Father
Dodd for Son

PRAISES DODD'S
KIDNEY PILLS.

They Relieved His
Wife and Himself of
Ask Your Neighbor
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Bonaventure Co.,
(Special)—That
have been suc-
old and young
Dodd's Pills is again
of Mr. Clem-

to state," Mr.
Dodd's Kidney Pills
of bed wetting,
bladder trouble.
much in praise of

Pills are a kidney
But blad-
troubles come as a
disordered kidneys.
to treat such
when or help the

this principle
Kidney Pills for
troubles. The
voiced by his

them yourself,
Dodd's Kidney
for kidney

OF
PEOPLE

Emmanuel rarely
does it is usual-

of Vice-Ad-
is writing let-

career as a pro-
Paderewski, the pre-
Poland, could play
than 500 composi-

Jury, the new On-
practical farmer.
near the town of
that was first
father a century

singularly sup-
Paderewski once engaged
Ritmeyer in London,
when he found it
certain street, al-
it.
is of opinion that
a machine which,
is capable of sus-
and enjoyment
adds that he him-
that age.
the United States
Penrose, one of
members; David
Pennsylvania, one of the
Elkins, of West
wealthiest, and
of Connecticut,
people there are
that the former
has been, a con-
Spiritualistic
have always
German blood in a
Germany some
declared that the
inclined to Spir-
it as an objec-
went so far as to
a fragment of
medium.
-five, Sir Arthur
the leading Eng-
Few dramatists
successes since he
with "The Sec-
a quarter of a
Arthur takes im-
his plays, is en-
will coach the
at a time until
expresses the auth-

Belgians contin-
urated by the late
godfather
born in Brussels.
usage he once
because the sev-
were twins. He
father for both
would give the
The remedy was
Elizabeth, who sug-
prince should
the eighth boy,
received the name

STOCK SHOW

announce-
Stock Show at
This show
seven successive
improved and en-
As to number of
paid in auction
1919 show far
ones. Special
provided this year
farm feeders. Prize
shortly.

Sugar.

lards, puddings,
tablespoonfuls of
will sweeten it
sugar will be

IDEALIZED.
manuscript)
good figures?"
—if the sitter in-

CRITICISM.
the new singer.
when she's sing-

men Complain
corns ache—easy
Putnam's Corn Ex-
painlessly in twenty-
corns, warts and
thing is "Put-
at all dealers.

WE WISH TO ANNOUNCE
OUR ELEVENTH ANNUAL SHOW
TO BE HELD AT
Union Stock Yards, Toronto
Dec. 9th, 10th, 1920
TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

CHAPTER 1.

Night had fallen over Alaska—black, uncompromising night; a veil of impenetrable darkness had dropped upon the snow wastes and the ice-fields and the fettered Yukon, sleeping under its ice-chains, and upon the cruel passes where the trails had been made by tracks of blood. Day by day, as long as the light of day—God's glorious gift to man—had lasted, these trails across the passes, between the snowy peaks, the peaks themselves, had been the theatre of hideous scenes of human cruelty, or human lust and greed, of human egoism. Day by day, a slow, terrible stream of humanity had wound like a dark and sluggish river through the passes, bringing with it sweat and toil and agony, torture and suffering and death. As long as the brilliant sun in the placid azure of the summer heavens above had guided them, bands of men had laboured and fought and struggled over these passes, deaf to all pity or mercy or justice, deaf to all but the clamor of greed within them that was driving them on, trampling down the weak and the old, crushing the fallen, each man clutching and grasping his own, hoarding his strength and even refusing a hand to his neighbor, starving the patient beasts of burden they had brought with them, friends who were willing to share their toil without sharing their reward, driving on the poor, staggering, strengthless brutes with open knives, and clubbing them to death when they fell beneath their loads with piteous eyes, or leaving them to freeze slowly where they lay, pressing forward, hurrying, fighting, slaughtering, so the men went into the gold camps all the summer, and the passes were the silent witnesses of the horror of it all and of the innocent blood shed. Then Nature herself intervened, and winter come down like a black curtain on the world, and the passes closed up behind the men and were filled with drifts of snow that covered the bones and the blood and the deep miry slides, marked with slipping tracks where struggling, gasping lives had gone out, and the river closed up behind the men, and the ice thickened there daily, and the men were in the camps and there were no way out.

And now, in the darkness of the winter night, in the coldness in which no man could live, there was peace. There was no sound, for the snow of the tall pines never melted and never fell, the water in the creeks was solid as the rocks, and made no murmur, there was no footfall of bird nor beast, no leaf to rustle, no twig to fall.

But beyond the silent peaks and the desolate passes, beyond the rigid pines, low down in the darkness, there was a reddish glow in the air, a strange, yellowish, quivering mist of light that hovered and moved restlessly, and yet kept its place where it hung suspended between white earth and black sky. All around was majestic peace and calm and stillness, Nature wrapped in silence, but the flickering, wavering mist of light jumped feverishly in the darkness and spoke of man. It was the cloud of restless light that hung over the city of Dawson.

Within the front parlor of the "Pistol Shot," the favorite and most successful, besides being the most appropriately named saloon in Dawson, the cold had been pretty well fought down; a huge stove stood at each end of the room, crammed as full as it could hold with fuel, all windows were tightly closed, and the lamps flared merrily against the whitewashed walls.

At this hour the room was full, and the single door, facing the bar, was pushed open every half minute to admit one or two more figures to join the steaming, drinking, noisy crowd within. It was snowing outside. As the door swung open, one could see the white sheet of falling flakes in the darkness; the air was full of snow— that cruel, light, dry snow, fine and sharp like powdered ice, borne down on a north wind. The figures that entered brought it in with them, the light frosty powder resting on their furs and lying deep in the upturned rims of their seal caps.

There had been a successful strike made that afternoon, and the men were all excited and eager about it. Everyone pressed to the Pistol Shot to hear the latest details, to discuss and gossip over it. There was as much talk as digging done in Dawson. Men who had no chance and no means to win success, who owned no claims and never saw gold except in another man's hands, loved to talk work and talk claims and talk gold with the rest. It was exhilarating and exciting, and there was only that one topic in the world for them. They were like invalids in a small community afflicted by a common disease who never met without discussing their symptoms. They were all invalids in reality, all suffering from the same horrible plague and fever, the gold fever that was eating into their brains.

At one end of the bar counter, between it and the back wall, a girl was standing idly surveying with indifferent eyes the animated crowd that moved and swayed round her, the men jostling each other in their efforts to push up to the thickly surrounded counter. She was tall rather than short, and her figure well made, showing good lines even in the rough dress she was wearing; long rubber boots came to her knees, where they were met by her short buckskin skirt, and above this, in place of bodice, she wore merely a rough straight jacket drawn into the waist by a broad leather belt, in which was stuck, not ostentatiously, but still sufficiently conspicuously, a brace of revolvers. Her hair was cut short, and only a few dark, silky rings showed themselves beneath the edge of her seal-skin cap, pushed down close to her eyebrows.

The dark eyes beneath looked out upon the scene before her with a half-disdainful, half-wearied expression, which deepened into scorn now and then as she watched the bar-tender rake over the counter double and th[illegible] the price of a drink in the generous pinch of gold dust laid there by some miner almost too drunk to stagger to the bar. She had a very attractive face, to which one's eyes would wander again and again, trying to reconcile the peculiar resolution, even hardness of the expression with the soft, well-moulded features and the sweet youthful lips, full of freshness and color. The miners took very little notice of her, and she certainly made no effort to attract it, leaning listlessly against the bar with one elbow on the counter, a silent and motionless spectator of all this excited, eager humanity. There was no thought in their mind, no word on their lips just then but gold. Gold! gold! The thought possessed them with a grip on their brains like the grip of fever on the body, and the word sounded pleasant as the sweetest music to their ears. Gold! The syllable went round and passed from mouth to mouth, till the very air seemed to be getting a yellow tint above the gray fumes of tobacco.

Among the last batch of incomers was a slim young fellow of twenty odd years, and when he had worked his way with difficulty up to the crowded counter, he found himself near the girl's corner. She looked at him, letting her dark eyes wander critically over his face. He formed a strong contrast to the figures around him, being slight and delicate in build, with a pale, good-looking face that had a tender, sympathetic expression like a woman's. Feeling the girl's gaze upon him, he glanced her way, and then having looked once, looked again. After a series of glances between drinks from his glass, the furtive looks began to amuse the girl, and the next time their eyes met she laughed openly, and they both spoke simultaneously.

"You're a new-comer, aren't you?" she said.

"I haven't seen you here before," was his remark.

"You might have done, I should think," answered the girl, carelessly; "but I don't come here very often, although my father is running this place."

"Are you Poniatovsky's daughter?" he said in surprise, unable to connect this splendid young creature with the ugly little Pole he knew as the proprietor of the saloon.

The girl nodded. "Yes, Katrine Poniatovsky is my name—what is yours?"

"Stephen Wood," he answered, meekly.

"What have you come here for—mining?" she asked next. Although her queries were direct, there was nothing rude in the fresh young voice making them.

The young fellow colored deeply, the rush of blood passed over his face up to his light smooth hair and deep down into his neck till it was lost beneath his coat collar.

"No—yes—that is—well, I mean—I do mine now," he stammered, after a minute.

The girl said nothing; and when Stephen glanced round at her he saw she was regarding him with astonished eyes under elevated eyebrows. This expression made the pretty, oval face fairly beautiful, and the young man's heart opened to her.

"I came with the intention of doing some good here among the people—in a missionary, religious way, I mean; but—" and he stopped again in painful embarrassment.

Katrine laughed.

"For the present you've laid religion aside and you're going to do a little mining and make a fortune, and then the religion can be taken up again," she said.

The young fellow only flushed deeper and turned his glass round nervously on the counter.

"That's all right," the girl said, soothingly, after a second. "This place is a corner of the world where we all are different from what we are anywhere else. As soon as men come here they get changed. They forget everything else, and just go in for gold. It's sort of madness that's in the air. You'd be able to mission-ize somewhere else all right, but here you are obliged just to dig like the rest—you can't help it. Got a claim?"

The young man's face paled again.

"Yes," he answered in a low tone. "It was the claim that tempted me. It's one of the best, I believe—over in the west gulch, only about ten miles from here."

There was a pressing movement round them as some fresh miners came pushing their way through to the bar, and Stephen and Katrine moved away, to make room for them, toward the wall of the room; they put their backs against it and looked over the mass of moving heads toward the door.

"Look at this fellow coming in now," Stephen said to his companion suddenly, as the door swung open, to a mist of whirling whiteness, and two or three men entered. "Henry Talbot. He has the claim next mine in the gulch. He has just struck a fresh set of gold, and he'll soon be one of the richest men here."

The girl craned her neck to get a good view between the intervening heads, and though she had not been told which of the incoming figures to look at, she fixed her eyes as if by instinct on the right one—a man of rather tall, slight figure, pale face, and marked features. He made his way toward the bar, and then catching Stephen's signals to him, he smiled and came their way.

"What are you doing down here?" he said, speaking to Stephen, but looking at Katrine, who, in her turn was scanning has face closely.

"Why, enjoying Miss Poniatovskp's society," answered Stephen, with a bow.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,
ALFRED BOCHAV.

Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

LETTER FROM MRS. WAKELIN

Tells Remarkable Story of Sickness and Recovery.

Toronto, Ont.—"I suffered greatly from weakness, seemed to be tired all the time, and had no ambition to do anything or go any place. My nerves were in bad shape, I could not sleep at night, and then came a breakdown. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and several of my friends advised me to use it, and it surely put new life into me. Now I am quite able to do all my own work, and I would strongly advise every suffering woman to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial."—Mrs. CHARLES WAKELIN, 272 Christie St., Toronto, Ont.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for more than forty years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

A Witness Testifies

SHE WAS WEAK AND NERVOUS

Brampton, Ont.:—"About five years ago I began suffering with woman's trouble. I became all run-down weak and nervous. I was so completely down and out that I could not do anything, could scarcely dress myself. I had the doctor and took other medicine but without getting better until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his Golden Medical Discovery. It was only necessary for me to take about three bottles when I was completely restored to health and strength and I have been in better health than I ever was before. I have had no use for medicine since, but should I need it I would take these same remedies, knowing them to be excellent."—MRS. HARRY KNIGHT, Jessie St.

OWES HER LIFE

Ft. Saskatchewan, Alta.:—"It is with great pleasure that I write the following and I hope it will help the many sufferers who do not know the good Dr. Pierce's medicines would do them if they would try them.

"In regard to my condition, I will say that I suffered from childhood from a very weak back; I had the misfortune of having spinal meningitis when I was one year old and until I was 13 I did not see a well day, but a very kind lady told my mother about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and she got a bottle to try it. It did me so much good that mother got me 6 bottles. Recently I happened with a car accident and hurt my back badly. My doctor gave me up and said I would not live, but I still stick to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and to my surprise in three weeks I was out of bed and better. I owe my life to it and nothing else, and shall never be without it.

"If any sufferer wishes to write I will answer with pleasure."—MRS. NOEL BARTHOLOMEW.

15¢ a Plug
2 for 25¢

ANCHOR PLUG TOBACCO

The BEST Chewing Tobacco

Best selected leaf—
Skillfully manufactured—Delicious flavor—
Ever fresh and lasting

ANCHOR PLUG

It Holds its Flavor

STAGE HOODOOS

Most people have some pet superstitions, but of all professions the stage is the most superstitious of all.

The success or failure of a play is often spoiled by incidents which would pass unnoticed by anyone but the actors. Who among the audience, for instance, would think of inspecting the occupants of the front row? Yet that front row is most important to some of the performers. A cross-eyed person, or one with red hair, will hoodoo the play.

The first night, by the way, is fraught with good or bad omens. An actor on the way to the theatre for the first performance is assured of success if he meets a load of hay. Managere are equally affected by the hoodoo idea, so that some of them will go so far as to have their plays so named that the lucky letter M will be the first initial.

In the dressing-room you will generally find a horseshoe, and many actors carry one of their own, for luck. But while a horseshoe is believed to bring good luck, left-over make-up may bring bad luck, and few performers will carry it with them from one engagement or company to another. One of the best properties of a theatre is a black cat, and if the cat can be coaxed on the stage from the back at rehearsal the success of a new play is beyond doubt.

But thert must be no birds. To some of the profession these mean disaster. Fanny Davenport, who believed implicitly in omens, had an experience with birds, which was to her most convincing.

She was to play in "Cleopatra" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, and when the scenery was painted, she found, to her dismay, which was real and unassumed, that the walls of Rameses' palace were liberally decorated with paintings of the Egyptian ibis. She ordered them removed, but the artist insisted that the set would be inartistic without them. In spite of her protests and her pleas, she was over-ruled, and the birds remained. On the opening night the theatre caught fire and thousands of dollars in costumes and scenery went up in smoke. Fanny Davenport it was a judgment, and a lasting example of the folly of going against omens. The new scenery had not one bird in evidence.

SHE OF RED HAIR.

No type of beauty can be more strikingly lovely than the red-haired woman, writes a famous creator of fashions. If the possessor of red hair understands how to dress to type she may make herself as vividly decorative as a mural painting.

"That stunning Miss So-and-So with the wonderful red hair," we hear so often, but alas, we also hear "There's poor Mary, such a sweet girl, but that awful red hair! If she only knew what to wear it might help, but what can you do with a girl like that?"

A red-haired woman should realize first of all that there is a different color pigment in her skin than that of the blonde or of the black-haired woman with fair skin.

The delicate shades that tone with the pink and white loveliness of the blonde are not so good when featured on the red-haired woman, although her complexion may possess that quality of extreme whiteness theory that if you see a red-haired The auburn, bronze or chestnuthairded type is another story. I am speaking of the woman with vivid red hair, who, if she were a boy, would be called "carrot top" or red head."

The woman with red hair has been sentenced to wear blue for so many years that this color and red hair have become as traditional as the old theory that if you se a red-haired woman a white horse will soon appear.

Blue is the wrong color for the red-haired woman. No this isn't heresy. Blue makes her utterly commonplace. There is one shade of green-blue that Billie Burke, who is one of the loveliest of red-haired creatures, wears with supreme effect, but this shade is green first and blue afterwards—green blue—and even he wears it with great discretion.

Ready-made Medicine—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable, for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains, it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

(Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Tourist—"My good friend, do you earn your living by simply trapping and skinning animals?"

Trapper—"Yep! It runs in the family. I got a brother in Philadelphia in the same business."

Tourist—"In Philadelphia?"

Trapper—"Yes! He owns one of them apartment houses."

Wretched from Asthma. Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the clouds of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal bodily trim and mental happiness.

CATARRH
COLDS
BRONCHITIS
CURED
WITHOUT DRUGS

It is really impossible to treat Catarrh, unless by inhaling the soothing germ-killing vapor of Catarrhozone. Its rich fragrant essences are breathed from the inhaler to every sore, diseased spot in the breathing organs. Not a single germ can escape the healing fumes of Catarrhozone which acts on the infected linings of the nose and throat just as an ointment would act on a cut finger. You see Catarrhozone soothes, cleanses, heals. It cannot fail to reach and cure Catarrh; it's simply a wonder on weak throats, bronchial coughs, deafness buzzing ears, and all other symptoms of Catarrhal cold.

Get Catarrhozone to-day. Complete outfit costs $1.00 and is sufficient for three months' use. Smaller sizes 50c, all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont., Canada.

LIFE-SAVING.

(Boys' Life.)

Drowning Man—Quick, throw me a lifebelt.

Rescuer (a tailor)—Yes, sir! What size around the waist?

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

RAINMAKER KING.

Given an ingenious mind and an eye to business a live man can make money out of almost any old thing.

Perhaps you remember the extraordinary success scored some years ago by Solly Greencup, the rainmaker. If not, you can read his record in a portfolio of newspaper clippings collected all the way from Nome to San Diego, form eastern Oregon to western Kansas.

Solly Greencup, indeed, occupied for a while a position unique in the annals of meterology. Scientists might doubt and cynics might scoff, but whenever Solly went after the main clouds he always got 'em. Moreover he didn't work on "the heads-I-win, tails-you-lose" principle of some other rainmakers. Solly Greencup, when he once decided he could produce rain in a given district, always backed his opinion with hard cash. If he asked the farmers to put up $1,000 for an inch of rain, he put up another $1,000 himself as a forfeit in case he failed. And he always won.

Greencup never explained his methods. All the farmers wanted was the rain. All Greencup wanted was the money. With the result both were satisfied. His apparatus consisted of a flag pole, an electric battery, a kite with a metal tail and an air balloon filled with a mysterious gas. If scientists demanded the reason for these contrivances, he shook his head and smiled.

Sometimes Greencup would have to stay a long time in a locality before he could find the exact combination necessary to coax the wet forces into action. Sometimes he had to confess that the drys were too strong for him. But as soon as he posted his forfeit and set up his apparatus the desired moisture followed in a few days.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

Monkeys Hard to Train.

Performing monkeys seldom live more than a few months. Many of them die of fright while being trained, and it is consequently necessary for trainers to keep a large number of animal understudies.

MUST BE A LAWYER.

"Yes," said the man who was proud of his library, "whenever I find one of my books with a torn leaf, I put it through a legal process."

"What legal process?" his visitor asked."

"I have it bound over to keep the piece."

ESSENTIALLY ARTISTIC.

(Birmingham Age-Herald.)

"What kind of woman is Mrs. Gadspur?"

"Essentially artistic."

"How's that?"

"The family fly swatter is adorned with a bow of pink ribbon."

THINGS THAT COUNT.

(Christian Intellingencer.)

Contractors—A house on this plan can be built for $6,000.

The Other Man—I have no doubt it can. What I want to know is how much I'll have to pay you when it's built.

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

A NEW APPLICATION.

Student (translating)—The-er-er-er-man-er-er-then-er-er——

Professor—Don't laugh, gentlemen—to err is human.