nild Rural e Lines"

little tins of fine xed with water) or be scraped)-but a black paste, that is a brilliant, lasting

worth of the best

postpaid if your black Knight." ED, Hamilton, Out.
1' Shoe Polish.

ne Fur Scarf. I Fur Scart made of rich OMG. It is cut in latest up-lly selected skins, with four chain and fastener. Very ce to the more expensive rtise our Great Family Rethe greatest remedy known , indigestion, rhoumatism. and liver troubles, catarra and system renovator), we ty to receive our fine furs. Frust You. Just send us

il 10 boxes of our Pills at nell 10 boxes of our Pills at them to you post paid, a you a box of Pills wellery which you give. y, when all sold send us TORONTO, ONT.

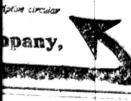
vou have a Perfec-It is a portable can be moved to m, or to any room en you have a

ECTION ELESS EATER eless and odorless

o work close to the sually far from the n work where you You can work on n the full light near out being chilled to

Oil Heater quickly h one filling of the moke or smell. An he font. The fillerby a chain. This

tomatic-locking k from being turned and drop back, so er body or gallery ed in an instant for nished in japan or or service, and vet



86 to \$6.40. Calves sold m \$3 to \$10. Receipts 900 sleep and lambs,

HORSE MARKET

ent of Agriculture yesreport that horses are and and bring better any time in the past and that despite the

ity of the automobile. horses range from \$200 ue of all classes of live a marked tendency up me. The department atargely to the reaction the fodder famine of Horses in particular ted, and the fact that ar generally in splendid eault of good summer nas gone further to ey many farmers sacrit famine prices, and for are relatively searce

# Right at Last

Joan never knew how the evening passed. She did not hear the innuendoes of the girls, and was deaf to the colonel's growls. There was no room in her thoughts now for anything or anyone but Lord Villiars. She stole away from the house at the appointed time and ran quickly down the lane.

Lord Villiars was by her side in a "My darling!" he breathed with almost an air of relief. "I fancied your courage would have failed you, it is so

dark; and also so late." As he spoke he almost took her in his arms and carried her to the carriage which was waiting; the door closed sharply, and the next moment they were

Joan noticed that before they started the groom extinguished the lamps, and in the intense darkness they made their way to the station.

Wait here dearest, till I come for von." said Lerd Villians.

He had searcely spoken during the drive; and he went and asked for two tickets, one for London and one for Plymouth; then he ran down and muffling Joan in a voluminous wrap, brought her on the platform at the last moment, and swiftly drew the curtains. A brougham was waiting for them at

Paddington, and with the same swift decision. Lord Villiars conducted Joan to it, still enveloped in her wraps, and the carriage was the first to leave the

"So far we are safe." he said: "and now we can defy them. Joan. Look Look around you, dearest. We are in London at last."

It was noon, and the streets were at their fullest, with the same sense of unreality. Joan looked at the people as they whirled past, as if she were looking at a city in dreamland.

He had no time to engage rooms, and as the brougham passed down the quiet part of Pall Mail, he kept a close watch until he saw a bill in one of the win-

The house looked respectable and aristocratic, and stopping the carriage, he got out and knocked at the door. He was shown upstairs, had a short

interview with the landlady, and in five minutes had made terms, explaining that his wife and himself had come up unexpectedly, and offering to pay a week's rent in advance.

"That is not necessary, sir." said the landlady, quietly. "I think I know a gentleman when I see him. What name,

Once again Lord Villiars was at fault, and he hesitated, with his own name on his lips, as the thought flashed upon his mind that to give his true name the colonel, who was by this time, no manage a little dinner for three, eh? I'll in pursuit.

"My name is Newlands," he said, givat random. .

The landlady bowed. "And mine is Parsons, sir. I think you will be comfortable. We have only one other gentleman in the house, and man, please." he will not disturb you: his rooms are on the floor beneath yours."

Lord Villiars nodded and went out ed upstairs with Mrs. Parsons. to Jean.

"I have been a long while, have I not?" he said, with a smile. "But we are at home at last;" and he gave her

his arm and let her in. A comfortable fire was burning in "Come in."

the grate, and the room looked cesy and I homelike after the long journey. Lord Villiars drew a chair to the fire

Joan and bissed her "Joan, dearest, I have something im-

"I will do anything, everything you tell me," she said, simply.

"You will have to help me in a little harmless piece of deceit."

"Of deceit?" "Yes." he said, smiling down at her. "For instance, you must forget that my smile, name is Villiars. It would not have done to give the people of this house may advertise in the evening papers." "I see," she said, slowly. "And what

"Our name is Newlands," he said. "Our name?" she echoed, her brows arched as she smiled up at him.

He smiled back. "Why, yes, Joan. Husband and wife are of the same name, you know."

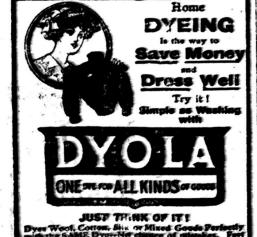
ing in them. "But we are not husband and wife--

vet!" she murmured. "Not yet; not for a few hours, dearest." he said; "but we must pass as wich."

She was silent, her eyes fixed on his "Have you told the people of the

house that we were married already?" she said, in so low a tone as to be almost inaudible.

He laughed reassuringly. "Yes, it was necessary, don't you



She raised her eves to his with a little troubled look that almost maddened

"I am so sorry," she said. "But if you say it is right—and yet I am afraid shall let out the truth!" "Do not do that!" he said. quickly. You must listen to me, Joan! You must

keep this little deceit!" "And now I must leave you for a little while, Joan," he added, with a reluctant sigh. "Heaven knows, I hate to do so, but there is no help for it. I shall not be gone long. You will scarcely miss me

before I am back again." "Ah, you will not be gone long, indeed, then," she murmured.

The loving retort, so characteristic of er, caused him to take her in his arms

and kiss her passionately.
"I am going for your sake, Joan," h said. "I am going to see about our marriage. Not having been married before," and he laughed, "I am rather strange to the business. But I am going to make inquiries, and I will be back He ran down the stairs hurriedly, and tell you all about it."

opened the door, and stood on the edge of the curb, waiting for a cab. One drove up in a moment or two, and he hailed it and got in, telling the driver to drive to the lawver's in Lincoln's Inn. As ne entered the cab, the door of

hair and blue eves, darted out, calling him by name. But the cab had started and L rd Villiars was out of hearing. The young fellow stood staring, with surprise and astonishment on his face; then he went inside, shut the door, and rang his bell so furiously the landlady came hurrying up breathless.

the house he had just left was thrown

open, and a young man, with golden

"Did you ring, my lord?" she said. "Yes," said Lord Dewsbury, for it was he, and it was to the house in which he had rooms that Lord Villiars had brought Joan. "That gentleman who just left here; I saw him go out of the door. Has he been here?"

"Yes, my lord." said the landlady; "he has got rooms here—the second floor. His wife's upstairs."

"His wife!" said Bertie, staring and lropping the match which he ignited to light his cigar. Yes, my lord, a beautiful young crea

ture. One of the most beautiful young ladies I ever saw!, He took the rooms for her this morning." Lord Bertie stared round for a min-

ute or two, then he said: "I ought to call on her, Mrs. Parsons. Her husband is an old friend of mine. von know. Strangest thing in the world his putting up at the same diggings. Yes, I'll make a morning call. Just send my man, will you, and I'll get into a would be to provide a distinct clue to decent coat. And look here, you can

ask them to dinner. ing one of the family Christian names | Parsons "And it I may make so hold,

some. "Oh, Fil call," said Estile. "Send my

His valet came and assisted his master to change his coat, and Bertie walk-"Just say that it's a friend of her

husband's, will you?" he said. Mrs. Parsons knocked at the door, and Joan, who had scarcely moved tince Lord Villiars went out, rose and said,

"A friend of your husband's ma'am," said Mrs. Parsons.

Lord Bertie entered in his free and and make her sit down and warm her- easy way, but at sight of Joan, at the self, while he ordered some luncheon; slim and graceful figure, at the beauthen, when the landlady had left the tiful face, with the large dark eyes, he room, he went and put his arm around felt, as he would have expressed it, "taken aback." In all his life he had never seen a more beautiful face, or one portant to tell you," he said, trying to that in a moment moved him more powerfully

"I beg your pardon," he said, modestly; "out I have only learned that you and your husband were just stopping here, and-and-" he stammered, "I thought I would call."

Joan regarded him with her serens

"Will you sit down Lord-my husband has gone out"-the color came and my right name, dearest! Colonel Oliver | went-but he will be back directly. "I daresay you have heard him mention me." said Bertie, sinking into an is your name?" and she laughed softly. easy chair. "My name is Dewsbury." Joan shook her head.

to see you. My-husband -will be back directly.'

Her face went crimson, but her eyes | my rooms here, said Lord Bertle, pleas met his steadily, with the old light burn- would not have been half swell enough for him.

"They seem very comfortable," said Joan. "And do you live here?" "Just underneath " said Berne:

"Awfully rum, isn't it? I used to know him very well when we were at E. n together, "Yos?" said Joan, peasantly. "I don't remember vour name.'

"Dewsbury-Lord Dewsbury." said Bertie. "It is not such an old name as yours, Lady Villiars." "My name is Newlands," said Joan.

gravely. Bertie's blue eyes opened wider and wider, and his frank, handsome free grew crimson. For a moment or two he sat regarding her with an embar-

rased stare, in horrified silence. He had evidently made an awful mistake, and had taen the man who got into the cab for Stuart Villiars. And vet. what an extraordinary resemblance! Anyway, he had made an ass of him-

self, and the only thing to be done was to apologize and take himself off. "I-I beg your pardon!" he said, eag-

erly and humbly. "I am very sorry, I am, indeed. I sew I could do, and pon my word, I am will not marry you; he never intended very, very sorry," he stammered, pain- doing so!"

There was a pause for a moment while Joan struggled for a decision; then the raised her pure eyes and met his game

"I told an untruth," she said. "My name is not Newlands, and it was Lord Stuart Villiars whom you saw leave the

house. Bertie drew a long breath; the calm weet dignity of the confession touched

"I thought so," he said; "but-butof course, you were right to contradict me if you had any reason or wish to keep it secret, and—I beg your pardon, Lady Villiars, for intruding," and he made a movement to the door, being far more embarrassed than Joan.

At the "Lady Villiars," Joan's face flushed, then grew pale again. She had told him so much that she could not let him go away believing another lie; besides, what did it matter He was a friend of Lord Villiars, and would help them rather than betray.

She was silent for a moment, then she "I think I must tell you-you are friend of Lord Villiars?

Bertie nodded eagerly. "I-am not his wife, but I am to be We are to be married to-day or to-

Lord Bertie stood for a moment as if he had not heard, then his face grew deadly pale, and a wild horror shone in his eyes, as they rested on her innocent face.

ent sace.
"Not—not his wife! —and living here alone with him!" he almost gasped. A slow crimson mantled to Joan's fac but her honest eyes met his frankly, though with a vague trouble in them

"Yes-for a few hours. Why not?" Bertie put his hand to his brow and wiped the great drops of sweat that had started upon it. "So young, and beautiful, and inno-

cont! Great heavens! what a fiend Stuart Villiars must be!' he thought. A groan burst from his lips, and paced up the room and back again, searcely conscious of waat he was doing. When-when did you come," he sked, and his voice was hoarse with the sudden emotion which the revelation of

her position had arousen in him.

"An hour-an hour and a half ago," said Joan, trembling, she kn w not why. What is the matter"

Bertie walked to the window and looked out; then he turned and looked at her again, and then back to the window. "Don't-don't speak to me for a moment, please," he said, and his voice trembled. "What you have told me has rather startled me. Forgive me if I seem strange. I will explain directly." Great heavens! how should be explain?

And yet he must, he would save her. CHAPTER XIV.

Bertie stood at the window with his brain in a whirl. He had never been placed in such an awkward, plinful sit-

ention before. Here was a beautiful woman, whose anocence was evident, placed in a position of deadiy peril, and by a man whom he called a triend.

Though not in the same set. Lord Bertie knew Stuart Villiars' reputation; stories of his mad exploits, daring disregard of the conventionalities and mories of life had been rife in many a "Certainly, my lord," assented Mrs. club smoking-room, and Bertie was convinced that this beautiful creature had I think the dear young thing will be been deceived, and that her young life glad to see you. She seems very lone- would be wrecked by the man whom soelety regarded as one of its most danger.

handsome face as pale as hers, his frank quickly, and do not speak until he has blue eyes anxious and distressed.

"I am afraid I -I have alarmed von," he said, gently. "Will you sit down I have something to say that I must say, and that you must hear, and he find it very difficult to say he."

There was something so gentle and noble, so fall of consideration for her, in his grave, frank voice and honest, boyish'cyes that Joan felt rather reassured than otherwise, and sank into a chair with a faint smile, but there was still a vague look of trouse in her eyes. "Have you known Lord Villars long?"

sked Bertie. Joan flushed, as the question brought home to her the fact of their recent acquaintance.

"No, not very long; a few weeks; she falleled.

"And-and knowing him only a few weeks, and in entire ignorance of his past, you have pur-parain me-you have out this great arust in him! is awful!" and his lips trembled.

Joan half rose, with displeasure in her dark eyes and on her brows. "I do not know, what you mean!" "Heaven! I cannot speak more plain-

ly without wounding you!" he excluined, with a moan, "Can you not understand that by doing what you have done, "No, I have not; but I am very glad by taking fight from your home alone with Lord Villiars, you have committed an act that the world, that worlen con-"Oddest thing in the world, his tak- sider a snameful one You see what I ing rooms here," said Lord Bertie, plea- mean, do you not? Listen! Supposing ry you, could you go home to-m rrowthe day after?"

Her face and nick grow erimson, then deadly pale. "No! You could not! Innocent and

pure as you are, you know that you could not do that. You know what your people, your friends, the world would say. They would say that you were not fit to-to associate with their daughters and sisters and wives, and they would turn their back- upon you." Joan's breath came fast and painfully,

then she similed. "But Lord Villiars is to marry me at once, this afternoon, or to-morrow," she said, proudly.

"How do you know that he will?" demanded poor Bertie, with desperate courage. "He said so," she replied, more proudly than before.

"And he never breaks his word?" said Bertie, in a low, significant voice. "No, he could not lie!" she replied. promptly, with simple faith and devo-

"Lord Villiars not break his word in such a case as this!' he said, bitterly. "How little you know him! It is almost your husband leave the house and get impossible that he should keep it! He is into 2 cab, and I took him for an old notorious for-for just such escapades as friend of mine-Stuart Villiars. And- | this! His name is known throughout and I thought I would come up and call Loudon as a man who never keeps such upon you and ask if there was anything a promise as he has made to you! He

"For shame!" she cried, her eyes flash- ington Star.

But Dodd's Kidney Pills cleaned out W. F. Black's Sciatica.

He was in agony when a friend gave him a box. Now he recr them to everybody.

Newcastle, N.B., Nov. 21.—(Special.)-In these cold fall days when the chill winds crystalize the uric acid in the blood and cause the pangs of Rheumatism and Sciatica to bring sleenless nights to many a home, a man's best friend is he who can tell his neighbor of a sure cure for his tortures. Such a friend is Wm. F. Black of this place. He suffered from Sciatica and lame back. He was so bad that he could not lace his boots or turn in bed. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him and he wants all his neighbors to know of the cure.

"Yes." Mr. Black says, in an interview. "I was so bad with Sciatica and Lame Back that I couldn't lace my shoes or turn in bed, when a friend gave me about a third of a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I started taking them without much faith in their curative powers, and found them all they were recommended

"Now I am recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no faith cure They're a simple but sure cure for diseased kidneys.

ing. "How dare you come and tell me this? How dare you tell me that Lord Villiars, your friend, is so base and vile? I don't believe a word of it! I believe that you are out or your mind! Go!" and she pointed to the door, "Indeed. von had better go before Lord Villiars returns. I will not listen to another word!" and she pointed to the door

again with her trembling hand. Lord Bertie stood looking at her in despair. He had done his best and it

was no use. "Good-bye," he said, brokenly; "1have done all I could. If-if ever you should want a friend, you will know where to find one." He took out his card and laid it on the table. "Send to me any time of the day or night, today, to-morrow ,years to come, and I will come to your side at once. I cannot say or do any more. I must remain and see Stuart Villiars, but as you do not believe me now, you would not believe me while he was standing by your side to contradict me. No, I have failed! Good-bye, and heaven help you."

Joan was touched, notwithstanding her anger, and she said, more softly: "Good-bye."

Lord Bertie moved to the door: as he did so he passed the window, and looked out, half-unconsciously; he saw Lord Pontciere coming across the road. At sight of him a sudden idea occurred to him. It seemed a wild, far-fetched one, but in such mental extremities men catch at straws. He turned swiftly.

"Give me one more chance!" he exclaimed, carnestly; "there is a room upon a hickory chip. "What's yours is there," and he pointed to the door lead. Tough. What's mine is yours. there," and he pointed to the door leading to the dressing-room adjoining; "go in there and listen. You shall hear and -and perhaps you will believe. Go in

Slowly, hesitatingly, she passed in, and Bertie, hurrying to the window, opened it and called to Lord Pontelere, who stood on the steps.

"lialleo!" responded his lordship, tooking up in surprise. "Is that you, Bertie?" What on earth are you doing up there?" "Never mind. Just come up, will you?" said Bertie, as lightly as he could. seeing that his heart was beating like a sledge hammer. "Come up here-second

A minute afterward Lord Pontelere was beard ascending.

"What on earth-" he b gan. but Lord Pertie cut in with a laugh that trembled and sounded hollow in Joan's ear, as she stood with the door slightly airr, her body leaning against the francework.

(To be Continued.)

Pandora's Box

Pandora was a woman fair, and that is

why I wish The contents of that box of hers were very much like this: A receipt for apple pies,

A receipt for jelly,
Some motor goggles for her eyes,
A novel by Corelli. A pattern for a summer hat In manner Chanticiery: Two switches and a fluffy rot

Two switches and a fluffy rat
For purposes gapillary.
An "ad" for Morday's bargain sale.
A list of Best Sellers.
Some samples for a chiffon veil
In blues and pinks and yellers.
A copy of a garden book
Called Fifty-seven Roses; clipping—How to dive the Hook To freckles on Our Noses; A box of rouge, a powder-puff,

A kit for manieuring;

A kit for manicering;
A collarette, a piece of ruff
To make herself affuring.
A piece of satin and some lace.
A receipt for pickles;
Some Anti-Sunburn for the face, Some Anti-Sunburn for the face,
Two pennies and some nickies,
An invitation for a tea,
With bridge to follow later;
A roll of ribbon and a key;
Some buttons for her gaiter.
Some printed plates of glad array
All in the latest fashion;
ticket for hte matinee

of ticket for me matthee Of some new play of pasion. The advertisement of a jade Who wanted a pesition As waitress or a parlor-maid, Or maybe, in the kitchen list so very long, I fear, It never new a stopping of sundry thing Pandora, dear Was after in her shopping

These are the things, I'l bet a hat, Pandora lovely carried:

And base my guesses one, and all, on—
well, you know I'm married.

—Horace Dodd Gastit, in The Saturday
Evening Post.

The Way of It. "We will never give up," said the outh American military leader. "Give up what?" asked the coldly

practical man. And after a moment of reflection the military leader candidly replied: "Anything we can get our hands on."-Wash-

## **BROTHERS**

(By Stuart B. Stone.)

By the flickering light of the brushwood fire. Clarence of Keokuk read the column headed "Vanity Fair." Hamburg and the Shoshone Tough and the others listened with languid interest, interjecting here and there facetious remarks anent the foibles of the rich.

"Here's a dame wot wore a peck of green diamonds to a dago prince's ball," observed Clarence of Keokuk. "Now one of them sparklers would 'a' kept this bunch in hay and oats for a year. Tain't right—it ain't!"

The others chuckled their acquies-

cence and one brought crumbling fence rails to make a bonnier fire. Clarence of Keokuk turned again to the column of Vanity Fair, and as he read his scowl became deeper. "Here's a lady wid four hyphons in her name went and give a pink ball and strung a yard of pearls around every-

body's neck for favors. And there's the Shoshone Tough and me hungry for buckwheat cakes."
"With "lasses," put in the Shoshone

Tough, licking his rough lips. "I tell you, these aristocrats is a pho-ley bunch!" persisted Clarence of Keoney bunch! kuk. glaring savagely at the others. "What would you do if you was one of 'em?" asked the Tough. "You'd waste



"I WISH I HAD A MILLION DOL ARS." DECLARED CLARENCE OF KROKUK. PD GIVE IT ALL AWAY."

good coin on heliotrope teas and dinners to pet educated ant eaters-you know you would!"

Clarence of Kookuk turned fiercely

upon his accuser. "I would not," he said. "I'd spend it every cent for the brotherhood of man. I've some feelin' I have."

"Yes," interjected Hamburg, "along about dinner time." Clarence of Kookuk became vehement. thing," he declared, pounding his fist

That's right, ain't it?" The Tough took a long pull at his The Tough took a long pull at his Goldenhair.

Smelly pipe. "Oh. it's de right dope, all she, too, left a calling card because she wight? his agreed "but 'tain't human didn't find her there: right,' 'he agreed, "but 'tain't human

nature " "I wish I had a million dollars," dechared Clarence of Kookuk. "I'd prove it. I'd give it all away. I'd—Great. sizzling cross-ties! Look at this!" The bunch aroused and peered over he shoulder of the reader at the scrap

of newspaper which he had just turned. They read: "Keokuk, Ia., July 12 .- A dilligent effort is being made to discover the whereabouts of Clarence J. Rienards, who disappeared from this city some years ago. Young Richards is the sole heir to an immense fortune left by the last survivor of the

Welch branch of his family."

"Huh!" snorted the Shoshone Touga. Dere's six of us here. A sixth will do "Immense fortune!" repeated Clarence of Keokuk, in a daze. "I wuz dead wise to the fact that I didn't belong wid dese

thurs and tie-walkers." "A sixth for me, too," chimed Hamburg. "Gee! Clarence, when does we get cur share?" "In a million years," answered Clar-

ence, dreamily. "I got to go down to the hotel and wash up." The bunch arose. "We're your pals. We'll go wid you." "

"Nary a go-nary a pal!" denied Clarence of Keokuk. "Do you think a gentleman wants to walk into town with a soil-faced, lock-step, hang-dog gang of muts like you chaps?" With a snarl he turned and vanished

into the dark. The gang relaxed by the blezing brushwood. "Don't go to givin' any pet rhinoceros dinners, Clarence!" called Hamburg. It was just two months later that Hamburg read to the Shoshone Tough, in the shade of a Rio Grande water tank. of a birthday party given by C. Johnson Richards, the Keokuk millionaire, whereat the guest of honor was a laughing

cases of dazzling gold studded with diamonds of Kimberley. Origin of Windfall.

hvena and the souvenirs were cigar

What precisely is the origin of the expression "a windfall," which Mr. Asquith, Lord Avebury and others use, each with an application of his own, in speaking of budget matters? An old encyclopeadia explains that some families of the English nobility held their land on a tenure which forbade them to cut down trees, these being reserved as the property of the royal navy. But any tree which fell down without human assistance they might keep, so that a hurricane causing a great "windfall" heartily welcome. It seems probable, however that the expression was simpler in origin. Even an apple that fell to the ground without the trouble of picking it, and which a passerby might often

annex without feeling that he was a thief, would be a lireky "windfall."

London Chronicle.

Tells How She Was Cured. Stomach trouble is a general name for all forms of indigestion, whether great pain after eating, belching of wind, heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, or the sharp pains that often make you

STOMACH TROUBLE

A Great Sufferer From Indigestion

think you have heart trouble. There

HOW TO CURE

are two things noticeable in indigestion. One is that doctors always find indigestion a prominent symptom in a blood run-down state. The other, that sufferers usually find relief when a tonic is taken that restores the general health. Without a doubt stomach trouble is simply stomach weakness, and the cure is to make the stomach strong enough to digest food without trouble. Any other treatment is patchwork and cannot cure. As the processes of diges-tion are controlled by the blood and nerves, the stomach that is too weak to digest food needs a tonic to give it strength. And in all the world there is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich blood, tone the nerves and so strengthen the stomach and all the bodily functions. We submit the following as preof that Dr. Williams Pink Pills will cure even the most obstinate cases of stomach trouble. Mrs. John Graf, Fort Saskatchewan. Alta., says: "For years I suffered great torture from indigestion. I took many different medicines, but instead of benefitting me I was growing worse all the time, till my stomach got so bad I could neither eat nor drink without pain. Even cold water would cause me suffering. Nor did I get any relief when the stomach was empty, as I still suffered from a horrid burning pain. I went to Edmonton and consulted one of the best doctors there, but he told me that he could do nothing for me, that all I could do was to diet. For some time I took only hot water and a small piece of brown bread for my meals, but even that did not help me and I got so weak and run down that I despaired of ever being well again. I bought a socalled electric belt and wore it for six months, but it was simply money wasted. Then one day a friend asked me why. I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did not know they were intended to cure indigestion, but being assured that they were, decided to try them. I'd soon found the Pills helping me, but my condition was so bad when I began using them that I continued taking the Pills for about five months before I felt that I was completely cured. Then I could eat any kind of food, and although more than two years have passed since my cure. I have not since had the least sign of the trouble. I can most heartily

anyone suffering from this terrible trou-Sold b- 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.

recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to

A Social Call. When Mrs. Readymoney found a card upon her polished floor
Which Mrs. Goldenbair had pushed that are

her face there crept a grin, And Mrs. Readymoney said: "I'm Then Mrs. Readymoney went to call on Mrs.

She neither sighed nor frowned nor lock to indicate chagrin, She merely told her husband this: "I'm mighty glad she wasn't in. Next time they met, she said: "My dear."

Next time they met, she said: "My dear, and fumbled with her tortoise comb—"I was so sorry to have had you call when I was not at home; "Nor can I tell you my regret," and here she sadly dropped her chin,
'Unon the afternoon I called on you and didn't find you in." And then both Mrs. Goldenhair and Mrs.

Readymency iold

Each other just flow sad they were, their
grief was more than they could hold;

Then each one parted, each one smiled, and
later each was heard to say, Thank goodness that is over now, and that's a visit, anyway."

—Detroit Free Press

### BABIES' SORES IN WINTER.

Mothers Should Know About Zam Buk

Every mother should realize that the skin of her baby is so tender that the secretions of the body often lead to rashes, eruptions, etc., all of which may be removed by Zam-Buk. Scores of restless, crying babies, upon examination are found to be suffering from some form of skin irritation or "heat." Don't let baby suifer when Zam-Buk will cure!

Often, too, in winter, the little ones

suffer from chaps on the chin, hands,

or other parts of the body. Zam-Buk applied after the bath and at intervals during the day, will prevent all trouble. Mrs. L. Wood, of 475 Alexander avenue, Winnipeg. says: " I have proved the value of Zam-Buk when applied to children's sores. Some nasty sores broke out around my baby's mouth and despite all the preparations used, they refused to heal. I took him to St. Boniface Hospital and he remained there for two weeks. At the end of that time he was no better, and we again took him home. I was then advised to try Zam-Buk and obtained a supply. The effect of the first few applications was very gratifying, and a little perseverance resulted in a complete cere."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bites, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, busns, bruises, and skin injuries generally. All lruggists and stores sell at 50e a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. upon receipt of price. You are warned cainst harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk" on every packers before buying

Uninteresting."

"Man," she sighed, "is never inter-

esting. "No ?" "No. In the summer time he talks nothing but baseball; in the winter

nothing but politics."

