

April 29, 1922

BLOOD POISON.

I guarantee my Latest Method Treatment to be a positive cure for Blood Poison. If you have this a virulent disease you are in danger until completely cured. Don't put it off until you notice a sore throat, patches on tongue or mouth, swollen glands, hair falling out, blotches on body, itching skin or other signs of this a virulent disease. Call on me. I give you a written guarantee to cure you without Mercury or Potassium, and You Pay When Cured. I have 15 diplomas and certificates which testify to my standing and abilities.

The original testimonials can be seen at my office \$5000.00 reward for any I cannot show.

The Latest Method Treatment Cures
Varicella and Scarlatina without cutting, stretching or loss of time; also Chronic Prostate, Nervous Impotency, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Stomach, Female and Rectal troubles. Consultation Free. If you cannot call, write for blank for home treatment. Perfect system of home treatment for those who cannot call. Book Free.
All medicines for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor, Canada.
All duty and transportation charges prepaid. Everything confidential—No names on envelopes or packages—Nothing sent C. O. D.

DR. GOLDBERG208 WOODWARD AVE.,
Cor. Wilcox Street,
DETROIT, MICH.**VERY LOW RATES**

Every day during the months of March and April, 1922, the UNION PACIFIC will sell Colonist one-way tickets at the following rates:

—FROM—

MISSOURI RIVER

\$20.00 To Ogden and Salt Lake City.

\$20.00 To Butte, Anaconda and Helena.

\$22.50 To Spokane.

\$22.50 To Portland, Tacoma and Seattle.

\$25.00 To Portland, Tacoma and Seattle.

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The Coming Of the King

By Clinton Dangerfield

Copyright, 1921, by Clinton Dangerfield

When Jack Harden at last succeeded in filling his prison bars and dropping out of his window into the kindly shadows of the night, his heart was aglow with exultation. He determined to work his way south and bury himself there from the eyes of the law. In the bygone years when he had turned himself a gentleman, before the lures of Wall street had tempted him into the use of other people's money, he had won a wage of a thousand dollars by crossing the whole country with not a cent in his pocket, and it seemed to him now that he could easily do so again.

But he soon found that the man who must evade and conceal, who still has on the fatal stripes, is far, far behind the penniless but lucky individual who

she murmured, "but I don't know if I ought to do it."

"Ask away," said the monarch cheerfully. "I'll answer."

"It's about a long word in his book. I thought you could explain it."

"Bring it up here on the hay. You did not tell anybody that I am here?"

"Course not," said the reader very reproachfully. "Sides, there's no one to tell. They left me in charge of Susan while they went to town, but Susan had a message to come to her mother's right quick, 'cause Sammy—that's her smallest brother—had done scalded himself—himself, I mean—dreadful. So now there's nobody here but just me and Towser."

She scrambled up on the hay as she spoke, while the king promptly resolved that he would rummage the house for suitable clothes. Meanwhile their two heads bent together over the page, and the reader delivered her words with a labored air, troubled by their undue length:

"King Charles might have succeeded in after life in making a good king, for he had many talents, but he was always of a va-cil-lating dis-po-si-tion."

"Now, what does that mean?"

"It means," began the king bitterly, and then a sudden intuition made him look over the edge of the hay. There stood the two men whose presence on his track he had most dreaded and who met his startled gaze with cynical amusement.

"Come down!" said the nearest curtly. "We don't want no nonsense."

The reader saw the color die away from the king's face, leaving a dull ashen gray, and she wondered if so many eggs had disagreed with him. She also peered over the edge.

"Who are those people?" she demanded. "Are they royalists?"

"Yes," said the king quietly. He laid down the book and made his way to the door below, while the reader slid after him.

"You didn't think we'd find you," grinned the second man, "but we are old hands at this game. Put out your wrist. I'll see there ain't no divorce 'twixt you and Jim here."

The king held his wrist out silently, while the wondering reader looked on, watching them "handcuff him to the man called Jim."

"Are those silver bracelets?" she asked perplexedly. "And do you like him so much that you let him be fastened to you? Is it because he is so loyal to you? Are you perfectly sure everything is all right?"

"Perfectly sure," returned the king, with great gentleness. "Goodby, little maid. Be certain I will never forget."

"Nor me," she answered, a sob catching in her throat. "I had you for such a little while, and now you are going away—going into your kingdom."

"Yes, into my kingdom."

"Will all the people meet you? Will they be very glad?"

"They will be glad."

She saw the three forms pass out of sight, the king walking between them, as befitting his rank. When they were utterly gone, she thought forlornly of how she must return once more to her empty pages. A sense of strong desolation smote her, and, climbing up again upon the hay, she cried herself softly to sleep.

The Human Nose.

The human nose is an apologetic pimple compared with the magnificent organ of the horse or dog. Our sense of smell is, when contrasted with theirs, almost negligible.

Now and then the long golden locks on her shoulders fell on the page, but she tossed them aside and read on with breathless interest.

And so King Charles, who was quite worn out by travel and hunger, read the voice, "came at last to a large barn. He slept all night without anything to eat, and nobody knows just what would have become of him if he had not found an egg, which he devoured eagerly."

As Harden listened a whimsical determination moved him, and, leaning a little farther down, he said gently:

"All that is very true, except that I have not found the egg."

His musical tones glided so easily into the story that the little reader, looking down without even a start, in the restless and handsome dark eyes gazing down on hers and in the lines of the face she saw only the countenance of the tired, Charles. That the story had come to life was nothing wonderful. All stories were alive if one only recognized it properly. She looked up at him seriously, dropping her chin on a supporting hand.

"Why have you shaved off your pointed beard?" she asked gravely and with feminine irrelevance.

"I am too young yet to have it," said King Charles as gravely in return. "That was later on, you know."

"The egg couldn't be there," observed the reader thoughtfully, "because we have no hens, but there's a dozen bought from the store. They are in the house, only they are boiled hard, ready for the picnic this afternoon."

"They will do," returned the king hastily. "Bring all of them, and mind you don't say a word to any one, on account of the Roundheads, you know."

"I know," said the reader confidently. She hurried away, leaving the book of historical tales forgotten on the floor. Had not the king himself stepped out of the leaves? It seemed to the hungry man as age before she returned, holding up her skirts, in which lay the promised eggs. He began to eat them with starving haste, the reader watching him critically.

"You de-vour them ea-ger-ly, just as you should," she observed, "but you ought not to choke so. Your eyes are almost sticking out."

"Get me some water!" gasped the king. "That last egg is sticking half way down my throat and refuses to go any farther."

She brought the water hurriedly, remorseful that she had no raw eggs to offer instead, but the king was not difficult to please. The last one disappeared, and he sighed as though he might have eaten more. However, he felt greatly refreshed and told the reader so. She looked at him with a new timidity in her air.

"I do so want to ask you something,"

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"We Court Comparison" Try "SALADA"

Ceylon GREEN Tea against the finest Japan you can buy and we predict you will never use Japan again. "SALADA" Green Tea is as far ahead of Japan as "SALADA" Black is ahead of all other Black teas. Lead packets only, 25c, 40c per lb. By all grocers.

When a man brags about himself you may be sure he can find no one else to do it for him.

Between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, the time when womanhood begins and motherhood ends, it is estimated that the aggregate term of woman's suffering is ten years. Ten years out of thirty! One-third of the best part of a woman's life sacrificed! Think of the enormous loss of time! But time is not all that is lost. Those years of suffering steal the bloom from the cheeks, the brightness from the eyes, the fairness from the form. They write their record in many a crease and wrinkle. What a boon then to woman is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It promotes favorable conditions, cures female weakness, establishes the delicate womanly organs in vigorous and permanent health. No other medicine can do for woman what is done by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Many men fall by the wayside, because of unwillingness to take hold of timely warnings.

"A LITTLE COLD, YOU KNOW,"

is a warning of great danger if it is allowed to reach down from the lungs to the throat. Nip the peril in the bud with Allen's Lung Balm, a sure remedy containing no opium.

The least of all abilities is ability to find fault.

MAKE a note of it, when you are leaving home to buy "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of backache, headache, stitches. Avoid everything said to be just as good. Get the genuine, made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Common sense is often but common sympathy with all.

THE Materials Used in "The D. & L." Emulsion are the finest the market affords regardless of expense. Taken in cases of wasting diseases, loss of weight, or loss of appetite, with great benefit. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

AKE ERIE RAILWAY & DETROIT RIVER L. E. & D. R. TIME CARD NO. 1 Effective Mar. 12, 1922

Station Express Mail and Express Express

St. Catharines 7:30 A. 10:30 A. 7:45 A. 7:45 P.

Ridgeway 7:30 A. 10:30 A. 7:45 A. 7:45 P.

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