# ERT TRIAL

## Publication of ge Banns.

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### SECTION BOSS.

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# Sybil's Doom

CHAPTER I.

"Are we almost there, Joe? I am dead beat—I cannot go further. Yonder are the lights of Leamington—let us rest there."

The man looked round at the piteous cry. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, with a certain stride and swing, bold and free, that stamped him soldier, in spite of the disguising farmer's garb he wore. A young man, big-boned and loose-jointed, with a sullen, sunburned face—what you could see of it for the shaggy black beard and bleaker cascade of mustache—purple-black hair close-cropped, and big, savage black eyes. A fierce, gypsy-faced fellow, with a murderous scowl on his bent brow, a murderous devil in either eye, and horrible oaths perpetually on his lips.

He looked around—this big, black-browed Saul, at the plaintive, womanly cry. She was his wife—the little slender creature beside him, with a face of pallid whiteness, drawn and pinched with unutterable weariness and hunger and cold. For, though the night was August, she shivered as she tottered along the endless way, under the weight of a heavy, sleeping child. She was miserably clad, and her blistered feet were hardly protected from the pitiless stones by the wretched shoes she wore. She strained the little one to her with a fierce, hard clasp that had little of love in it, though it was her only one, hushing its fearful wails with vindictive little shakes. A forlorn and wretched couple as any on whom that warm August night shut down.

"Whimpering again," the man said, with a horrible oath; "you want me to beat in that white face of yours to a jelly—don't you? Shut up, you whining fool, or I'll blacken your other eye to match the one I blackened last nigh!"

"But, Joe," with a wild, tortured cry, "I cannot go on, I tell you. My feet are bleeding and blistered, my arms ache with the weight of this child, and my head is throbbing until I am blind with pain. For God's sake, stop at Leamington to-night—we will reach Plymouth before the ship sails to-morrow."

The man's answer was a brutal blow. He turned round upon the frail creature beside him, with a volley of blood-curdling oaths and struck her full in the face.

"I told you I'd do it," he said, with a wolfish glare in his greenish eyes; "now, will you stop your whimpering, mistress? You used to be proud of that pretty face of yours. Look in the glass to-morrow, and see if you'll be proud of it any more. Come on, and hold your infernal clack, or I'll smash every bone in your body, by——!"

The woman had staggered blindly back, the blood spurting from a deep cut between the eyes, but she did not fall. She put up one hand and wiped away the flowing blood, then, without a single word, resumed her walk after him.

"Oh, we take it quiet, do we?" the man said, with a backward scowl; a little blood-letting settles some people wonderfully. Now, come, and let's have no more jaw about stopping at Leamington. I'll stop where I see fit and when I see proper—not before. Come on faster, and be hanged to you!"

The woman wore a deep sun-hood of the poorest and plainest kind, but it effectually shaded her face. That face had turned a dull, leaden white where the blood did not horribly disfigure it, and the light in the swollen and discolored eyes was a light that might have made that reckless man tremble.

It was still early in the night, between nine and ten. The road was long and lonely, and far and faint in the distance twinkled the lights of Leamington village, athwart the purplish haze. The sky, bending down on the tree-tops, was overcast and menacing. The moon rent her way up through piles of jagged cloud, and what wind there was signed with an unearthly, eerie moan up from the sea. Wild weather was near—wild weather for this wretched trio, for weary days and nights on the tramp.

Dead silence fell between them now. The woman's lips were compressed, as through she never meant to open them again, and the eyes, dull and lifeless before, blazed up with terrible fire. The blow that might have beaten out all her feeble remaining strength, had goaded her on with a fierce desperation born of vindictive hatred and despair. In dead silence she walked on after him along the lonesome, dusty road, straining the sleeping child to her breast with an energy of fierce strength that made his intolerable weight no more than a feather.

The road ended in the village. Ten was striking loudly by the Leamington clocks as they passed through the long, straggling streets. Lights twinkled here and there from cottage homes, and the Vine Inn was brilliant with illumination. The man stopped before it, licking his dry, cracked lips in a wolfish sort of way.

"I'm going in for a pot o' porter, mistress," he said; "wait you here till I come back."

Still dead silence. Growling out inward oaths that seemed to come as naturally as his very breath, he tramped into the inn and vanished like an evil gnome in the lighted door-way.

Stock-still the woman stood looking straight before her into the purplish mists of the night, with a fierce, reckless stare. Once she spoke in a whisper to herself and her own dark thoughts.

"Take your drink, Joe Dawson; it will be your last. You have trodden on the worm for two long years; its time has come to turn. You will never strike the fool who married you another blow."

The man came out of the public-house, wiping his lips with the back of his big, sunburned hand.

"Come on!" he cried, with his customary oath and growl. "None o' your lazy lagging here!"

The landlord had followed his suspicious-looking customer to the door, and stood looking after him until he disappeared. He heard the brutish words and remembered them, and the frail-looking creature to whom they were addressed, long after, when the whole country rang with his name.

"A rough customer," the landlord thought. "Looks as if he had been out on the tramp for a month. A rough customer for that poor little woman—her master, I take it. She had a child in her arms, too, poor soul!"

Away beyond the village the dusty high-road wound tortuously, and lost itself in bleak marshes and ghastly commons. Dark clumps of woodland dotted the way—spots made, one might think, for foul murders, so lonely and desolate were they. And still on and on spread these interminable miles that lay between them and the seaport of Plymouth.

Another hour and another—midnight now. The menacing wind had arisen higher and shriller; the moon had hidden her pallid disk behind the black, scudding clouds; the summer storm was very near. Even the dull, brute nature of the man could not fail to read the palpable signs of the coming tempest.

"Curse the weather!" he growled, furiously, shaking his fist impotently at the blackening sky. "It's agin me, like all the rest. My feet feel like lumps of raw flesh, and I'm one bundle of aches and pains from head to foot. I wish I had never deserted. Grilling out yonder in India, and fighting those black devils of Sepoys, was better than this. I'll go no further to-night."

He halted suddenly and faced the woman. She stopped when he did, but still never opened her lips.

"Do you hear, you white-faced cat? I'm going to stop here till day-break, and the storm be hanged! Sit down there, you and your brat, and watch till I wake."

They were beside a thick holly hedge, with sheltering trees above, and a soft carpet of velvety moss beneath. He flung himself heavily, with a groan and a curse, upon the fragrant bed.

"Down with you there!" he growled as if to a dog; "and not a word out of your miserable head, if you don't want it broke! Wake me at day-dawn. D'ye hear?"

"I hear," she spoke at last, in a hard, hollow voice. "Sleep, brute, beast, unworthy the name of man, and sleep your last. You will never see day-break again!"

The closing words were spoken under her breath, but the man would not have heard them had they been uttered aloud. Before his head had well touched the sward he was dead asleep.

Then the woman arose, white as death, terrible as doom. She laid the child on a little hillock, without one look at its quiet sleeping face, and glanced around for what she wanted. She found it near—as near as if Satan had laid it ready to her hand—a long, sharp-pointed stone, deadly as a dagger. She lifted it and bent over the sleeping man breathing heavily and snoring in his sleep. His hat had fallen off; his grizzled, bearded, sunburned face was upturned to the night sky.

"And I loved this brute once!" the woman said in a hissing whisper; "and I gave up all for him—home, parents, friends, heart, soul! Why, it is no more crime to kill him than to shoot down a mad dog!"

With the horrible words she lifted the heavy stone and struck him with all her might upon the temple. There was one convulsive bound, one gurgling cry, a spout of hot, red blood, and then——

The woman turned away with a sickening shudder of horror and repulsion from what lay before him. It was very still, too—awfully still; there was no need to repeat the blow. She flung the stone away, took one last backward glance at the sleeping child, one last, shuddering gaze at that other still form, then turned swiftly and flitted away into the night.

Before morning the storm burst in rain and thunder and wind. A violent storm, too violent to last. It passed with the night. The sun rose in its splendor and looked down in indescribable glory on that most awful of all sights, the upturned face of a murdered man.

CHAPTER II.

The play that night was a French vaudeville, and the theatre was one of the third-rate order, on the Surrey side of the Thames. It was one of those danceable, singable little comedies where the jokes are as broad as they are long, and the seedy actors interpolate lengthy improvisations of their own into the original passages—one of the short-skirted, semi-nude Black Crook and White Fawn kidney so common in these latter days. The gay little vaudeville had had quite a lengthy run. This was its last night, and the house was crowded.

Clustered by themselves in the stage-boxes were some half dozen young officers—magnificent fellows, as regarded in comparison with the rest of the house—sporting eye-glasses, and staring at the people about them through those lorgnettes with undisguised contempt. Very young officers, with the callow down yet green on their boyis hehins, their hair parted down the middle, a tendency to drawl, but wonderfully and elegantly got up by the West Indies tailors. Very harmless young heroes, their maiden swords still unfleshed—their maiden pistols preserving their pristine glitter—dainty carpet knights, great in the dance, and mighty at the mess-table. They lounged about the boxes, amusing themselves with sarcastic criticisms on their neighbors, while awaiting for the curtain to rise.

"Saw Trevanion to-day," lisped one white-lashed ensign, tightening his belt, "riding down the Row with Lady Clara Keppel. What luck the fellow has! Suns himself in the smiles of high-born beauty all day, and in the lovely night of little Rosa's black eyes all evening."

"Don't call her Rosa," another interjected, testily; "it smacks so confoundedly of negro minstrelsy. Luck! I believe you! Trevanion's one of those fellows born with a golden spoon in their mouths. He is the heir of Monkswood Hall and Trevanion Park, the two finest places in Sussex, with a clear rent-roll of fifteen thousand a year. His governor's a trump. I wish mine could pay his parental duties in the money line half as cleverly."

"And Trevanion's sovereigns flow like water," a third said, "while better men—myself and most of you fellows—haven't possessed one between us for the last six months. I did my first bill, I remember, at seven years old, on the cover of my spelling book, and I have done bills and bill-discounters ever since with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. And they say he's going to marry Rosie."

There was a general laugh at his last remark.

"Don't be a maudlin, Stanley. A man may not marry his grandmother—no more may he marry a little danseuse, particularly at the innocent age of 19. Not but that Miss Rose Adair—I wonder what the little girl's bona fide name is?—is pretty enough and sparkling enough to almost warrant such folly. Trevanion's deucedly spooney about her, there's no doubt about it; but there'll be no marrying or giving in marriage—take my word for it, Stanley. He comes of a race as proud as the devil, and nearly as diabolical."

"They say the man who spoke English at the Tower of Babel was named Trevanion. But hold up! 'Lo' the conquering hero comes!"

With the last word the door opened, and Lieutenant Cyril Paget Trevanion, of the ——th Hussars, stood before his brother knights. Younger than even those youthful warriors—barely nineteen—but towering above the tallest of them by a full head, and superb in his fresh young manhood. Tall, strong, black-browed, with the darkly handsome face of the handsome, hot-blooded Trevanions—flashing black eyes, and the magnificent proportions of a muscular Apollo. As he entered, the bell tinkled, the lights flashed up, the curtain rose, the orchestra crashed out, and Miss Rose Adair, the goddess of the evening, bounded lightly on the stage.

A thunder of applause greeted the appearance of their favorite—her last appearance, as they knew. A slender little creature—a mere fairy sprite, with luminous dark eyes and a wonderful fall of yellow-brown hair. With these amber-dripping tresses went a skin of pearly whiteness, just tinted ever so faintly on the oval cheeks with rouge. As Mlle. Ninon, the witching little grisette—singing, dancing, coquetting—she acted con amore—filled the house with tumults of applause, and covered herself with bouquets and glory. More than once the great dark eyes flashed electric glances at the group of young officers—personal friends, all, of Miss Adair—flashed oftenest of all on stalwart Cyril Trevanion, as he towered like Saul, the King, above the heads of his fellow-men.

The vaudeville was over. Singing and smiling to the last, the lovely Rose sung and smiled herself off the stage. The young officers had flung their elaborate bouquets, and Cyril Trevanion, with a smile on his handsome face, had drawn a knot of Russian violets from his button-hole, and threw them last of all. And Rose Adair had lifted the violets, as she vanished, with one parting flash of her eyes at the done—one parting, electric smile.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" growled Ensign Stanley, "what did I tell you fellows? I say, Trevanion, the talk at the club is that you are going to make a wife of Rose and a noodle of yourself. Why the beggar's gone!"

"And very lucky for you that he has, Trevanion's a dead shot, and not the man to be patiently stigmatized as a noodle. He's gone to drive to Brompton with Miss Adair. Voe victis! Let us go, you fellows. We shall see the lovely Rose no more." The last speaker was quite right. Lieutenant Trevanion was driving swiftly along to Miss Adair's Brompton cottage, while the youthful officers were seeking their clubs. The litle actress, muffled in furred wraps—for the October night was black and bitter—cuddled comfortably beside him, as one well used to being there.

"And you really go to-morrow, Rose?"

"I really do, Lieutenant Trevanion—back to dear Paris—charming Paris. One can not endure your horrible English climate forever, and besides——"

She broke off.

"Besides what, Rose?"

"Oh, nothing!" with a little laugh—"only no one will regret me here, and there I have many friends."

"You have many friends wherever you go. But no one to regret you here, Rose? You know better than that. Don't go."

"Don't go! The king wills it!" with a scornful little laugh. "I shall go to-morrow morning, sir, as fast as railway and steamer can take me, back to my beloved Paris, where the sky is blue, the sun shines, and one has friends who really care for one. There's a good time coming. Pending that good time—here we are at home, so don't talk nonsense, but come in. It's nearly midnight, and not proper, I dare say; but Mrs. Dobbs, my keeper, is up, and Mrs. Dobbs is a very dragon of propriety. You shall have one last little supper with me, and the nit shall be, 'Fare thee well, and if forever,' etc. Come."

Lieutenant Trevanion needed no second invitation. The lighted windows of the little cottage looked very inviting against the black October night, and the coquettish, backward glances of its youthful mistress more inviting still.

He fastened his cab-horse to the gate first, where that trusty steed had many a time been fastened before, and followed Miss Adair into the house. She led him into a brilliantly lighted little room, where a coal fire glowed genially and rose-colored curtains shut out the cheerless night.

Under the chandelier a supper-table, set for two, glittered with glass and silver. For an actress in a third-rate London theatre, Miss Rose Adair knew how to live.

She threw her furred wraps into the arms of a little plump old woman who came forward to greet her, and emerged in a dress of bright purple trimmed with rich white fur.

Over this glowing robe her amber hair fell in a glittering shower to a tiny waist you might have spanned with one hand. And the big black eyes had a streaming light, the rosebud mouth dancing with smiles, and she was so sparklingly bright and pretty that it was a delight only to look at her.

"Is supper quite ready, Mrs. Dobbs? Pray say yes, you old treasure of housekeepers, for I am absolutely famished. Not romantic, Mr. Trevanion, but true. You know your degree. Lieutenant Trevanion, sit down and make yourself delightful, for the last time, in an hour precisely," glancing coquettishly at her watch, "I shall turn you out."

"Merciless as usual. Turn me out to-night, and I will come back to-morrow."

"And find me gone. Will you carve these birds? They look tempting. And I will help myself to a glass of this Marschino—the water of life. And, my dear Mrs. Dobbs, you may go."

Mrs. Dobbs went, and Miss Adair and her guest eat their tete-a-tete supper—their last, as she took care to remind him every now and then. And how beautiful she looked, how brilliantly she talked, how gayly she laughed—silvery little peals, showing pearl-white teeth! How bewitching she was altogether, words were weak to tell!

Always fascinating, to-night she outdid herself. And whether it was the heady nature of his brilliant little hostess' wines, or the more delicious intoxication of her witcheries and loveliness, or both combined, Cyril Trevanion completely lost his head, and almost before he knew it, found himself passionately, and a little incoherently, telling her he loved her madly, and begging her to be his wife.

Miss Adair only laughed in her tinkling way, and shook back her magnificent curling hair.

"You don't mean it, Lieutenant Trevanion. What! the prince of Monkswood and the lord of Trevanion marry a little London actress, who never had a grandfather! Why, the ghosts of all the dead and gone Trevanions would rise, grim and revengeful, out of the family vaults, to wreak their fury on the head of their degenerate descendant! A Trevanion making a low marriage! It is past one, mon ami! Let us shake hands, and say good-bye."

"I will never say good-bye until you promise to be my wife. Don't laugh at me, Rose. I must marry you. I will marry you; and all the Trevanions and their pride may go——"

A little hand flew up and covered his mouth.

"Don't swear, please; I don't like it. You will laugh at your folly to-morrow. Say good-night, and go."

(To be Continued.)


## SICKLY BABIES CRY HEALTHY BABIES SMILE

Baby's cry indicates distress—his smile health and contentment. The mother may be sure there never was a baby who cried for the fun of it. Baby's disposition is naturally a happy one, and it is only distress such as may be brought on by a disordered condition of the stomach or bowels that can change this. So, mothers, to keep your baby happy you must keep him well—Baby's Own Tablets will do this. Concerning them Mrs. Chas. Potvin, Causapatcia, N. S., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have proved an excellent remedy for my baby. I had been using syrups, but they failed to help him, and he cried constantly. The Tablets cured him, and now he is a fat, healthy child." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


### WHAT FATHER TOOK.

He came down the garden path, a sad, sorrowful figure. She watched him with anxious eyes.

"How did father take it?"

"He took it —well," replied the young man.

"Oh, I am so glad, George." she cried, pressing her hands together.

"Are you?" replied George, flopping forlornly by her side. "Well, I can't say that I am, dear. At first your father wouldn't listen to me."

"Why didn't you tell him that you had $2,500 in the bank, as I told you to?" she exclaimed.

"I did, after all else had failed," answered George, dejectedly.

"And what did he do then?"

"Do!" echoed the young man, passing his hand wearily through his hair. "He borrowed it!"

The aviator can burn his bridges behind him with impunity.


## Health for Every Woman In Nine Hundredths

From Weakness and Despair Thousands Have Been Restored to Robust Good Health by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

That sick women are made well by Dr. Hamilton's Pills is proved in the following letter:

"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed, I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them, and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they established reularity. My appetite grew—by blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared, and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all.

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known citizen in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's, 25c per box. All dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.


### REBUKE FOR ZIONISM.

Conspicuous Change in Attitude of Some Jewish Organizations.

A remarkable change has recently come over the attitude of several public bodies and organs of public opinion toward the widespread movement known as Zionism.

The Alliance Israelite of Paris, which has always hitherto opposed the movement, has changed its attitude and the Israelite of Cincinnati have in recent issues renounced their former anti-Zionistic attitude and declared at least a platonic friendship toward Zionism.

In the two latter cases the reason for the change is given with some plausibility; these papers declare that while Zionism was purely political and continued on the lines laid down by its founder, the late Dr. Herzl, they were opposed to it, as they considered any political aspirations of Jews both futile and dangerous. But it is contended by these organs that at the late tenth congress the political side of Zionism was practically buried, and they feel therefore at liberty to express the sympathy they have hitherto managed to conceal so successfully with the sentimental Zionism that looks with love, but not with desire, toward the land of the fathers.

It will be difficult to prove the contention that the late Congress made any such fundamental change in the principles of Zionism. It recognized that in the present condition of Turkey the immediate application of Dr. Herzl's ideas would be impracticable, but so far as we could discern, the final aim of the movement, as interpreted by the Congress, remained the same, and Zionism remains as national as it ever was.

Perhaps a more complete explanation of the remarkable volte face made by these journals as well as by the alliance is the discovery that they have made that the more ideal spirits of the younger generation are almost without exception Zionistic in spirit and that if they kept up their attitude of opposition they would find themselves left in the lurch.—American Hebrew.

### BISMARCK'S ADVICE.

When Bismarck was at the height of his fame one of his supporters ventured to enlist the Chancellor's assistance in obtaining an oppointment for his son. The proud father expatiated on his son's capacity. "He is admirably equipped," said the father, "and speaks seven languages."

"Ah," said Bismarck; then reflecting for a few seconds, he added: "If he speaks seven languages make him a hotel manager."—From the London Globe.


## TOLD HER TO REST BUT SHE COULDN'T

But Mrs. Cheff found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She Suffered From Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Other Symptoms of Diseased Kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Her Strong and Healthy.

Peveril, Vaudreuil Co., Que.—(Special.)—One more of the tired, pain-wrecked women of Canada has found relief and new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills. She is Mrs. Jos. Cheff, of this place, and she never tires of telling her neighbors of her wonderful cure or singing the praises of the good old remedy that brought it about.

"I suffered from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Violent headaches and Palpitation of the Heart," Mrs. Cheff states. "My back ached. I was always tired and nervous and I had weak spells. My doctor told me to just rest, but that was just what I couldn't do, till reading of the cures of others led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"From the first dose they helped me. I soon left my bed and started to do my ordinary housework.

"I took in all twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now my health is excellent. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all suffering women."

Thousands of Canadian women will tell you that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure relief for suffering women.


### PREVENTION OF COLDS.

The fall is the season for "catching" colds. Many of them can be avoided by the exercise of care and prudence; and in no matter do care and prudence yield better returns. The following on "How to Avoid Colds" contains many good hints:

A. Colds are catching, mostly from others, therefore—

Avoid people who have colds.

Avoid people who have recently had pneumonia. (Within two years.)

Avoid crowds.

Avoid hot places.

Avoid badly ventilated places.

B. Colds can be caught from one's self, therefore—

Keep the mouth, nose and tonsils clean.

Avoid gorging with food or drink.

Avoid alcoholics.

C. The germ is a factor, but the human body is also, therefore—

Avoid getting overwarm or overcold in the entire body or any part thereof.

D. Colds cannot be caught when resistance is high, therefore build up heat-making powers by—

Sleeping out.

Cold baths.

Moderate eating.

Exercising, especially in the open air, also on rainy or snowy days.

E. If a cold has been contracted—

Do not spit carelessly.

Do not sneeze or cough carelessly.

Destroy all nose and mouth secretions.

F. If the attack is accompanied by aches and fevers, avoid pneumonia by—

Going to bed.

Decreasing eating.

Taking a purge.

Taking medical counsel.

### STREET EXPRESSIONS.

(John Smith.)

"Ten to eight we'll clean—"

"Look at the poor geek's hat roll—"

"Hoss, can you help a poor fellow that just got in a mess?"

"This is the windiest corner in the city."

"Say, I want you to put in a vote for my friend—"

"I thought I wouldn't bring an umbrella, and, of course—"


## NEURALGIA CURED

This Painful Trouble is Due to Poverty of the Blood.

Neuralgia is one of the most painful maladies that afflicts humanity. The trouble is usually seated in the face and head, following the course of some nerve, but it attacks other parts of the system as well. It is characterized by acute pains, sometimes steady, at others spasmodic and darting, headaches and a feeling as though the forehead was a band of iron. Medican authorities agree that neuralgia is a cry of the nerves for better food, and that is the blood is purified and enriched the trouble will disappear. This is the reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure even the most severe cases of neuralgia. They actually make new, rich blood, which feeds the tired, starved nerves and thus cure the trouble, at the same time leaving the sufferer in better health in every way than was formerly enjoyed. In proof we give the case of Mr. G. Brooks, of Aurora, Ont., who says: "About two years ago, while working in Collingwood, I was attacked with neuralgia, which became so bad that I was frequently unable to go to work. The pain would start over my right eye and would then spread to the whole face, and caused me the greatest agony. I was under the care of a good doctor, but his treatment did not do more than give me temporary relief, and I was therefore an almost constant sufferer. Acting on the advice of my wife, I finally decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am profoundly thankful that I did so, as in the course of a few weeks I began to improve, and after a further use of the Pills the trouble disappeared and I have not since had any trace of it. I may also add that while taking the Pills my weight increased by nine pounds, which shows that the Pills are a body builder as well as a nerve restorer."

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.


### THE FUTURE OF CHINA

Writing from Chungking, China, Prof. Geo. A. Dorsey gives some hints of the conditions which make China a difficult problem to-day. He says the two elements, Chinese and foreign, are to be encountered in every community. "Strongest, of course, is the Chinese element. Of the two forces at work among the Chinese the conservative still holds the field. The gunboats, consulates, and missions—they are part of Chungking as barnacles are of a ship. It is hardly fair, however, he says, to liken them to barnacles, for that implies that they impede progress. But he affirms that, certainly, the gunboats and the consulate add nothing. Gunboats and consulates do not necessarily go together. But it is significant that they usually travel in pairs in China. They represent "the Big Stick"; and he is of opinion that the "Big Stick" policy is not good for the missions. To it he traces a decline in the Chunking Missions from 50,000 to 3,000. Says he "The whole gunboat idea is inconsistent with Christianity. That which prompts men to go forth into all lands and preach the gospel is no excuse for following it up with a pop factory and a gunboat, even less for demanding that for every Christian killed a life shall be paid."

In Chungking foreigners meet with no open hostility; but they are disliked. Foreigners went there uninvited, backed by force. That must always be kept in mind. When China has resisted this force she has always come off second best. Prof Dorsey thinks China must develop claws and teeth, or be destroyed. China may wake up and make the West pay a terrible price for its inroads on her country and its carelessness of her rights and wishes. As Prof. Dorsey says, "The race of carnivores, the British lion, the Russian bear, the American eagle, etc., have much to say about peaceful intentions. Nevertheless they are in China for their own ends. China does not want them; she cannot help herself. The law of the survival of the fittest decrees that she must change her weapons or be defeated." The future of China is fraught with importance to the world.


### Cold Settles in the Back

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REAR ADMIRAL MURDOCK.

Rear Admiral Joseph S. Murdock is on the job to protect American interests in China. On his arrival at Shanghai he ordered 860 American marines to Hankow to help in the protection of foreign interests.

### CANNY WILHELM.

The Kaiser has put down his matted hook. He has decided that for the future no member of the Hohenzollern family will be allowed to finance a theatrical production. He does not mean to run the risk of having a musical comedy daughter-in-law.