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can be yours.

Do not try experiments with your health. If you are not well use only a medicine known to cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an experiment. They have cured thousands of people, who had tried common medicines and failed to find health. Some of the cured are in your own neighborhood.



Mr. F. Mission, Deleau, Man., writes:—"I can speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a medicine for rebuilding the system. Previous to using the pills I was suffering from headaches, loss of appetite and extreme nervousness, which left me in a very weak condition. The least work would fatigue me. I can now say, however, that I never felt better in my life than I do at present, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Similar sufferers—and there are many—will find it to their great advantage to use these pills."

Do not take anything that does not bear the full name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

would go hard with you, I fear, in the social circles of Stretton."

That ring of amusement angered Eola. "It is amusing to you"—stiffly—"but to me these things are real."

"My life is real—to me," he said, gravely. "And for some moments I faced death—that was real also."

There was a pause, and Eola walked still faster, until she was checked by finding her hands suddenly seized and held.

"Did you hurt yourself—you dear little hands with that heavy plank? Have you sprained your arm, or your wrist, or anything?"

"My arms, and my wrists, and my hands are quite well, thank you. It was perfectly easy."

She felt that he was regarding her with an intentness she could not face, and it seemed to her that her cheeks were burning.

"Easy!" He repeated her word with a deep-drawn breath.

She wrenched away her hands. "How you could do it I cannot imagine. You have poor imagination. One can always do things in an emergency."

"If one is a heroine—yes, I suppose so. There was something beyond admiration in his voice now, but they had reached the outside of the Highfields boundary."

"Here we part," said Eola, in her most decided voice.

"We do nothing of the sort," said her companion, with great courtesy. "Freeze? Well, what of that? Nothing shall induce me to let you go this dark way alone. After what you—"

"Oh! pray don't repeat that. Men really are too silly."

"They can't help it"—humbly—"any more than you can help showing yourself a heroine, when an emergency favours the development."

"Probably you cannot help being silly; but I am sure you can help saving these particularly irritating things," Eola said, loftily.

The man bowed.

He seemed to have quite recovered his usual condition; the freezing of his clothes did not affect him, and Eola's spirited exercise certainly took care of the circulation of his blood.

"I have no wish to annoy you," he said, contritely; "but you are unjust; there is no folly of speech in speaking of you as you are."

To that she had no answer ready, and they walked on in silence for some distance farther.

"It is a beautiful night, is it not?" observed Eola, at length, in a very easy manner.

"It is a night I shall remember as long as I live. Yes; it is a beautiful night," her companion said, in a very peculiar manner.

Her heart beat as if it would choke her. Of course he would remember a night in which he got under the ice, and was nearly drowned; but his voice vibrated so strangely.

"You were very foolish to skate over that part of the lake. You must have known that they would give air to the fish somewhere."

"I am so very glad I did it," the man said, gently.

Eola laughed tremulously. "Oh! well, when you are crippled with rheumatism, as you are trying your best to be, I hope your gladness of heart will continue."

"It will it—may I say it? No; I suppose I have no right to say it yet."

"You must go now!" cried Eola, in desperation. "Yes, I insist. My home is just down there, and if my mother or sisters were to see me—"

"Are they so very particular about you? Well, I cannot wonder."

He took her hands in his, and looked at them adoringly.

He raised them to his lips and kissed them passionately, and, as Eola flamed and trembled, he said, half in apology, half in defiance—

"You cannot save men's lives with impunity, you know. You must expect something to come of it. You must, I say."

Those eyes of his!

They were clearly visible—dark and

tender, and yet lit up with something which little, crushed Eola had never seen before. And yet she seemed to understand it, and a wild, sweet flood of happiness rushed over all her being, thrilling her, carrying her into ecstasies, making the well known lane and the dingy corners glorious as a field of Elysium.

She grew very pale, and stood with her hands yet clasped.

Her companion had lost his hat, and stood bareheaded before her.

She could see his face distinctly, and he looked to her like a king among men.

"I am glad I saved your life," she said subduedly, "for it seems to me—but I am only a foolish little girl, you know—with a smile rather tremulous—"yet it seems to me that you would be missed in the world."

Your presence must do good—bring happiness—I think to those you belong to; so I am glad I saved your life. But I would wish you to clearly understand—that here she became cold and very distinct—that had there been anyone else—anyone else—

"There was no one else, that is the point," said, softly, "and I was powerless to save myself."

"Well, you make too much of it"—brusquely—"because I should not have attempted the task had there been someone else to do it, do you see?"

"I have seen all along quite perfectly."

"Do you see that you need not give me this exaggerated gratitude? Because, I had no fancy for the task. It was forced upon me. I mean, quite—quite against my will."

"Now I begin to see what you wish me to understand."

And a note of sadness in the rich, beautiful voice disconcerted her again.

"Do go," she cried, impatiently. You have lost your hat."

"Would that were all. I have lost something of far more value than my hat."

"Your watch or rings? Oh, they will drag the lake to-morrow for them! But—she had moved away, but came running back, and laid a hand for one moment on his arm—"you will not betray me, will you? You will not mention that I was here to-night? If you really are grateful, you will keep my secret, please."

"A secret between ourselves," he said, joyfully. "I will keep it so, if I may."

CHAPTER III.

THE EARL OF DARTREY.

"They have never sent those flowers. Eola, you must walk into Thring, and get them," said Mrs. Caxton, in the authoritative way in which she always spoke to her youngest daughter.

"It's a long way, and it looks like rain," said Eola.

She had been on her feet all day, seeing to this and arranging that, and she was tired, poor little girl. It was a long and lonely walk to Thring.

"We must have the flowers, and they will take some time to arrange. You had better start at once, Eola. It won't matter if you are tired"—calmly—"As you are not going to dine downstairs tonight, you can rest all the evening. Blanche and Julia must keep fresh for the dinner-party."

"Lord Bellevue is coming isn't he? Do you think either Julia or Blanche will catch him?" asked Eola absently.

The thought crossed her mind: what a blessed riddance it would be of one exorbitant ill-tempered sister if Lord Bellevue would take her for himself.

Mrs. Caxton frowned heavily.

"I think you are the most vulgar girl I know. After all my pains—but, there, when one is low-bred—"

Eola flushed, and winced like a thoroughbred horse struck by a whip.

"It will come out. Go and put on your things at once. Prepare for rain, and bring the flowers as quickly as you possibly can."

Eola went of course. She got to the Thring, and obtained the flowers; but the roads were heavy.

"The thaw had set in; and as she was on her homeward way, the rain which had been holding off came down in torrents—the sort of rain which drenches one in a couple of minutes."

Eola ran for shelter.

Luckily, there was a shed at the side of the road, just where she was caught in the storm, and she saved herself and her flowers by rushing into it.

But how to get home? There was no break in the clouds; their leaden intensity increased as the deluge descended.

It might rain for hours, and between here and Stretton, Eola would be drenched to the skin.

That would not matter to anyone save herself; but the fragile flowers she carried would be destroyed.

She had no means of protecting them, and their loss would let loose the visits of Mrs. Caxton's and her daughters' wrath.

Eola peered anxiously for any sign of vehicle which might take pity on her.

She had hopes of a donkey-cart or a farm waggon, but to her surprise, a brougham, drawn by a pair of magnificent bays, came dashing into sight, and at her signals of distress, it stopped before her shelter.

A footman sprang to the ground, spoke to the occupant of the brougham, and ran across to Eola.

"His lordship begs that you will let him drive you home, miss."

"His lordship?" gasped Eola, inwardly, but she skipped over the flooded road, and into the carriage, whose door the servant held open, her flowers making her bold.

"If you should happen to be going to Stretton," she said, in her low, sweet voice, "it would indeed be kind if you would drive me there."

The brougham had but one occupant, an elderly gentleman of very aristocratic appearance, a handsome old man, albeit stern and melancholy of look, whom Eola recognized in awe as Lord Dartrey himself—she had seen him at some public meeting.

The Caxtons had very lately come to Stretton, and this was the first time since their arrival there that Lord Dartrey had occupied Highfields.

But what ailed his lordship? He sat upright in the carriage, gazing at the girl he had himself invited to enter as if he saw a specter, and he was all pale and trembling.

"You are ill, I fear," Eola said, with her quick sympathy and sweet manner, bending towards him.

But he recovered instantly. "Not at all, thank you," Lord Dartrey had a courteous, but a very stiff manner. "I hope I was in time to save you from getting wet. Now, where may I have the pleasure of driving you? Stretton, I think you said?"

"I am Eola Caxton, and I live at Cedar Cottage, in Stretton; but that is so far from Highfields."

"It is of no consequence. Should you mind my driving to Highfields first? and the carriage shall take you on."

"Oh! how kind of you. I am too anxious to keep the flowers dry." She uncovered and showed them. "My mother has a dinner party tonight, and we can't get flowers like these in Stretton."

"I believe," said Lord Dartrey, and now he smiled, and looked charming, "one of my guests dines with you to-night—Lord Bellevue?"

"I believe he does," said Eola.

She spoke with indifference, recovering her flowers.

Her companion watched her attentively. "You have a pretty name," he said at last. "Eola—it is uncommon."

"Yes." A shadow went over her face, and he wondered, still regarding her.

The bays dashed up the avenue to Highfields, and stopped before the front door, which was instantly opened by a couple of powdered footmen.

"You will come in for a few minutes?" Lord Dartrey said, almost entreatingly, "and while you have a cup of tea, my gardener shall cut you some more flowers. Then the carriage shall take you home in less time than you could have walked from where I met you."

Eola left the carriage, and went into the house. A strange unreal feeling was upon her.

The vague sweet dreams of long ago seemed to come over her, and her mother and sisters were forgotten.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

IS PICKED PURITY

Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.

IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD.

CHASE & SANBORN,

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CROSS QUESTIONED.

M. B. Connick Relates His Experience With Bright's Disease and Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered With that Dread Malady for Fifteen Years—Treated by Five Different Doctors—Literally Rescued from Death by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

MIDDLETON, P. E. I., Jan. 22.—Mr. M. B. Connick, the well known blacksmith of this place, known all over the Island as the man whom Dodd's Kidney Pills saved from death as by a miracle, has often been interviewed regarding his case as is ever ready to supply the facts.

"I had been a victim to kidney trouble for fifteen years before I took Dodd's Kidney Pills," said Mr. Connick in a recent conversation.

"Did you know it was Bright's Disease, Mr. Connick?"

"Not at first I didn't, but when I found out I was startled, I can tell you. In those days you know, Bright's Disease was incurable. I went to five different doctors. They could do no good. Finally my wife and I went together to one who told us right out there was no use taking my money. I could not be cured. I felt that it was all over."

"How did you come to take Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

"Well, one day a customer and I were talking of the death of a neighbor, and my customer said he was quite sure if he had taken Dodd's Kidney Pills he would have been cured. That set me thinking. For the last six years I had been forced to hire a man to do my work. Well, I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had finished the third box I was at work again. I can shoe a horse as well today as ever I could in my life."

"Do you mean to say that three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured you of Bright's Disease of fifteen years' standing?"

"Yes, sir, that's exactly what I mean. I was so stiff and sore I could not stoop to pick up anything—couldn't put on my shoes. If my wife was here she would tell me about Dodd's Kidney Pills than I can."

Mr. Connick is now fifty-eight years old and the picture of health and strength.

GEN. SHERMAN'S POKER GAME. About \$1,000,000 was in a Pot Played for on the March to the Sea.

The last time Gen. Sherman attended commencement at West Point was in June 1889. The members of the graduating class received their diplomas from his hand that year and he also delivered the commencement address. In the beautiful summer evening that followed the old General sat on the wide veranda of the hotel and told stories.

"I heard some pretty big games of poker in the early days out West," he said, "and maybe I saw one or two. But the biggest one I ever saw or heard of was during the war. It would have made your heads swim to have heard the bets that I heard that night. It was just after the march to the sea, when we were up in North Carolina. I took it into my head that night that I would make a quiet round of the outposts myself and see how things were coming on. In some bushes in the woods, well within our lines, I saw a light gleaming and a number of forms clustered around it all evidently very intent on something. I came quietly up toward them without attracting any attention. They were all too much absorbed to notice the crackling of twigs or the rustling of leaves under my feet. At last I was near enough to distinguish voices and make out what was said. And the first words I heard were: 'I'll see you \$200,000 and go you \$250,000 better.'"

"Whew! The figures fairly took my breath away. And they were privates too! It was easy enough to make that out. They had a blanket spread out on the ground and were all squatted on it or beyond its

edges, some bending eagerly forward peering over the shoulders of those who were in front of them. A couple of candle ends stuck in bottles afforded the illumination. And by this dim light I saw cords up stacks and stacks of bills, regular bundles and bales of them. It was like looking into a United States Treasury vault. The sight made me blink with wonder.

"I'll raise you \$800,000."

"That was the next thing I heard. It was said as nonchalantly as though it were a question of five cent chips. And the players did not look like Croesus either. You have heard about Sherman's bummers. Well, these were Sherman's bummers and they looked it. Of course that game then was just a little bit irregular, but I could not bear to break it up. I got interested in it. I felt as though I would like to see the limit reached, hear somebody called, and, just for curiosity know who it was who raked in the million or so dollars that probably would be in the pot when that interesting event occurred. I did not have to wait long. I have forgotten just the amount that changed hand but it was somewhere up around a million. The winner took up an armful of bills and swept them over in a heap by his side.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Bill," he said. "I'll put up the hull million again a plug of tobacco and play you three straight games of euchre—best two out of three and leave the sevens and eights in the deck."

"Well gentlemen," continued the General with his dry little laugh, "it is no need to tell you that I had begun to get a little light on the situation before this liberal proposition was made. I remembered that we had just raided a town where we had come upon a ton or so of rebel money, and that the boys had had the fancy to cart away several hundred weight of it. They had lots of fun with that money, and I am indebted to it for having had the pleasure of looking on at probably the biggest poker game played in the United States. I did not break up the little tea party. Poor fellows! Lord knows they had been through enough hard times to entitle them to a little fun."

IN 111 LANGUAGES.

The National Advertiser gives the following facts (?) without any indication of their source: The most recent and carefully collected statistics show that no fewer than 5,400 newspapers make their appearance daily in the world. These are published in sixty-six languages, while forty-five other languages are employed in the production of other papers that are published semi-weekly, bi-weekly, semi-monthly, monthly, and at other odd times, making a total of 111 separate languages in which in the newspaper press of the world is at present issued.

A CARD

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Williams' English Pills are used.

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