TO SHIPPERS
OF
E HOGS
a shipper of live hogs,
h with us. Ship direct
our commissions.
buyers of butter, eggs
.
OUR & CO.
LTON, ONTARIO

ET REPORTS

TO MARKETS.

HERS' MARKET.

dozen	0 23	0 25
lbs	0 32	0 35
s, dressed	0 50	0 55
lb	0 21	0 22
ell	0 25	0 30
bbl	3 00	5 50
	0 20	0 65
case	1 85	0 00
n, case	4 50	0 00

S—WHOLESALE.

rs, cwt.	$10 00	$11 50
rters	14 00	15 50
des	12 00	13 00
cwt	8 00	9 00
cwt	7 00	9 00
	12 00	14 00
	11 50	12 00
	10 00	10 75
	16 00	19 00
	10 00	14 00

GAR MARKET.

oted as follows:—

	per. cwt.
ed, Redpath	$6 71
ns	6 81
nce	6 71
ns	6 81
ted, 100's	6 71
artons	7 01
artons	7 01
nd 5 20's, gunnies	6 81
yellow	6 31
o 1 yellow	6 81
als, 100 lbs	6 61
	6 56

VE STOCK.

choice	8 00	8 25
ium	6 00	6 25
ium	5 50	6 50
choice	7 00	7 25
um	5 50	6 25
ers	3 75	4 25
	7 00	7 50
	7 00	7 50
e	6 75	7 25
	6 00	6 50
each	55 00	85 00
	50 00	80 00
	7 00	7 25
	5 50	6 00
	9 00	10 00
watered	9 35	9 45
	9 00	9 10
	8 00	9 50

MARKETS.

E GRAIN OPTIONS.

Open	High	Low	Close
1 58¼	1 59⅝	1 58¼	1 58⅝
1 56¼	1 57⅛	1 56⅛	1 56⅝
1 20⅝	1 21⅛	1 20⅛	1 20⅞
0 62⅝	0 63¼	0 62	0 62
0 63	0 63¼	0 62½	0 62⅝
1 76½			
1 79⅝	1 80	1 78½	1 79½
1 83⅝	1 83½	1 82⅛	1 82⅞

LS GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat—No. 1 hard, $1.58
hern, $1.51 7-8 to $1.57 7-8;
, $1.47 3-8 to $1.34 3-8;
rn—No. 3 yellow, 69 3-4
No. 3 white, 50 1-4 to 50
bran unchanged.

GRAIN MARKET.

—Wheat—No. 1 hard,
Northern, $1.54 1-2; No. 2
1-2 to $1.50 1-2; July, $1.49
2. July, $1.06 1-2.

EESE MARKETS.

the first meeting of the
se Board this morning,
cleared the board of
the record price of 18

ferings were 2,000 boxes;

hundred and eighty white
all sold at 18 5-16c.

N WOOL SALES.

e wool auction sales to-
were offered. The good
with a strong demand,
sellers' favor. France
for crossbreds and Rus-
The withdrawals were
ctions will be concluded

EAL MARKETS.

—Cattle 300, cows and
alves 1,100; sheep and
1,550.
3 1-4 to 8 1-2. Medium 6
to 6.
00 each.
-2

$8.50 each.

H. P. Coleman, 19 King
D LIVE STOCK.
16,000.

	6 90	9 10
	6 10	7 90
	3 25	8 75
	6 50	9 00
33,000.		
	7 35	7 60
	7 35	7 65
	7 15	7 60
	7 15	7 30
	7 15	7 35
10,000	7 00	7 60
	7 70	8 50
	7 15	9 00

O LIVE STOCK.

Despatch—Cattle receipts
500; active; $4.50 to $9.50.
; fairly active; heavy
ders $7.35 to $7.90;
, mouths $6.50 to $6.65;
50
lbs, receipts 600; active;
$11.00; yearlings $5.50 to
$8.50 to $8.75; ewes $3.00
mixed, $8.00 to $8.25.

OOL PRODUCE.

rm, No. 2 hard winter
northern spring—13s, 5d.
—14s, 1-2d.
d, new—8s, 4d.
ss 1 1-2d.
ut, 14 to 16 lbs.—65s.
and cut, 26 to 30 lbs.—
to 16 lbs—65s, 6d.
des, light, 28 to 34 lbs.—
des, heavy, 35 to 40 lbs.—
ks, 16 to 20 lbs.—61s, 6d.
re, 11 to 13 lbs.—55s, 6d.
ostern, in tierces, new
3d.
ed—52s, 6d.
ed, 56-lb boxes—51s 3d.
city—85s.
ondon—44s, 6d.
rits—57s, 9d.
—12s, 7 1-2d.
ined—9d.
, hull refined, spot.—32s.

eat or any itching of
form, wash with solu-
—two teaspoonfuls to
rm water—then apply
with witch hazel very

Comfort and Cure for Baby's Skin Troubles

Dr. Chase's Ointment Cured When Baby's Body Was Covered With Distressing Eczema.

If every mother could try Dr. Chase's Ointment for the chafing, shin irritation and resulting eczema which tortures so many babies. What a blessing it would be for the little ones.

This letter will give you an idea of what a wonderful work this Ointment is doing in the way of bringing comfort to children who are so unfortunate as to contract eczema. It is so easy for this trouble to develop from chafing or irritation caused by the clothing and so difficult to get it cured, that Dr. Chase's Ointment is appreciated when once its healing qualities are known.

Mr. M. L. Duclos, Postmaster, Dug, nagville, N. B., writes: "I believe it is my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema. My baby was seized with eczema and his face and arms were covered with this terrible disease. After trying all sorts of ointments the disease continued to spread until it covered the entire body. When the itching became bad he would scratch himself and was sometimes found in his cradle covered with blood. Hearing about Dr. Chase's Ointment I bought two boxes and before this was all used the child was cured. That was a year ago, and there has been no trace of eczema since. I recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all who suffer from eczema as being the best treatment in the world for itching skin diseases."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is for sale by all dealers at 60 cents a box. It is a good idea to keep it at hand along with the bath soap to be used for roughness of the skin, chafing or irritation. Prevention is so much better than cure. Powders clog the pores, but Dr. Chase's Ointment cleanses the pores and thereby keeps the skin soft and smooth. Sample box free if you mention this paper. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

A GIFT OF A SOUL

The others nodded approvingly. Then Pierre, pouring some wine into his tin cup, raised it and said:

"To your health, my friends."

They all raised their cups and gravely repeated:

"To your health."

And after they had drunk some boiling hot coffee and some excellent rum, without wasting any more time at table they rose and each one set about his work. The day passed with incredible swiftness, and in the evening the cutter entered the port of Bastia. On the following morning, the Board of Health having given permission, the crew of the little vessel made ready to land. Agostino, following Pierre, made him sit beside him in the forepart of the boat. It seemed to him is if he wished to play the part of host and make him welcome to his country. He pointed out to him the various places of interest of the town; the Place St. Nicholas, which overlooks the sea; the Boulevard de la Traverse, a rich and populous quarter, the convent of Saint Roch on the heights, the citadel, and the ruins of the ancient donjons, destroyed by the cannons and by fire, during the wars against the Genoese. Rising in this amphitheatre of houses extending from the sea-shore half-way up the mountain, were gardens, green and flourishing, where the orange-trees and mimosas shed around their exquisite perfumes. Above the town the brushwood, the short and dry vegetation, which covers the sides of all the mountains of Corsica, and constitutes what is called le maquis—broom, heather, junipers, mastic, and small fir-trees, that, finding on the rock hardly sufficient earth for their roots to cling to, offer an asylum which is almost impenetrable to fame and to bandits. On the sumits of the mountain are fine groves of beech-trees, the wealth of the country, plundered by the peasants, and destroyed by the shepherds, who burn them to make pasture land.

All this Agostino told his preserver while the boat sailed by the mole of the Dragon on its way to the quay.

Arrived at the foot of the steps they disembarked, and Pierre, a little dizzy, found himself once more on terra firma. He still wore his coat, his coarse woolen trousers and his coarse shoes. He had left behind his other clothing, ruined by the salt water, and brought with him only his money and his watch. On the quay he looked at himself in the window of a tavern, and with the bandage covering his forehead, he fancied he had the air of a genuine brigand. He seized Agostino by the arm and stopped him.

"Where are we going at such a rate?" he said.

"To breakfast in the first place," said the young man, "and then to our village. We have a week's holidays while we are waiting for other goods."

"Well, then, come breakfast with me. Afterward you will show me the way to an inn."

"Won't you come with me to our village?" said Agostino, in a trembling voice. "I had promised myself to make my mother kiss you."

"I would go with you very willingly," said Pierre, laughing, "but you have forgotten that I promised the captain to repaint his Saint Laurent for him. What is promised must be done."

"You are right," said Agostino, gayly. "But how long will it take you to do the work?"

"The whole of to-morrow morning."

"So that to-morrow evening you will be ready to accompany me?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then I will wait for you. Meantime I shall go and engage the carriole of Father Anton. In that way you will make the journey more comfortably."

"Very well, it is settled then."

They soon reached the inn of Santa Maria, where Agostino was held in high favor on account of the excellent vinada, smuggled from Greece and Italy, which he brought them every every month.

Installed in a room on the ground floor, Pierre was able, for the first time in three days, to examine his situation and reflect upon his future course. On the one hand he experienced a profound disgust at the thought of returning to France. On the other he was loath to cause annoyance to Agostino. Everything, then, conspired to keep him where he was, and then the charm of this wonderful country exercised its spell over him. Everything around him allured him—the scenery, savage and attractive at the same time, the curious customs of the people, and, finally, the fact of his being unknown, which allowed him to live at ease among the peasantry, so interesting a subject for study in this country, where the beggars have the haughty airs of grand seigneurs. All that Merimee had written about it recurred to his mind—the poetic figure of the wild Colombe, the ferocious hatred of the Barleini; and it seemed as if time had gone back two centuries, in this island, divided now as of old by the animosities of its rival parties, and agitated by the sanguinary memories of vendettas.

He spent the afternoon wandering though the streets of the town alone, for Agostino, with great discretion, had left him to himself. He did not feel a moment's ennui. The coming and going of the inhabitants, grave and reserved, the picturesque dress of the peasants who had come in to market almost all armed with guns, the sombre garments of the women, with their black mezzaro headdresses, looking as if they were all in mourning, enchanted him.

He entered a tailor's shop and bought a complete suit of brown velvet, resembling the costume of a Calabrian brigand, for he could not decently continue to wear his coat, his sailor trousers and his coarse shoes. At a paint shop in La Traverse he bought a box of paints and some brushes of various sizes. And his mind now at rest as to the manner in which he should employ his time in the native land of Bonaparte, he retraced his steps to the inn. He dined with Agostino, made the tour of the town afterward, went to bed at nine o'clock and slept a dreamless sleep.

The sunshine streaming into his window awoke him. He jumped out of bed, and dressed himself. Then, taking his box under his arm, he set out for the cutter. A boat, for a few sous, transported him to the little vessel, moored fast by its two anchors, and at the side of which a rude plank, attached by two cords to the bowsprit, formed a sort of swing in front of the image of the Saint—the patron of the vessel.

Guided by the captain and assisted to his place by the crew, Pierre at once set himself to his work. While he was painting the rude image of carved wood, the two sailors supporting themselves by the rigging, watched him admiringly.

Under his touch the colors glowed, the face assumed a lifelike expression, and the extended arm seemed to command the waves. At ten, the work being completed, regarded by them all with a new feeling of respect inspired by his skill, he breakfasted for the last time with his companions of a day.

Toward midday he left the vessel, accompanied by all the crew, and after shaking hands with those to who he owed more than life, he mounted with Agostino a sort of curriole, drawn by a shaggy horse, and starting off at a quick pace they soon left Bastia behind them.

From the town hall of the village the road winds through enclosures planted with vines, along olive groves and among little woods of eucalyptus and green oaks. The soil is sandy and the climate extremely mild. Streams, descending from the mountains, spread themselves through the earth, forming marshes covered with rose bushes, and broad green meadowland over which fly flocks of ducks and wild geese. The road winds for half of the way along the beach, passing through infrequent villages. Agostino, urging his horse to a gallop, explained to his companion the habits and customs of the country, expressing himself with an effusion and gaiety that contrasted strongly with the gravity he had shown on board. He seemed like a school boy enjoying his vacation.

"You shall see how rich our country is," he said. "We are not lazy keepers of flocks. At Torrevecchio there is trade! My father sold his own wine, and our vineyard is of some value. My brother-in-law cultivates it at present and sells the produce. My mother and youngest sister live in a village, where they raise vegetables for the market of the neighboring town, and I let them want for nothing. Ah, they will love you dearly when they know what you have done for me!"

The painter smiled as he thought of the grateful affection of these poor people. "I shall not be a restraint upon them for long," he thought. "I will soon get a way. After a day spent in the village a guide can conduct me across the mountain, for I do not care to remain by the sea coast, in the low country. I want to see the Corsican in his rude state, the maquis and the brigands. If there are sketches to be made, they must be taken in the neighborhood of Bocognano, the holy land of the vendetta. I have twenty lois in my pocket-book, and in my portfolio a note of a thousand francs saved from the waves. That is more than I need to live a couple of months on in this primitive country in the midst of these people wo have no wants. And when I have no more money I shall have my profession. I shall paint portraits, for a hundred sous a sitting—that will take me back to my youth."

The carriole, having crossed the bridge of San Pancrazio, rolled along the precipitous road between rows of century-old chestnuts. The sun was sinking below the horizon, reddening the mountain with his last rays. Agostino turned into a little path, along which he drove, whistling gaily, like the blackbirds of his country. At the end of a few hundred yards he stopped before the wall of an enclosed piece of land, and jumped to the ground. A large dog, which had appeared at the sound, barking with a ferocious air, rushed between the young man's legs, now barking joyfully. An old woman and a little girl made their appearance in the orchard, and ran to him with open arms. Agostino embraced them with effusion, and then pushed them toward his preserver, telling them of his adventure, in the Corsican patois, with incredible volubility. Pierre, received with open arms by these people, overwhelmed with their gratitude, drawn into the whirlwind of their extravagant joy, licked by the dog, embraced by the mother and the children, soon found himself installed in the house, a very modest one, but exquisitely clean, seated at the family table, and experiencing a feeling of tranquil satisfaction to which he had been a stranger for many months.

He retired early, thanking his hosts for their hospitality, rose late on the following morning, visited the surroundings of the house, made the acquaintance of the brother-in-law of Agostino, who was a great hunter, and his sister, who was a notable housewife, played with the little Marietta, who ever since the evening before had been watching him with her piercing black eyes, disclosing her white teeth in a smile, but showing rustic timidity whenever she approached him.

Night came with surprising rapidity, without Pierre's having done anything more than live. Alone in his room, stretched on the fresh corn mattress, he smiled at himself.

"Here I am leading the innocent life of a shepherd," he said, "and resolved to become a new man, morally and mentally. What would my companions and friends say if they could see me indulging in these idyllic dreams? They would say that the Madonna, in whom evryone here believes so firmly, has visibly protected me. Pierre Laurier, my boy, you were on a bad road. By a miracle, you have been led to safety. Profit by the favor that Providence has shown you, enjoy the years that are left you, and turn them to account, working untrammeled, a thing that up to the present you have had little chance of doing. You have been better treated than you deserve. Be thankful for it."

He fell asleep in the midst of these sage reflections, and dreamed that he was painting a picture in which the evil genius had the fascinating and satanic features of Clemence Villa, and the good genius the angelic ones of Juliette de Vignes. Then on the canvas appeared the image of Jacques, with his blonde locks and his melancholy eyes. Clemence approached the sick man and speaking to him with animation, in a low voice, drew him toward her slowly, encircling him with her arms. The young man grew paler, his glance became more melancholy, his lips more pallid then before. Then the gaze of the painter wandered to Juliette, and he saw that she was oppressed with a mortal sadness. Her hands were joined together in the attitude of prayer, and it was not for her brother alone she prayed. Another name also was on her lips, and Pierre divined that it was his. He would then have rushed to her to reassure and console her, but the arm of Jacques was interposed to prevent him, and these words fell from his lips:

"You have bequeathed to me your soul. You belong no longer to yourself. You have not the right to return to life."

Then Pierre stopped, and gradually the picture vanished from his gaze, and he saw only the little Marietta with her black locks flying wildly, who, in the pastures shaded by ancient trees, watched her goats. The night passed in these troubled dreams, but when he awoke Pierre recovered his calmness and set out for the chase with Agostino and his brother-in-law. The days passed, and at the end of the week the sailor informed him that he must return to his vessel. He was to be away for three weeks, and counted on finding his preserver here on his return.

Pierre was already at home in the family of Agostino. These humble peasants showed for him a sincere affection, such as he had not often met with. As he was not more than half inclined to leave them he allowed himself to be persuaded to remain to paint the portrait of the little goatkeeper, and in these peaceful surroundings, in the midst of the beauty of nature, his [illegible] with a new grace and power. He worked every day until four o'clock, and in the evening he joined the family circle, which was increased by the brother-in-law who came after dinner every day with his wife.

The mayor of Torrevecchio, a violent Bonapartist, having learned that a painter was staying in the village, had ventured, accompanied by the cure of the parish, to go and request Pierre to restore the paintings on the walls of the church, which were the work of an Italian master and which were interesting, dating from Genoese occupation of the country. Laurier had accepted the task and not content with retouching the defaced portions of the mural paintings of the little church, had undertaken the decoration of the chapel of the Virgin recently constructed. Absorbed in his work, amusing himself with hunting and fishing, without a moment to spare, he had returned so completely to his old self that he now never thought of the past. It would have made him blush with shame if any one had reminded him that one summer night, when the breeze was laden with fragrance, and the soft murmur of the sea and the splendor of the heavens bore witness to the harmony that reigned in the universe, a certain Pierre Laurier had contemplated killing himself, for the wicked eyes of a woman who made his life miserable. He would have shrugged his shoulders, lighted his pipe, and declared that there was only one thing in the world worth striving for—to get the values in a figure in the open air. And he looked over the top of his palette through his half-closed eyes at little Marietta, who, seated on a chestnut-log in the garden, her feet resting on the green grass, her dog beside her, was posing for him, proud to be his model.

Agostino came back from his trip to Leghorn, but went away again a few days later. Pierre seemed to have accommodated himself to his new life and talked no more of leaving the country. He had sought at Bastia some necessary articles of furniture for the house, the arrival of which aroused the liveliest curiosity among the villagers. They could readily distinguish the difference of station between the painter and his hosts. The mayor and the cure had both declared that Pierre was a superior man. His manners showed him to be city-bred. His generosity would seem to indicate that he was rich. Who was he? Pierre was evidently only a Christian name. Was he trying to conceal his identity? And if so, why?

The mayor, piqued by curiosity, proceeded quietly to investigate the matter. The prefect of Ajaccio had already received a message from the subprefect of Bastia, to the effect that a mysterious visitor from the mainland lived in the house of a humble family of Torrevecchio, that he painted wonderful pictures on the walls of the church, and that although everything about him indicated him to be perfectly honorable, it would yet be interesting to find out who he was. The authorities, however, were less ceremonious. They simply sent a gen-d'arme to ask the stranger for his passport. Fortunately the gen-d'arme took it into his head to stop at the mayor's office on his way in order to tell the mayor the object of his mission. The latter seeing that his intrigues were about to lead to an unjustifiable intrusion of the police on the privacy of one for whom he entertained particular consideration, took the gen-d'arme, who was not to blame in the matter, to task about it, and sent him back to town with a letter for the prefect, thus sparing Pierre, who was quietly pursuing his work, suspecting nothing, a visit from the police. So that after all, Pierre's identity remained undiscovered.

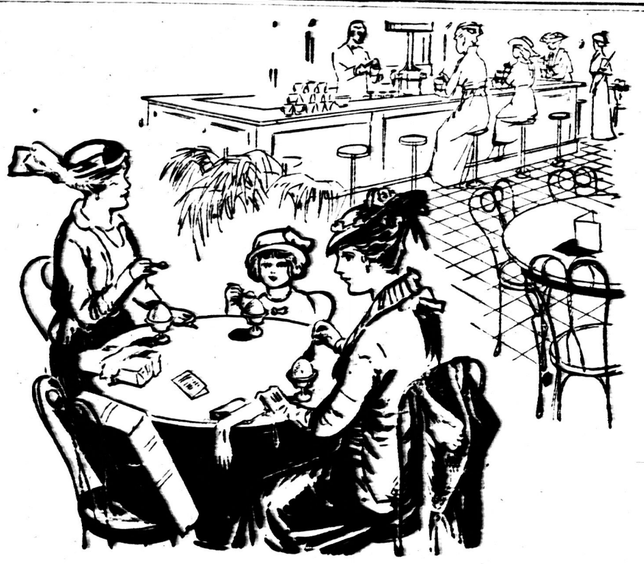
Pierre had now been about two months at Torreecchio, hunting, fishing and painting, and he had finished, not only the portrait of Marietta and the painting in the church, but also two genre pictures, when one day, during his absence on a visit to the silver mines of Cabor, a carriage coming from Bastia deposited at the inn of Torrevecchio two travellers, accompanied by their servants, who called for breakfast. The innkeeper, being asked as to what there was of interest to be seen in the country, mentioned the paintings of the church, and the younger of the travellers, whom his companion called "Doctor," went to look at them.

Pausing before the picture of the Resurrection, which at once attracted his attention, he examined it with profound attention, and seeing the cure crossing the nave of the church, he said to him:

"You have here, Monsier le Cure, a very valuable work, by a French artist, evidently, for the artist who painted this is assuredly not an Italian."

"You are right, Monsieur," said the priest, "he is a Frenchman."

(To be Continued.)



Everybody

EATS City Dairy Ice Cream. (when they can get it). Hundreds of Discriminating Druggists and Shopkeepers all over Ontario appreciate its universal popularity and have secured an agency for it.

CITY DAIRY ICE CREAM is the one universal summer confection—it delights the entire human family from infancy to old age—and best of all. City Dairy Ice Cream is a highly digestible food.

For Sale by discriminating shopkeepers everywhere

City Dairy

Watch for the Sign.

TORONTO.

KNOWS THEM, NOW.

Busy Man, While Ill, Grew Friends With Family.

"Well, I'm glad to see you back," said the customer as he shook hands with the fat little customer. "Had a pretty bad siege, didn't you?"

"I did that," affirmed the customer. "If anybody asks me, I'll tell 'em having your appendix sliced off is no joke, and it costs a sight of money. But that spell in the hospital did some good to me besides relieving me of my appendix and my money. I found out some things I didn't know before.

"I found out, for one thing, what a whoppin' good partner I've got in this business. He's kept things running right, though he isn't much more than a youngster. My being away shows just what he's worth, and now I feel I can make some changes that'll be good for all of us later on.

"It showed me what a bang-up good wife I've got. That little woman showed up at the hospital every day with the cheerfulest face and all the gossip of the neighborhood, and I never had a chance to get down in the mouth. She kept me chirped up. Not a word about home worries, though there must a' been a-plenty."

"Best of all, I had a chance to get acquainted with my family.

"I've been a pretty busy man these last few years. A grocer's life, if he means to get there, doesn't allow of many rests. It's up at 5 a. m. or earlier the year through, and though we close at 6 p. m., except Saturdays, when we're open to any old hour at night, there's plenty to do to keep a man thinking and figuring and fussing over stock after closing.

"Wife and I couldn't take any holidays together, and when the babies came I felt I'd got to work that much harder, being so many more mouths to feed and money needed for educating them later on.

"Fact is, while I've been providing means for my family I've been actually neglecting them. The kids would be abed when I got up in the morning, and they'd be abed when I got home at night, and I never really got acquainted with 'em.

"But my wife brought 'em over to the hospital and introduced us to each other. Say, they're great kids! We found out a lot of new things about each other. There's two of 'em, you know, just 13 months apart. Both boys.

"I've had the time of my life getting well from that operation. I guess I'd forgotten how to be a kid myself, but I'm getting educated all over. My wife she's been chumming more with me, too, and we've been talking things over some.

"'Don't be so anxious about the money, Jack,' she says to me. 'It isn't money that's so necessary—honest. My boys need their father more than they need money, and it isn't fair to ask a woman to bring up a couple of husky pounguns like that all alone. It'd be a punk world without any fathers, in it,' she says, 'and fathers are going to be scarcer than ever when this war is over, so you want to conserve yourself,' she says to me, 'and last a long while and be a real father and not a dollar-mark for your boys,' she says.

"And so," concluded the fat little grocer, "things are going to be changed some. I'm going to see more of my family and be a real father, and knowing I've got a real good partner in Billy shows me the way. I tell you business ain't everything!"—E. K. Wooley.

STARVATION OR MERCILESS TORTURE

A choice between starvation or merciless torture is the dismal prospect before all victims of indigestion, for although they are in need of food to nourish the body, they are afraid to eat because of the long periods of pain and discomfort that follow even the lightest of meals.

The urgent need of all who suffer from indigestion is to gain strength so that the stomach can extract nourishment from the food taken. Pain after eating is the way the stomach signifies its protest that it is too weak to do nature's work. To take purgatives is only to aggravate the trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new strength to weak stomachs, because they enrich and purify the blood supply, thus enabling the stomach to digest food naturally. Almost from the first the appetite revives; then food can be taken without pain and the burden of indigestion disappears. The following case proves the truth of these statements. Mr. W. H. Silver, a well-known farmer living in the vicinity of Hemford, N. S., says: "For upwards of seven years I was tortured with indigestion; sometimes I was so bad that I would not taste a bit of hearty food, but would have to content myself with a bit of stale bread. At times I suffered excruciating pains in my stomach, and could hardly sleep at night. I tried various prescriptions but got no benefit from them and naturally I was in a very reduced state of health. I had come to believe that I was doomed for the balance of my life to this most constant torture, when I read of a case similar to my own cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This gave me new courage and I decided to try them. To make a long story short, the use of the Pills for a couple of months completely cured me. This is some two years ago, and I have had no return of the trouble, and am able to eat as hearty a meal as anyone."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Message of Hope For All Women

Miss Mary Sabourin Tells How She Found Health.

Suffered For Three Years and Could Find no Lasting Relief Till She Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thurso, Que., May 24th (Special).—Tired, run-down women can read a message of hope in the statement of Miss Mary Sabourin, an estimable lady living here. In a statement to the public Miss Sabourin says:

"I was a sufferer for three years. I was always tired and nervous. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I was troubled with headaches and pains in my back. I had heart flutterings to add to my anxiety.

"I was treated by a doctor and a specialist but nothing seemed to do me any lasting good till I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I took just three boxes of them."

Nine-tenths of women's troubles come from sick Kidneys. Sick Kidneys fail in their duty of straining the impurities out of the blood. That means that poison and disease is carried to all parts of the body. The remedy is to cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. If you haven't used them ask your neighbor about them. Nearly every family in Canada is using or has used Dodd's Kidney Pills.