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Genuine
Carter's
Purifier's
Liver Pills.

Just Bear Signature of
Ben Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLON SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents
Purity Vegetable.

CURE NICK HEADACHE.
To Get More Strength from Your Food.

WHEN the Bowels are filled with undigested food we may be a great deal worse off than if we were half starved.

Because food that stays too long in the Bowels decays there, just as if it stayed too long in the open air. Well, when food decays in the Bowels, through delayed and overdue action, what happens?

The millions of little Suction Pumps that line the Bowels and Intestines then draw Poison from the decayed Food. Instead of the Nourishment they were intended to draw.

This Poison gets into the blood and, in time, spreads all over the body, unless the Cause of Constipation is promptly removed.

That Cause of Constipation is Weak, or Lazy Bowel Muscles.

When your Bowel-Muscles grow flabby they need Exercise to strengthen them, not "Physic" to pamper them.

There's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowel-Muscles.

Its name is "CASCARETS," and its price is Ten Cents a box. So, if you want the same natural action that a six mile walk in the country would give you, (without the weariness) take one Cascaret at a time, with intervals between, till you reach the exact condition you desire. One Cascaret at a time will properly cleanse a foul Breath, or Coated Tongue.

Don't fail to carry the Vest Pocket Cascaret Box with you constantly.

All Druggists sell them—over ten million boxes a year.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

Stops Colic—and all stomach and bowel disorders. Makes puny babies plump and rosy. Proved by 50 years' successful use. Ask your druggist for it.

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure
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National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited
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SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS FROM KIDNEYS

Doctor's said Female Trouble.

Mrs. Charles Lewis, Collingwood, Ont., writes: "For eight years I suffered from Kidney Complaint, and until twelve months ago doctors said I was suffering from 'Female Trouble.' Last November (1905), I was seriously ill, resulting I believe from kidney troubles. Finding doctor's medicine doing me no good, I persuaded my husband to purchase me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, after having read of a case somewhat resembling mine. I commenced taking them according to directions (not taking the doctor's medicine), and on second day a swelling commenced in my feet, legs and body. The following day I was so changed and swollen my husband, in alarm, hastened to Mr. Johnson's drug store, who told him to tell me he thought the pills were drawing something out of the blood, and to keep on taking them. I did so and after taking them a week, the swelling disappeared leaving me with a complexion free from pimples, tired, weary feeling gone, constipation, from which I suffered for years, gone, pain in the back, gone, and a general feeling of joy and light-heartedness. I have not felt since a child, took place in me.

My sister-in-law (Mrs. Bryan), seeing the action of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the change for good they accomplished in me, sent for a box and they completely cured her. When there is an opportunity of telling people what Doan's Kidney Pills did for us, we always take advantage of it, and tell them to give them a fair trial.

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, for sale at all dealers or direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

The Hound of the Baskervilles

BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

"But it is quite a town. When was it inhabited?"
"Neolithic man—no date."
"What did he do?"
"He grazed his cattle on these slopes, and he learned to dig for tin when the bronze sword began to supersede the stone axe. Look at the great trench in the opposite hill. That is his mark. Yes, you will find some singular points about the moor, Dr. Watson. Oh, excuse me an instant! It is surely Cyclopes."

A small fly or moth had fluttered across our path, and in an instant Stapleton was rushing with extraordinary energy and speed in pursuit of it. To my dismay the creature flew straight for the great mire, and my acquaintance never paused for an instant, bounding from tuft to tuft behind it, his green net waving in the air. His gray clothes and jerky, zigzag, irregular progress made him not unlike some huge moth himself. I was standing watching his pursuit with a mixture of admiration for his extraordinary activity and fear that he should lose his footing in the treacherous mire, when I heard the sound of steps, and turning round found a woman near me upon the path. She had come from the direction in which the plume of smoke indicated the position of Merril House, but the dip of the moor had hid her until she was quite close.

I could not doubt that this was the Miss Stapleton of whom I had been told, since ladies of any sort must be few upon the moor, and I remembered that I had heard someone describe her, as being a beauty. The woman who approached me was certainly that, and of a most uncommon type. There could not have been a greater contrast between her brother and sister, for Stapleton was neutral tinted, with light hair and gray eyes, while she was darker than any brunette whom I have seen in England—slim, elegant and tall. She had a proud, finely cut face, so regular that it might have seemed impassive were it not for the sensitive mouth and the beautiful dark, eager eyes. With her perfect figure and elegant dress she was, indeed, a strange apparition upon a lonely moorland path. Her eyes were on her brother as I turned, and then she quickened her pace towards me. I had raised my hat and was about to make some explanatory remark when her own words turned all my thoughts into a new channel.

"Go back," she said. "Go straight back to London, instantly!"
I could only stare at her in stupid surprise. Her eyes blazed at me, and she tapped the ground impatiently with her foot.

"Why should I go back?" I asked.
"I cannot explain," she spoke in a low, eager voice, with a curious lisp in her utterance. "But for God's sake do what I ask you. Go back and never set foot upon the moor again."

"But I have only just come."
"Man, man," she cried. "Can you not tell when a warning is for your own good? Go back to London. Start to-night! Get away from this place at all costs. Hush, my brother is coming. Not a word of what I have said. Would you mind getting that orchid for me among the mares-tails yonder? We are very rich in orchids on the moor, the moor of course, you are rather late to see the beauties of the place."

Stapleton had abandoned the chase and came back to us breathing hard and flushed with her exertions.

"Halloa, Beryl!" said he, and it seemed to me that the tone of his greeting was not altogether a cordial one.

"Well, Jack, you are very hot."
"Yes, I was chasing a Cyclopes. He is very rare and seldom found in the late autumn. What pity that I should have missed him!" He spoke unconcernedly, but his small, light eyes glanced incessantly from the girl to me.

"You have introduced yourselves, I can see."
"Yes, I was telling Sir Henry that it was rather late for him to see the true beauties of the moor."

"Why, who do you think this is?"
"I imagine that it must be Sir Henry Baskerville."

"No, no," said I. "Only a humble commoner, but his friend. My name is Dr. Watson."

A flush of vexation passed over her expressive face. "We have been talking at cross purposes," said she. "Why, you had not very much time for talk," her brother remarked, with the same questioning eyes.

"I talked as if Dr. Watson were a resident instead of being merely a visitor," said she. "It cannot matter much to him whether it is early or late for the orchids. But you will come on, will you not, and see Merril House?"

A short walk brought us to it, a bleak moorland house, once the farm of some grazier in the old prosperous days, but now out of repair and turned into a modern dwelling. An orchard surrounded it, but the trees, as is usual upon the moor, were stunted and nipped, and the effect of the whole place was mean and melancholy. We were admitted by a strange, wizened, rusty-coated man-servant, who seemed in keeping with the house. Inside, however, there were large rooms furnished with an elegance in which I seemed to recognize the taste of the lady. As I looked from their windows at the interminable granite-flecked moor rolling unbroken to the farthest horizon I could not but marvel at what could have brought this highly educated man and this beautiful woman to live in such a place.

"Queer spot to choose, is it not?" said he, as if in answer to my thought. "And yet we manage to make ourselves fairly happy, do we not, Beryl?"

"Quite happy," said she, but there was no ring of conviction in her words.

"I had a school," said Stapleton. "It was in the north country. The work to a man of my temperament was mechanical and uninteresting, but the privilege of living with youth, of helping to mold those young minds and of impressing them with one's own char-

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Cure it—drive it out for all time. Rub on Nerviline. It's quick death to neuralgia—cures it permanently. Large bottles of Polson's Nerviline for 25 cents at all dealers.

acter and ideals, were very dear to me. However, the fates were against us. A serious epidemic broke out in the school and three of the boys died. It never recovered from the blow, and much of my capital was irretrievably swallowed up. And yet, if it were not for the loss of the charming companionship of the boys, I could rejoice over my misfortune, for, with my strong tastes for botany and zoology, I find an unlimited field of work here, and my sister is as devoted to Nature as I am. All this, Dr. Watson, has been brought upon your head by your expression, as you surveyed the moor out of our window."

"It certainly did cross my mind that it might be a little dull—less for you, perhaps, than for your sister."
"No, I am never dull," said she, quickly.

"We have books, we have our studies, and we have interesting neighbors. Dr. Mortimer is a most learned man in his own line. Poor Sir Charles was also an admirable companion. We knew him well, and miss him more than I can tell. Do you think that I should intrude if I were to call this afternoon and make the acquaintance of Sir Henry?"

"I am sure that he would be delighted."
"Then perhaps you would mention that I propose to do so. We may in our humble way do something to make things more easy for him until he becomes accustomed to his new surroundings. Will you come upstairs, Dr. Watson, and inspect my collection of lepidoptera? I think it is the most complete one in the southwest of England. By the time that you have looked through them lunch will be almost ready."

But I was eager to get back to my charge. The melancholy of the moor, the death of the unfortunate pony, the weird sound which had been associated with the grim legend of the Baskervilles, all these things tinged my thoughts with sadness, and then on top of these more or less vague impressions there had come the definite and distinct warning of Miss Stapleton, delivered with such intense earnestness that I could not doubt that some grave and deep reason lay behind it. I resisted all pressure to stay for lunch, and I set off at once upon my return journey, taking the grass-grown path by which we had come.

It seems, however, that there must have been some short-cut, for those who knew, for before I had reached the road I was astounded to see Miss Stapleton sitting upon a rock by the side of the track. Her face was beautifully flushed with her exertions, and she held her hand to her side.

"I have run all the way in order to cut you off, Dr. Watson," said she. "I had not even time to put on my hat. I must not stop, or my brother may miss me. I wanted to say to you how sorry I am about the stupid mistake I made in thinking that you were Sir Henry. Please forget the words I said, which have no application whatever to you."

"But I can't forget them, Miss Stapleton," said I. "I am Sir Henry's friend, and his welfare is a very close concern of mine. Tell me why it was that you were so eager that Sir Henry should return to London."
"A woman's whim, Dr. Watson. When you know me better you will understand that I cannot give reasons always for what I say or do."

"No, no, I remember the thrill in your voice, I remember the look in your eyes, please, be frank with me, Miss Stapleton, for ever since I have been here I have been conscious of shadows all around me. Life has become like that great Gipsy-mire, with little green patches everywhere, into which one may sink and with no guide to point out the track. Tell me then what it was that you meant, and I will promise to carry your warning to Sir Henry."

An expression of irresolution passed for an instant over her face, but her eyes had hardened again when she answered me.

"You make too much of it, Dr. Watson," said she. "My brother and I were very much shocked by the death of Sir Charles. We knew him very intimately, for his favorite walk was over the moor to our house. He was deeply loved by his family, and when this tragedy came upon him, and when that there man, I naturally felt that there must be some grounds for the fears which he had expressed. I was distressed therefore when another member of the family came down here to live, and I felt that he should be warned of the danger which he will run. That was all which I intended to convey."

"But what is the danger?"
"You know the story of the hound?"
"I do not believe in such nonsense."
"But I do. If you have any influence with Sir Henry, take him away from a place which has always been fatal to his family. The world is wide. Why should he wish to live at the place of danger?"

"Because it is the place of danger. That is Sir Henry's nature. I fear that unless you can give me some more definite information than this it would be impossible to get him to move."

"I cannot say anything definite. I do not know anything definite. I would ask you one more question, Miss Stapleton. If you meant no more than this when you first spoke to me, why should you not wish your brother to overhear what you said? There is nothing to which he, or anyone else, could object."

"My brother is very anxious to have the Hall inhabited, for he thinks that it is for the good of the poor folks up on the moor. He would be very angry if he knew that I had said anything which might induce Sir Henry to go away. But I have done my duty now, and I will say no more. I must get back or he will miss me and suspect that I have seen you. Good-bye!" She turned and had disappeared in a few minutes among the scattered boulders, while I, with my soul full of vague fears, pursued my way to Baskerville Hall.

(To Be Continued.)

The record of a male ostrich in the possession of H. Oliver of Oudshoorn, Cape Colony, shows that the bird has brought him in the sum of over \$10,000 in plumage.

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A Gladstone correspondent says: One of the best concerts ever listened to in this vicinity was given on June 4 in the public school, in aid of the school library. The programme, which consisted of vocal and instrumental music, dialogues and recitations, given by the children and young people of the neighborhood, showed a degree of talent seldom met with apart from the dramatic profession.

Miss Inez Campbell, of Belmont, and Mr. Watson, of London, acted as accompanists. Mr. Watson's piano selections were well received, while Miss Vera Hewer delighted the audience with her recitations. Owing to the length of the programme, the enthusiastic encores which so many of the numbers elicited were not responded to.

The schoolroom was very tastefully decorated with evergreens, flags, mottoes and bunting. Great credit is due Miss Cleveland for the manner in which the children were trained, and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered her at the close of the programme for her untiring efforts throughout to make the concert a success.

In spite of the unfavorable weather the schoolroom was comfortably filled and the proceeds amounted to \$30. However, as many were prevented from attending, it has been requested that the programme be repeated at an early date.

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still held by some women is that it is impossible to make good pastry from flour made of Manitoba Hard Wheat.

Consequently they buy hard wheat flour for bread and soft wheat flour for pastry, and go to a good deal of unnecessary trouble.

Since the appearance of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR on the market there is no need for any housekeeper to do this, as this brand is made by a process which renders it not only the ideal flour for bread, but which guarantees equally good results for pastry when used "Five Roses" way.

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR will make lighter and flakier pastry than any ordinary brands on the market, whether made from hard or soft wheat.

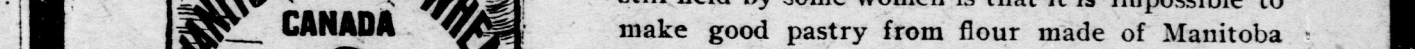
All we ask is that you give it a fair and unprejudiced trial for pastry on your next Baking Day. The result will, we know, more than satisfy you.

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is proof that they were perfectly baked—the way a good cook would have them

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Their delicious, nutty flavor and crisp-tenderness make the eating a delightful treat.

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Almost every Thuringian house is a little eye factory. Four men sit at a table, each with a gas jet before him, and the eyes are blown from plates and moulded into shape by hand. The colors are traced in with small needles and as no set rule is observed in the coloring no two eyes are exactly alike.

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