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Those Who Experience Fullness and Pain After Meals, Stomach Disorders, and Indigestion, Should Read Below.

When I was working around the farm last winter I had an attack of inflammation, writes Mr. E. P. Dawkins, of Port Richmond. I was weak for a long time, but well enough to work until spring. But something went wrong with my bowels, for I had to use salts or physic all the time. My stomach kept sour, and always after eating there was pain and fullness, and all the symptoms of indigestion. Nothing helped me until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Instead of hurting, like other pills, they acted very mildly, and seemed to heal the bowels. I did not require large doses to get results with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and feel so glad that I have found a mild yet certain remedy. Today I am well—no pain, no sour stomach, a good appetite, able to digest anything. This is a whole lot of good for one medicine to do, and I can say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the best pills, and my letter, I am sure, proves it. Refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butter-but, sold in yellow boxes. See all dealers, or The Catarhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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CONDUCTOR NO. 77

They All Took a Lesson in Common Sense

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Helen Blair signaled the suburban car and boarded it at the corner. She was tired after a long day of shopping and walked up the aisle to the front seat, which proved to be empty. At the next stop three people got on, who completely filled the short cross seat in front of her.

"Fares, please!" Helen's heart leaped as she heard the conductor's voice, and she felt a vague sense of irritation because a mere trolley car conductor should possess a voice exactly like Ralph Fairlee's deep tones. She turned her head and stole a glance at the approaching conductor. Her heart leaped again when she discovered that the back of his shapely dark head was exactly like that of Ralph's and that the swing of his broad shoulders as he turned might have belonged to Ralph.

Her head turned face about, and she compressed her lips. "What a— a bother!" she murmured to herself.

It was more than a "bother" to be reminded of Ralph Fairlee at that moment. It was positive pain to the girl who had been engaged to Ralph for three happy months. Of course the engagement was a thing of the past or it would not have caused Helen Blair any pain to be reminded of its previous existence.

At last the conductor came to the front of the car once more, set back the indicator and began to collect fares for the second stage of the trip.

"Fare, please!" he boomed in front of Helen, and again her heart leaped as she flashed out a nickel and gave it to him.

Then under the brim of her drooping velvet hat she permitted her face to relax its cold hauteur, while she fell to dreaming about Ralph Fairlee, who had taken their quarrel seriously and left the city to seek work elsewhere.

Ralph's father was a rich man, and old Mr. Fairlee had queer ideas about rich men's sons. He believed that these same sons should demonstrate their ability to earn money and prove themselves capable of taking care of money already earned. Ralph had different ideas and wanted to begin at the top of the ladder. He had quarreled with his father on this point. He had quarreled with Helen on another matter and, estranged from both, must be very lonely now. Helen's heart was breaking for love and pity of him.

"Clang, clang, clang—rush, clatter, clang! Starting and stopping, whizzing and curving and rocking, the "car of destiny" went on its way into the open country.

"Fares, please," said the conductor as he stood before her once more with hand stretched out.

Helen fumbled in the gold meshed bag and impatiently emptied its contents into her lap in search of a coin. She was positive that she had plenty of change left. There was a crumpled lace handkerchief with an elusive fragrance of violets about it; there was an inner golden meshed purse that was quite empty, a couple of matinee tickets, a vial of smelling salts, a pencilled memorandum, but there was not a coin to be found!

"Oh, dear!" Helen was embarrassed as her eyes sought the stern face of the young conductor. "I'm sorry, but—" She had to stop then, for that unruly heart of hers was beating faster than any triphammer could hope to rival. The stern face of the conductor was set like a white mask as he turned away.

"Fares, please," he was saying to the woman who sat behind her. Frantically Helen searched her golden bag, but in vain. She was quite penniless and still ten miles from her station. She bit her lip angrily, because she must explain these matters to a conductor who had the effrontery to have a voice identical with that of Ralph Fairlee and to have a face so much like Ralph's that she had nearly swooned away when she looked at him. But of course it was not Ralph Fairlee. Ralph would have spoken to her at once—gently, she knew that. And, besides, Ralph Fairlee was as brown as a berry, and this conductor, a very common person, no doubt, was quite pale. How presumptuous for a trolley car conductor to speak, look and act just like Ralph Fairlee!

But how very humiliating to be under obligations to this man, a perfect stranger! Again she searched through her bag and shook out her handkerchief. This time there was a clink as a coin flew to the floor.

Helen stooped to pick it up just as the conductor came to her aid. Together they bent over, and together they searched for the lost coin. Helen's big hat brushed the conductor's cap from his head, and there was added embarrassment. At last the man arose with something between his fingers and held it out.

"You lost this?" he inquired coldly. "Yes," said Helen, reddening. "Really, I thought it was more. I must have lost my change and—"

The conductor thrust the shining penny in his vest pocket and rang up a fare.

"Please give me your number," said Helen eagerly.

"No. 77," he said gravely, and with a lift of his cap he went back to his station on the rear platform.

Clang, clang, clatter, went the car, while Helen's agitated thoughts kept company to the beating of her heart and the throbbing of the motor.

An elderly gentleman sitting opposite to Helen peered at her over his gold spectacles. She noticed that he looked keenly after the young conductor who had so stoically rung up her fare after receiving from her hands the meager penny that she could find. She wondered if the old gentleman would be apt to report the conductor for negligence in not putting her off the car.

The idea of being under obligations to the conductor, who looked so much like Ralph Fairlee, became so repugnant that Helen finally arose and walked down the rapidly moving car toward the rear. She was determined to alight then and there and walk the remaining distance, whatever it might be, to her home; also she would take the conductor's number and send him 4 cents the next day.

Her slender form swayed down the aisle, while close behind her staggered the white bearded old gentleman who had watched her so keenly. The conductor was leaning against the door, gazing idly at the dark shadows of the fitting scenery. He did not see Helen or the old gentleman so close behind her until the car lurched over some little obstruction and came to a standstill.

The violent jerk sent Helen forward straight into the arms of conductor No. 77, who also braced himself to receive the form of the old gentleman. Then the car jerked again, and the three fell in an agonizing heap on the floor of the car, while the motorman rang his gong frantically for some answering signal from the conductor.

"Hello, hello!" sputtered the old gentleman wrathfully, as, being on top, he was first to extricate himself from the heap. "This comes of meddling in a business you don't understand in the least, young man. I hope the young lady isn't hurt."

Helen moaned faintly as conductor No. 77 lifted her to a seat. "It's her ankle," announced the conductor as the contact of her foot with the floor brought forth another cry of pain.

The motorman jerked open the front door and glared into the car.

"See here, Smith," he snarled, "what do you think this is anyway—a hospital or a D. L. J. suburban trolley? We're four minutes late as it is."

"You will wait here four hours if necessary," snapped the old gentleman, breaking into the conversation before the conductor could frame a reply to the motorman's remarks. As a matter of fact, the conductor was gazing down at Helen's face, which was whiter than ever now through the heavy meshes of her shawl and veil. She was leaning back against the seat with closed eyes, the conductor stood watching her with grimy clinched fists on his hips. Neither girl nor conductor appeared to hear the conversation between the motorman and the aggressive old man.

"You will wait here four hours if necessary," the old gentleman had snapped.

"Will, eh? By whose orders?" The motorman was dancing with excitement down the aisle.

"By the orders of the president of the company!" yelled the old gentleman, flashing a card before the bewildered eyes of the motorman.

"By gosh! You don't say—of course—yes, Mr. Fairlee, of course!" The motorman danced back to the platform and closed the door upon his chagrin and mortification.

"Smith!" thundered Mr. Fairlee at the conductor.

Conductor No. 77 was chafing the wrists of Helen Blair, passenger, and did not even turn his head. It would appear that the name was an unfamiliar one to him. He did not respond when it was repeated several times, louder and louder.

"Ralph!" thundered Mr. Fairlee in the conductor's ear.

"Well, father, what is it?" Conductor No. 77 turned a sullen face toward his father.

"Are you going to give up this nonsense and come home with me?" demanded his father, his old voice quaking with an uncontrollable anxiety, which he strove to conceal with an unnatural stiffness.

"I'm on duty here. Do you advise me to shirk that?" parried Ralph. "You can finish this run, of course. But will you come home to me to-night? I've lost a lot of my fool notions, and—"

But Ralph was as generous as his father. "No, you needn't take back a word of what you have said in the past, dad. You were right about it. But I have shown you that I can get a job without influence of any sort and that I can keep it for months. Oh, dad, it's Helen here! She's off with me, and there isn't the slightest use in my ever trying to be much without her. I don't blame her, but—"

"Ralph Fairlee, you goose!" cried Helen's voice from behind as she threw her arms around Ralph and his father. "I knew you from the first, but you looked so much like yourself that I didn't dare!"

She broke into sobs, and as old Mr. Fairlee turned away and blew his nose vigorously she whispered the remainder into Ralph's ear.

When the down car clanged close at hand the motorman peered timidly through a crack in the front door. What he saw caused his eyes to bulge.

Conductor No. 77 was embracing the form of the pretty girl passenger, and the president of the trolley company, "Good Lord! He's crazy!" growled the motorman. And then Conductor No. 77 gave the signal to go ahead.

Better to Be Safe Than Sorry.

G. A. Field, of Sarnia, Ont., writes: "I have tried five different kinds of fertilizers on my garden farm this year and can recommend as being the best by a long way, the Homestead brand which I bought of C. A. Yates. It gave me good results. I do not say this as an advertisement, but simply to let my friends know the best kind to get because I know it means a lot to plant and care for a crop and then have it turn out poor. I say buy the Homestead and you will be safe. 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."

TURNED THE TABLES.

An Amusing Incident of Old Time Political Campaigning.

An illustration of early campaigning in Illinois shows the good feeling and the disposition to let the best man win that often prevailed.

James G. Robinson and Richard Oglesby, afterward governor, were opponents for the office of state senator. The settlements in those days were scattering, and as the rivals were good friends they agreed to go together and hold joint discussions. The understanding was that if either desired to talk anywhere else apart from the joint debates he had a perfect right to do so.

At one place Robinson announced that he would make a speech in the courthouse. A large crowd greeted him. Oglesby was sitting in front of the hotel across the way and became uneasy lest Robinson should get some votes away from him.

It happened that Oglesby could play the violin well. A man came along with one under his arm, and Oglesby asked if he might borrow it for the evening. The man consented, and Oglesby commenced playing in order to draw the crowd away from Robinson's meeting. He succeeded. One by one the men came out of the courthouse, and when Oglesby swung into a lively dance measure the crowd responded with an impromptu "ho-down."

Robinson, seeing his audience dwindling, stopped speaking and came out himself. Taking in the situation at a glance, he pulled off his shoes and became the most enthusiastic participant, dancing first with one and then with another of his late hearers. The crowd was delighted, and Robinson had the satisfaction of completely turning the tables on his adroit opponent—Shelby M. Cullom in "Fifty Years of Public Service."

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