

They Cured Him And They Did It Quick

What Geo. W. Gardner Says of Dodd's Kidney Pills

His Symptoms All Said Kidney Trouble and They Yielded Readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Fern Creek, Alta., May 4.—(Special.)

—After suffering for three years from kidney trouble, Geo. W. Gardner, a well-known farmer living near here, is again in the best of health, and he gives full credit for his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

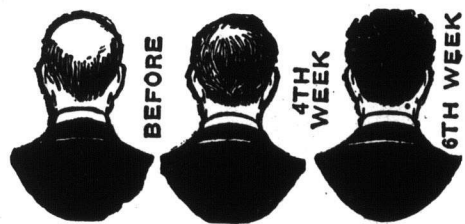
"I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are wonderful," Mr. Gardner said, in telling of his cure. "My trouble started from a strain or a cold and I noticed it first about three years ago.

"My eyes were puffed and swollen and had dark circles under them. I was very irritable at times and my skin had a dry harsh feeling. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing, and I had a bitter taste in my mouth in the morning.

"I took medical advice, but got no permanent benefit till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. Just two boxes of them fixed me up, and I feel as well as ever I did."

Every one of Mr. Gardner's symptoms is a symptom of kidney trouble. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them so quickly.

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Please find enclosed 10 cents to help pay the distribution expenses. Kindly send me at once your \$1.00 Calvacura No. 1 and your booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness." (Enclose this coupon in your letter.)—Adv't.



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I guess it was three weeks later when I went into town for the mail. Town was empty, so it was no use hanging round, and after getting the letters and buying some tobacco for the boys, I started back to the ranch again.

I had just got clear of the last houses and was out on the prairie again when I heard someone shout and, turning round, saw a horseman coming for me on the gallop.

"Guess it's a poker game and they want me in it," I thought, and was just wondering who it could be when he shouted again. And this time I knew.

"Harry!" I yelled back. "Good old Harry!"

He came up and we shook hands.

"I've come back again, Bud," he said with a grin.

"How's the city, boy?" I asked him, but he made a wry face.

"Don't mention cities to me," he said. "I'm sick of them. Let's gallop. It's ages since I've been on a horse."

And on the journey back he told me all he had to tell—yet. His two years on the ranch had unfitted him for cities any more and he had been unable to settle down to town life. His father had

The next morning Baldy and I went on with our regular work, which was riding boundary and looking out for strays. On every cattle ranch there are odd animals that get missed at branding time and these have to be brought in and marked and then sometimes other stock will get mixed up with ours, and so on. We were just leaving the corrals when Harry and the old man came down together.

"Are you boys going out Wright's way?" asked the old man, with a grin.

"We were," I said.

"Well then," he said, "take Harry along with you for company. And with that he clapped the Prodigal on the back and says "Good luck, boy!"

About ten o'clock I saw somebody on a horse coming towards us. I looked at Baldy and winked and then at the Prodigal—and every bit of color had gone out of his face.

"Hello boys!" called out Little Pal, as soon as she got near enough. "Three of you to-day?"

"We've a stranger with us," I said with a smile.

"Gee! I've had a swell time," she



Catherine Breshkovskaya, who is known as "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," has been invited by M. Kerensky, Minister of Justice in the new cabinet, to return to Petrograd. Mme. Breshkovskaya has spent thirty years in exile, most of the time in prison. She escaped twice, only to be recaptured.

During a visit to the United States she made the acquaintance of many prominent Americans and collected more than \$10,000 for the revolutionary cause. Soon after her return to Russia she was arrested. Petitions for her release were circulated in the United States and sent to the Russian Premier and the Ambassador at Washington. In 1910 she was sentenced to exile in Siberia, and again made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. Her activities as Russia's famous political prisoner caused her to be known throughout the world. She has many friends in the United States.

been very decent and there was enough money to the Prodigal's credit in the bank to start him in business for himself.

"This old prairie's caught me, Bud. It does grip a fellow, doesn't it?" he said.

"It sure does," I told him. "I've been thirty years on the plains now."

Presently he spoke his first word of Little Pal.

"How is she, Bud?" he asked.

"She's still alive," I said with a smile.

And then, when we got back to the ranch, Little Pal had left for a visit to the Wright's homestead and wouldn't be back until the following noon.

So I took the Prodigal into the bunkhouse with me.

"Here's your chaps," I said, getting them out of my trunk, "and your hat and shirt and scarf. Put them on and look a real man again. You see, I knew you'd be back again—that's why I've saved them for you."

said, reining up her horse, "and the baby's such a dear."

The Prodigal had pulled his hat down over his eyes and now he got down off his horse and walked and stood beside the girl's horse.

"What's the matter?" she asked, turning towards him.

After about a minute I said to Baldy:

"Baldy Harris, we're looking for strays."

"Which remark is perfectly true," says he and moves his horse off at a walk.

"And it's also true," says I, jerking with my thumb over my shoulder, "that those two aren't strays any longer."

Once we looked back and we could still see them standing there, she with her arms tight around his neck and he with both his big arms holding her tight against him. And near by stood the two horses, pricking up their ears and looking at each other as if they, too, fully understood.

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Baked Codfish
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