man who killed three fight referred to when scoveries in the Gold addition to the am osives they also found entific books dealing and some Anarchies

v that letters which e house reveni a senplot. It is also stated had been visited in

MONTHS.

strate Sends First e Him to Prison.

Wasyl H. Sara. beed to nine rowing a bott! a street on Mo. da

* atrace the Mag toat the maximum an offence was five strary, but he and not s purashment, adding coming to some of

with throwing 3. g the window of Main street some Monday afternoon. ed at the time, but ed without injury de evidence, includof motorman of the a defence sail that aled to throe the

H LAW.

Face London Lourt r His Crime.

Milton Gravego, a ng to the American pshire, now in Engs arraigned in Bow on December 16, on tabbed another sail shington, was again Magistrate to-day inded. The injured cepital. he New Hampshire

proceedings. They te to hand Grayson rishment. They would be proper

he said, must hance with English

GHOST

Baby Found Hariec

was the second arthquake in Calgraves of numerins of buildings in sain had wreaths

shan -hierard the y pathetic seemes n the Via Angeli a panie among the eries were heard pile of ruins. Igt the eries were The officials orre were found the I man and an 18e latter was un of a laborer who to by the collapse ne child was bis s escape recalle

GHT.

ada as Governor. er All

Capadian Asso n to believe the Duke of Con or Generalship of ronsideration, and yet been taken. ed in London be tion of any such been intimated rned to England receeding to Canbe spared after

GINEER. int Engineer of ses. West.

Sir Thomas nfirmed an aspeg stating the arrietant chi atern lines, ff at the head-

ike up the posi-or the company. e asaistant enwill succeed Mr. The changes

uary 1.

Y TRADE.

istics of the ublished to-day, the past twelve forst for many all departments eduction is the having delical in the trade

Right at Last

ily. "She won't bite; she isn't half so fieres as she looks!"

"I wonder," he said, "what is your idea of happiness, Miss Trevelyan?" "Forgetfulness:" said Joan, in a low

voice, and more to herself than in answer to him. "I think you are right," he said, after a moment. "There is someone who offers to teach us the art of always remem-

bering; what we want to learn is the power to forget." "Well, I hope I sha'n't forget this

lonch," said Emily, practically.

"We must have another, soon, to impress it upon your memory," he responded, genially. "No more Moselle? It is very mild; quite a lady's wine. No? Well, then, we'll go outside and smoke a cigar while you tadies gossip."

He assisted the old gentleman on to the balcony, placed him in a well-shelteres corner full in the sunshine, which made the air more like that of May than January, and gave him a choice but mild Havana. Old Harwood was in the seventh heaven of contentment after his lunch, and smoked enjoyably, with his eyes closed in placid benevolence.

A minute or two afterwards Emily came to the window. "Seems to me that you've got the best of it?" she said. "Ida, dear, it's like

numer here; do come out." ida stepped out on to the balcony, and, leaning over the rail, looked at the exquisite view stretching before her like a panorama.

Mordaunt Royce took no notice of her or a minute, then he went in and brought her sealskin, a piece of extravagance which Emily had instated upon before she would buy hers, and quietly put it over her shoulders.

"The weather is treacherous," he said. Please put this on. I am answerable for your safety, you know; Miss Treve-lyan's health is too precious to be lighty ricked."

Joan, without taking her eyes from the view, put the cleak on and thanked him, and then he went back to the old man and Emily, and left her to her thoughts.

She was thinking of the night when she sat upon the knoll at the Wold, and how Mr. Craddock had come out of the house and startled her, and how the other once-the tall figure in the ulster appeared beside her for the first time-

Where was he now? Did he ever think of her, and how? Was there a rouch of remorse and pity in his heart as he thought of the girl he had deceived and so nearly betrayed? she won-

bored. You came upon the stage, and become at the coronet.

Something what was it?—an electric You simped from a wire, if I sement the dawn came than betook him. at the valley basking in the January

All nuknown to her, Mordaunt Royce watched the beautiful profile as it stood out against the clear sky, his heart eating wildly, rebelliously.

He longed to approach her, to touch the alender white hand resting on the rail; he was thirsting with the made desire of arousing a flame of love in the lark, deep eyes.

"In all the world," his sou! seemed to ery to him, "there is no woman like unto her! Wir her, secure her against the world, against herself, if need be!" "There is a book inside, a visitor's

book, in which nearly all the celebrated of his voice rang in her ears. neople who have been have have written their names and some nonsence or other: it is very amusing, Miss Emily; I'll get it for you," and he went in and got the book and returned with it. "It will amuse your father, and you, too," he

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound MARLION, N.J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkhan's Vegetable Compound has

given me new life.
I suffered for ten years with serious lemale troubles, inflammation, ulcer-ation, indigestion, nervousness, and could not skep. Doctors gave me

Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia R linkham's Vegetable Compound; so I learn to take it, and am well again and lived of all my suffering. — Mra. has Jonov, Box 40, Mariton, N.J. him E. Pinkham's Vegetable Commend, made from native roots and wis, contains no narcotics or harming, and to-day holds the record the largest number of actual cures made diseases we know of, and hindsof voluntary testimentales as indeed, voluntary testimentales as indeed, voluntary testimentales as indeed, which we have a second that the Pinkham laboratory at

indeed voluntary testimentalized in the Pinkham laboratory at Mass., from women who have used from almost every form of le complaints, inflammation, nion, displacements, fibroid tumors, shritles, periodic pains, backsche, atton and nervous prostration, suffering women ewes it to here give Lydis E. Pinkham's Vege-Compound a trial we would like special advice type come write a consideration of Mass. For advice is free.

"Oh, go on!" said the irrepressible Em- [Emily looked up at him with her sharp, shrewd eyes.

"And keep us out of the way of Mt. Royce," she thought, but she smiled and nodded, and sat down with the book. as if she were innocently grateful. Then he wandered, as if aimlessly, the Joan's side, and leant on the rail at a

little distance from her, looking at the view above. "Someone-oh, it was Jessica in the Merchant of Venice' said that music always made her sad: I think a view

people." he said softly. of tears in hers.

"Perhaps it does," she said, forcing almost awed. a smile, "I don't know why!" "Il tell you." he said; "I think it is because one sees one's own life spread

"Yes." said Joan, with a faint sight Tien, unthinkingly, she added: "But I you sad, Mr. Royce; your life must have been a very happy one, a very successful one. My only informant is Emily," she went on, quietly, "and she regards you as a kind of enchanter, who has but to wave a wand to obtain all you dewire."

He smiled, and drew imperceptibly of followed her up the stairs.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Miss Emily, rike the world at large knows very little of my life," Roger said "and because I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at deems me a fortunate man. I dareay that same world would consider Miss Trevelyan, the idol and goddess of the great British public, a particularly happy and to be envied person."

Joan flushed, then she laughed softly. "I don't wear my heart on my sieeve," she said, significantly.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly; "I did not mean to intrude upon your secret sorrows, if you have any. And yethe went on, his voice full of the autitle music of sympathy, his eyes dwelling on her face with a tender, reverentiat regard-"and yet, let me be candidalas! I can't be anything also with anything that troubles you.

"Miss Trevelyan," he went on, "do vou believe in sympathy at first sight? I did not, until a week ago, when I dropped into the Coronet to see the young lady whose beauty and grace and-yes. promise of genius-had taken the world She had been almost happy during bored. You came upon the stage, and ang from you to me and-seized me It was not mere admiration of your

"Oh, please!" said Jona. "Listen to me. I will not flatter you,

I could not. I am speaking the langnage of truth as simply as I know how! Well, the moment I saw you, it seemed to me that I had known you for years, though I had never seen you before. For good or evil, or joy or misery, my heart drifts nearer to yours, drawn by a force it cannot resist. Miss Trevelyau, will you accept my friendship, will you give me the joy of helping you?" Joan was silent a moment; the echo

"You cannot help me!" she murmured "Oh, do not say that!" he pleaded; "do not crush me with so decided a refusal. Tell me your sorrow, that I may

try at least." "No, no!" said Joan, almost hearsely. I-I have no sorrow. I cannot tell you. ean tell no one! Oh, what was it that you said? If you can teach me to

forget!" and her hands clasped convalble has fallen to your lot in the past, 31 the rest."

which threatens to blight your life, and again what it is, but I think I can teach you to forget it!" Joan turned her eyes upon him with

troubled wonder and enquiry.

"There is only one way to forget unhappiness." he went on, softly-"by happels for ever the discord of the past. that happiness-"

her troubled ones.

'Ale, forgive me! I must speak out! My heart lies bare before you! Miss Trevelvan-Ida-the cord that binds me to von is not friendship alone, butlove! Yes, I love you! Trust yourself to me, and I will teach you to forget this nameless past! I will make your life one round of happiness! I will so watch over you and guard you that sorrow shall not even cast its shadow upon you! Ida. I love you! I love you!"

He laid his hand upon hers and held it. and his touch seemed to burn her. White and trembling she kept her eyes

upon him, her bosom heaving, her breath oming in little pants. But for all his cleading and her own wavering, she told him so much of her sad story as made him desist from fur-

ther avowals of love. He then asked if he might continue to e her friend, and she consented.

On such slight things great events

Wandering in his aimless way one pleasant morning in the park at Monte Carlo, the memory of his troubles weighing like a load of lead upon his mind. Lord Wiliars 'was startled by a load shouting behind him and was just in time to stop a pair of runaway horses attached to a light lady's carriage containing 'diss Mazurka, who now, in her convalescence, was ordered this exercise

Fortunately he was able to stop the affrighted animals before they had broken into full speed, and before the occupant of the vehicle, further then a set of badly shattered nerves, sustained any injury.

After quieting the horses, and observing Miss Mazurka's condition, there being none but park guards about, in con-sequence of the early hour, Lord Villiars proposed that he drive the carriage to the lady's home.

Miss Mazurka, who knew her rescuer, gladly consented, and Stuart took a sent beside her and drove her to the hotel in which she was staying in private rooms with an old lady who was supposed by some to be her mother, and by others her sunt, but who was in reality a stranger whom the Mazurka had engaged to play the part of pro-

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The horses were fidgety and restless, like this has the same effect upon most and Stuart Villians devoted the whole of his attention to them .His companion Joan started. She had not been awar- glanced up now and again at the handthat he was near, and as she turned, his some face, stern and cold and proud, set quick eyes, which seemed so anobserve as it in an iron mask of reserve; and inant, noticed that there were the traces stead of chattering, as she would have done with any one else, sat silent and

When he pulled up the horses at the hotel, he stepped out and helped her to alight, then raised his hat, and was goout before one more often than the view ing without a word, but she detained one is supposed to be contemplating." him rather timidly.

"It's awfully good of you!" she said, "and I'm very much obliged. If you I don't know why that ought to make hadn't stopped them and brought me home. I expect I should have been in the hospital by this time. Won't you come in and have a cup of coffee?" Stuart Villiars was on the point of dechining, but she looked so supplicatingly at him that, to save himself the trouble of refusing, he inclined his head and

> The apartment was small, but handsemely appointed, a fire was burning in the grate, and an old lady was sitting beside it knitting.

My succep-dog," sold Miss Mazurka. Aunt, we want some coifee. Come and sit down by the fire, while I take off my things, Lord Villiars." As she snoke, she threw her jacket and hat into the next room, and came for-

ward into the firelight. A footman brought the coifee service and Miss Mastrin gave her guest a cup. money, Miss Manucha," he said, for the sake of saving something, and at the same time wondering within himself

why he was sitting there. On, 12 I've wen, if anything," she replied. "But I could afford to lose a little. I'm not poor. And it's amusement. Aurthing's an amusement that you—and own that I did want, will laugh, but you don't know what it keeps one from thinking. I daresay you green tables youder. That is a fatal is to be a great public favorite, and then to sink into nothing. That's what I've done, and Ldon't like it." It was a long time since Stuart Villiars had laughed, and he did not laugh

"You remember me, my lord?" she

"Yes: or else I was dropped down; I sleep and forgetfulners if he could

don's know which. They don't want me; The next day he went to the saloon they've got semeone in my place. A slip is usual and played and lost -as usual. of a girl, that stepped into my shoes almost before I'd got 'em off my feet. for closing came; then, the observed But there, you've seen her yourself, I of all observers, but quite unconscious daresay, my lord:" hord Villiars shoot his head.

"No," he said; "I have not seen her. I left England some time ago. What is her came:"

"Trevelyan-Ida Trevelyan. Nobody knows who sae is, or where she comes from. She was never on the stage before I met with my accident, and gave her the chance of slipping in. And now all London is raving about her!"

"I have heard something about her, read it in the papers, no doubt!" said Lord Villiars. "But why not go back to ondon? There are other theatres beaides the Coronet!" he added.

"No, not for me. I feel as if I shouldn't do anywhere else; and besides, 1 can't trust myself to go back. My lord, I have been cruelly used." She paused, "And suppose I can," he murmured tightly. "I hate the Coronet and all about it, but I hate one man worse than

which threatens to blight your life, and 'Are you speaking of the manager?" does blight it at pressnt! I will not ask said Lord Villiars. "I know something of Mr. Giffard; if I can put matters

straight---"No, no," she replied, hastily; "it's not Mr. Giffard. I've no complaint to make against hom. No, it's a different kind of a man to Mr. Ciffard. It was piness. It is the clixir of life, it is the the man I was going to marry, my magic bowl of which a draught will lord. I'd have sworn by him! Yes: drown even the memory of care! It is I d have answered for ann with my lite. the strain of heavenly music which dis- And and now he has juited me! Left me almost without a .. mi the girl he Miss Trevelvan-Ida-if I can teach you was going to make his will I'd have let num go if he had asked me. I He came a step nearer, his hands were | wouldn't have hept him! But to thisw close to hers, his eyes looking down to I me off without a word and take to this

her troubled ones.

Her heart seemed to stand still. It doesn't care abother my heart is croken was the snake and the Indian charmer. For not. But he shall see! I am only a poor actions, and Mr. Mordaunt Il yes is a-but we shall see!"

Lord Villars took up his litt. "I take something of the men of whom you speak," he said, "and I a sink do not be offended - dart you are well rid of him!"

She sighed. "Yes, perhaps that's true, my lord, but her face grew red and then paie again but I loved him, you see! It is a low fever of the gravest kind. Women are fools; we generally lave the worst man the best. But it isn't much love I feel for him sometimes. Some flashed and grew dark. "Yes, hate him! and if so, then a time will come when we can make up accounts together! Such a time always dues come they say, and if it should Mordaunt Royge will regret the day he left me for that pale-faced tells me he has no friends he wishes to slip of a girl! You are going now. I've bored you to death, and that's all the return I can make for your kindness, my ford! Welt, I can thank you, and I do that "

Cuticura

(To be Continued)

AIR SICKNESS.

Medical Point of View.

Seasickness is a terror to many

people and the chances are that air-

sickness will be worse. Most persons

again, have experienced the unple

ant feeling in a life when it com-

niences its descent er in a swing when like the pendulum, it swings back.

Not a few people refuse to stand close to the edge of a cliff or to trust themselves to look down into a vast chasm of space immediately beneath their feet owing to vague feelings of giddiness, fears of falling arising out of a sense of a jeopardized equilibrium.

and yet these same people converse

glibly about the nearness of the day when aero traffic will be an accom-

plished fact and point in support of

their view to the enormously rapid

advances which motor traffic in the streets has made. When the ques-

tion is carefully considered in detail

it will be conceded that there is

hardly anything that is comparable

motor from the point of view of at-

The problem in the case of the for-

mer is complicated by the first re-

quirement, the conquest of that great

force which, do what we will, pulls

us back again to earth the moment

we dare to rise from its surface. No

special motor appliance is required

to keep affect on the sea or to keep

a stable position on land, but we

can only gain support in the air by

means of moving machinery analog-

ous to the wings of a bird or by util-

izing a buoy or a substance which

is much lighter than air and which

therefore tends to float upon it. The

machinery in the former case must

obviously be well nigh perfect and in-

espable of breaking down, while the

difficulty in the latter case is the

enormous bulk of floating gas that

In short the advances yet to be

made in order to bring aviation with-

in the practical affairs of daily life

must still be very far reaching. Then,

assuming the great consummation has

been reached, will the human organ-

ization be able to stand aviation?

This is by no means certain, having

regard to the constant changes of

atmospheric pressure, with their

marked effects upon the respiratory

and circulatory processes which a

journey through the air must entail.

MRS. HELEN M. WIXSON.

When the women of Colorado want

woman at the head of the state school

system, a woman of their own selec

tion. The Democratic convention ignored their wishes. The Republicans nominated Mrs. Helen M. Wixson for

State superintendent of schools, and

daughter of an editor, and the wife

of a merchant. Prominent in club

and educational work, she plans a

progressive administration of the

schools. Her ideas include the selec-

tien of deputies and assistants from

the best educators of the State, higher

compensation for teachers, protection

nition of teaching as a profession.

SHE PLAYED THE GREEN

was very much attracted by a Western

wealth at a summer resort, and in or-

der to interest her deeply he fell into

the habit of discoursing at length on his family tree, and telling her that an-

The girl from the West had been

brought up in a section of the country

where every man was accepted for

what he was, and not because of what

his ancestors had been or done. She

began to be bored by the attache's lee-

tures on pedigree.
"Blue blood," he remarked one day,

"is something not everybody can boast

"Oh, yes," she argued, indifferently;

cestry was of great value to a man.

The attache of a European embassy

must be used.

-From the Lancet.

taining practical success.

between the air motor and the land

mey Through the Air From

For Skin Sufferers

If you, or someone dear to you, have undergone the itching, burning, sleep - destroying torments of eczema or other cruel skin eruption and have suffered from its embarrassing, unsightly disfigurement; if you have tried all manner of treatment. no matter how harsh. to no avail, and have all but given up hope of cure, you can appreciate what it means to thousands of skin-tortured sufferers, from infancy to age, when the first warm bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle application of Cuticura Ointment brings instant relief. permits rest and sleep. and proves the first step in a speedy and successful treatment.

man would speak to a wiffur child, "don't attempt to drown your trouble at the sten, believe me."

She opened her eyes upon him. "And yet, that's what you do, my lord," fae said.

Lord Villiars drew his brows down, and smiled rather grimly. "Oh, I!" he said. "It does not matter to anybody, not even to myself, what went on. "I was one of the principal becomes of me. Good night!" and he

He played on and tost until the hour of their curious scruting, he rose and walked out.

The room had been hot, but he had not noticed it while he had been in it; but, now he had got outside, he felt choked and stifled.

He walked through the gardens and elong the smooth, well-kept road, that was more like a private than a public one, and had got in sight of his hotel, when the houses seemed to lead forward as if they were toppling ove, the sky appeared falling and pressing on his

He put his hard to his forchead; it was dry and burning hot. He knew what had happened to him. It was the local fever, and he had got

it bad!v. He tooked round for a fly, but, not seeing one, attempted to struggle on towards the hotel. A moment or two afterwards he fell giddily to the pave-

ment. A man who was passing on the other side of the road stopped and ran across to him, shouting for help, and a cartiage coming up stopped braids them. It was Miss Mazurka's. With a cry

she sprang out. "I-I know the gentleman," she said, with presence of mind. "Help me lift! him into the carriage, and i will take of school lands and greater recoghim home, and send the doctor, please." They brought the English doctor, who stood beside the bed to which they had carried Stuart Villiars, and watched him in silence for a time, and administered restoratives; then he went out into the girl of great beauty and still greater anterson, where Miss Mazurka was waiting. She was quite pale with anxiety, and as unlike the cool and indolent Queen of the Fairies, as dissimilar to the Miss Mazurka of the Coronet, as could possibly be imagined.

"Well!" she said, asgerly. "He is very ill," said the doctor; graveby "You are a friend of his lordship's, I think?" and he bowed:

"Yes, yes!" she assented, anxiously. "You don't think he is not in any dan-

"I'm afraid he is," he said, seriously, He has been ill for some time; indeed, he has never quite recovered from the bines I think I hate him!" and her eyes ago."

> demanded She walked up and down the room.

see, in fact, forbid me to telegraph to England. I will go to the hospital and send a nurse." "You needn't do that," she remarked.

"Good-by," he said. "I hope you will forget your trouble, and go back to Loudon, which must miss you."

"No, it don't," she said, curtly; "It has him the doctor came back with the like room.

"At any rate, he said, almost as a stalled in her self-elected office, attired to nurse him."

"Good-by," he said. "I hope you will she will and jacket, and jacket, show than could be secured on the outside. Only prisoners are to take part in the production, the stage managing and everything else being done by them.

"There's no danger," suid the doctor will some the doctor of the side room.

When a fellow is cornered it doesn't necessarily mean that he is square.

When a fellow is cornered it doesn't necessarily mean that he is square.

Your eye on it!"—Ciristian Register. quietly, "for I am going to nurse him."

"but what's the use of bine blood if you haven't got the long green."-Popular "And and what is to be done?" she MINSTREL SHOW BY PRISONERS. (Columbia Dispatch.) The prisoners at the penitentiary are

to put on a minstrel show and vaudeville production, which from the present outlesk is to surpass any like production seen on the penitentiary stage. The prisoners have gone into the work with a will, and they are going to show the

ARE YOUR BOWELS BAD

and shed in accelers these, looking altogether as businesslike as the nurse he had brought to assist her, and as he gave his instructions, she showed that she fully understood him and intended currying them out.

Statistics Show One Person in four is Constipated.

The bad part of bowel disorders is the fact that nearly every case shows considerable trouble from indigestion, beiching gas, bloating, piles or some form of stomach misery. Oftener than not a pim-

stomach misery. Oftener than not a pimply face, or rank breath, a sluggish constipated condition is the true cause of many a man's failure in life.

By aiding digestion and building up the weak muscles of the stomach and bowels, DR. HAMILTON'S PHALS completely overcome constipation and ail forms of atomach illness.

"I was terribly run down with stomach trouble that arose through neglected constipation, writes Mrs. P. D. Quigley, from Washburn P. O. I simply couldn't half digest my food, I had dreadful head-aches, piles and yellow, muddy skin. The effect of DR HAMTATON'S PILIS was phenomenal. I have gained in weight, have a clear skin, no more headaches, 1 eat well, sleep well and enjoy all my

There is no need to be in failing health when cure is so sure, so easy, by taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box, at all dealers. REFUSE A SUBSTITUTE, and order from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston,

KING GEORGE'S CORONATION

Some of the Ancient Customs Which

Survive to This Day. The crowning of the King of England as usually been accomplished by what has usually been secom was regarded as the still more solemn rite of anointing with oil, which dates from the days of the ancient Hebrews. And in England, before the Norman conquest, the term used was "hallowing." or consecration, rather than that of con

But from old records it seems that the ceremony as then performed at Winchester was in all essentials the same as that which now takes place in Westminster Abbey. Few people seem to be aware, says the Queen, that the corenation ceremony was the only religious rite of the Anglican Church which comp ed the pruning policy of the Reformers Hence its impressive ritual and gorgoous pageantries.

The last coronation at which every old world ceremony was duly performed was that of King George IV. At his crowning a coronation banquet took place, there was a procession of peers, the herb strewer scattered flowers and the challenge of the champion of England was included in the ceremony. But at the coronations of William IV., Queen Victoria and King Edward these old customs were for various reasons omit-

However, much remains that is of deep interest and stately splendor. The dean and chapter of Westminster claim the right to instruct the sovereign in the duties of this solemn service, and on coronation day the regalia are delivered into their custody.

According to old records £100 is paid for the anointing oil supplied by the royal anothecary. The coronation chairs are of interest. That of the King is the chair of Edward the Confessor, used by every British sovereign since the time of Edward Il. It is of oak, and is reeach occasion. Beneath it is placed the stone of destiny, an ancient relic which covered with fresh crimson velvet on came originally from Ireland.

LORD BROUGHAM'S ORATORY

We have no orator in the least like Lord Brougham since the close of Blougham's public career. Everything thee nature could do so far as nopearat., manner and voice were concerned she had done to prevent him from being a gerat orator, and yet a gerat orator he undoubtedly was. I wonder what the House of Lords just now would thin kof a peer who gesticulated and beliewed as Brougham was in the something they usually get it-like babit of doing. But it was impossible most other women. They wanted a to haten to Brougham and not be carried away by the force of his intellect. by the sudden whirl and eddy of his rapid ilinstrations and by the longer and shorter stretches of equiptude and revese into which his argument cecanher election followed. She is the onally flowed .- From Justin McCarthy's Rem Liscences.

JOINS THE ARMY

Who are Shout ng the Praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the West.

A Neighbor Advised Him to Take Them for His Rheumatism Grayel. They Cured Him.

West Gravelbourg, Sask., Jan. 2 .-(Special.) -Alexander McCarter, the postmuster here, has joined the great western army that has for its watchword, "When ailing, use Dodd's Kidney Pills." And like all others he has good and sufficient reasons.

"I was laid up with Rheumatism and Gravel." Mr. McCarter states, "and was also troubled with my bladder. I was so bad I could not do much work. A neighbor came along who had been troubled the same way, and advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. 1 did it. 1 bought two boxes, and, using them according to directions, was soon able to go to work."

Notice one thing: It was a neighbor who had been troubled the same way who advised the postmaster to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. He also had been cured by them. That's why he recom-

If you're troubled with Kidney Disease in any form Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, or Bright's Disease—ask your neighbors. You'll soon find one who

"There's no danger," suit the doctor "It's only a earlance coming on the When a fellow is cornered it doesn't back of your neek. But you must keep