RKET REPORTS

ONTO MARKETS

FARMERS MARKET.

Produce—		
...ice dairy	$ 0 62	$ 0 62
...ery	0 70	0 75
...h	0 37	0 40
...laid, doz.	0 55	0 60
...	0 35	0 40
Poultry—		
...	0 40	0 45
...roasting	0 45	0 50
...	0 55	0 60
...try—		
...	0 35	0 40
...	0 30	0 35
...	0 35	0 45
...	1 00	1 50
...	6 00	12 00
...	0 25	
...ox	0 45	0 50
...	2 25	2 50
...	2 50	2 75
...unch	0 12	0 15
...	0 15	0 40
...	0 10	0 25
...	0 10	0 20
...unch	0 15	
...	0 10	0 30
...s for	0 25	
...ad, each	0 20	0 30
...rmudas, m'sure	0 45	0 45
...bch	0 05	0 10
...	6 50	6 75
...	1 25	
...nch	0 10	
...es	2 50	3 00
...	2 00	

...ATS—WHOLESALE

...de wholesalers are making ...k quotations:

...barrels, cwt.	16 00	18 00
...medium	14 00	16 00
...barrels	26 50	28 50
...medium	19 50	24 50
...choice, cwt.	21 50	23 50
...um	17 50	20 50
...on	13 50	16 50
...m, cwt.	14 00	16 00
...m	16 00	18 00
	21 00	23 00
...cwt.	20 00	21 00
...cwt.	25 50	27 50
...s, cwt.	25 50	27 50
...each	15 00	20 00
...each	14 00	18 00

...UGAR MARKET.

...saic quotations to the re... Canadian refined sugar, ...very, are now as follows:

...nulated, 100-lb. bags	$19.21
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.81
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.71
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.61
...nulated, 100-lb. bags	18.71
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.31
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.21
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.01
...Granul. 100-lb. bags	17.91
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	19.21
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.81
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.71
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.61
...nulated, 100-lb. bags	19.21
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.81
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.71
...yellow, 100-lb. bags	18.61

...R MARKETS.

...IPEG EXCHANGE.

...on the Winnipeg Grain ...e as follows—

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
...ay	1 18⅛	1 17⅞	1 17⅞	1 17½
...ay	1 08⅞	1 08	1 08	1 08
...ay	1 87	0 86⅜	0 86⅜	0 86⅜
...ay	1 67⅛	1 67	1 67	1 67
...ay	1 67⅛	1 64	1 64	1 64
...ay	4 94			4 94½
...ay	5 00	4 90	4 90	4 90
...ay				

...NNEAPOLIS.

...Flour unchanged; ship... Bran, $53.00. Wheat, ...orthern, $3.10 to $3.15. Corn, ...2.02 to $2.02. Oats, No. ... to $1.03. Flax, No. 1, ...

...L IT A CAR.

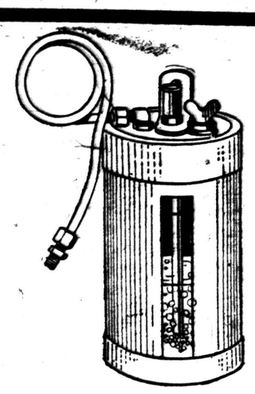
...That'll hold her! Slam ...ll it a car ...you Checker! Jam your ...on that door! ...d yank her out! Us guys ...ers We got two more ...ht.' Call it a car!"

* * * *

...simple and good-natured ...pproximately the form... ...something like $18,000,- ...ld to have been added ...o the past 12 months' ...ing the Canadian rail...

...lar touch of an indiffer... which the "safety mar... ...ply never car demand in ...d still is being cut ever! ...the railways. ...rrible episode—repeated ...mes a day at thousands ...nits—which added 500,- ...y car trips to the Can... ...ration... programme in ...each trip averaging 243 ...ad and 80 miles empty, ...4 car days ...stant service of 10,000 ...as devoted to unneces... ...ad of remaining in re... ...emergencies. ...unnecessary trains were ...unnecessary engines were ...ad of being free to pre... ...city of terminal and ...capacity, thus reducing ...when an easy car move... ...only congestion with ...times 17 tons of the ...eight of the car alone) ...the constant burden of ...e whole year through— ...tons ...0 tons of coal were ...available supply. ...ement was slower. ...ire machinery of Can... ...was slowed up! De... ...but surely, the volume ...our factories and ware... ...ing down the rate of ...unning up the overhead ...' Thinning your pro... ...Association of Canada. ...ed on 1918 Government ...ding average' perform...

...an can do almost any... ...n nowadays. He—I'm ...e who could spike a ...h-hook or let a mouse ...—Portland Express.



45c to 50c gasoline is predicted for the summer. Keep YOUR cost down by using on your car a

NO KNOCKS GAS SAVER

It gives 25 per cent. to 35 per cent. more mileage per gallon of gasoline. Keeps your carbon troubles down; gives more power on hills; and your car runs smoother and quieter. Price $15.00 installed. Saves its price many times, each and every season. MADE IN CANADA and guaranteed by

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Agents, garages, repairers, and dealers, write for wholesale prices, testimonials, etc.

Already on thousands of the highest priced cars as well as Fords, etc.

AGENTS WANTED AT ALL POINTS

Righted in Time

He tossed his cap up in greeting. "Coming down?" he asked. "I'll catch you, if you are."

"No, thanks," snapped Moya undeniably enough. "I'm not going to break my neck just to please you."

"Oh, if you jump into a hole," he retorted airily, "I'll pull you out. It would not be the first time you asked me to pull you out of a hole."

It was not the most pleasant memory to Moya. She winced. Barry had scored one.

"You're rather fond of holes," inquired Barry. "Aren't you? And dragging other people into them. I say, Moya, are you coming down the cliff, or shall I climb up?"

"I don't want you," she declared uninvitingly. "I came out for a walk by myself."

"But that won't do," expostulated Barry with mock gravity. "Won't do at all. It will create quite a scandal if we go for solitary walks when we ought by rights to be strolling along arm-in-arm together. And I can't stand here shouting up to you sweet nothings that I ought to be whispering in your ear. It's most terribly unromantic, and it hurts my sense of the fitness of things."

"It's all so romantic," agreed Moya with a sneer, and added: "You've such a fine sense of the fitness of things. I've noticed that before."

Barry ignored that. "Oh, the place ... time are all right," he said. "The ... and sky and sands, most romantic. ...hat are you frowning like a thun...derstorm for, Moya? You spoil the ...picture."

She did not attempt to enlighten him. He went on teasingly: "This ...rather like Romeo and Juliet in the ...balcony scene, isn't it? Only Juliet ...did not scowl on Romeo as you do on me."

"Oh, go away," said Moya impatiently. She hurried on candidly: "I feel I hate you just now, Barry. Yes, I do. I know we were good friends enough once, and I was very fond of you. But now—oh, I feel I can't bear the sight of you, you irritate me beyond endurance."

He looked at her silently for a moment. Then he laughed.

"You're grateful," he commented. "Seeing how you asked me to help you out of a difficulty, and I did. And this is all I get for my generosity."

"I can't help it," cried Moya contritely. "And I daresay you feel just the same, only you won't own it. I feel as if I had lost all my freedom and liberty of action."

"You can get it back," he broke in quickly upon her. "Any moment you like."

"I dare not," she said, and her voice sharpened, there was a note of fear in it. "No, I can't. We must go on, Barry—must until Guy has gone away, at least."

"But why?" he demanded, pointblank. 'Because of your mater? She seems to approve of me more lately. I fancy she's not so keen on the estimable Guy now she's seen him. But why, Moya? It seems to me all the reason for pretence is gone now. There's no reason to keep it up any longer."

"Oh, there is, there is," she protested hurriedly, and still there was that fear in her voice.

"But why?" reiterated Barry.

She was silent. If there was a reason she did not own it to herself, much less tell it to Barry. But she dare not let Guy know her engagement was broken off, and, far more, she dare not let him discover what a mockery that engagement was. Pride forbade it hotly. She had become engaged to save her pride, as she once said. But pride needed saving far more urgently now. And it was so hopeless to try and make Barry understand. Why, she did not even understand herself, or why was she so afraid when Barry suggested the termination of their mock engagement?

Barry shrugged high shoulders. "Talk of the reason of a woman!" he said disgustedly. "You bind me over to secrecy, enlist me in your service, tie me down indefinitely, and all with no reason! With one breath you declare you hate the sight of me because you want your freedom; and, offered your freedom, you won't take it! What do you want, I wonder?"

"To be alone!" she cried defiantly, driven to desperation, and when Barry had gone on along the sands, she blinked away blinding tears that made his tall figure dance up and down fantastically, and sea and sky dissolve to a shining mist.

What do you want? Moya did not know. But there was no doubt Barry was horribly unsympathetic. Now Guy, in like circumstances, would have understood at once—there was no doubt about that. And yet Guy, of all people, must never, never be told. Just because he would understand only too well.

CHAPTER V.

"No, I shan't come," pronounced Moya decidedly. "I've an awful headache. And it's much too hot for walking. And, most of all, I want to be by myself."

This last accompanied a flash of dark eyes Barry-wards. If he considered it his duty to stay with her, a broad hint would undeceive him.

"Unsociable thing!" he scoffed. "You'll be sorry you have not come with us. They give one ripping tea at the Old Maids' Inn—such cream and eggs and jam! No headache could be proof against it. You won't? Ah, well, the loss is yours. Au revoir."

He gave her a mocking, teasing grin, as if, far from being au revoir, he guessed she did not want to see him again. And Moya, left to the solitude of the cottage garden, frowned majestically. Barry was hateful! He had been delightful as a chum; he was detestable as a fiance.

"Is it against etiquette to be alone when one is engaged?" fumed Moya. She was not even mollified by the sweet silence of the sunny garden. She felt out of heart. The song of the tide came faintly to her ears. Not much breeze found its way into the sheltered garden, but on the shore the most delicious life-giving breeze would be stealing up with the turning tide.

Yet Moya did not get up to go and see it. She sat back listlessly in the low garden chair, her dark head half-turned to that faint sea-song. It was calling her, and just now there was no response in her heart. "Come out to us," it sang, "and see how lovely life is. How this is just the sweetest hour of the day, and the incoming tide the most lovely thing in the world. The turn of the tide! Fresh hopes, new birth. A washing away of old follies, old mistakes, a wiping out of faltering, straying footprints—a new, unmarked, untrodden page for the future to write what it pleases."

"I can't," Moya sighed as if in answer, "I've made foolish steps I can't retrace—that nothing will blot out. I only wish it could. I've made mistakes that no breeze of the turning tide can blow away, but no crystal-clear little waves can wash away and erase. It's no use my coming."

"What did you say?" a voice asked. And she started. Guy Berkeley had come noiselessly over the thick lawn grass. Moya sat upright in her garden chair. "Did you say it was no use going? But I thought you had gone."

"No, I didn't go with the others. I had a headache, and wanted to rest. But I thought you had gone."

Guy threw himself down on the grass. "I went up to the station," he said, "to see about my train tomorrow. I wasn't sure as to the time. The trains were altered this month, you know, and I had not got the new time-table. They've struck off some of the fastest trains, it seems."

"Train?" echoed Moya.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I'm returning to town to-morrow."

She made no comment, not even a politely-conventional murmur of regret. And he gave a strained laugh.

"You don't say you're sorry," he said. Then he took one look into her eyes. "I believe you're really glad!" he said, and his voice changed.

For in the first moment gladness had been her uppermost feeling. He was going! This mistaken, foolish chapter of life was closing. No more need for pretence, for the deception that started in joke but had become so irksome. Moya called up words to her lips.

"Oh, no I'm not," she averred hastily. "I'm awfully sorry you're going. We all shall be. Especially the boys. You're such a hero of theirs. Besides, I did not know you would go so soon."

She was painfully conscious that her sentences were jerky and unconvincing.

"It's not so soon," said Guy. "I've stayed here a long time—much longer than I intended. But now—it's no use my staying."

His voice suddenly sounded dragging and weary. Moya glanced at him.

"I don't think," she said abruptly, "that you've had enough holiday yet—that you're sufficiently rested. You look worn and tired. Not fit to start work again. Must you go?"

A strange flash deepened his grey eyes. "Yes," he said shortly. "I must—I must!"

He got up, and paced the small lawn, walking restlessly to and fro. Moya watched him. Usually there was a quiet, strong repose in his manner. It was lacking now. He came back and looked down at her.

"Work!" he said. "It's the one thing for me now. I always gave my life to my work. I found it easy to do so; it satisfied me. It must do so now."

"I know your work is everything to you," said Moya. "And it's such splendid work." There was a regretful note in her voice now. He was going away, and she would hear no more of that work, have no more insight into this new stirring life, so full of all life really meant, or should mean—self-denial, upward and onward progress. She had just glimpsed this life, and it had opened to her a world of new things.

"Oh, I wish," she exclaimed involuntarily, "that I could do some such work, too. I feel my life so empty—so purposeless."

He stood there looking down at her, but he said nothing at once.

"Empty!" he said then, and there was an odd note in the word. "But your life should be full."

She suddenly understood his meaning, and her face flushed. How nearly she had betrayed herself. There was trouble in his eyes, she saw it, and turned away her own. He was questioning her silently. Did he, too, like Una, guess at misunderstanding between her and Barry?

"Your life should be full," said Guy. "Whose life, if not yours? You have everything before you——"

"Oh, I don't mean that," she interrupted. "But it's all so aimless. You have an aim in life. It means so much to you. Ah, sometimes I almost wish you had not come. Because you have made me see how petty and small and useless my own life is. You have made me dissatisfied with myself. And now you are going!"

He was going. He, who alone could teach her to make of that life, so aimless and useless, something full and satisfying. She had spoken impulsively, out of her inmost heart, without weighing her words. But she stopped at the look on his face.

"Yes, I'm going," he said. "Child—why do you say all this? You know why I'm going."

"No—why—?" breathed Moya, but even as she spoke she knew. The real reason why Guy was going. It was written in his eyes, in their flash, and in their deepening, and, above all, in their pain.

(To be continued.)

RELIEF AT LAST

I want to help you if you are suffering from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles. I can tell you how, in your own home and without anyone's assistance, you can apply the best of all treatments.

PILES TREATED AT HOME

I promise to send you a FREE trial of the new absorption treatment, and references from your own locality if you will but write and ask. I assure you of immediate relief. Send no money, but tell others of this offer.

Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 8, Windsor, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it relieved me at once. I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully,

MRS. C. D. PRINCE.

Nanwigewauk, Oct. 21st.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

THOUSANDS TESTIFY TO THE LASTING BENEFIT SECURED FROM

CATARRHOZONE

CURES WITHOUT DRUGS

One of the finest discoveries in medicine was given to the public when "Catarrhozone" was placed on the market about fifteen years ago. Since then thousands have been cured of asthma and catarrh. An interesting case is reported from Calgary in a letter from Creighton E. Thompson, who says:

"Nothing too strong can be said for Catarrhozone. I suffered four years from asthma in a way that would beggar description. I went through everything that man could suffer. I was told of Catarrhozone by a clerk in Findlay's drug store and purchased a dollar package. It was worth hundreds to me in a week, and I place a priceless value on the benefit I have since derived. I strongly urge every sufferer to use Catarrhozone for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh."

The one-dollar package lasts two months; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

RHEUMATISM

This is just the season when Rheumatism with its grinding pain and stiffening of joints gets hold of you. Fight it with

Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules bring certain relief, and permanent results. They are recommended by doctors, and sold by reliable druggists everywhere for $1.04 a box, or write to Templetons, 142 King St. W., Toronto. Mailed anywhere on receipt of price. 65

NEW YEAR'S IN CHINA.

All Debts Are Paid and the Country "Painted Red."

New Years is the national pay day in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time, and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases there is no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan.

New Year's is a great day for the pawnbrokers. Their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the new year. There are crowds, also, who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the government.

The Chinese paint the whole country red, figuratively speaking on New Year's day in more senses than one. Red is the color which with them denotes good luck and prosperity and all the New Year cards and invitations are on paper of that color. Every child gets its New Year's present wrapped in red paper, and red inscriptions are pasted over the doors of the houses. New pictures of Chinese generals are put on the front doors and the houses are scoured and made clean.

Wives and Mothers Need Not Have Sore Backaches

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion.

In the stores, factories, and on a farm are weak, ailing women, dragged down with torturing backache and bearing down pains.

Such suffering isn't natural but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kidneys.

The dizziness, insomnia, and other symptoms of Kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they require the assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which go direct to the seat of the trouble.

To give vitality and power to the kidneys, to lend aid to the bladder and liver, to free the blood of poisons, probably there is no remedy so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For all womanly irregularities their merit is well known.

Because of their mild soothing and healing affect, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe, and are recommended for girls and women of all ages. 25c per box at all dealers. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

THE KAKA.

A Nightmare Bird of New Zealand.

Perhaps in no country in the world are strange forms of bird life more pronounced than in New Zealand, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. The kaka, a parrot of nocturnal habits, is seldom seen, even on moonlight nights, yet as soon as the twilight and sudden dusk of the southern Hemisphere sets in the night is full of its shrill, piercing cries as it wings its way to and from its favorite feeding grounds. Its harsh screams suggest uncanny proceedings up among the clouds.

One great brown kaka, which had been tamed, possessed an almost fiendish intelligence and a capacity for mischief that only a small monkey could equal. The bird constituted itself the chief torment of a small girl who lived in the neighborhood. At twilight it would fly over to the child's home and seek her through every room until it found her, then, watching for an unguarded moment, it would fly to her shoulder and nip her ear with a powerful beak. The scream of pain would be echoed by a wild whoop of delight as the bird flew down to await another chance. The very sound of its pattering feet on the verandah would send the child seeking frantically for safety behind locked doors, while the kaka sat patiently on the doormat until some one seized it and carried it off. It never attacked anyone else in the same way, and it must simply have been amused by the child's terror.

Although the bird pattered all over the garden and house from early twilight until ten o'clok at night, it would vanish mysteriously the instant the clock struck, so that it should not be locked in its cage. It was quite friendly with the numerous animals and would visit the duck yard and waddle up and down. It never attempted to touch the ducklings or the cats and kittens, but it would tear to pieces every skin rug, and, if it could manage to do so, it would bite through the window frames in the night and leave the glass in fragments on the ground. It would push cups and saucers to the edge of the table and knock them off just to hear them crash on the floor. It fully realized what it was doing, and it would screech with delight.

Another kaka loved to walk, and it would follow its owner about like a small dog. It was fond of climbing the blue-gum trees in the garden, and no calling would make it come down; but the sight of some one opening the gate would bring it down scrambling, for it dearly loved a walk in the twilight. One of its favorite tricks was to enter the house quietly and remain hidden until the middle of prayers, when it would fly to its owner's shoulder with a startling screech. It loved to catch hold of anything that was being shaken, and it would sit on a sack almost asking to have it dragged over the ground. At night, when it grew dissatisfied with its own quarters, it would drive a dog from its kennel and take possession of it. This kaka was generally very quiet, but sometimes it called to its relatives as they flew past; and one day, when it was about 18 months old, it flew off to join them and never returned.

Anoint Irritations With Soothing Cuticura

First bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. These super-creamy emollients not only soothe, but in most cases heal annoying rashes, irritations, eczemas, etc. Nothing so insures a clear skin and good hair as making Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE

Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones she is always happy to recommend them to others. Her advice, given after a careful trial, can be readily followed with assured good results. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which never fail to regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm even to the youngest babe. Concerning them Mrs. P. Laforest, St. Nazaire, Que., writes:—"For three months my baby was constipated and cried continually. On the advice of a friend I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and now at the age of five months he is perfectly well and weighs twenty pounds. I am delighted to be able to advise other mothers to use them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Plain Cake.

One-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two eggs.

Cream the butter and sugar, add egg yolks well beaten, half a cupful of milk or water, flour sifted with a quarter teaspoonful of baking powder, then fold in the beaten whites of the eggs and flavor.

This can be variously treated by adding chocolate, spices, baking in layers with an orange cream filling, adding strong coffee instead of the water or milk and chopped nuts for a delicious nut loaf, or raisins and nutmeg to be eaten without frosting.

A Friend of the Policeman

Continually on their feet, the "Peelers" are invariably troubled with corns and bunions—but not for long, because they know of a quick cure, Putnam's Corn Extractor; it cures painlessly in 24 hours; try "Putnam's," 25c at all dealers.

FATHER SAID SO.

Tommy—"Do you go to bed very early, Mrs. Peck?"

Mrs. Peck—"Yes, Tommy, sometimes—when I feel tired."

"You wouldn't go so early if you were married to my father, would you?"

"Oh, Tommy, you funny boy! Why not?"

"'Cause my father told mother that if he were your husband he'd make you sit up!"

ONLY THE FIRST LETTER.

(Pearson's Weekly.)

She was giving orders at an express rate, for they were married, and he, as a rule one of the most meek and submissive of men, was like the proverbial worm, beginning to turn.

"Do you think," he sneered, "that you rule the whole of the universe?"

"No," she snapped; "but I rule the first letter of it!"

QUITE UNINTENTIONAL.

A tramcar collided with a milk cart and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man, and I said sternly:

"Mind your own business!"

To Avoid Noise.

If doors in swinging back strike the wall with a bang, the noise can be overcome by fastening a cork to the wall where the door strikes. A small nail should be used so as not to disfigure the wall.

Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged of man.—Tagore.

Strong Women

By. Dr. Valentine Mott.

Women and men too—are just as strong and healthy as their *blood*. Vigor and health come with good blood. Without good red blood a woman has a weak heart and poor nerves.

In the spring is the best time to take stock of one's condition. If the blood is thin and watery, face pale or pimply, if one is tired and listless, generally weak, a Spring Tonic should be taken. An old-fashioned herbal remedy that was used by nearly everybody 50 years ago is still safe and sane because it contains no alcohol or narcotic. It is made of roots and herbs and called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If druggists do not keep it in tablet form, send 50 cents for a vial to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

Poisoned By Gas While In a Well

FRANK CARLSON FOUND RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Saskatchewan Man Who Suffered All Summer Claims That His New Lease of Health is Due to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Livelong, Sask., May 24th, (Special.)—Most enthusiastic about the benefit he has received from using Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. Frank Carlson, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place.

"I was gassed in a well on my farm 25 feet deep," Mr. Carlson says. "I was nearly dead. I was treated for a whole summer for my trouble, but did not get better.

"Then I read in a little almanac about Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had no idea they might benefit me, but was willing to try anything. To my surprise the improvement in my general health was so great, and my kidneys were so much better, that I feel like advising everybody to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would not be without them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are a kidney remedy They strengthen the kidneys and enable them to do their full work of straining the impurities out of the blood.

Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills are not the sovereign remedy for sick kidneys.

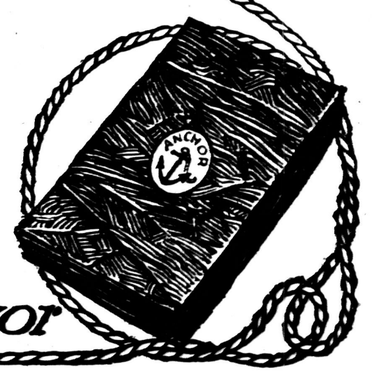
GOOD REASON.

Miss Worryless was a very witty lady. A gentleman once remarked to her, "What fine dark hair you have got, Miss Worryless. My wife, who is much younger than you, has her hair quite grey."

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "and if I had been your wife my hair would no doubt, have been grey, too."

ANCHOR PLUG TOBACCO

15¢ a Plug
2 for 25¢



ANCHOR PLUG is *the* chewing tobacco of superlative excellence.

Try a plug today.

It Holds it's Flavor