

## ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

Let your morning urine stand for 24 hours in a glass or vessel, and then if it is milky or cloudy, or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If the kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause, they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison affects the entire system.

It is natural to pass urine three times a day, but many who regard themselves as healthy are obliged to pass water six to ten times daily and are obliged to get up frequently during the night. They have sick kidneys and bladder and don't know it. Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills cure Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder diseases, and make new, rich blood.

We will send you a generous sample post paid free, together with our large book on the above mentioned diseases. Address, W. P. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

**SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS**  
A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.  
AT ALL DEALERS 25 CENTS.  
A CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PRICE.

BLACK BOY  
Is just the kind of a Draught Horse now Wanted.

Black Boy is a beautiful black, stands 17 1/2 hands high, weighs 1610 lbs. and is eight years old. Foaled July 21st, 1897. Black Boy was sired by Zephier, a horse imported by the Government. His colts have taken first prizes at all the exhibitions. Black Boy's dam was by Preference also a horse imported by the Government. His weight was 2,000 lbs. Black Boy's second dam was by Gladstone, a horse imported by the Prince Edward Island Government and cost \$30,000 and is called the best horse ever imported to America. Black boy is kind and for his size is very frisky and a great roadster. Black Boy will travel in Resolute and Gloucester Counties from Campbellton to Kithurst standing two days at each place making the round trip every two weeks. Terms, \$2, \$7 and \$9. All communications addressed to—  
JOHN HOGAN,  
29-4-pd. Charlo, N. B.

## Tenders Smallpox Hospital

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender" will be received up till noon on the 29th inst. for the erection of a smallpox Hospital. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Dr. Murray Chairman of the Board of Health, For location of building, terms and conditions. Apply to—  
John T. Vautour  
Chairman of Building Committee  
Campbellton, N. B., April 18th 1905  
1-22-2

## Handy Rubber Stamps.

We are the Local Agents for  
**MACK'S**  
Celebrated Rubber Stamps.  
All kinds of Dies and Stencils made to order.

**Anslow Bros.,**  
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CAMPELLTON

## Engine and Boiler For Sale

A four horse power engine, and six horse power boiler in good condition. Compact and light, just the thing for driving light machinery or wood cutter.

For terms apply to  
ANSLOW BROTHERS  
29-1f Campbellton

Wanted 20 cutters for granite shod. dy work at new church West St. John. Ready about first of May. Good wages to first class men.  
Apply to  
JOHN FLOOD,  
Contractor, St. John.  
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## The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARRINGTON

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There was a rumble of thunder far out on the western prairie. A cold breath stole through the hot stillness, and an arm of vapor reached out between the moon and the quiet earth. Darkness fell. The man and girl kept silence between them. They might have been two and guardians of the black little stream that plashed unseen at their feet. Now and then a reflection of faraway lightning faintly lit the air about them with a green light. Thunder rolled nearer, ominously. The gods were driving their chariots over the bridge. The chill breath passed, leaving the air again to its hot inertia.

"I did not want to go," she said at last, with tears just below the surface of her voice. "I wanted to stay here, but he—wouldn't—I can't."

"I don't understand," he said. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that I want to stay here; that I ought to stay here; that my

conscience tells me I should; but I can't, and it makes me very unhappy. That was why I acted so badly."

"Your conscience?" he cried.

"Oh, I know what a jumble and puzzle it must seem to you."

"I only know one thing—that you are going away tomorrow morning and that I shall never see you again."

The darkness had grown intense. They could not see each other, but a wan glimmer gave him a feeling, misty view of her. She stood half turned from him, her hand to her cheek in the uncertain fashion of his great moment in the afternoon. Her eyes, he saw in the flying picture that he caught, were troubled, and her hand trembled. She had been irresistible in her gray, but now that a mysterious distress assailed her, of the reason for which he had no guess, she was so adorably pathetic and seemed such a rich and lovely and sad and happy thing to have come into his life only to go out of it, and he was so full of the prophetic sense of loss of her, it seemed so much like losing everything, that he found too much to say to be able to say anything.

He tried to speak and choked a little.

Do You Realize That a Neglected Cough May Result in Consumption.

If you have a Cold, Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, what you want is a harmless and certain remedy that will cure you at once.

There is nothing so healing, soothing, and invigorating to the lungs as the balsamic properties of the pine tree.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Contains the potent healing virtues of the pine, with other absorbent, expectorant, and soothing medicines of recognized worth.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup checks the irritating cough, soothes and heals the inflamed Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, loosens the phlegm, and gives a prompt sense of relief from that choked-up, stuffed feeling.

Price 25 cents per bottle.

Be sure and ask for Dr. Wood's.

Send for a free trial bottle.

Write to Dr. Wood, 123 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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clouds contorted like an illimitable sea of inverted haystacks, and beneath them enormous volumes of bluish vapor were tumbling in the west, advancing eastward with sinister swiftness. She ran to a little knoll at the corner of the house and saw him set his face to the storm. She cried aloud to him with all her strength and would have followed, but the wind took the words out of her mouth and drove her back, cowering, to the shelter of the house.

Out on the road the lashing dust came stinging him like a thousand needles. It smothered his head and beat him so that he covered his face with his sleeve and fought into the storm shoulder foremost, dimly glad of its uppour, yet almost unconscious of it, keeping westward on his way to nowhere.

West or east, north or south, it was all one to him. The heavy drops that fell boiling into the dust ceased to come; the rain withheld while the wind kings rode on earth. On he went in spite of them. On and on, running blindly when he could run at all. At least the wind kings were company. He alone, there was no one to whom he belonged. For a day his dreams had found in a girl's eyes the precious thing that is called home. Oh, the wild rancor! He laughed aloud.

There was a startling answer—a lance of fire hurled from the sky, riving the fields before his eyes, while crash on crash numbed his ears. With that his common sense awoke, and he looked about him. He was two miles from town. The nearest house was the Briscoe, far down the road. He knew the rain would come now. There was a big oak near him at the roadside, and he stepped under its sheltering branches and leaned against the great trunk, wiping the perspiration and dust from his face. A moment of stunned quiet had succeeded the peal of thunder. It was followed by several moments of incessant lightning that played along the road and the fields. From that intolerable brightness he turned his head and saw, standing against the fence, five feet away, a man, leaning over the top rail and looking at him.

The same flash swept brilliantly before Helen's eyes as she crouched against the back steps of the brick house. It revealed a picture like a marine of big waves, the tops of the orchard trees, for in that second the full fury of the storm was loosed, wind and rain and hail. It drove her against the kitchen door with cruel force. The latch lifted, the door blew open violently, and she struggled to close it in vain. The house seemed to rock. A candle flickered toward her from the inner doorway and was blown out.

"Helen! Helen!" came Minnie's voice anxiously. "Is that you? We were coming to look for you. Did you get wet?"

Mr. Willets threw his weight against the door and managed to close it. Then Minnie found her friend's hand and led her through the dark-hall to the parlor, where the judge sat placidly reading by a student lamp.

Lige chuckled as they left the kitchen. "I guess you didn't try too hard to shut that door, Harkles," he said, and then when they came into the lighted room, "Why, where is Harkles?"

"He's gone," answered Helen faintly. "He's gone." She sank upon the sofa and put her hand over her eyes as if to shade them from too sudden light.

"But Lige Willets was turning pale. 'Which way did he go? He didn't come around the house. We were out there till the storm broke.'"

"He went by the back gate. When he got to the road he turned that way," she pointed to the west.

"He must have been crazy!" exclaimed the judge. "What possessed the fellow?"

"I couldn't stop him. I didn't know how." She looked at her three companions, slowly and with growing terror, from one face to another. Minnie's eyes were wide and she had unconsciously grasped Lige's arm.

The young man was staring straight before him. The judge got up and walked nervously back and forth. Helen rose to her feet and went toward the old man, her hands pressed to her bosom.

"Ah," she cried out, "I had forgotten that! You don't think they—don't you think he—"

"I know what I think," Lige broke in. "I think I'd ought to be hanged for letting him out of my sight. Maybe it's all right. Maybe he turned and started right back for town—and got there. But I had no business to leave him, and if I can't catch up with him yet." He went to the front door and, opening it, let in a tornado of wind and flood of water that beat him back. Sheets of rain blew in horizontally in spite of the porch beyond.

Briscoe followed him. "Don't be a fool, Lige," he said. "You hardly expect to go out in that." Lige shook his head. It needed them both to get the door closed. The young man leaned his back against the wall and passed his sleeve across his wet brow. "I hadn't ought to have left him."

"Don't scare the girls," whispered the other, then in a louder tone: "All I'm afraid of is that he'll get blown to pieces or catch his death of cold. That's all there is to worry about. They wouldn't try it again so soon after last year. He'll be coming back about that; not at all. That needn't worry anybody."

"But this morning!"

"Pshaw! He's lucky none was any by this time. All foolishness. Don't be an old woman."

The two men re-entered the room and found Helen clinging to Minnie's hand on the sofa. She looked up at them quickly.

"Do you think—do you—what do you?"

Her voice shook so that she could not go on.

The judge pinched her cheek and patted it. "I think he's home and dry, but I think he got wet first. That's what I think. Never you fear. He's a good hand at taking care of himself. Sit down, Lige. You can't go for awhile." Nor could he. It was a long, long while before he could venture out. The storm raged and roared without abatement. It was Carlows's worst since '51, the old gentleman said. They heard the great limbs crack and break outside, while the thunder pealed and boomed, and the wind ripped at the eaves till it seemed as if the roof must go. Meanwhile the judge, after some apology, lit his pipe and told long stories of the storms of early days and of odd freaks of the wind. He talked on calmly, the picture of repose, and blew rings above his head, but Helen saw that one of his big slippers bore an unceasing little tattoo on the carpet. She sat with fixed eyes, in silence, holding Minnie's hand tightly, and her face was colorless, growing whiter as the slow hours dragged by.

Every moment Mr. Willets became more restless. He assured the ladies he had no anxiety regarding Mr. Harkles. It was only his own dereliction of duty that he regretted. The boys

would have the laugh on him, he said. But he visibly chafed more and more under the judge's stories and constantly rose to peer out of the window into the wreck and turmoil, and once or twice he struck his hands together with muttered ejaculations. At last there was a lull in the fury without, and as soon as it was perceptible he announced his intention of making his way into town. He "had ought to have went before," he declared apprehensively, and then, with immediate amendment, of course he would find the editor at work in the Herald's office. There wasn't the slightest doubt of that, he agreed with the judge, but he better see about it. He would return early in the morning and bid Miss Sherwood goodbye. He hoped she'd come back some day; hoped it wasn't her last visit to Plattville. They gave him an umbrella, and he plunged into the night, and as they stood for a moment at the door, the old man calling after him cheery good nights and laughing messages to Harkles, they could see him fight with his umbrella when he got out into the

rain.

Helen's room was over the porch, the windows facing north, looking out upon the plike and across the fields.

"Please don't light the lamp, Minnie," she said when they had gone upstairs. "I don't need it." Miss Briscoe was fitting about the room hunting for matches. In the darkness she came to her friend and laid a large hand on Helen's eyes, and the hand became wet. She drew Helen's head down on her shoulder and sat beside her on the bed.

"Sweetheart, you mustn't fret," she soothed in motherly fashion. "Don't you worry, dear. He's all right. It isn't your fault, dear. They wouldn't come on a night like this."

(To be continued.)

Quite a Family Man.

On a flat stone in Conway church, Wales, is the following inscription: "Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Hookes of Conway, gent., who was the first-born child of his father, William Hookes, Esq., by Alice, his wife, and father of twenty-seven children, who died the 20th day of March, 1637."

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble."

Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** at stated intervals.

Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I sleep well, and am effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

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