Presently she raised her eyes, brimful of tears, to his

'I cannot forget it.' she said. 'That poor young fellow—such a fearfully sudden end, and that other poor fellow; surely if he did take away a life it was in a moment of terrible madness?

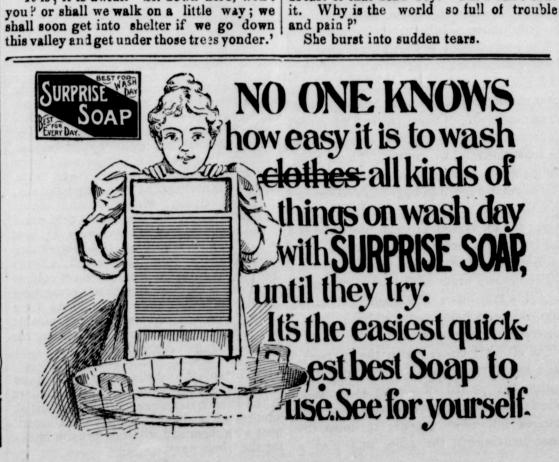
'That is true,' said Awdrey. 'They cannot possibly convict him of murder, can they ?'

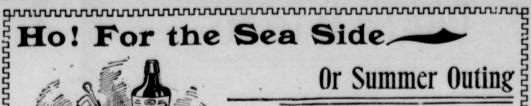
'My father thinks that the verdict will be manslaughter, or at the worst, murder under strong provocation; but it is impossile to tell.

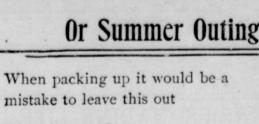
Awdrey looked again anxiously at his companion. Her pallor and distress aroused emotion in his breast which he found almost impossible to quiet.

'I'm sorry to my heart that you know about this,' he said. 'You are not not fit to stand any of the roughness of life.'

'What folly,' she answered, with passion. What am I that I should accept the smooth and reject the rough? I tell you what I would like to do. I'd like to go this very moment to see that poor Mr. Everett, in order to tell him how deeply so:ry I am for him. To ask him to tell me the story from first to last, from his point of view. To clear him from this awful rather that our engagement was not known After taking them for some weeks I rallied, stain. And I'd like to lay flowers over the until the day of the murder has gone by. 'It is; it is awful. Sit down here, won't breast of that dead boy. Oh. I can't bear







When packing up it would be a

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16 oz. Botile \$1.00.

'Don't, don't! Oh! Margaret, you're an angel. You're too good for this earth,'

said Awdrey. 'Nonsense,' she answered; 'let me have my cry out; I'll be all right in a minute.' Her brief tears were quickly over. She dashed them aside and rose to her feet. 'I hear the children shouting to me,' sha

said. 'I'm in no humor to meet them. Where shall we go?' 'This way,' said Awdrey, quickly; 'no

one knows the way through this copse but He gave her his hand, pusted aside the trees, and they soon found themselves in a

dim little world of soft green twilight. There was a narrow path on which they walking for half a mile the wood grew thinner, and they found themselves far away from their companions, and on a part of the plain which was quite new ground to Margaret.

'How lovely and enchaning it is here,' she said, giving a low laugh of pleasure.
"I am glad you like it,' said Awdrey. only a week ago. I never told a soul paid the fare, The driver, realizing his about it. For all you can tell your feet mistake and feeling remorseful, said to the may now be treading on virgin ground.'

As Awdrey spoke he panted slightly, and put his hand to his brow. "Is anything the matter with you?" asked Margaret. "Nothing; I was rever better in my

"You don't look well; you're changed." "Don't say that,' he answered, a faint ring of anxiety in his voice.

She gazed at him earnestly. "You are.' She repeated. 'I don't quite recognize the expression in your

"Oh, I'm all right,' he replied, 'only'-"Only what? Do tell me."

"I don't wan't to revert to that terrible tragedy again,' he said, after a pause. "There is something however, in connection with it which surprises myself.' "I den't seem to feel the horror of it.

I feel everything else; your sorrow for instance—the beauty of the day-the glad- tells her story as follows:-Like a great ness and fullness of life, but I don't feel many other Canadians, my husband and to marry her—but Hetty denied it. I saw any special pang about that poor dead myself left Canada for the States, in hope fellow. It's queer, is it not?" "No,' said Margaret tenderly, "I know -I quite understand your sensation. You

don't feel it, simply because you feel it too much—you are slightly stunned.' 'Yes, you're right-we'll not talk about it any more. Let us stay here for a little

'Tell me over again the p:eparations for

you coming of age. Margaret seated herself on the grass as she spoke. Her white dress-her slim yourg figure-a sort of spiritual light in her dark eye, gave her at that moment an unearthly radiance in the eyes of the man who loved her. All of a sudden, with an impulse he could not withstand, he resolved to put

his fortunes to the test. 'Forgive me,' he said, emotion in his voice-'I can only speak of one thirg at

He dropped lightly on one knee beside her. She did not ask him what it was. She

'You know perfectly well what I am going to say,' he continued ; 'you know what I want most when I come of age-I want my wife-I want you. Margaret, you must have guessed my secret long ago? She did not answer him for nearly a

minute-then she softly and timidly stretched out one of her hands-he grasped 'You have guessed-you do know-

you're not astoni-led nor shocked at my 'Your secret was mine, too,' she answered in a whisper.

'You will marry me, Margaret-you'll make me the happiest of men? 'I will be your wife if you wish it, Robert,' she replied. She stood up as she spoke. She was tall,

but he was a little taller—he put his arms round her, drew her close to him and kissed her passionately. Half-an-hour afterwards they left t'e woods side by side.

'Don't tell anybody today,' said Mar-'Why not? I don't feel as if I could keep it to myself even for an hour longer.' 'Still, humor me, Robert, remember I

am superstitious. 'What about ?' 'I am ashamed to confess it-I would (To be continued)

ALL PRIZE GOODS

### Colored by the Diamond Dyes.

It is a fact worthy of note that all the country fairs and exhibitions last year were dyed with the fast and brilliant cases they have cured after other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that best rag carpets, rugs and mats shown at Diamond Dyes.

This season, we near that even more extensive work is going on for the coming | Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full fairs. The ladies who are experts in the trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for art of carpet, jug and mat making are Pale People." Protect yourself trom imnew buying Diamond Dyes in large position by refusing any pill that does not quantities to color their materials for the bear the registered trade mark around the ture of exhibition goods.

At all fairs, nine out of every ten exhibitors of homemade carpets, rugs and mats use Dismond Dyes knowing fu'l

The Mill onaire's Car Fare.

Baron Rothchild was once caught in a predicament that many people experience daily, and that is getting into a conveyance of some kind and then not having the money

to pay the fare. The driver of the omnibus into which Rothschild entered demanded his fare, and the Baron, feeling in his pockets, discovered that he had no change. The driver was very angry. What did you get it

for if you had no money?' 'I am Baron Rott schild,' exclaimed the great capitalist, 'and there is my card.'

The driver stornfully tossed the card ccu'd not walk abreast. Awdrey now took away, 'Never heard of you before,' said the lead, Margaret following him. A'ter he, 'and don't want to hear of you again. What I want is your fare.' The banker was in great haste.

'Look here. I've an order for a million'

he said; 'give me the change.' And he proffered a coupon for that amount. The driver stared and the passengers laughed. Fortunately a friend of the Baron entered the omnibus at the moment I discovered that path to these heights and, taking in the situation, immediately paid the fare, The driver, realizing his

> "It you want ten frances, sir, I con't mind lending them to you on my own account.'-Harper's Round Table.

## DOCTORS GAVE HER UP.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. SALOIS, OF ST. PIE.

LaGrippe, Followed by Inflammation of the Lungs, Left her on the Verge of the Grave-Her Whole Body Racked With

Pain-Her Husband Brought her Home

to die, but she is Again in Good Health. In the pretty little town of St. Pie, Bagot county, is one of the happiest homes in the whole province of Quebec, and the cause of much of this happiness is the inestimable boon of health conferred through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Eva Salois is the person thus restored, and she that we might better our condition, and located in Lowell, Mass. About a year ago I gave birth to a bright little boy, but while yet on my sick bed I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into in-flammation of the lungs. I had the very best of care, and the best of medical treatment, and although the inflammation left me I did not get better, but continally grew weaker and weaker. I



could not sleep at night, and I became so nervous that the least noise would make me tremble and cry. I could not eat, and was reduced almost to a skeleton. My whole body seemed racked with p in to such an extent that it is impossible for me to describe it. I got so low that the doctor who was attending me lost hope, but sug-gested calling in another doctor for consultation. I begged them to give me something to deaden the terrible pain I endured, but all things done for me seemed unavailing. After the consultation was ended my doctor said to me, you are a great sufferer, but it will not be for long We have tried everything; we can do no more. I had therefore to prepare myself for death, and would have welcomed it as a relief to my suffering, were it not for the thought of leaving my husband and child. When my husband heard what the doctors said, he replied then we will at once go back to Canada, and weak and suffering as I was we returned to our old home. Friends here urged that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be tried, and my husband procured them. and from that on I constantly improved in health. I am now entirely free from pain. I can eat well and sleep well, and am almost as strong as ever I was in my life, and this renewed health and strength I owe to the marvellous powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in gratitude I urge all sick people to try them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new

blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink

Ran on the water.

A noted public man was accused some well that the imitation dyes can never give satisfactory results.

If you are about coloring materials for exhibition goods, do not allow your dealer to sell you the imitation, crude dyes. He makes a large profit, but you suffer loss of your money, time and materials if you are unfortunate enough to use them.

A noted public man was accused some time ago of a want of patriotic spirit in trying to get out of the leadership of his party. His accuser said in a public meeting: "What did he do, Mr. Chairman, when he found the ship was sinking? Did he nail his colors to the mast and stand by the old flag? No, sir, he got out and ran away."—London Tit-Bits.