

Kidney Troubles of Women.

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets the Most Successful Treatment of Kidney Ailments That Cause Women Untold Suffering.

There are so many women suffering from backache, headache, dragging pain in the loins, and weary, worn-out feelings, who attribute all their troubles to some form of "female complaint." Nine cases out of ten the kidneys are at fault,



MRS. MAY GODDARD

and the poisons which these organs should filter out of the blood are circulating through the system and making havoc with the health.

No woman can enjoy good health and be free from pain whose kidneys are not acting properly.

No woman whose kidneys are out of order can afford to delay one day in procuring Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

No other medicine ever received such overwhelming endorsement from the women of Canada.

AS A LAST RESORT.

Mrs. May Goddard, 332 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, whose portrait appears on the opposite column, speaks in the following terms:

"After enjoying the most perfect health for many years it was a sore trial for me to realize that my health was failing. I had, in the first place, acute pains in the small of my back, and was losing flesh rapidly. Then other complications arose which so weakened me that it was only with the greatest amount of determination that I could attend to my work. I tried a number of remedies and consulted several physicians without obtaining more than temporary relief, and as a last resort I thought I would try Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. Their beneficial action was almost instantaneous, and the results highly gratifying. The pain in my back disappeared in a short time, and my general health improved greatly. I am now feeling fine, and am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of so valuable a remedy."

BACKACHE AND HEADACHE.

Mrs. A. Craigie, Lighthouse Street, Goderich, Ont., relates her experience: "For some time I suffered with a good deal of backache and kidney trouble, and with a severe headache which continued to grow worse. I heard of the many cures Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets were making and determined to try them. I procured a bottle from our druggist, Mr. P. M. Dunham, and they acted splendidly, stopping the backache and headache and curing the kidney complaint. I strongly recommend these Tablets to any one suffering as I did."

Mrs. John Wiseman, Woodham Street, St. Mary's, Ont., says: "During a recent sharp attack of lumbago, due to exposure to cold, I used Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets with complete relief. I did not use the entire bottle, which speaks well for their ability to cure backache kidney troubles."

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

"Nothing but good-bye," I returned with a smile that was strained as the smile on a mask.

"I have been very frank, very outspoken, because I had to be so. But I hope you don't feel hard towards me?" "I can't think that I feel anything," I said.

"Well, then, good-bye." I murmured something, and did not seem to see the hand which she held out—a great lady descending to a misguided girl who had promised to mend her ways, and therefore deserved commendation. She gathered up her belongings and went to the door, then turned and looked at me anxiously.

"You won't change your mind and stay after all? I may—trust you?" My eyes flashed to hers.

"I am doing this not for you but for Mr. Bourke," I said. "I will not go back from my promise to myself."

"Then I do trust you."

She had the last word and so was gone.

Mechanically I began to put away the material on which I had been at work. I had finished typing Mr. Bourke's article, which was to appear in the "Punching Review." Never would I do any more work for him. But he would find plenty of others to step into my place. I had only been employed out of charity.

When I had neatly arranged the papers I had no longer an excuse for inaction. I must make up my mind exactly what to do with myself. Somehow I seemed always to be making up my mind what to do with myself. And as soon as the matter was settled Fate interfered to undo it all again. I had run away from Artistic Mill Court; I had run away from Hazel Street; now I was going to run away from John Bourke, which meant leaving all that had become to me best worth living for.

I had promised him that never again would I be a coward and seek to end my own life. I would not break the promise, and so my troublesome self had to be provided for plans made by my body was to be fed and clothed, just as if it were still of some importance.

There was Roger Cope, of course. I could really do the thing which in my letter to Mr. Bourke I had hinted at. Probably Roger's offer was still open, and if I took it I could rehabilitate myself in the eyes of the world, in case my acquaintance with the great "Labor Member" became known to others beside Lady Foe Hingwood. Yet, no! I could not bring myself to that.

I thought of Mr. Westley. But he liked Roger, and would advise me to act in a way contrary to my inclinations, if according to common sense. He was a dear, but I could not go with the best intentions in the world he would work to throw Roger Cope and me together. Therefore, Mr. Westley was still out of the question.

My eyes fell upon a newspaper lying on the desk. It had not been there, I knew, before Lady Foe came. She had, doubtless, brought it in and forgotten to take it away. I picked it up and turned to the advertising pages. I could not go back to any of the agencies I had visited while I lived in Hazel Street, for Mr. Bourke was probably right in his deductions. At all events, they had offered me no hope after my letter to him. I paid the paper and certainly lost sight of me, and he could not prejudice the minds of advertisers in the papers in case I should suddenly discover one willing to try my services.

But I could find nothing in the long lists of persons wanted which offered hope for me, and I was on the point of flinging the paper aside with an impatient sigh when my eyes happened to fall upon the "personal" column on the first page.

Then my heart gave a great bound and I snatched up the paper again.

CHAPTER XVII.

What I saw in the Personal Column. Destiny seemed bent on playing strange tricks with me of late; and the last trick was no less curious than those which had gone before. Stranger of all was that this should come to me now.

"Heart-shape" were the two words, in capital letters at the head of the "personal" column, which had caught my attention. "If the younger of the two ladies who saw something which surprised her at the theater on a night several weeks ago would like to hear the explanation of a mystery and at the same time receive information greatly to her advantage," the paragraph went on, "she should be at the Marble Arch between the hours of seven and eight to-morrow or to-morrow. Later the offer may no longer be open."

The advertisement was meant for me, and no one else on earth! By the wording, "to-morrow or to-morrow," I judged that this was the first time that the notice had appeared. It would come out once again perhaps, and then—unless the writer altered his or her intention—no more.

I read the paragraph for the second time, and was struck by the conviction that it had been cleverly planned to be understood by me alone.

If it had begun with the words, "Heart-shaped scar," others in the secret of that mysterious sign—John Bourke, for instance—might have been prompted by curiosity or an even deeper motive, to keep the appointed rendezvous. But "Heart-shape" might mean almost anything, were it not for the special significance of the message which followed. The uninitiated might easily pass it by as the device chosen by lovers who corresponded through the personal column of a newspaper.

But I knew differently—I only. For the other eyes which had seen the "something surprising at the theater" would never see anything else in this world. A shiver went through my veins as I remembered the white, white arm on the background of black satin, and the vivid, pansy-colored, heart-shaped stain. For an instant I saw, as clearly as I had seen it before, the gray face which had looked up to me from the stalls with its pale cat-eyes. The atmosphere of mystery and dread



You drink your Own Health

when you drink Abbey's Salt. Extracted from the juice of pure fruits, it is both a giver and preserver of health.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

is recommended by physicians because it purifies the blood, cleanses the stomach, invigorates the liver and gently regulates the bowels. It keeps the head clear, the eyes bright and the complexion good.

Insist on "Abbey's."

closed round me again, and I felt it all.

Should I keep the tray, or should I not? The thought frightened, yet at the same time fascinated me.

There was still enough of the old self left in me to single out a subtle curiosity at the thought of solving the mystery connected with Lady Foe's death—the mystery which wore its web round John Bourke as well. As for the "information greatly to my advantage," my mind did not dwell upon that with such a sense of allurements.

It seemed to me that, since I must go out of this one man's life, nothing could be really worth having any more. But I could not long resist the calling of the siren-voice, and after a very few moments of hesitation I determined that I would be at the Marble Arch at the time appointed.

It was afternoon still, and there was little to delay me. The things given by John Bourke or lent by Mrs. Jennett I took, and made some excuse to Mrs. Jennett for my departure—an excuse which would not cause her to send word of my sudden move to Mr. Bourke—and then I could go.

I was about to cut the advertisement from the paper, when I reflected that to do so might raise suspicion; and instead I tore off the entire sheet, which I folded into small compass.

Then I threw the remainder into the waste-paper basket, and was on my way to the door when Mrs. Jennett came smiling in with a tray. "I've brought your tea, my dear," she said, chirpily. "It's after the usual time, but I just wouldn't bring it in while her ladyship was here. I had an idea, somehow, that you wouldn't care for the tea to crop too late. And, my gracious! I was in such a state when she would insist on bouncing in. 'Twice almost as if she knew there was something in the room I didn't want her to see. But, of course, she couldn't. I do hope you didn't mind. As it turned out you'd met before, it was all right."

"Oh, yes, it was all right," I echoed, dreamily.

"Well, you've seen Mr. Bourke's wife to be, if she can anyways manage it," Mrs. Jennett went briskly on, as she finished clearing a space for the tea-tray on the table where I had been working. "I suppose she could call herself Lady Foe Bourke, if it should come off, couldn't she?"

"That would sound well! But then, Mr. Bourke doesn't care about titles and things of that sort, or money either. They say Lady Beaconsfield proposed to her husband under the clock at the Crystal Palace or somewhere; and he took her because she was rich, and could help him to reach the place he wanted. And they were happy ever after. Just as it says in the story-books."

GOING HOME.

Summer sunshine, winter weather. Off have come, oft passed away. Since two lovers went together—From their toil at close of day—Since one whispered the old story, 'Twixt the hedgerows, white with foam In the mingled gloom and glory Of the sunset, going home.

Shadows lay athwart the valleys, While the hills were crowned with light. In the leafy woodland alleys Merle and linnets hid from sight; But a vesper hymn the thrushes, Tenderly, and sweet, and low, Sang to us amid the bushes On that evening long ago.

As the flame-tinted West changed slowly To a sea of molten gold, Do you mind how calm and holy Peace fell over vale and hold? Bow, with balmy fragrance laden, Past us swept the lingering breeze, As a single word the maiden Said in answer to my pleas?

Pain and pleasure, loss and guerdon Have been ours, and joys and woes; But at last the heat and burden Of life's day came to a close, And we journeyed onward ever 'Neath the rose-flushed Western dome.

To the land where grief comes never—Hand in hand we're going home.—M. Rock.

Not that Mr. Bourke would leave a wage for any reason of that sort, no matter how much it might be to his advantage—which it certainly would! But then, her ladyship is such a beauty, and has such a way with her, anyone might fall in love with her just for herself. Don't you think so?"

"I do," I answered, truthfully. For I thought that, though I now, as a girl, almost hated Lady Foe, if I were a man she would be exactly the kind of woman I should admire most. And I grudged her the admission, which it hurt my heart to give.

"Well, we shall see what we shall see," remarked Mrs. Jennett, carelessly. "Anyhow, Lady Foe Hingwood is the only great lady that Mr. Bourke ever will go to see; though there's a lot of them would give their eyes to get him at their houses. Haven't I made your tea right, my dear? You said yesterday it was so nice."

"So it is now," I reassured her. "But my thoughts were somewhere else, to tell the truth. I—I've been reading a thing in the paper that set me thinking of a very dear friend. I can't bear to wait any longer. I shall have to go out this very afternoon, to—to make some enquiries about her. You must not be worried if I should stay late, or even be away all night."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Jennett, "I'm not at all sure, miss, that I ought to let you go. The doctor said you must be so careful not to take cold."

"Ah, that was ten days ago," I reminded her.

"But you haven't been out of doors since you came here. Do wait, miss, for the 'information greatly to-morrow, and see what he says."

"I can't wait to see what Mr. Bourke says," I replied, trying to speak lightly, though the thought of his next coming wrung my heart. "He could say no more than you, after all, dear Mrs. Jennett; for, kind as he has been, he's not the master of my actions."

"Of course not, miss. If you should spend the night with your friends, and he should come before you got back, I'm sure he'd be anxious. He's only a young man, but he's much older than you, and he looks upon you as a child—himself as a sort of guardian. He told me so himself."

"He's not likely to call very early," I said, winking away a tear. "Oh, how hot this tea is! It almost made me cry! And I shall leave a note which you can give him, in case—he should be before me."

"Very well, if you must go, you must," sighed Mrs. Jennett. "But I shall be glad when it's to-morrow at this time, and I see you and Mr. Bourke sitting with your heads together over the tray."

I could bear no more, but sprang from my chair. "I must go and get ready," I explained. "Here's the note. I wrote it to hand to you."

"And her ladyship?" The letter she was to give you for Mr. Bourke?" "She forgot to write it, after all," I said. "She was so interested in talking to me—about him."

"I suppose she left her regards?" Mrs. Jennett suggested, slyly.

"Something of the sort. You can give them to Mr. Bourke if you like." I talked with my back to her, lest she should see the tears were running down my cheeks; and, reaching the door, I ran away without turning, on pretence of being in a desperate hurry.

It had seemed hard to leave beautiful Artistic Mill Court, but it was a hundred times harder to leave this plain little house in Westminster. I had grown to love it dearly. Mrs. Jennett had told me how when her "poor husband died," she had fallen into financial difficulties, and John Bourke—she knew them both through work her husband had done for him—came to the rescue. As she said, when he was possibly could, if people were in trouble. He had offered to pay the rent of the house, and so much besides, as her lodger—a very generous arrangement.

Mrs. Jennett had gratefully added. That was years ago, but, though it was a poky little place in a dull neighborhood, and several very grand men had wanted to share their chambers with Mr. Bourke (for she had overheard them say so with her own ears) he would not move away.

I loved the house because it was associated with him, and I loved Mrs. Jennett because she loved him, and because he was good to her, even more than for the reason of her kindness to me. But I wished the kitchen bedroom, where I had slept and dreamt of him good-bye, and I came downstairs and bade farewell with my eyes to the study, and from the mantel I stole the worst and oldest of the pipes in the molley collection there. Then I was ready to go; and I kissed Mrs. Jennett, who stood in the front door, waving her hand that stilled the letter I had written to Mr. Bourke.

To be Continued.

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It is one thing to count the cost, and quite another thing to pay it.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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Chas. H. Fletcher.

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"It is the best I have ever used" Mrs. McTAGGART, 746 Wharfedale Rd. London.

"For tea Biscuits it is A. 1." Mrs. ARMSTRONG, Dundas St. In 10c, 15c, & 25c. TINS ONLY.

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6 inch 4 ply Canvas Belt, 130 feet at \$26.00, Guaranteed
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GEO. STEPHENS & DOUGLAS

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P. S. A splendid Map of Western Ontario given away with every purchase of "Our Superior" Binder Twine. No other twine at the price on the market works so satisfactorily.

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Kills the Bugs Feeds the Plants

—of our own preparation—

Our Paris Green is the same as we have always sold and absolutely pure.

Radley's Drug Store King St., Chatham



The Landress knows that her worst trial is the sticking of the iron to the lines.

This is impossible with BEE STARCH

Moreover Bee Starch gives an unsurpassable finish with very little ironing—and requires no boiling.

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If there is a post office in your neighborhood and you have a jewelry want of any kind, we can supply it almost as well as if you visited us personally

Write for our catalogue and thus have, practically, the finest stock of jewelry in Canada to choose from. Besides, our system of one price in plain figures, and our guarantee as to quality mean so much to out-of-town buyers.

We prepay all delivery charges, and if what we send does not please you in every particular, return it, and by next mail we will cheerfully refund your money.

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Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,

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