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GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Winsome Winnie

"She's nothen o' the sort, John Richards," the boatswain retorted—"not by her build, as I can make out. 'Tes hard to say," he admitted to Lieutenant Caerlyon; "she be goin' to pieces hevery mennit."

"Has none of the cargo come ashore?" the officer asked.

"Not much, sir, except bar'ls, and chests of tay, and pieces of staves."

"An' not a soul left aboard o' her," John Richards put in.

"Ye'r a-talkin' of what 'e don't know not' 'n of," the boatswain said again, more sharply; "ef 'e've got heyes, man, and a glass, what kind o' use do 'e put 'em to? I see three men, not ten mennits ago, come in through the passage atween them flat rocks forrard theer, houldin' on to a spar, poor fellows! They must be a'most dead."

"Where have they got to, then?" Lieutenant Caerlyon asked. "It will be low tide in three hours, but there's not a shelf of rock above water now; and even at low water the rocks will all be covered in this storm, and no one can get to them. I am afraid, poor fellows, it's a black look-out from every point for them."

"Here be wimmin comin'! What do they want a-comin' in such a place?" the coastguard boatswain, a bachelor of some forty-eight years' standing, remarked, crossly—the gentler sex, in Mr. Ned Boscawen's opinion, having no earthly right to appear in any place where their presence was not directly required. "Comin' up here, weth the wind blowin' their gowns an' shawls like balloons—it'll take 'em off their feet afore they knows wheer they are!"

Determined to give the adventurous females a smart rebuff if they ventured "to come clackin' weth their questions," as he phrased it, to him, Mr. Boscawen deigned to bestow no further notice on the two darkly-robed advancing figures. Lieutenant Caerlyon, steading his glass against a field hedge skirting the last cultivated stretch of land on the Head, heard nothing, saw nothing but the echoing roar of the thunder of the waves and the hissing sheets of flying spray, with that black dismantled heap lying so forlornly on her side, and the harp black rocks beginning to show all around her in the ebbing tide.

"It'll carry out everything afloat belonging to her, too," he said, half aloud; "we can't even tell what cargo she had."

Suddenly he perceived Mr. Boscawen staring amazedly at something and touching his cap.

Wheeling around to discover the cause of the phenomenon of Mr. Boscawen's politeness, Lieutenant Caerlyon nearly dropped his glass at seeing his daughter Winnie's pale face at his elbow, and, leaning on her arm, Lady Mountrevor, wrapped in a mackintosh cloak.

"Your ladyship is very brave to come out here on such a morning, and at such an hour," he remarked, involuntarily, through sheer amazement, after replying to her brief but courteous greeting.

"Your daughter was not afraid to come—begged to be allowed to come—why should I fear, Lieutenant Caerlyon" her ladyship said, quietly.

"Oh—but—Winnie," he said, coughing a little depreciatingly and smiling—"Winnie's more used to early hours and rough weather than you are, Lady Mountrevor. Winnie's been out on the cliffs with me years ago, when she was a little girl— at three o'clock in the morning sometimes."

"Can no one tell anything about the unfortunate vessel, Mr. Caerlyon?" Lady Mountrevor asked, rather impatiently. "I came out to see if I could be of any use. Where are the poor people?"

"A few men were seen getting in by spars and such things some time since, my lady," he replied, "but we can discover nothing of them—nor can we reach them, I fear, even at low water."

"They must be under the Head, father!" Winnie cried, her white face reddening with excitement.

"Yes, but where, my dear? Half-drowned sailors could hardly cling to the face of the cliff," her father returned. "As soon as the tide turns, if our boat can be launched, we'll try and get out a bit to see where they are."

"Couldn't, sir—couldn't be done these twenty-four hours," Ned Boscawen interpsed, gruffly, shutting up his glass with a snap.

"I doubt if it could," said the Lieutenant, sadly, shaking his head; "I fear, madam, the poor fellows have no no chance."

"Must they be left to die, then?" Lady Mountrevor asked, shuddering. "Mr. Caerlyon, I wish to offer rewards to encourage the men to try to save them. I will give fifty pounds to the boat's crew of your men that goes out to try to rescue them—a hundred pounds if they are successful!"

"Lady Mountrevor," he said gravely, "you are very kind, but a thousand pounds would not tempt a man to fling away his life—as it would be flung away in any attempt to man a boat through such a sea as that for the next twenty-four hours; and long before that time those poor fellows must be washed away, or have died from cold and exposure, if they are not dead already."

"Father, they might hold on to those flat rocks—they are at high-water mark, you know," Winnie urged, "and they are a little sheltered from the beat of the waves, too."

"They may hold on, Winnie," her father replied, shaking his head; "but they can't climb up. We can't get a rope down, we can't reach them by a boat, and they must perish, child, as soon as the tide rises again."

"Would no one volunteer to go over the face of the cliff with a rope, Mr. Caerlyon?" inquired Lady Mountrevor, eagerly. "If you can discover that there are any survivors beneath, I will give a hundred pounds to the man that goes down to them."

Lieutenant Caerlyon bowed.

"I will tell them what you say, Lady Mountrevor, but I am afraid the attempt will be useless, even if you can get them to make it. Tregathen Head projects considerably, and below there is no foothold for anything but a gull, except at very low tide."

A quarter of an hour afterwards he came back.

"Madam," he said, "there is not a man amongst them would attempt it until the sea goes down; and it can not be ascertained that there are any survivors."

"But there may be survivors for all that, Winnie," Lady Mountrevor persisted, as they turned away together. "I shall not give up hoping—I shall make preparations to receive them, poor creatures. Oh, if we could save the lives of even one or two out of all belonging to that great vessel!"

Perhaps this was the first thoroughly unselfish work that Mildred, Lady Mountrevor, had found to do in her life or rather that she had tried to do, and all that was best and noblest in her nature expanded beneath its influence. Hopeful light shone pleasantly in her eyes, hopeful color glowed pleasantly in her cheeks, as she eagerly planned for the recovery, the consoling, comforting, and healing of a few poor wretched half-dead sailors. In her enthusiasm, in the pleasant warmth of benevolence, melting away the ice at her heart, she could have washed and clothed and fed with her own hands the wretchedest, most tattered, torn, wounded human creature which could be rescued from the waves, and rejoiced over him as if he had been a dear friend.

"Where are you going, Lady Mountrevor?" Winnie asked, pausing. "Will you let me stay with my father? I would rather stay here to see if anything can be done," she pleaded. "Please allow me. I cannot stay indoors. I cannot eat or drink. Let me stay here for a few hours, at least."

"You shall stay all day if you wish and I will stay also," Lady Mountrevor rejoined, quickly, "but I must go and give some orderes first at Tregarthen House."

"Orders at Tregarthen?" Winnie repeated, half mechanically.

Lady Mountrevor and Winnie were walking side by side up Mennacarthen Lane—just as Winnie had walked here eight years ago in the bleak dawning of a wild March morning, by Stephen Tredennick's side— just as she was walking with his proud, beautiful cousin now, she who had been haughty Mildred Tredennick then; and he—where was he now?

"I am going to have Tregarthen House prepared to receive those poor people, if they can be rescued," said Lady Mountrevor, hurrying faster. "Come, Winnie; we will order Mary Truscott and her old aunt to have blazing fires and plenty of hot water and aired beds and blankets. I know Stephen would wish it to be so."

"But—but he is not coming home!" Winnie observed, staring a little wildly, as they entered the house.

Stephen Tredennick come home! Certainly not! What are you thinking of?" asked Lady Mildred, in surprise. "You are not well, Winnie, after your sleepless, agitated night—poor child, your face is quite drawn and ghastly. Try not to think of the wreck for a few minutes, dear, and sit down by the fire and rest, and look at all the improvements I have been making."

"Yes, beautiful! You have made it look as if it had been always lived in and taken care of—everything so fresh and neat," Winnie said, languidly.

She sat down, weary and shivering, in a large chair in the oak-paneled dining-room, its woodwork, all newly polished, reflecting like mirrors in a thousand flashes of yellow light the leaping flame of the newly-kindled wood fire, the rich ruddy glow of the velvety crimson and purple of the carpets and curtains; the tall yellow wax candles in the bronze candelabra, the white statuettes on brackets on either pier between the three windows, the books in their ovory tray—nay, even the three tall slender jardinieres of purple majolicaware, with their blooming clusters of white and purple hyacinths, each making the air heavy with fragrance—a beautiful, welcoming home-like room, looking, as Winnie had said, as if it had been always lived in and taken care of, with not an item in its home luxuries overlooked by the sympathetic taste, the thoughtful mind, that had designed and perfected its furniture and accessories.

"Well, Winnie, what do you think of it?" asked Lady Mildred, coming back to the dining-room. "You must come all through the house with me and look at it, and then Mary Truscott will give us some breakfast. She makes coffee and griddle-cakes to perfection as I have often proved on cold days, when I was here looking after the workmen," she said to blushing, curtseying Mary, who considered haughty Lady Mountrecor "the sweetest creecher of a lady—grand as she is—that you could find in England."

Like one in a dream Winnie followed Lady Mildred from room to room, as she drew back curtains, pulled up blinds and exhibited the chintz and damask hangings, cheval blasses, French bedsteads, bath rooms, carpeted corriders and staircases of polished oak, the massive hall lamps, the statues, pictures, flowers, everything fresh, and furnished, and cleaned, and polished, painted, papered, varnished, stained, gilded, to the acme of the complete luxurious neatness of a well-appointed English old country house—nothing glaringly new or bright, everything warm, cosy, comfortable, inviting, needing only the additional brightness of living presences by the bright hearths and the glad blazing fires.

"This is just as Stephen would like to see it, I think. He will be so pleased with the old house," said Lady Mildred, cheerfully. "Only some outbuildings need repair now, and a new conservatory has to be finished; othefwise it is quite ready for its master, Winnie."

The girl did not offer a word; she was looking from the bay-window of the drawing-room across at the Head, and the stretch of boisterous foam-flecked water, dimly seem beyond the clouds of mist above the crashoing breakers, and she shuddererd violently.

"When may I go back to the wreck, Lady Mountrevor?"

"As soon as you have taken some breakfast—not before," replied Lady Mildred, decisively. "How you shiver, you poor little thing!" In the strength of her own splendid physique, impartially moulded, morally and physically, as she was, the young peeress looked down pityingly on the slender, frail, girlish form of the woman who was her junior in years as if she had been a weakly child. "You are not equal to such exertion, Winnie, I see that; your sleepless night has made you quite ill. I am stronger, I suppose," she added, her face clouding wearily as the memory of what that sleepless night had brought to her knowledge arose freshly on her mind.

But she did not remember that to strong, fiery, passionate natures like hers, that rebel wildly against the grief which is yet crushing their very soul, it is possible to fling aside for a time the very memory of the weary burden that the meek ones gird around them to bear patiently, gently, uncomplainingly to the grave.

Besides, it was no new grief that she had learned; and gentle Winnie Caerlyon's touch had been only soothing to the old, hidden wound, throbbing so feverishly beneath Lady Mountrevor's cold, statuesque beauty.

"You have not seen half my improvements; you can have no idea of the state that this old house was in when I took it in hand," she went on, kindly intent on rousing Winnie from what she considered to be merely nervous depression, as she poured out a fragrant cup of hot coffee and buttered the crisp, hot griddle-cakes, at the other side of the little oval table which she had wheeled up to Winnie's chair." "Don't you think this oblong table perfection for a tete-a-tete breakfast?" her ladyship pursued, smiling, as she ladled the thick, golden, scaled cream into Winnie's cup. "I do; I chose it in Plymouth purposely for cousin Stephen."

"And yourself, I suppose?" Winnie said, smiling faintly.

"Myself!" Lady Mildred exclaimed, raising her brows. "I could scarcely expect to enjoy tete-a-tete breakfasts with Captain Tredennick for the term of my natural life. Miss Caerlyon. You forget that this is the privileged enjoyment of Lord Henry Mountrevor."

"I beg your pardon," said Winnie, coloring in some distress, both at the mistake and the hostile flush and tone of voice of Lord Mountrevor's young wife.

"I bought it for the same people that I bought those two velvet chairs for," Lady Mildred went on, forcing her cheerful mood back again. "This is a tete-a-tete service—this Sevres; I got it in my pet bric-a-brac shops in Paris. I got it for Stephen and his chatelaine—and I mean to tell him so."

"His—his——" stammered Winnie, bewildered for a moment. "Oh, I know! I did not——"

"His chatelaine—wife—lady—Tregarthen's mistress—whoever she may be," said Lady Mildred, laughing. "Don't you think she ought to find a happy home here, Winnie? Don't you think life could flow on very peacefully here, with a woman whom Stephen Tredennick loved, and who loved him"

"It could not flow on otherwise," Winnie replied, her voice shaking a little.

A long pause ensued. Secretly Lady Mildred waited for Winnie to speak; secretly Winnie longed to speak, but dared not.

"You must have had a great deal of trouble to have everything restored and the house so perfectly appointed," the latter remarked, taking refuge at length in commonplaces. "I almost feared that Tregarthen House would have fallen into ruins before this, when I was in America."

"You remembered Tregarthen House, then" questioned Lady Mildred, with a rather curious inflexion in her voice. "It was a pleasure—the greatest pleasure I have known for years, Winnie—to be able to make my dear cousin Stephen some return for his years of kindness—brotherly, patient kindness to me."

Kindness?" Winnie broke out, looking up with a fevered flash of light and color coming to her eyes and cheeks. "I thought I had been told years ago that——"

"That what?"

"That Stephen Tedennick——I beg your pardon; it does not matter, and is is no concern of mine." She interrupted herself brusquely, and, locking her nervous, twitching hands with convulsive tightness in her lap, she turned away her face, watching Tregarthen Head and its encircling mists of ocean spray.

"I think, Winnie," said Lady Mildred, with quiet reproach, "you need not fear to tell me any thought of yours, no matter how strange or incorrect," she added, meaningly.

"It does not matter—indeed it does not matter—it is of no consequence whatever," Winnie persisted, rising unconsciously in her agitation and walking away from the table.

A half-melancholy smile followed her from Mildred Mountrevor's keen, watchful eyes.

"You poor little simple-hearted thing!" she said inwardly. "As if you could conceal it—and as if I did not know it long ago! As if I would not do more for Stephen's sake—dear brother Stephen, the only brother I ever had in loving reality—as if I would not have aided his happiness by every means in my power long ago, when I thought of my own happiness as near and as sure as his!"

Sadly, and half enviously, she gazed at the slender black-robed figure standing in the cold gray light of the window—the girl on whom she had bestowed her half-scornful compassion in the years gone by, when her own youth and love and happiness were at their zenith of bloom and brightness—this poor, pale-faced gentle little woman.

CHAPTER XXV.

"It is a most extraordinary thing for you to attempt, my dear," madam had said, with a rather cold smile, when Lady Mountrevor and Winnie, wrapped in hoods and thick shawls, had entered her breakfast room to explain their absence, and inform her of their intentions for the rest of the day. "You are very courageous, I suppose, and it is really very good of you, Lady Mountrever, to take such an interest in those poor unhappy creatures. Can I do anything, can I send anything up to Tregarthen, Mildred? I will with pleasure."

"Thank you, madam, 'no," her niece replied, coldly. "Tregarthen House is well supplied."

"And do you really think that any of them have escaped? Hardly, I should imagine, poor creatures"; and madam's little dimpled and fluttered coquessishly amongst the hanging white laces of her purple satin under-sleeves, as with a smile she offered a dainty breakfast cup of her favorite green tea to her visitors.

"We breakfasted an hour since, thank you, again," said Lady Mildred, more frigidly, and drawing Winnie away. "We but came to explain our absence, and apologize for it, madam. I am old enough to consider an effort to save a poor, half-dead sailor's life of more importance than a comfortable breakfast at the usual nine o'clock hour—and I believe Miss Winnie Caerlyon shares my peculiarity. We shall not be home to dinner. Good morning, madam!"

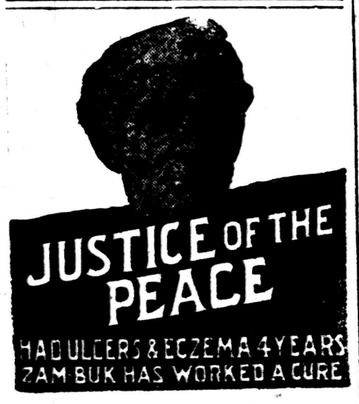
"Good morning, Lady Mountrever!" returned madam, offended, and taking up the newspaper.

"Good morning, madam!" said Winnie.

Madam rustled the paper very loudly, held the sheet before her face, and made no reply.

"Do I really think that any of them have escaped!" Lady Mountrevor repeated indignantly, as she and Winnie made their way along the wild, bleak cliff road. "I prefer to make sure of the fact with my own eyes and ears, at all events, instead of sipping tea and enjoying raised pies and buttered toast and reading the paper, whilst my fellow-creatures are perishing in a watery grave within a mile of my doors. You do not call that selfishness—horrible, cold-blooded selfishness?" she said, sarply, to Winnie.

(To be Continued.)



Mr. J. E. Arsenault, a Justice of the Peace, and station master at Wellington, on the Prince Edward Island Railway, says:

"Four years ago I slipped in the station and fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heal, but instead of doing so it developed into a bad ulcer, and later into a form of eczema which spread very rapidly and also started on the other leg. Both legs became so swollen and sore that I could only go about my work by having them bandaged. My doctor said I must stop work and lay up.

"After six months of this trouble I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. I tried all the salves, liniments and lotions I heard of, but instead of getting better I got worse.

"This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Buk. Greatly to my delight that first box gave me relief. I continued to apply it to the sores, and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had got hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did.

"It is now over a year since Zam-Buk worked a cure in my case, and there has been no return of the eczema."

Such is the nature of the great cures which Zam-Buk is daily effecting. Purely herbal in composition, this great balm is a sure cure for all skin diseases, cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, blood-poisoning, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflated patches, cuts, burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., upon receipt of price.

Zam-Buk

Is Your Back Full of Aches All Day Long?

That Stab-like Pain in the Back is Sure Indication of Kidney Trouble

Mrs. Anna Rodriguez writes as follows from her home in Valencia: "For a long time I suffered with failing strength and nagging headaches. My condition grew steadily worse, my limbs became bloated and shaky, I was sallow and thin, felt rheumatic pains, dizziness and chills. I unfortunately did not suspect my kidneys and was nearly dead when I discovered the true cause of my sufferings. I read so much about the wonderful health and strength that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills that I felt sure they would help me. **Such blessings of health and comfort I got from Dr. Hamilton's Pills I can't describe. They speedily put me right, and their steady use keeps me active, energetic, strong and happy. I strongly urge others to regulate and tone their system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut."**

No greater medicine exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills for the cure of indigestion, flatulence, liver, bladder and kidney trouble. Refuse substitutes. 25c per box or five boxes for $1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid by the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

THE SECRET OF GIRLISH BEAUTY

The Blood Must be Kept Rich and Pure, and the Nerves Properly Nourished.

Every parent of a growing girl and every young woman who looks after herself should be constantly on the watch for symptoms of impoverished blood. Girls in their teens should not be pale, languid and constantly fatigued. Nature intended them to be bright, energetic and active. The happiness of a lifetime depends upon giving the blood the help it needs at this time, when girls are too frequently allowed to overstudy, overwork and suffer from lack of exercise.

The symptoms of impoverished blood are unmistakable. They are languidness, pale, sallow complexion, shortness of breath, violent palpitation of the heart, particularly on going upstairs, poor appetite, dizziness and headaches and a tendency to faint. These symptoms of course are not all found in every case, but the more the victim has of them the greater progress has the trouble made and the more imperative is the necessity to at once begin to check it, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which bring back the flow of Health and energy to every part of the body. The case of Miss Jeanie Fraser, Hamilton, Ont., offers proof of this. She says: "For over eighteen months I was in a very bad state of health and thoroughly run down. I had no appetite and suffered from most of the symptoms of anaemia. I went to a local doctor, and received treatment from him for three months, and although I took bottle after bottle of medicine I was steadily growing worse, and I got so down-hearted and depressed that I felt I would never get better. At this time I read the case of a young lady whose symptoms were similar to my own, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. By the time I had used three boxes my appetite had improved and I was feeling more encouraged. I continued the use of the Pills for a time longer, and my health was fully restored."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ease That Sore Joint Nerviline Will Do It

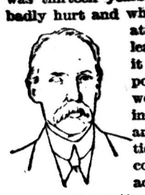
The Champion Clog and Pedestal Dancer of Canada Tells How To Keep in Trim.

Few men in his profession are better known than Mr. Thomas Hogan, of 27 Fortification Lane, Montreal, who writes: "To limber up a stiff joint, to remove every sense of soreness from tired muscles I can tell you nothing compares with Nerviline. It is really a wonderful liniment, and I use it continually, simply because I find it keeps the muscles and joints supple and entirely free from pain and stiffness. I earnestly recommend Nerviline to every person that requires to use a strong, penetrating, pain-subduing liniment."

For Rheumatism Nerviline is a wonder; for Sciatica it cures where others fail; for Lumbago, stiffness and cold, nothing surpasses it. Keep Nerviline handy—it's good to take inwardly destroys internal pains quickly, and is just as good for outward application. Large family size bottle, 50c; small size, 25c., at all storekeepers and druggists or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

OLD SORE HEALED IN SIX DAYS

Nearly Impossible to Heal Skin. Badly Hurt. Sore, Red and Inflamed. Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

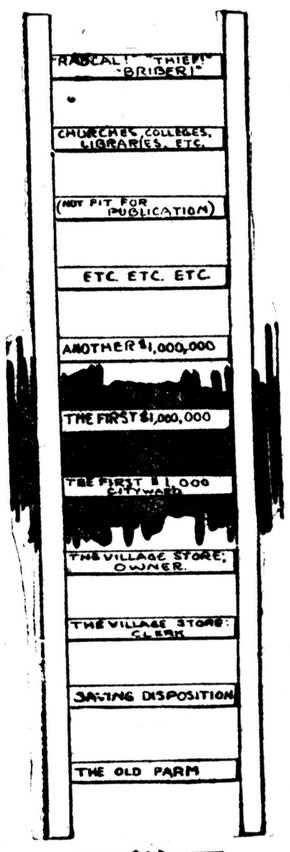


Bowsman River, Manitoba.—"When I was thirteen years of age I got my shin badly hurt and when healed the skin was attached to the bone. The least bruise would injure it and it was nearly impossible to heal. The sore would be very red and inflamed round the edges and had a burning sensation. When extra sore I could not sleep at night on account of the pain. I always wore a cotton bandage on it from the ankle to the knee. For a number of years I used sticking plasters, then got a salve. I saw the advertisement offering a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample and purchased some more and in six days the sore was healed completely." (Signed) James Edwards, June 21, 1912.

FOR PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 47D, Boston, U. S. A.

THE LADDER OF BUSINESS FAME



MAKE OILCLOTH LOOK NEW.

Oilcloth can be renewed easily and made to last twice as long if treated in the following way: Melt a little ordinary glue in a pint of water, letting it stand on the top of the oven until dissolved. Wash the oilcloth thoroughly and let it dry. Then at night, when the traffic of the day ceases, go over the whole carefully with a flannel dipped in the glue water. Choose a fine day for it, and by morning the glue will be hard and will have put on a fine gloss as good as new.—Suburn Life.

ARE GROWING IN FAVOR EVERY DAY

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS PROVING THEIR VALUE AS A FAMILY MEDICINE.

Quebec Man Tells How They Helped Him and Cured His Nephew of Kidney Disease.

South Ham, Wolfe Co., Que., March 3.—(Special)—There is fresh proof every day that as a family medicine Dodd's Kidney Pills are growing in favor with the people of Quebec. Just to quote an example, Amable Pinard, of this place, says, in an interview:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills helped my rheumatism, backache, gravel, and heart disease, from which I suffered for twenty years.

"They have not yet cured me completely, but they did completely cure my nephew, who suffered from kidney disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure kidney disease. They will complete Amable Pinard's cure, because all the diseases mentioned are the results of kidney disease. They cured the young man's kidney disease quickly, because it was taken in its early stages. Amable Pinard's troubles are of twenty years' standing, and take a longer treatment.

The moral is, that if you cure your kidney disease early with Dodd's Kidney Pills, you will never be troubled with rheumatism, gravel, and other diseases that are caused by sick kidneys failing to do their work.

Nobody is really as polite or as disagreeable as his tone of voice while talking over the telephone would imply.—Washington Star.