BREAKING THE RECORD

BY JEANNE CALDWELL.

The man grasped the lever of the French touring car, and the crimson demon stopped so suddenly that it fairly sprang backward. The lane was narrow, and the girl who stood directly in the path of the machine had the imperious carriage of one who felt she held the key to the situation. When the dust had subsided the man saw that above the imperious figure rose a face of singular charm, surrounded by an aureole of copperish gold. All this he saw in a flash, despite his leather visor and ugly goggles.

The girl came to the side of the machine.

"You are Mr. Benedict's chauffeur?"

The man nodded his head and made a motion as if to raise his cap. The girl put one foot on the step.

"Yes, I recognized the car. I want you to take me to Barrington as fast as you can make the machine go——"

The man stirred uneasily.

"But I am meeting some people at the 11:30 train——"

"That makes no difference," said the girl, sweeping away his objections with true feminine finality. "I will answer to Mr. Benedict for your disobeying orders. A woman is dying in that cottage. To save her life, the doctor must have certain things from his office in Barrington, and you must take me for them."

Even before she finished the sentence he had thrown open the low door, and she sprang up beside him. As she settled into her place the mighty car swung round in a circle and they were off. She unfastened the veil from her big, flat hat, tucked the latter behind her and tied the tulle over her hair, which refused, however, to be confined by such gentle measures. The man saw all this from the tail of his eye, despite the goggles.

The road stretched before them, smooth and level as asphalt pavement. No teams were in sight.

"Faster!" cried the girl, impatiently. "You can surely make better time than this!"

"Against the law," said the man, curtly.

"Very well, break the law. I'll pay the fine if you are arrested. Oh, don't you understand? I've never seen anyone die—and we've got to get back in time to save her!"

The car sprang forward. The girl closed her eyes suddenly. She had never ridden so fast.

"Accident?" hissed the man's voice in her ear.

"Yes, she fell and cut herself. I was driving by in my pony cart when I heard her groan. It was dreadful. I had never seen blood before, you know. Just then Dr. Herron drove along. He said something about an artery, and went to making bandages. I—I don't think I was much good—I turned so faint. Then he wanted to drive back to Barrington for some things—and—I—I was afraid to stay alone with her. He wrote the list on a paper, and I was just starting with the pony cart when I heard your machine. The doctor says she has just one chance in a hundred. You were the chance."

The car stopped at the top of the hill. "Brace yourself," said the man curtly. Then came the plunge downward. It seemed to the girl as if the wheels did not strike the ground as they passed through space. When she reached the foot of the hill she realized suddenly that the chauffeur had been holding her in the car with an arm firm and unflinching. He did not apologize when he removed its support. They were turning into the village.

"Which street?" he demanded; and she pointed to a white-gabled cottage. He was evidently a well trained chauffeur of a multimillionaire bachelor. He knew enough to keep his place and not to take advantage of an awkward situation.

The doctor's wife followed her to the car, talking volubly.

"Now, don't you stay around that place, fretting your soul out. Miss Carleton. The doctor will get some neighbor to stay with her."

The car panted up the hill.

"Isn't this dreadful?" asked the girl nervously. "Oh, excuse me, I know you are making good time, but it seems as if we were crawling. That woman has the dearest baby. She cannot die and leave the poor little thing all alone."

"Did you ever think, Miss—Miss Carleton," said the man, watching her curiously, "that the baby might be better off if the mother died? The woman is poor. You or some other rich woman might adopt the child and give it a better home than the mother ever could?"

"No, you don't understand. So many men say such things because they do not understand women—and babies. It isn't the home—it's the love." She had forgotten that the man beside her was a servant. She was thinking only of the baby that had cooed confidingly in her arms while the doctor worked over its mother. "I've seen it curled in her arms. If she died, no arm would encircle it in just the same way. No, you can't understand, because you are a man. But I—I've felt always that I was cheated out of something—something that every other girl I knew had—a mother. There's a loneliness—I can't just tell you what it is. Sometimes it comes in the dark when you are alone, and sometimes when you are among other people and see other girls with their mothers. I can't describe my feeling, but I just felt as if I must save the mother to that baby."

The man did not answer, but the machine did. It gave a despairing groan and shot up the incline in a way that would have made its makers proud.

The touring car stood outside the humble cottage until the girl came out again. Her eyes shone like stars.

"We got here in time. She is alive, I thank you very much. Is Mr. Benedict coming home today?"

The man nodded and put a hand on the lever.

"Will you please thank him for me—and I will do so in person when we meet?"

"Mr. Benedict, if you are very good you may take Miss Carleton out to dinner," said his hostess. "You know she has developed into a haughty Berkshire beauty."

"Little Mame Carleton?" he murmured.

"Yes; only since she is old Charley Carleton's heiress, they spell it with a 'y,' 'Mayme.'"

They crossed the room to where Miss Carleton was chatting with her host. She extended her hand cordially.

"I am glad to see Mr. Benedict home again, and especially glad to have this early chance to thank him for his touring car which I borrowed so unceremoniously this afternoon."

"And my chauffeur?"

At the sound of his voice Miss Carleton looked around as if for support, but host and hostess had drifted away.

"I—I thought——"

"Of course," he said with a quizzical laugh, "it has been five years since last we met—and then there were the goggles." He was looking at her hair. "I think I like it best tied down with a veil," he remarked irrelevantly.

"Please send your carriage away and let me take you home in my car," he urged. She hesitated, then gave the order, and they went back over the Barrington road.

"We broke the record right here," he said, gleefully, as they slowly climbed the hill. Then his voice turned serious. "I like to break records—and yet here I've wasted five years away from you, wandering the world over. I never realized until this afternoon why it was that I was so lonesome, too. I've been wanting just you—and I didn't know it."

And then the big car shot into the dim shadows of the narrow lane and not even the night birds and the stars could see the answer he read in her eyes.

FOOLISH HABIT OF GROWING OLD

BY REV. T. A. GREGORY.

In the story of the Rev. Edward Robie, of Greenland, N. H., there is something for every one to think about.

The Rev. Mr. Robie is 83 years old, and has preached to the same congregation for more than half a century; but because he wants to have the benefit in his preaching of the newest facts and latest methods he is now taking a special course of study at the Harvard Summer School.

"There has not been a day," he says, "that I have not gained a new thought or insipiration; and when I return to my parish I shall be better able to do justice to the sermons that I preach."

The story of the New Hampshire minister reminds us of Cato learning Greek at 80; of Goethe, putting the finishing touches to his immortal "Faust" when considerably beyond his 80th year; of Gladstone, and Franklin, and Samuel Smiles, who worked to the last days of their remarkably long lives, and always kept their spirits young and fresh.

It is pitiful to observe the very easy way in which many people allow themselves to grow old!

I use the word "allow advisedly, since this business of growing old is largely a matter of will power.

We grow old because we do not will to remain young.

We grow old because we permit ourselves to fall into the habit of thinking that we are old.

We "give up" and "let go"; we lose our interest in things; we stop reading, stop thinking, stop taking a hand in the game of life; and when somebody refers to us as being "old" we enter no protest.

The children are married, the farm or store is paid for; the "old woman" is 50 or 55, and there isn't much more to do except to—die.

It is no uncommon sight to see men and women hardly past their prime, so far as years go, looking and thinking and talking as though they were in the last stages of decrepitude.

They have allowed the fires of life to go out in their hearts. They have permittee themselves to become the victims of that wretched disease, "don't care."

In a word, they have ceased to assert themselves; have forgotten to use their will power; have abdicated the throne of their spiritual manhood and womanhood and allowed themselves to pass under the sway of the lower forces.

I know nothing of "Christian Science," nothing of "Mental Science," but, in common with many others who have had the benefit of observation and experience, I know something of the old law—older than any human theory or cult—according to which the "mind's the measure of the man."

Older than "Christian Science," or "Mental Science,' or any other sort of science, is the fact that mental states have a great deal to do with physical states, and that just as one can think himself into the "dumps," he can, on the other hand, cultivate the habit of thought which will make him glad, strong and victorious.

Cheerfulness promotes health. Hope's glow in the soul colors the cheeks and adds red corpuscles to the blood and elasticity to the limbs.

The men and women who think youthful thoughts, who, on the high level of the "better self," habituate themselves to the intellectual atmosphere that is full of the ozone of things, know not what it is to feel "old."

On the mountain tops, where mind is, all is ever young, and in proportion as we draw upon the fountains there are we immune to the palsy and decrepitude of age.

The fact that one has lived for 60, or even for 80 years, is no reason why he should feel old.

When Longfellow was well along in years, his head as white as snow, but his cheeks as red as a rose, an ardent admirer asked him one day how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and to write so beautifully.

Pointing to a blossoming apple tree nearby, the poet replied: "That apple tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood each year, and I suppose it is out of that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood each year."

And what Longfellow did we all ought to do.

We cannot stop the flight of time; we cannot head off the one event that happeneth to all; but we can keep on "growing new wood," and in that way keep on blossoming until the end.

There is no other dessert looks so appetizing and tastes so delicious as that made with Pure Gold Jelly Powder. Pure and sparkling in nine true fruit flavors.

PURE GOLD

JELLY POWDER

Pure Gold—Pure Foods—No Adulteration.

All good grocers sell it. 104

—New York World.

STILL LURING 'EM ON.

An Object Lesson.

The people of Holland, whose farms have been reclaimed from the North Sea by a wonderful system of dykes and drainage are devoted mostly to dairying, the land being valued at from $400 to $500 per acre. As may be inferred, the dairy business is there necessarily conducted on the most scientific and correct plan, otherwise it would be impossible to use such high-priced land in that way. A late Government report gives the average milk production per cow at 7,396 pounds and the average butter product per cow at 321 pounds. Just what this means is better understood when we compare it with the butter product of Iowa and Minnesota dairy herds, which average somewhere about 150 pounds.—Hoard's Dairyman.

She Found a Difference.

A Buffalo Lady Says Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill Differs From the Old Methods in Medicine as Day From Night.

Mrs. J. H. Rehorn, of 169 Landon street, Buffalo, N. Y., says of Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill — the Great System Treatment:

"Its action is so different to anything else I ever used—Anti-Pill is so mild and gentle that I never thought it would cure my chronic Constipation, but it did.

"Soon after the birth of my first child, 14 years ago, Constipation became troublesome. I used everything I heard of, but temporary relief was all I got. I must have used fifty different medicines in that time.

"I finally got very bad and at times I would have no relish for food, and what I did eat would distress me afterwards. I had headache, bloating, bearing down pains, backache, could not sleep well, easily tired and never felt rested.

"From the very first dose of Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill I began to improve. Now I am well. It is wonderful."

Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill is sold by all druggists, or The Wilson-Fyle Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. Sole agents for Canada. The price is 50 cents.

Captain Spender-Clay.

Capt. Spender-Clay, who is to marry Miss Pauline Astor, is well known in the American colony of London.

'Clay," said a young American, "is an amusing chap. Going about from place to place he picks up a myriad of odd and taking episodes. These he stores away, and during lulls in conversation he relates them with vivacity.

"He described the other day a dance at his place in Surrey. He said two girls were there who were jealous of one another. The first girl danced with a tall and awkward fellow, and afterward she sat down beside her rival. Clay, who stood near by, heard her say:

"'I have ben dancing with Mr. Smite.'

"'Yes?' said the other girl.

"'Mr. Smite,' she went on with a complacent laugh, 'pays beautiful compliments. He said that, till he met me, his life had been a desert.'

"'Ah,' said the second girl, 'that is why he dances like a camel, eh?'" — San Antonio Express.

THE WAY THAT BIG MEN BEGAN

SOME OF THEM WITHOUT A SINGLE PENNY IN THEIR POCKETS, BUT FULL OF AMBITION

Carnegie Started In a Pittsburg Bobbin Mill at $1.25 a Week—Marshall Field's Modest Beginning.

John D. Rockefeller began his business career at 16 as a clerk in a commission house in Cleveland, O. In three years he had saved $1,000 and borrowed another thousand from his father, with which he went into the same business for himself. His first venture in oil refining was at Cleveland in 1860.

John Hay, Secretary of State, studied law in Abraham Lincoln's office at Springfield and went to Washington as one of his secretaries when Lincoln was made President. After the assassination of Lincoln he held the post of secretary at the legations of Paris and Madrid, when he began his literary work.

Andrew Carnegie first worked in a bobbin mill in Pittsburg for $1 25 a week. Because of the Scotch accent he was promoted by his employer, who was a homesick Scotsman, to the position of accountant. The same accent later won him the position of assistant to the superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Gen. Tom Scott, who was also a countryman.

William H. Taft, Secretary of War, after spending some time in the study of law, was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney of Hamilton county, O. He has hardly ever since been out of public office.

Arthur P. Gorman, Senator from Maryland, was appointed page in the United States Senate at 13 years of age, and was next made private secretary to Stephen A. Douglas. His first public office was collector of internal revenue for the Fifth district of Maryland.

Nelson A. Miles, ex-lieutenant general, U. S. A., first went to work in a crockery store. He used his spare time in the study of military drill and tactics, and at the outbreak of the Civil War raised a company of volunteers and entered the service with the rank of captain, but being considered too young for this post was changed to lieutenant.

Russell Sage began his career as a clerk in a general store in Oneida, N. Y. Later went into a larger one at Troy, where he soon bought out his employer. Thrift soon gave him a leading position and he was made Alderman and congressman.

Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, was a teacher of mathematics for fifteen years before he became president of Harvard University. He attained this position at 35 years of age.

Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University, began his career with a tutorship at Yale. After holding it for four years he commenced work in the field of the history and science of railway transportation. From this time his great number of magazine articles and volumes on this and kindred subjects began to be printed.

Marshall Field entered commercial life as a clerk in a general store at Conway, Mass. He was not considered a success by his employer, but disproved this verdict soon after, when he entered at the foot of the ladder the house of which he is now the head.

Marvin Hughitt, president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, went into a telegraph office at Auburn, N. Y., at 13 years of age. He became proficient and at 17 came to Chicago, where he soon became superintendent of telegraph offices and train dispatcher of the St. Louis and Chicago road, now the Chicago and Alton.

Elihu Root was admitted to the bar shortly after graduating at Hamilton College. He went to New York to practice and took up corporation and real estate law as his specialties.

John C. Spooner, senator from Wisconsin, enlisted in the 40th Wisconsin Volunteers at the close of his school life. He was brevetted major and appointed military and private secretary to Gov. Fairchild. At the same time he took up the study of law.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, after completing a law course in Columbia University, taught school in New York, chiefly in college preparatory institutions. He then learned shorthand and became instructor in a shorthand college. His first post was private secretary to the appraiser of the port of New York.

Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, finished his education at Heidelberg University at 20 years of age and joined a surveying party in Georgia. Then he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as a rodman, from which position he worked his way up.

William R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, after completing a period of post-graduate study at 19 years of age became principal of the Masonic College at Macon, Tenn. This position was one of the many others of tutorship work which he had at this time. From there he went to Dennison University and thence to the chair of Hebrew and Old Testament exegesis in the Baptist Union Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Ill.

John W. Gates made his first money by husking corn. At the end of two or three seasons he had saved enough to buy one-third interest in a threshing machine outfit, from which he saved $50 a year for three years. He invested this in timber, from which he made $1,000, and with which he opened a hardware store at Turner Junction.

Thomas W. Lawson, when a boy of 12 years, secured a place in a bank in Boston at $3 a week. After working for one day he was forced by his parents to go back to school. In five days he returned, and this time was allowed to stay. He studied regularly after banking hours, and soon became a paid contributor to papers and magazines.

Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central, started in to learn the railroad business upon completing his course at Columbia University, by becoming a clerk in the general office of the Illinois Central. By the time he was 36 he was at the head of the road, having learned and engaged in the banking business in the meantime.

Philander C. Know, attorney-general, worked in the law office of H. H. Swope, United States district attorney for Western Pennsylvania, and afterward studied in the office of David Reed. He was then admitted to the bar and was successful from the start.

Melville W. Fuller, chief justice of the Supreme Court, began practicing law with his brother, after studying at Bangor, Me., and taking a lecture course at Harvard. He entered journalism and was associated with his brother in the editorial management of The Age, a Democratic paper in Augusta.

Samuel W. Allerton began to earn his living by farm work when he was 12. He "hired out" and worked until he had saved $100, and then rented a farm on his own account. In five years he had saved enough money to buy a farm for his father, and also the horses and equipment for working another, which he rented for himself. When he was 22 years old he had a balance in the bank of $3,200.

Chauncey M. Depew began practicing law soon after graduating at Yale. He began political life at once and was elected to the New York Assembly. Soon after he became counsel of the Harlem Railroad.

Leslie M. Shaw, after farming and teaching school in Vermont, went to Linn County, Ia. He taught there until he got enough money to enter Cornell, where he paid his way by working on a farm and selling trees for nursery men. In a similar manner he worked his way through a two-year course at the Iowa College of Law and began to practice at Denison.—Chicago Tribune.

Paine's Celery Compound

Saves a Lady From Death.

Mrs. Percy S. Browning, Provencher, Man., so wonderfully rescued from suffering and death by Paine's Celery Compound, says:

"I consider it my duty to let suffering women know something about the only medicine in the world that can banish female troubles and give to them that strength that makes it a pleasure to live. I suffered for a long time from falling of the womb, irregularities, nervousness and headache. My doctor could not do much for me, and my relatives thought I would become a confirmed invalid. My sister induced me at last to try Paine's Celery Compound, and I thank God it was brought to my notice. After the use of seven healthy as any of my friends. Paine's Celery Compound is surely the medicine for every sick and suffering woman, and I recommend it with all my heart."

The Compound Banishes Troubles Peculiar to Women.

If you are sick and desire free medical advice, write to "Consulting Physician," The Wells & Richardson Company, Limited, 200 Mountain street, Montreal, P. Q.

A Wife's Rights.

[Henry Labouchere in London Truth.]

Without inviting discussion of this thorny question, I may say that my own opinion is—supposing anybody wants it—that a husband's rights are what he can get. My view of a wife's rights is the same. Whether it is wise for either party to get all he (or she) can is a question of expediency, to be decided according to circumstances and individual inclination. The governing principle of the situation is that when two people ride the same horse one must ride behind. If both desire to ride in front either one must give way or they must fight it out. In this fight one or the other may be so knocked about as to have no heart left for the enjoyment of the front seat. Or the weaker vessel, while resigning himself to the back seat, may yet make the front one so uncomfortable that the occupier's life is a misery to him.

The question, therefore, whenever a conflict of rights arises, is whether the front seat is worth fighting about, and if so, how long and how hard. Some people prefer the back seat. Many who would take the front for choice would rather give it up than have a row about it. They don't always lose so much as you might think. Mr. Weller, the elder, when his wife broke his pipe, stepped out and bought another; and a great man was of opinion that this, if not philosophy, was "a very good substitute for it."—London Truth.

MUNYON'S WITCH HAZEL SOAP

Best for the HAIR

I wish those who value a good head of hair to shampoo their heads with my Witch Hazel Soap. It will positively cure the worst cases of dandruff and all scalp diseases. It gives new life and vigor to the scalp and has a tendency to produce a glossy and beautiful growth of hair. For the complexion it is the best soap made. It makes the skin soft as velvet. For baby it has no equal. Cures eruptions, allays itching and makes baby sweet as roses.

To those who have sallow or dull complexion, or who have pimples, eczema or any skin eruption, I can recommend my Paw-Paw Laxative Pills. They positively cure constipation, biliousness and all liver ailments.—MUNYON. 15

Horses Know Curfew Time

Colonel and Major are two fine big horses, the pride of the Waterville (Maine) fire department, and the wonder of outsiders. It is claimed by Driver Thomas that these two horses have the routine of the station work down so fine that when anything is not attended to at precisely the right moment they become impatient and paw their stall floors.

The arrangements of the horses' stalls is such that the big station clock, while not visible to Major, is in full view of Colonel. It was 8:55 p.m. a few nights ago and one of the visitors, observing Colonel stretching his neck over the top of the stall toward the clock, asked:

"What's that horse rubbering at?"

"He's looking at the clock to see if it isn't time for me to ring the curfew," said Driver Thomas, in a matter-of-fact tone, but with ill-concealed pride.

The visitors all laughed at this, but the driver was not at all disturbed. "Just you fellows wait a few minutes and you'll see that he can tell the time all right."

In Waterville a city ordinance requires that the bell on the central fire station be struck three times at 9 p.m. in summer and at 8 p.m. in winter, as a warning for all persons under the age of 16 to get off the streets, and Colonel has seen his driver strike the bell so many hundreds of times that he has observed the exact position of the clock hands when it is done.

Patiently the crowd of men waited as the hand of the clock crept on, and at one minute before nine, Driver Thomas having made no move toward striking the alarm, Colonel became excited. He began a great pawing of the floor, and this set his mate Major, to doing the same thing. Finally, a few seconds before the hour, Driver Thomas took out his watch and approached the electric button. Colonel observed this and ceased his pawing, but Major, who could not see the driver, kept on digging his hoofs into the floor. Then the button was pressed, the big bell struck, and instantly Major, with a satisfied whinny, stopped pawing.

The station man claim that Major is as intelligent as Colonel, only he cannot see the clock, and has to get his tip from his mate. They propose to demonstrate this by placing another clock where Major can see it.—Exchange.

Not Down to That.

The late Phil May spent several years, when a very young man, in Australia. Here he met his first success as a comic artist, but not until he had experienced his share of ups and downs.

Six months after he left England a London friend, who has since achieved fame as a dramatic critic, also went out to Australia to sek his fortune.

He, too, soon encountered ups and downs, and during one of the latter happened upon a cheap restaurant in an obscure street of Sydney to order a frugal meal. After studying the bill of fare earnestly he looked up at the waiter and was startled to recognize in this person his friend May.

"Phil," he said solemnly, "is it possible that you work here?"

"Sir," answered May, drawing himself up with great dignity and throwing his napkin over his arm, "it is possible that I work here. But, sir, I'd have you to understand that I don't eat here. I'm not down to that yet."—Saturday Evening Post.

A GOOD NAME IS TO BE PRIZED.—There have been imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil which may have been injurious to its good name, but if so, the injury has only been temporary. Goodness must always come to the front and throw into the shadow that which is worthless. So it has been with Eclectric Oil; no imitation can maintain itself against the genuine article.

The tramp organist and hymn writer, Victor Benke, who was buried in New York not long ago, was the author of "Abide in Me," "Just for Today" and "Peace, Be Still."

THE NEVER-FAILING medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

Try Gin Pills at our expense

We want every man and woman in Canada who suffers from Kidney and Bladder Troubles, to write us for a free sample of Gin Pills.

We want everyone who has sick friends to send us their names and addresses, that we may mail them, free of charge, a sample box of Gin Pills.

100,000 Sample Boxes Given Away.

There are hundreds who are martyrs to Kidney Trouble, having tried everything else without relief. There are dozens in every town who may have Kidney Trouble without knowing it. If you are pale—losing flesh—can't sleep—no appetite—if you constantly desire to urinate—if the urine is scanty, burning or highly colored—if the feet and hands are swollen—if the eyesight is dimmed—if there are frequent pains in the back, through the hips and legs—then you have the most positive symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

These are the people, we hope, who will send in their names that Gin Pills may cure them.

What They Are

Each Gin Pill contains the medicinal properties of one and one-half ounces of best Holland Gin. The harmful substances—and the alcohol—are left out. These medicinal principles are combined with several other remedies of exceptional value—and the whole made up in the form of a small, pleasant pill. These are the famous Gin Pills that have the largest sale—and the greatest number of cures to their credit—of any Kidney and Bladder remedy, ever introduced in Canada.

What They Do

Gin Pills cure "Cold on the Kidneys," Inflammation of the Kidneys, Uric Acid, causing Gout and Rheumatism, Ulceration and Inflammation of the Bladder, Painful and Suppressed Urine, constant desire to urinate, Gravel or Stone in the Bladder, and all other troubles caused by sick Kidneys and Bladder. They never fail to relieve the sharp, shooting pain, make urination easy, natural and regular, strengthen the organs and effect a speedy and permanent cure.

Won't you try Gin Pills at our expense? It costs nothing. Simply a post card. Ask us to send a sample box free—say in what paper you saw this advertisement—and sign your name and address. Do it to-day—NOW. BOLE DRUG CO., Dept. x Winnipeg, Man.