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SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back Often Cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE

Here is the Proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition, a terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago, and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from sour rheum. "When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure. "After 25 years of suffering from kidney disease, I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."



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and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert."

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and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as the very suitable for nursery use.

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NERVOUS, BLOOD, PRIVATE & SEXUAL DISEASES, MEN & WOMEN.

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Young, Middle Aged & Old Men

If you are suffering from any complication of the Sexual System, Bladder, Kidneys, Blood or Nerves, consult us at once. We cure all weakness, Nervous Waste, Secret Losses, Nightly Drains, Sexual Decline, and make marriage possible. Rest or Food—One Dollar.

NO INCURABLE CASES TAKEN.

We guarantee to cure—Venereal, Emissions, Stricture, Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Inflammation, Urinary Discharges, all Private, Nervous and Delicate Diseases of Men and Women. Consultation Free. Question List for Home Treatment Free—Sends Free.

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Because Carling's Ale, Porter and Lager are made from the best quality of malt and hops that can be produced.

Because the manufactures of Carling's Brewery are absolutely pure.

Because when you get Carling's you get the best.

That's why!

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

A DEATH SONG.

Lay me down beneath the willows in the grass,
Whish de branch'll go a-singin' as it pass,
An' w'en I'm a-singin' low,
I kin hush it as it go
Singin', "Sleep, my honey, tek yo' rest at las'."

Lay me nigh to whish his meks a little pool,
An' de watah stan's so quiet as an' cool,
Whish de little birds in spring
Uet to come an' drink-an' sing,
An' de chillen waded on de way to school.

Let me settle w'en my shouldahs draps dey load,
Nigh enough to hush de noises in de road,
Fu' I tink de las' long res'
Gimme to soothe my spirit be'
Et I'm layin' 'nough de sleep I'm alius knowed.
—Paul Laurence Dunbar in New York Tribune.

The Last Will of Abel Mitchell.

He Changed His Mind as to the Disposition of His Property.

BY W. R. ROSE.

Abel Mitchell called to his typewriter.

"You may go, Miss Morris," he said. He did not look up from the papers before him.

The young woman turned to the clock with a little start of surprise. It was only 4:30. But she quietly put on her hat and with a murmured good night left the room.

Abel listened to the departing rustle of her skirts with a thoughtful expression. There was a sensible girl, a girl who never grated on his feelings, a girl who asked no useless questions. She had reached an age of discretion. If Jim was determined to marry a poor girl, why couldn't he have taken one like Emma Morris?

Abel opened a heavy envelope and drew forth a folded paper.

"Jim never was confidential with me," he grumbled. "Perhaps I didn't invite his confidence. I don't know. Now he has disobeyed my direct command. That can't be overlooked. When he told me about this girl, I said wait. 'How long?' he asked. 'Until you reach years of discretion?' I cried and turned away. Jim is 24. Twenty-four. And I married at 21. Yes, and ran away too. But it was different with me. My father had nothing to give me. I was quite independent. He was glad to have me shift for myself. Jim's father is a rich man. Jim's father has given him dollars where my father begrudged me pennies. Jim owes me filial obedience. He has disobeyed me to his bitter cost."

He unfolded the paper that he had taken from the envelope and ran his keen gray eye down the closely written lines.

"He has given up his father for a pretty face," he murmured. "Let him stand by the consequences. Who is she? What is she? It matters not. No doubt they trapped him into this marriage. 'A rich man's son,' they chuckled. But they'll find they're fooled. 'Father,' he said, 'I am to be married tomorrow night. Will you come with me to the wedding?' I turned on my heel. Then I looked back. 'You know the price you may pay?' I cried. 'Yes, father,' he said, 'and God bless you.' He asked a blessing on me! Ha, ha, ha, that's too rich! But he'll get evil for good this time. I'll cut him off with a dollar. Let him sup on herbs for awhile. That'll take the veneer from love's young dream. I'll draw up a new will at home tonight and have it witnessed before I sleep. And to let him know what his foolish fancy has cost him I'll write him a letter—a letter he can show to his new relatives. That's the thing—the letter."

He bent down with his head upon his hand and his eyes upon the paper. A rustle of skirts in the doorway drew his attention. He did not look up. It was a way he had.

"Ah, Miss Morris," he said, "back again?" He had quite forgotten that he had sent her home.

"The young girl in the doorway did not answer. Her bright eyes were fixed upon the old man. She expected him to look up. If he had done so, he would have seen a charming vision. She was a very pretty girl—dainty and neat from the tip of her new hat to the tip of her new shoes. But he did not look up.

"Just in time," he added. "I want to dictate a letter before you go."

He paused, and the young girl, as if seized with a sudden fancy, quietly stepped into the room and seated herself at the typewriter.

"You have been with us so long, Miss Morris," the old man continued, "that we view you as a confidential agent. Besides, this will be public property very soon. I am going to write to my son. Last night he married an unknown girl against my wishes. I am going to tell him that I wash my hands of him and his; that tonight I change my will, cutting him off with a solitary dollar. Are you ready?"

The girl at the typewriter gave the instrument a preliminary click or two. "James Mitchell," began the old man, "as you have seen fit to disobey me, to cast my fatherly wishes in my teeth, I desire you to know that I have no wish to hold further communication with you. While I cherish the impression that you were lured into this unhappy marriage—"

The typewriter stopped.

"Unhappy marriage," the old man repeated, and the clicking recommenced, "yet I cannot accept this as any excuse for your undutiful conduct. Tonight I change my will, and you may rest assured that your name will be passed over with the smallest possible financial consideration. I prefer to have you understand this here and now. It will prevent you and your new friends from cherishing any false hopes. This

is all I have to say, and no reply will be expected. Abel Mitchell."

The young girl drew the sheet from the machine and, bringing it forward, laid it on the old man's desk. Abel glanced it through.

"A beautiful copy," he said and carefully folded it. Then he placed it in an envelope and dipped a pen in ink.

"I do not know his address," he said, and knitted his brows.

The girl at the end of the desk extended her hand.

"If you have no objection," she quietly said, "I will deliver it to him in person."

The old man looked up at the fair face bending over him.

"Why, who are you?" he cried.

"I am Alice Mitchell," said the young girl.

"Mitchell?" repeated Abel dully.

"My son's wife! And what?" But the ugly words would not come. He could not utter them in the light of those gentle eyes. "Will you be seated?" he lamely added.

"Thank you, no," said the girl. "I have but a few words to say; they will not detain you long."

Abel's gaze dropped to the letter and the will, and a sarcastic smile twisted his mouth.

"No, no," the girl quickly added. "I am quite wrong to imagine such a thing. And you were quite wrong, too, to insult me as you did in that letter."

He looked up again quickly. There were tears in the gentle eyes. And there was a glint of fire in them too.

"You insulted me and you insulted my dear father. I have no mother?" She paused a moment.

"When you insinuated that my father was mercenary in this matter, you did him a cruel wrong. He was bitterly opposed to our marrying without your consent. I disobeyed my father too. But it was not for your money. This letter will bring us no surprise."

The old man dropped his eyes beneath her reproachful gaze.

"Perhaps I was hasty," he slowly said, "but the provocation was great."

Then he quickly added, "But knowing as you did that I opposed the wedding, and your father opposed it, too, why did you permit yourself to marry my boy?"

"I could make it clear to you, I think," said the girl gently, "if you loved your boy."

The old man trembled. If he loved his boy! All that was near and dear to him—all that was left to him of kith and kin. The babe that a dying wife had solemnly placed in his paternal arms. If he loved his boy! He drew a long breath and stared hard at the blank envelope on the desk before him.

"And now," said the young girl, "I only want to add that I think Jim was quite wrong in crossing your wishes. He might have waited. I wanted him to wait. But he is so proud, so self-willed. I am very sorry for you, and be the means of separating you, and I—I am quite sure I am not worth the great sacrifice my dear—my husband—has made."

Abel was quite sure there were tears in her eyes again, but he did not look up.

"Where is Jim now?" he asked. Then he smiled grimly. "And why are you not enjoying your—your wedding tour?"

"There was a vacancy in the bank where my father is employed," said the girl, "and father secured it for Jim. His duties began today. Perhaps we will take our wedding journey later. We have to look out carefully for the main chance now, you know."

"And you didn't expect to fall back on my dollars?" said the old man.

"Not a penny of them," quickly replied the girl.

The old man nodded in his chair.

"And why not?" he asked.

"I think you understand," said the girl, and her gaze dropped to the letter on the desk.

"Does Jim know you are here?"

"No. At least he didn't know I was coming. Father will tell him to meet me at the corner at 5 o'clock. I must go."

"Wait," said the old man quickly. He looked at her searchingly. She met his gaze with a smile. His mind was on Jim.

Abel deliberately put the will back in its envelope and the envelope in its pigeonhole. Then he picked up the letter in its unaddressed envelope, tore into minute particles and tossed them into the waste basket.

"I've changed my mind," he softly muttered.

He pulled down his desk cover with a bang and reached for his hat.

"There," he said, "I'm ready." Then he added, "Will you give me your arm, my dear?" As they passed through the doorway he paused.

"I think, Alice," he said, "that you and I are going to be very good friends. And now we must hunt up Jim and take him home with us."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Did She Keep Her Temper?

Mr. Biles is a very hasty tempered man, but he is also one who keeps his promises to the very letter. Therefore Mrs. B. has trained him to believe that second thoughts are best and, even in a moment of his weakness, extracted from him a promise always to count 20 before he speaks if he feels rage coming upon him. Last Sunday he rushed into the back drawing room spluttering with fury and red in the face. Mrs. Biles rose and laid a gentle hand on his stammering lips.

"M-marry, I—I—I—"

"Hush, dear," said the sweet woman. "Count 20 and conquer yourself, and I shall be more proud of you than if you had conquered the world."

"Eighteen, nineteen, twenty—"

"New tell me, dear."

"It's that new hat of yours that you paid \$20 for and the new servant's gone out in, and it's raining hard—that's all."—Pick Me Up.

HIS MARRIAGE FEE.

A Couple Came to This Minister's Church and Were Married in Style.

At the End of the Ceremony the Groom Approached and Placed a Spotless White Envelope in the Clergyman's Hand.

A clergyman, speaking of wedding fees, said: "About a month ago a couple came to my church to get married in accordance with arrangements made with me. The church was opened and lighted up brilliantly, and the organist played the regulation marches. The nuptial knot being tied, the smiling groom approached me and placed a spotless white envelope in my hands. It was heavy, and a touch showed that it contained a coin. I concluded that it was a \$10 goldpiece. After the bridal party had departed I opened the envelope. What do you suppose it contained? A silver quarter. I dropped it in the poor box."—Brooklyn Times.

Taking No Chances.

"Now," said the enterprising interviewer, "please read this over and hold up your right hand."

"But," said the public man, "this is merely an interview."

"That's all it is now. But I thought it would be a good thing to be appointed a notary public. We've had too many denials, and this article's going to be an affidavit before it gets into the paper."—Washington Star.

Sleep.

Some doctors believe that a man has just so many hours to be awake, and that the more of them he uses up in a day the shorter his life will be. A man might live to be 200 if he could sleep most of the time. The proper way to economize time, therefore, is to sleep when there is nothing better to do.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Boston Boy's Grief.

Mother—Why do you weep so, Emerson?

Little Emerson—Because Waldo Smith informs me that he is to take up the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics next week, and papa refuses to let me begin until I am 5 years old.—San Francisco Examiner.

Climax of Culture.

"What is a cosmopolitan?"

"He's a man who can go all around the world without buying a souvenir spoon."—Chicago Record.

WELSH WERE EATERS.

But This Unfortunate had not Much of an Appetite.

It Took, so he Said, Very Little to Satisfy Him.

Captain B. W. Morgan, every man a Welshman himself, likes to tell this story when there is another Welshman in hearing: He went home to dinner one day and found a paper hanger at work in the house. He asked the time, and Captain Morgan told him it was noon:

"I guess I'll knock off and go home to dinner then," the paper hanger remarked.

"Stay and eat with us," the captain said, and the invitation was accepted.

Captain Morgan was attentive to his guest during the meal. The captain helped him to roast beef several times, until at last he had some curiosity to see just how much the fellow would eat without crying enough. The game was growing quite interesting when the fellow began to show signs of quitting:

"Will you have some of the plum pudding?" the captain asked him to revive his failing appetite.

"No, thanks," he replied. "I've had enough, I think."

"Oh, take a small piece of the pudding," the captain urged. "It's genuine English plum pudding and home-made at that."

"Well, I don't mind trying it," he said.

The captain helped him to a section of the pudding weighing about a pound, and he ate it with much relish. Then he shoved his chair away from the table and leaned back for an after dinner chat.

"I'm not much of an eater," he said, not noticing the smile on the captain's face. "It takes very little to satisfy me. Say, you ought to see the Welsh eat."

"Are they hearty eaters?" asked the captain.

"Hearty eaters?" repeated the fellow. "Say, they eat like a lot of pigs."—Pittsburg News.

UNNATURAL POSE.

"How do you like my new photograph, Della?"

"Well, Dick, there is something horribly unnatural about them. It isn't the mouth—it can't be the eyes—oh, I see! You haven't got your feet up on anything."

A very pretty woman who was grumbling over a few almost imperceptible wrinkles could not see the humor of the remark made by an admirer to the effect that he thought the lines had fallen in very pleasant places.

There are some men in this world who cannot understand why a woman should snub them when they call her by her first name at the second meeting or attempt to straighten her necktie at the third.

Every man would feel more contented if he thought his wife was; every woman would if she thought her husband was less so.

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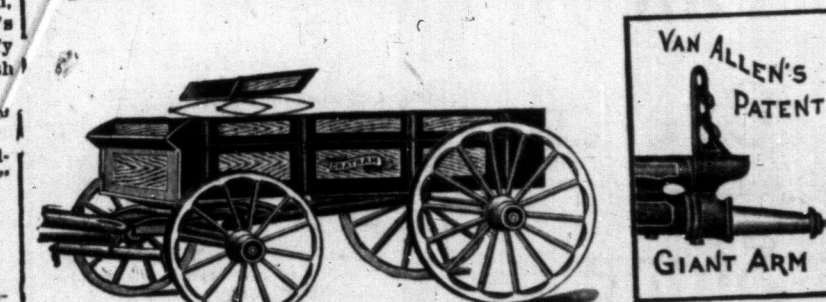
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MEDAL AND DIPLOMA Awarded to any of the numerous American and Canadian Wagons exhibited at that great Fair—as a reward so heartily endorsed by the thousands of users of

THE NEW CHATHAM all over the Dominion that the demand for it is taxing to the utmost the productive ability of the Wagon Works to supply it.

SEVEN YEARS of the severest trials having proved beyond a doubt this Arm not only doubles the strength and durability of a Wagon but secures the greatest ease of running, simply and solely because these arms are absolutely rigid, and any mechanic, worthy the name, will tell you so as to bear should spring, LOADED OR LIGHT.

WHEN IN WANT OF A WAGON in your own interest, drop into A. B. McCOIG'S Ag'l. Imp't. Warehouses and see D. R. VAN ALLEN.