

SUFFERED FROM VIOLENT CATHARTICS

The Warning of Mr. Geo. C. Fox Is One That Should Be Heeded by All.

Few men on the road are better known than genial George Fox, whose friends throughout the West are legion. In the following letter he expresses gratitude for signal services rendered by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. He goes on to say: "Until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills and experienced their wonderful mildness and curative power, I estimated the value of every pill by its activity. Talking about this to a well-known physician I met on the train the other day, he explained there are different kinds of drugs that act upon the bowels, the most active being known as drastic. Except in extreme cases where the life of the patient depends upon speedy evacuation of the bowels, pills should never be drastic. Purgatives cause catarrh of the bowels and inflammation; their dose must be increased, causing even more harm. With such a clear explanation I could see why Dr. Hamilton's Pills are curative and not irritating, why they are mild, yet most searching."

"From my experience I recommend everyone that takes pills to give up the old-fashioned harsh, purging pill, and, instead, to use Dr. Hamilton's. They cure headache, biliousness, constipation, bad stomach, and keep the system in perfect condition."

Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills; sold for 25c. all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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Forty years in use, 20 years the standard, prescribed and recommended by physicians. For Woman's Ailments, Dr. Martell's Female Pills, at your druggist.

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HIS CONVERSION

And What Stood Between
Him and Relapse

By F. A. MITCHEL

When I got tired of work I concluded to tramp. But when a man gets dissatisfied with a hard job and takes an easier one the chances are that he'll soon want an easier one still. The fellow that tackles the job he happens to have for all it's worth is the one that is most likely to get an easier one in time, and when he gets it he'll be satisfied with it till he gets an easier one, and he'll be going up hill all the time.

I hadn't been tramping very long before it occurred to me that it would be the easiest thing in the world, when some fool woman was giving me somep'n to eat, with no man about the house, to make her tell me where she kept her valuables, take 'em and light out. I needn't try it on at houses near together, but separate, so that there wouldn't be any one to call on for help and I'd have a better chance to get away after I'd done the job. Another thing I must keep clear of was houses where there was a telephone, or, if I tackled one of 'em, I must cut the wire before I started in.

The first job of the kind I tried I found dead easy. The men were all away, and the women were skeered to death. They handed over all the money they had in the house (\$17) and offered me some jewelry besides. I declined the jewelry 'cause I didn't care to be traced tryin' to convert it into cash. I got away with the money, and I don't believe the losers tried very hard to find me. The amount involved wasn't enough to pay 'em for doin' so.

By choosin' houses that were unprotected and in thinly settled regions and bein' content with small sums I did a very good business and took the least risk possible. The people I robbed considered me their natural enemy and would have taken any revenge on me they could. This kept my conscience, and on the whole I considered my lot far better than that of persons who slave all day at hard work. I roamed at large and had what money I needed for an occasional good time. If the persons I robbed had only kept on hurling their maledictions at me perhaps I'd 'a' got enough by this time to set up in some kind o' business, hiring others to do the work. Strange to say, my run of prosperity was brought to a standstill by the opposite kind o' treatment.

One day after tramping two or three miles without meetin' a person or a team or comin' to a house I overtook a gal on the road and played the usual game of out o' work, hungry, no home nor nothin'. I asked her if she knew any charitable party thereabouts who would give me a crust of bread. She was the easiest fooled gal I ever tackled. She not only believed all I said, but almost cried over my misfortunes. She said she lived with her old mother around a bend in the road ahead and if I'd go with her she'd give me all I wanted to eat and a little money to help me on to a better condition.

She took me to a spick and span place and set me down before a bright fire, where I could warm myself, for it wasn't in the line o' my business to wear seasonable clothes, and off she goes to get me somep'n to eat. First thing I knew I heered a squawkin' in the chicken house and, lookin' out through a window, saw the gal choppin' the head off'n a fat hen. For awhile I couldn't believe that she was fool enough to kill a chicken for me, and I didn't feel sure of it till I heered it sizzlin' on the stove.

All this while I was thinkin' how I'd commence the business I was there for. My usual game was to find out where the money was kept or at least in what part of the house to look for it. Sometimes I did this by roundabout questions, sometimes by observation. If I could learn this before holstin' the spicate flag it made the job much easier for me. In this case it occurred to me that while the gal was out in the kitchen cookin' a chicken for me that she could sell for 25 cents a pound I might go up the front stairway and take a look into the bureau drawers.

Goin' softly, I turned into a bedroom on the second floor. I opened the top drawer of the bureau and findin' nothin' opened an inside box on the mantle. Among a few trinkets and other small articles nestled a roll of bills. I took 'em out, stuffed 'em in my pocket and was turnin' to leave the room when I saw an old lady standin' there lookin' at me. She turned white as a sheet, ran into a

HIS BLADDER WAS TERRIBLY INFLAMED

GIN PILLS Brought Relief

Larder Lake, Ont., March 26th.
"I had been suffering for some time with my Kidneys and Urine. I was constantly passing water, which was very scanty, sometimes as many as thirty times a day. Each time the pain was something awful, and no rest at night."

I heard of your GIN PILLS and decided to give them a trial at once. I sent my chum 60 miles to get them and I am pleased to inform you that in less than six hours, I felt relief.

In two days, the pain had left me entirely. I took about half a box and today I feel as well as ever and my kidneys are acting quite natural again."

SID CASTLEMAN.

GIN PILLS soothe the irritated bladder—heat the sick, weak, painful kidneys—and strengthen both these vital organs. Money back if they fail.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

room, locked the door, and I heard her raise a sash and call out to her daughter that there was a robber in the house. I ran downstairs, intendin' to light out, but met the gal in the hall. She looked as if she hadn't yet got on to the fact that I was the robber her mother was talkin' about.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"I reckon he went down the back stairs," I said.

If the old woman hadn't recovered from her scare enough to unlock herself and come downstairs I would 'a' said I'd look for him in the back yard and got away in that direction. As soon as she saw me she screamed and, runnin' back into her room, locked herself in again. This put the gal on to my true object. She gave me a look of disappointment and reproach that did me more damage than a bullet would 'a' done. Then she said:

"On mother's account I prefer to tell you that all the money there is in the house is in a box on the mantle in the room at the head of the stairs. We have no jewelry of any value, and all the silver we own is in the sideboard. I've prepared a meal for you, for I confess I was moved by your pitiful story and appearance. The meal is on the table for you, and you might as well eat it. I'll go up and get the money for you."

The only reply I made was to put my hand in my pocket, take out the bills and hand 'em to her.

"I've done this kind of a job a great many times," I said, "but this is the first time I've wished I hadn't."

Whether it was what I said or the way I looked I don't know, but that soft heart o' hers thawed again, and she actually seemed to want to make me feel better about it.

"By sayin' that you're sorry," she said, "you have done all you can to atone for your fault. That is all any of us can do when we sin against our Heavenly Father, and I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven myself. Now, come into the dining room and eat a good dinner. I've killed a chicken for you, and I have some cream potatoes and have made you a cup of coffee. I can give you bread and butter and honey for dessert."

I didn't realize it at the time, but it was this treatment that in the end lodged me in jail. The best way to thaw out a cold hearted person is to thaw yourself. There's lots o' criminals that are born wrong, and nobody can't do nothin' with 'em, and they can't do nothin' with themselves. But those of us who have got a spark o' decency in us can't stand kindness any more than other people, and unless we've got some criminal blood in our veins we've got to be switched off by it on to the main track.

"If you'll sit down with me," I said to the gal, "I'll do it. Not that it's fit that I should sit with you at table, but I couldn't eat unless you did."

She sat down opposite the coffee pot and poured me a cup of coffee. Then with her own hands she helped me to

the chicken, askin' me if I liked white or dark meat. Then she landed some of the cream potatoes on my plate, and when I gave her a wistful look, that meant I wished she'd try to eat somethin' herself, she took a bit o' the chicken and some bread and butter and eat it for my sake.

She didn't give me a lecture when I left her; it was no more necessary than givin' me another dinner and would have gone against me just as much. She just said: "Some day when you are along this way again drop in. The latchstring is always out, and there are more chickens in the roost."

I didn't think I could say anything at first. I jest looked down at the floor, but before I got out o' hearin' I turned and said:

"I don't know what my next line o' work'll be, but it won't be this one, and it's all owin' to you."

I left her standin' in the front yard lookin' after me, and I kind o' thort her eyes were a bit moist, but the only thing she said was "God help you," and, turnin', went into the house. I reckoned she went up to her mother, who'd been kind o' quiet all the while.

I hunted till I got a job and after I'd been to work awhile concluded to make a visit to the gal who had converted me and report progress. She seemed glad to see me, but she said that her mother had been so frightened at my last appearance that it had made her ill. She said, too, that if I'd allow her to get me up another dinner I'd make her really happy. I saw that she meant it, and, although I wasn't hungry, I let her do it. I'd have eaten shark's teeth to please her.

I went to see her every now and then after that. On one of my visits I found her lookin' unusually happy, and she told me she was engaged to be married. I tried to look pleased and sympathetic and all that, but it was mighty hard.

"You'll come to my weddin', won't you?" she asked, and, seein' she meant it, I promised to go.

I would rather have been burned at the stake than to go and see her married. I couldn't help showin' that I'd be glad to stay away, but I didn't give her the awful secret I was carryin' about as to why I didn't want to be there. When the day came around I was on hand, sure enough, though it was no use tryin' to look cheerful.

My goin' brought on a crisis that had to come, I suppose, sooner or later. The police were lookin' for me, and at one of my visits to the gal who'd got the upper hand o' me some one I'd previously robbed saw me comin' out o' the house and set the cops on to me, and they watched the place for me. Durin' the weddin' ceremony I felt a hand rest on my shoulder, and I knew what had happened. Without turnin' I whispered, "Don't interrupt the weddin' and let me slide out quiet."

He had the decency to do as I asked, and I stood there lookin' at the bride and groom bein' tied together. It was mighty hard, and if I could 'a' got out without bein' noticed I'd 'a' gone at once with the cop. But the minute the parson said "man and wife" I took the cop's arm—luckily he was in plain clothes—and walked out with him as though he was a particular friend o' mine. I didn't look back neither, fearin' to catch the bride's eye.

I'm payin' the penalty of it all, and I suppose if it hadn't been for one act of kindness when I got out I'd go into the old business. But the gal who did it, though she doesn't belong to me, stands in the way. For her sake, whatever I do, I'll have to be honest.

A Big Difference

Conrad Feick, of Stratford, Ont., writes: "I used some of the Homestead Fertilizer this season on my oats and I am well satisfied with the results. I could stand back twenty rods and show you just where I sowed it."

Homestead Fertilizers are manufactured and sold by the Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, Michigan, who will send free to any farmer their book on fertilizers with a handsome calendar postage paid. They want agents where they are not now represented. Address, Michigan Carbon Works, Postoffice, Drawer 814-A, Detroit, Michigan, asking for terms.

Half the world is running automobiles and the other half is dodging them. No wonder that one-half doesn't know how the other half lives.

The best of every man's work is above and beyond himself, and is accomplished in the struggle to attain a lofty ideal.

Never burn your old shoes in the furnace; they fill the air with an unpleasant odor. Keep them to throw at your neighbor's cats.

No child will cause another to lose confidence in you more readily than a brook-keeper. A promise should be a sacred duty, just as a debt must be paid.

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Mrs. Frank H. Uline, of West Sand Lake, N. Y., says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from bronchitis. Last July I had an attack which was more severe than any, and my friends thought I could not recover from it. Then I was advised by my druggist to try Vinol, which I did, with wonderful results. My cough has left me; I have gained in weight and appetite, and I am as strong as ever I was. I advise all who have bronchitis, chronic coughs, or who are run down to try Vinol."

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