

Acute Dyspepsia

Restoration of Stomach Power Comes Quickly With the Right Medicine.

"My food seemed to decompose in my stomach," writes Mr. Ralph Clemmons, of Newbridge, P.O. "I had a stomach that failed in some way to perform its work. Digestion seemed more or less arrested and I grew thin, yellow, nervous. The stomach became distended and impeded apparently the action of the heart, for often at night it would do great stunts. At times I would vomit a mucous mass, and at these times my head ached most terribly. A friend, who had been cured of a similar condition, advised me to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly, which I did. The result in my case was simply marvelous. Dr. Hamilton's Pills removed the cause, strengthened the stomach, excited the liver to normal action, the kidneys were released of excessive work. Health soon gloved within me. I can now eat, sleep, and live like a live man."

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If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

Thursday night, January 23rd, sneak thieves entered the barn of Mr. Smith, 10th con., Caradoc, cut a hole in the screen of his ferrets box, letting the animals out. They took one away and left the other lose. During the night it killed a hen turkey, and did a great deal of damage. Mr. Smith got on their tracks and recovered his ferret.

SHILOH

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, and heals sore throat and lungs. 25 cents.

THE MAGIC HORN

Their Dreams Came True

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The road wound sinuously between tall hedges of blackberry and cat brier. Woodbine draped the young locusts along the fence, and in places the wild grape vines had flung tendrils across the intervening space until they formed a green arbor overhead. The sand yielded easily to the tread, and on either side of the road there was a hard beaten footpath. It was a road for slow moving country wagons or for pedestrians and had never known the arrogance of a motorcar.

Rose Lewis lingered under the grapevines where the sun filtered through and cast flickering shadows on her white hat and gown. Beneath the hat's brim her face looked forth as sweet as her namesakes, the wild roses of the hedge. Under her arm was a roll of music, for she had been giving a piano lesson to the smallest Jones girl, and the hour had been one of such exulting discords that Rose had sought the lane road, hoping that the song of a thrush might obliterate the inharmonious sounds that still rang in her head.

The thrush was singing on a tall wind bent chestnut tree, and as he swayed to and fro, thrilled with the ecstasy of his own song, Rose paused to watch him. When he had ceased and had winged his way to the woods beyond the girl still stood there enchanted by the bird notes from bough and thicket until from the highway that ran through the valley below there came the melody of a horn. Rose had heard it once before. Late at night it had sounded directly under her window, and she had seen the flash of passing lights and the crunch of automobile tires in the road as the machine whizzed past, and the sound had left its impression upon her.

Now she started again as it echoed through the valley, coming nearer, nearer. She knew that if she hurried to the end of the lane road she would see it pass, but she didn't want to see it. Rose Lewis was a dreamer of dreams, and she preferred to delude herself with the fairy tales of her childhood. Now she laughed as she told herself that it was the magic horn of the fairy prince who was coming to rescue her from a thicket of dangerous thorns. She certainly would not go to the end of the road and see her dream shattered by a mud splashed automobile filled with veiled and goggled forms.

The highway crossed the winding lane just below the tree where the thrush had sung. The horn sounded again, coming nearer, its musical chord trembling on the summer air. Then with a crackling rush something big and black invaded the winding road. Rose had barely time to flee into the thorny thicket when there was a loud explosion, and the big machine came to a standstill in front of her, making her a prisoner among the thorns.

From the red leather cushioned seat a solitary man sat and stared at her from behind big goggles until the truth of the situation burst upon him. Then he flung aside cap and goggles, tore off his linen duster and stepped down into the narrow path. His handsome face was wrinkled with concern as he addressed her.

"I'm afraid I nearly ran you down," he said courteously. "If you will allow me to assist you out of this mess of thorns—there, my knife will make it easier—why, your sleeve is torn, and I'm afraid the thorns have wounded you."

Rose was too startled by the suddenness of the accident to make a reply.

At last he cut an opening in the thicket and gently extricated her from the cruel briars that snatched her skirt and pressed against her rounded arms. Here and there on her sleeve was a red stain of blood.

"I hope you will let me administer some remedies. I have a little case in my pocket with everything to allay pain, and—there, if you will roll up your sleeve a little—now, that ought to give you some relief. Briars are nasty things." As he talked he was dabbing at the wounds with bits of absorbent cotton dipped in some antiseptic fluid produced from the medicine case; then he applied an ointment and deftly wound a strip of gauze down the arm to the slender wrist. When he had finished he looked regretfully at his completed work, very much as if he wished he could do it all over

NO RHEUMATISM THIS WINTER

Thanks to GIN PILLS



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Then take GIN PILLS and conquer your old enemy for good. Mr. Beaudry did, with the help of the GIN PILLS.

597 Panet St., Montreal, P.Q. March 29th, 1912

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. If you want to try them first, write for a free sample to National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 148

"Thank you so much," said Rose shyly. "It could have waited until I reached home. One is often scratched by thorns in the country."

"But I drove you into the thicket, and I am responsible for your injuries," he protested, with a winning smile, as he snatched the little case together and returned it to his pocket. "I'm afraid I frightened you too."

"I was frightened for the moment. You see, one does not expect motorcars in the lane road."

"I should say not!" he ejaculated, as if suddenly aware of his predicament. "It's all the fault of my map. It was erased and broken, and I could not determine whether the road to Cliffden was the first or second turnoff to the left, so I tossed up a coin and took the first, and here I am with a punctured tire and almost lured deep in sand."

He gazed mournfully at the car, which quite filled the narrow roadway with its bulk.

"You will need assistance to get it out," suggested Rose. "Mr. Jansen, the blacksmith, does that sort of thing, I am sure."

"Thank you. It is very likely that he can help me put on another tire. I will look him up immediately if you will kindly direct me." He looked eagerly at Rose, hoping that the way to the blacksmith's shop would be her path also.

"You must go back to the highway, and you will find it at the corner of the Cliffden road, about a quarter of a mile beyond here. Oh, may I trouble you for my music roll?" She pointed to the thicket, where the forgotten music roll was half hidden among the weeds.

The stranger assisted her into the path, piloted her beyond the bulk of the machine and then returned to the thicket for the music roll. As he extricated it he could not forbear seeing the name engraved on a little silver plate under the strap.

He gave it to Rose and watched her as she went along the path away from the highroad, in which direction he must go. He did not know that the shorter route to the Lewis home would be to follow the directions she had given him and return to the highway. Rose wanted to be alone for awhile. She wanted to still the beating of her

heart and to feel the telltale flush fade from her hot cheeks before she went home. She turned around for an instant, and then something happened that added to her confusion and embarrassment.

When the stranger had thrown away the bits of absorbent cotton they had clung to the blackberry bushes like tufts of snow. Now, as Rose turned she saw two birds—a yellow warbler and his soberly attired little mate—hover over the bushes and then dart down and away with the bits of cotton in their beaks.

Rose fairly ran until she reached a quiet wood road that would take her home. It had been the most exciting day she had ever known. It seemed as if every incident had borne some significance because of her foolish dreams of magic horns and princes.

The man, Neal Hayden, was not unmoved by what had happened. Once when he had been a little lad somebody had sent him a valentine. It pictured a little girl's sweet face peeping from a bower of wild roses, and the picture clung to him all through his boyhood and youth until he had come to believe that when he found his ideal girl she would have the face of his valentine, and she was always wreathed with roses.

The suddenness of seeing the lovely face of Rose Lewis framed in the pink bloom of wild roses had agitated him for the moment, and then to learn from the music roll that her name was Rose set him to dreaming dreams of his own as he slowly sought the services of the blacksmith. He, too, had reddened as the yellow birds had stolen the bits of cotton from the bushes. Every incident had its significance for him also.

The next day there came a big box of pink roses addressed to Rose Lewis, and inside was Hayden's card without an address. He expressed his hope that Rose had suffered no ill effects from her encounter with the thorns. Rose told the story to her mother, and the roses occupied a place of honor on the piano, where Rose found herself softly playing the plaintive minor chord that sounded from the horn of Hayden's automobile.

Often after that Rose heard the sound of the horn as the machine whirled past her home, but several months went by, and as she never saw Neal Hayden again she forbade herself to dream of fairy princes and magic horns and tried to forget the incident which at the time had seemed so astonishing to her. But now, instead of dreaming of imaginary princes, Rose found herself with a real flesh and blood hero, who invaded her dreams and refused to be banished.

Then came a day when she went with her cousins to the big county fair. Here were gathered many fashionable folks from the country estates near by, and here were many men from the city. Neal Hayden was there, too, and when he saw Rose with the Drake Lewises, her cousins, he fairly flew across the intervening space and claimed instant friendship with Drake Lewis, who had been his classmate at college.

After that it was only a question of time before Neal Hayden dared confess his love for Drake Lewis' little country cousin. All through that autumn, when the lane road was turning to a path of crimson and gold, Hayden was seeking for words in which to tell his love. Then one day when the wind was shaking the leaves down in golden showers, Rose walked in the lane road and saw Neal Hayden coming toward her.

She waited, looking lovelier than ever in her white knitted coat and white wool cap. Just before they met the same breeze that sent her golden hair in little wisps about her ears shook a dogwood tree, and from the branches there tumbled the cunningly woven nest of a yellow warbler. From it there fluttered bits of white cotton and shreds of the blue paper which Hayden had thrown away.

The empty nest fell to the ground between them, and their eyes met above it, and Neal suddenly was aware that he need not say anything. His eyes had asked the question, hers had answered it, and their dreams had come true.

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