Right at Last

CHAPTER XXII.

Joan stood at the bench in the little workshop, her paint brush in her hand, a huge white apron, very much like Mr. Harwood's, enveloping her slim, graceful form.

The glow from the open grate fell full upon her face and lent it a touch of warmth and color which gave the finishing stroke to her beauty.

She had been at work all day, and half a dozen huge masks lay at her feet and on the bench beside her.

Two weeks had elapsed since she staggered into the friendly haven of the old mask maker's, and the two weeks seemed like a gulf dividing her from the past as widely as the Straits divide Africa from Spain.

Her two companions were more than kind, the old man mingling respect with affection, and Emily simply worshipping her. To the little fairy the tall, beautiful girl with the sad, dark eyes and sweet, dignified manner seemed like a being of a different and higher world.

Christmas was close at hand, and Emily was very busy at the theatre preparing for the great night, the night of the year—the first night of the grand Coronet pantomime.

As the night approached, Emily grew restless and excited.

She expected great things from the pantomime, and had hopes of achieving a success which would raise her a step in her profession.

"If I get through my part well, Mr. Giffard says he will give me a good part in the after Christmas burlesque," she said to Joan. "He says I've improved immensely lately, and though I didn't tell him so, it's all owing to you, dear," she added, for Joan had given her a hint now and again, and had shown her how to stand and move gracefully.

"What a lot you have done, dear?" she said, looking at the masks. "Aren't you tired? Go and sit down now, Father," and she turned, in her sharp way, to the old man, "why do you let her work so hard?"

"Eh? I don't think I've got much to do with it," he said, meekly. "She just will work," and he peered kindly through his spectacles at Joan.

"I have not worked too hard, and I am not tired," she said; "not half so tired as you are. And, besides, these must all go home directly; it is the dress rehearsal to-night, you know!"

"Yes!" said Emily, with a little sigh of excitement. "The dress rehearsal! Oh, you will come with me to-night, won't you, dear? I want you to see how I look, and whether I do as you told me!"

"I will come if you wish me," said Joan, "and if I shall not be in the way."

They finished their tea, and set out for the Coronet, whither all the masks had gone half an hour before.

It was a busy and important night at the Coronet, and the whole place was in a simmer of anxiety and excitement. Stage carpenters were placing the elaborate scenery, dressers and wardrobe women were hurrying to and fro with the actors' and actresses' costumes upon their arms; children were playing and larking about the greenrooms; the passages were crowded with supernumeraries, and in the confusion which seemed to reign triumphant Mr. Giffard, the manager, flew about like a stormy petrel.

There was a full band in the orchestra, and all the arrangements were as perfect as they generally are at the first dress rehearsal, but to Joan it seemed as if the whole thing were in a state of the most hopeless confusion and muddle.

Presently they pulled up the curtain and the business began.

Through all the clash and clatter Joan stood looking on at the crowd of imps and elves upon the stage. She seemed standing in dreamland. It was so difficult to realize that only a fortnight ago she was sitting in that quiet room with Lord Stuart Villiars by her side—her betrothed husband!

Suddenly she heard Emily's name called, and roused herself.

"Is my dress quite, quite right?" asked Emily, almost nervously. "And the flowers? Well, here I go! Watch me closely, and tell me if I stand as you told me."

Joan watched her. The morsel had seized upon Joan's hints and made the most of them, and she looked like a veritable fairy, as she rose from her gold shell and came down the stage on the tips of her toes and seeming to float as she waved her hands—a fashion which Joan, who had read about fairies, imagined more suitable than the traditional stage attitude.

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Giffard.

"Bravo!" What is he 'bravo-ing' for?" said a haughty voice behind her, and Joan turned and found Miss Mazurka looking on. "Oh, it's that little Montressor girl, is it?" she added, scornfully. "I don't see anything wonderful in the performance, do you?" and she turned to Joan.

"I think she is very pretty and looks very fairylike," replied Joan, quietly.

"Oh, you're her friend, her sister, aren't you?" demanded Miss Mazurka, rudely.

"Yes, I am her friend," replied Joan, as quietly as before.

"Oh, well, you can tell Miss Montressor not to lose her head and get conceited!" remarked Miss Mazurka, amiably.

"I don't think she will do that," said Joan, with a smile.

Miss Mazurka stared at her with haughty contempt, which faltered a little under the steady gaze of Joan's eyes; then the Queen of the Fairies was called and Miss Mazurka, flinging off the cloak she had on, stepped on to the stage in all her glory.

The scene was a magnificent one, and as Miss Mazurka swept on there was a little applause from her fellow actors, which she acknowledged with a toss of her haughty head.

The band struck up the accompanying music, and the wire which was to take her up to the flies was let down. She was going to seat herself upon it, when she stopped and struck it with her hand.

"What's all this?" she demanded, eying it scornfully.

The stage mangaer came forward respectfully.

"It's a little arrangement I've rigged up to make it safer, Miss Mazurka," he said. "A little idea of my own."

"I don't like it!" said the spoiled beauty. "It's clumsy; I don't want all the people laughing at me the first night and yelling out, 'I see the wire!'"

"All right!" said Mr. Giffard, out of patience. "Take it away!"

They drew the arrangement up out of sight, and let down the old-fashioned support, and Miss Mazurka condescended to place herself in position and be drawn up.

Joan trembled a little as she saw the girl poised, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, but Miss Mazurka laughed scornfully, and calling out, "It's quite safe, you see; I hate new-fangled notions," disappeared amongst the clouds.

"Isn't she an obstinate thing?" exclaimed Emily, as she darted to Joan's side during a short interval. "Mr. Giffard has had that new wire made especially for her, so that she might be safe, and now she won't even try it!" and she ran again to take her place in the centre of a gigantic sea anemone.

This was the great scene of the pantomime, and amidst an intense silence the Fairy Queen came floating down from among the flies, and apparently from the surface of the sea.

When she reached the bottom she was to deliver her short speech, wave her wand, and summon her fairies, who would dart from shells and seaweed and cluster around her, obedient to her command.

This is what should have happened, but when within six or seven feet of the stage—that is, the bottom of the ocean—she was seen to swerve slightly.

A cry of fear and anxiety rose from the spectators, and the next instant Miss Mazurka slipped from the invisible wire and fell heavily upon the stage.

Joan, who was standing at the wing nearest her, forgot everything and ran forward to her assistance, and she was instantly joined by all in the vicinity.

They carried the poor Fairy Queen, so proud and haughty a few moments ago, so limp and helpless now, off the stage, and Mr. Giffard despatched someone for a doctor; then she was placed in a cab and driven away.

Mr. Giffard was pacing up and down the stage in a kind of frenzy, the people gathered at the wings looking at him in almost silent dismay. He had relied so much upon the beautiful Miss Mazurka, and now she was being carried home with a sprained ankle, and close upon the opening night, too.

Presently, in the course of his frantic promenading, the manager came up to them, his anxious gaze fixed on vacancy; but suddenly it lit upon Joan standing straight beside the little figure of Emily, and he gave a slight start.

The light from the lime jet was pouring full upon Joan's pale and lovely face, and the sight filled the manager's heart with a sudden hope.

"Hullo!" he said; "who's this. You are not one of the girls, are you?" he asked, quickly but not impolitely.

Joan flushed and shrank back a little, and Emily answered for her in her sharp little treble.

"This lady is a friend of mine, Mr Giffard. No, she doesn't belong to the theatre; she came to look on and to help me."

"Oh," he said, still looking at Joan; "a friend of yours. Glad to make the acquaintance of any friend of Miss Montressor's," and he bowed to Joan.

"A word with you, my dear," said Mr. Giffard to Emily, and she followed him to the centre of the stage.

"That young lady is a friend of yours, you say. She is very pretty. Do you think she could play poor Mazurka's part if I offered it to her?"

Emily flushed and sparkled, then she put her head on one side and looked up at him.

"I know she could," she said, naively; "but I don't know whether she would."

"Hem!" he said, looking round impatiently.

They were all waiting, every eye turned upon them.

"I've a great mind mind to chance it; we might see, at any rate. Look here, my dear, take my compliments to your friend—what's her name?"

"Miss Trevelyan! Ida Trevelyan!" said Emily, glibly.

"—And tell her that if she likes she can try the part. It's easy enough, goodness knows. She'll look it to perfection!"

Emily went back to the wings and found Joan standing in a dark corner.

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed Emily, snatching at her arm. "Such a chance! Mr. Giffard has sent me to ask you to take Miss Mazurka's part!"

"I? exclaimed Joan, turning pale, "I?"

"Yes, you! You are the prettiest girl in the theatre—the prettiest in the world, I think. Oh, don't refuse, dear, or you'll break my heart!"

"I shouldn't like to do that, Emily," said Joan, smiling quietly. "Let me think a moment. It has taken me by surprise, and—and I haven't realized it——"

"Yes, yes; think it over. I'll give you two minutes," assented Emily, eagerly. "Only don't—don't throw such a chance away."

Joan turned her face away from the stage and tried to realize the offer and all that it meant. The idea of standing before that theatre full of people, of having to speak while hundreds were listening, frightened her, it was true, but it was no worse for her than for others as good as herself.

"Well," demanded Emily, clutching her arm. "Say 'yes.' Look, he's waiting and looking at us! Don't hesitate and lose the chance, dear. He'll go and speak to some one else directly. Oh, do be quick," and she stood on tiptoe, eagerly scanning Joan's pale, thoughtful face.

"You may say 'yes,' that I will try," said Joan.

A moment afterwards Joan placed herself in position and felt herself being drawn up, up, up—it seemed miles, to the very sky itself! She closed her eyes for a moment and drew her breath, but by repeating, "I am quite safe! I am quite safe!" to herself several times, she regained her courage and looked down upon the glittering scene, "The Ocean's Bed."

Slowly she descended. The music grew softer, fainter, sweeter, and as she touched the ground she stepped from the wire support, and advancing, waved her wand and spoke the few lines of her part.

It seemed to her that no one but herself could hear her voice, but as she finished, and the shells and sea anemones opened, and the crowd of fairies came hopping over the stage, Mr. Gifford clapped his hands and cried, "Bravo!"

"Oh, it was splendid—splendid!" murmured Emily, as she tripped past her, "you did it beautifully. Look at Mr. Giffard. He is delighted."

But Joan could look at nothing. All her heart was set upon accomplishing the task she had undertaken to her own satisfaction, and as the scene closed upon the reascent of the Fairy Queen, a little burst of applause arose from the spectators.

"Mr. Giffard," said the stage manager, hurrying up to him and speaking in a whisper, "you've got a prize, sir, a prize!"

And Mr. Giffard, with a smile, nodded and murmured:

"By George, I believe you're right!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The whole current of Joan's life was changed. That she would prove a success, and a great one, not only Mr. Giffard, but all about the theatre were confident.

She was not only beautiful, but she was, so it was whispered, gifted. Her voice was sweet, and yet clear, the kind of voice which, without an effort, makes itself heard from the pit to the gallery—soft, flexible and melting.

So exquisitely did she speak the few lines of the original part at the next rehearsal that the author, who was present, declared that it would be a sin and a shame to waste her upon so few words, and "wrote up" her part, that is, added to it, so that now the Fairy Queen had more to say than the few words which called her attendant fairies together.

There were frequent rehearsals, sometimes twice a day, and at last came the last grand dress one, when even Mr. Giffard seemed satisfied. And then came the night.

Mr. Giffard helped her up the narrow stairway to the flies, and assisted in placing her in the wire; the music played the soft chords which were to herald her appearance, and Joan felt herself descending to the earth. As she came in sight of the audience there was a momentary stillness, a moment of surprise and admiration, than a burst of applause.

Her beauty, the grace of her pose as she seemed to float through the air, and slight like a snowflake upon the boards, took the house by storm.

For a moment Joan stood fronting the house, the glare of the footlights almost blinding her, the sight of the crowd, dimly seen through the haze of gas and limelight, overwhelming her; her heart seemed to stand still and her brain whirled; then, with a great effort, she came floating down to the footlights, and waving her wand, spoke her opening lines.

She almost fancied that not a word could be heard, but the house had caught every syllable, and as the sweet, musical voice, low and clear, spoke the poetical lines with a delicate ripple, as if she felt them—instead of in the usual hard, mechanical fashion to which audiences are accustomed—and the fairies came darting out from their hiding places, the house broke out into delighted applause.

Gracefully, airily, as if she were treading on space, Joan floated toward the wire, got into position, and was wafted out of sight.

But the audience was not inclined to let her go so quietly and easily.

With a roar of satisfaction and approval, they shouted for her reappearance, and Joan, scarcely understanding what was going on, felt herself gently lowered into the light again, amidst a thunder of applause.

Mr. Giffard seized her hand to assist her from the wire, his face beaming with smiles.

"Capital, capital!" he exclaimed. "I congratulate you, Miss Trevelyan. You have scored a distinct success, and I am not surprised!"

The next morning the papers contained a full account of the Coronet pantomime, and though they praised the scenery and the management liberally enough, they reserved their sweetest morsels of laudation for the new actress, Miss Ida Trevelyan. She was a young lady, so they said, who showed a great deal of promise and who had unmistakably the makings of a first-class actress in her.

One or two of the "society" papers grew quite enthusiastic about her beauty, and in two days' time Mr. Giffard had inserted a special line in his advertisement, "puffing" the beautiful and gifted Miss Ida Trevelyan, and all London was flocking to see the beautiful girl float through the air and summon her attendant fairies.

So, like Lord Byron, Joan "woke one morning to find herself famous."

All London flocked to see the young actress who had taken the public and critics by storm, and at last came Mordaunt Royce.

His search for Joan still went on, but with no trace of success. Indeed, if it had been really she who lay cold and dead in the waterside mortuary, she could not more surely have escaped him. Try as he would he could find no clue to her whereabouts, and at last he resolved he would put the affair out of his mind. He would still keep a keen lookout for her, but he would not allow the matter to take so firm a grip of him.

In this frame of mind he went one night to the Coronet.

When he reached his stall he found Lord Pontelere seated in the one next it, and the two men exchanged greetings.

"Come to see the new beauty?" drawled Lord Pontelere. "How is the Mazurka?"

"Better; quite well, I believe," said Royce, languidly. "She has gone away to Nice."

"Ah, well, they don't want her here. This new girl has cut her out completely, so they say. But you know all about it, I suppose?"

"No," said Royce, covering a yawn with his small, white hand; "I haven't taken any interest in the place for some time. Is she pretty?"

"Lovely, they say," said Lord Pontelere.

The curtain rose, and Royce settled into his seat, looking on at the play with half-closed eyes and with absence of mind. He had seen the same sort of thing for years and years, and could tell what was going to happen as well as Mr. Giffard himself; and he had almost resolved to go out and make for his club, when Lord Pontelere turned and said:

"Look out; here she comes! By George, she looks lovelier than ever to-night!" and he put up his opera glasses eagerly as the Fairy Queen came floating down from the flies.

Royce looked up languidly, then he started and clasped the arms of the stalls spasmodically, and a deep red flush mounted to his brow.

He watched Joan with feverish scrutiny as she came to the front, and when she spoke he started again and exclaimed:

"It is she!"

Lord Pontelere turned and stared at him.

"What do you say? Why, what on earth's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No," said Royce, with his usual calm smile. "I said that she was pretty."

(To be Continued.)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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BANK OF MONTREAL

Report of Annual Meeting

The 93rd annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held at the head office of the company on December 5th, with Mr. R. B. Angus, the president, in the chair. The annual statement submitted was one of the best in the history of this [illegible] institution. The Bank of Montreal [illegible] is so intimately bound up with the financial history of this country, has become the strongest of our financial institutions. At the present her total assets have reached the enormous sum of $240,000,000. With her 147 branches scattered throughout the country, the bank is able to keep in close touch with the business interests of every community, and is doing her full share in promoting the financial and industrial development of the country.

The annual report showed a balance of profit and loss on Oct. 31, 1909, of $603,796. The profits for the year ended Oct. 31, 1910, after deducting charges of management and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, was $1,797,992, making the total profits $2,401,789. From this was deducted four quarterly dividends of 2½ per cent., amounting altogether to $1,440,000, leaving a balance of profit and loss carried forward at the end of October, 1910, of $961,789.

A further examinaton of the reports shows that the bank has deposts bearing interest of over $154,000,000, while considerably over $43,000,000 is on deposit not bearing interest. During the year the deposits had increased by $18,000,000, an indication of the bank's growth. The note circulation of the bank amounted to $14,502,000, being slightly larger than the paid-up capital. The bank has a rest or reserve account of the large sum of $12,000,000. The amount of call and short loans in Great Britain and the United States was reduced by $14,000,000 during the year and now amounts to $61,918,999. This amount of money is kept on call in New York and London at a low rate of interest, as the bank finds it less disturbing to Canadian business interest to have it on deposited in foreign centres. If it were not on deposit in Canada and were demanded at a few hours' notice, it might seriously embarass local institutions.

The loss and advance made by the bank during the year shows an increase of $21,000,000, indicating that the bank is doing its full share in assisting in developing of our rapidly growing country. Altogether the financial statement is one of the most creditable ever presented by Canada's premier financial institution. The business transacted has been large, the profits to the bank have been satisfactory. The deposits, loans, circulation, as well as the assets, have all increased throughout the year. To-day the bank is in a better position than ever before to cater to the needs of the business communities, and better able to assist in the financial development of the country than ever before.

A MYSTERY.

Jimmy, a boy of seven years, was deep in thought over a word in the first reader. His mother noticed him, and said, "Jimmy what are you thinking about?"

"Oh, mamma!" he said, "I'm thinking how Adam got through the first reader with nobody to help him."

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA

How the Festive Season is Observed in the Province of Quebec

A more romantic setting for a Christmas festivity could hardly be imagined than the Province of Quebec nestling along the broad St. Lawrence as it sweeps in an easterly direction to the ocean. Aside from its historical associations, the province possesses many quaint beliefs and traditions transplanted from "La Vieille France" or adopted from contact with the English and other European neighbors. The tendency of these has been to acquire a local coloring from frequent repetition and local conditions until they have become characteristic of the country of their adoption. No doubt these have been augmented by others of spontaneous growth. The educated classes, among the French-Canadians, as with ourselves are inclined to throw these ancient traditions aside, although many still survive among the "habitants," or inhabitants of the country districts.

A Christmas legend which has been traced to old country sources is "La Chasse Galerie." This is based on the belief that at certain times of the year, on Christmas Eve for instance, the voyageur or hunter in his canoe can pledge his soul to the devil in return for the ability to fly through the air to some distant point. Dr. Frechette tells us that "One Sunday morning, coming out of church the inhabitants of St. Jean Deschaillons saw, in broad daylight, passing through the air, a canoe mounted by a crew of shantymen in red flannel shirts, paddling in time with a "chanson de voyageur." It was—as you may well imagine—an effect of mirage produced by a real canoe passing on the river hidden by the angle of the cliff; but created an immense sensation at the time. The conclusion was that the 'forestiers' of our lumber shanties, whose reputation, by the way, was not of the most enviable order, had the means, by some devilish process of travelling as the crows fly, to save time and fatigue." Whatever we may think of this explanation, we may be sure that with many people the imagination requires very little stimulation in such cases. In Europe the belief is traceable in the "Grand Veneur," or the "Chasseur Noir" (the Black Huntsman). This is always a hunting party with horses, dogs and attendants, but the stories turn on the same idea. Another story along this line is to the effect that travellers, passing along lonely roads at night and speaking sacriligiously or boasting that they feared neither God nor the devil, have been overtaken by a mysterious black steed and borne swiftly through the air. The spell could be broken only by mentioning the name of the Deity, a saint, or by making the sign of the cross.

To fully understand the French-Canadian Christmas we must bear in mind the fact that it is chiefly a religious festival and that the larger part of the ceremonies and festivities cluster about the parish church. Ask an old French-Canadian how Christmas is celebrated at home and he will most likely begin to tell you of the "cantiques" or hymns which are sung at the celebration of mass or by the fireside. The Kyrie or Kyrie Eleison is a favorite or classical hymn for use in the churches on Christmas Day. A great many other hymns, as well as songs and ballads, exist, and are used according to fancy. One mentioned by an acquaintance of the writer was "Nouvelle Agreable" (The Glad News). Others are: "Les Anges dans nos campagnes," a hymn derived from Languedoc; "Echoes de Bethleem;" "Silence ciel; silence, terre;" "Mortels, preparez-vous;" "Jesus est ne;" and so on.

In the home, Christmas is much less important than New Year's or "le Jour de l'An," when most of the gift-giving takes place. Presents are often given for religious purposes on Christmas, or to church officials, especially by the well-to-do. Children usually expect some trifle in the line of toys or candies, and hang up their stockings, or place their shoes by the fireside as other Canadian children do, but the larger part of the looked-for presents (called "Etrennes") are given on New Year's eve. French-Canadians shout "Noel" and try each to get it on the other first in the same way as English-speaking Canadians shout "Merry Christmas," or "Christmas box." There is always plenty of good cheer at this season, and many pleasant family reunions take place on this date as well as at the New Year, while both church and home, and especially the former, are lavishly decorated with flowers, evergreens and other tokens of the season.

The custom practised by children of hanging up the stocking on Christmas Eve is stated to have been derived from France. It then spread to Germany and other countries. In this connection it is stated that in many French convents the boarders used to place each her silk stocking at the door of the Mother Abbess, recommending herself at the same time to the good St. Nicholas. The placing of shoes by the fireside has long been practised in Italy, the idea being to surprise people when they come to put on their shoes. French children have the same custom.

After the drive or walk through the crisp wintry air to midnight mass, comes the "reveillon," a banquet or feast at which friends and members of the family are assembled. An attack is made on the good things prepared, which, including delicious "tourtieres," a kind of pie, and "croquignoles" or doughnuts, without which a French-Canadian Christmas would be incomplete, toasts are made and songs are sung, sometimes until a late hour. An excellent translation of a characteristic Christmas ballad is given by the late Mm. McLennan, entitled "D'ou viens-tu-bergere?"

Whence art thou, my maiden,
Whence art thou?
I come from the stable
Where this very night,
I, a shepherd maiden,
Saw a wondrous sight.

What saw thou, my maiden,
What saw'st thou?
There within a manger
A little child I saw,
Lying softly sleeping
On the golden straw.

Nothing more, my maiden,
Nothing more?
I saw the Holy Mother,
The little Baby hold,
And the father, Joseph,
A-tremble with the cold.
Nothing more, my maiden,
"Nothing more?
I saw an ass and oxen
Kneeling meek and mild
With their gentle breathing
Warm the Holy Child.

Nothing more, my maiden,
Nothing more?
There were three bright angels
Come down from the sky,
Singing forth sweet praises
To the Father high.

Collections of these hymns and ballads are given by various writers, including Pellegrin, Surin, Pere Daule and Martial de Brives. Musical compositions for use at this season were constructed on popular airs, whether love songs or the more rollicking variety, as well as upon military tunes. The hymns and songs composed for church use are sung as solos or voluntaries by the choir or soloist, and no small amount of the enjoyment would naturally be occasioned, especially in the smaller places, by the preparations necessary for this most important of festivals.

CAUSE AND CURE OF RHEUMATISM

Due to Impurities in the Blood—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The most noticeable and immediate result of rheumatism is a marked thinning of the blood, and in no disease does it develop more rapidly. Not only does the blood become weak but it is soon filled with impurities, which the different organs of the body have been unable to throw off. One of the most harmful of these impurities is uric acid which is formed from the waste products of the body. In health it is readily passed off by the kidneys with the help of oxygen from the red corpuscles of the blood. Without oxygen the kidneys are unable to rid the system of this acid and it is retained in the blood and distributed to all parts of the body. The weak back, pains across the kidneys and thin scanty, highly colored secretions, which follow, show that the acid is already in the blood and often leads the sufferer to think he has kidney trouble. If the disease is not driven out of the blood, rheumatism can never be cured, and the sufferer will always be subject to attacks, whenever exposed to damp or cold. With each returning attack the pain becomes more severe and complications often arise making necessary the use of habit forming drugs to relieve pain.

It is readily seen that the only way to cure rheumatism is through the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills afford such a treatment as they contain all the elements necessary to build up and purify the blood. They increase its oxygen carrying capacity enabling the kidneys to pass the uric acid from the body and the other organs to do their work. Thus rheumatism is reached at its root and permanently cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely free from all habit-forming drugs, and are not an experiment as the following case will show:—Mr. W. Studley Lewis, Pilot Mound, Man., says: "I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an dalways keep some by me in case of need. A few years ago while teaching school I suffered so much with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders that I had the greatest difficulty in writing on the blackboard, and after trying a number of remedies without benefit, I was almost in despair, and felt inclined to abandon teaching. But one day I happened to pick up one of Dr. Williams' almanacs, and read of the cure of a number of severe cases of rheumatism through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This decided me to give the Pills a trial, and I had only taken them a few weeks when I felt much better. In the course of a few weeks more the pains and stiffness had all left me, and I had no more difficulty in doing my work. I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for they and they alone cured me of my rheumatism."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

(Harper's Weekly.)

"I see from the papers," said Dawson, "that there is a great scarcity of chorus girls this year."

"I was afraid there would be," said Wiggles. "It's only another case of cause and effect. The French champagne crop has practically failed, and lobsters are scarcer than hens' teeth this season."

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.