

IT WAS NOT A FAITH CURE

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. ADAMS' BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

She Did not Believe in them, but to-day She is strong And Well.

Collingwood, Ont., Nov. 20.—(Special)—Mrs. Thos. Adams, who moved here about two years ago from Burk's Falls, is one of the many Canadians who once had Bright's Disease and are now strong and well. Like all the others she was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was eight months an invalid," says Mrs. Adams, "and no one can tell what I suffered. My doctor said I had Bright's Disease and Sciatica, but I got no relief from anything he gave me. At last a friend of my husband induced me to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I had no faith in them, for I thought I never would get better, but after taking three boxes of them, I was able to do my work. I have had good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The Trail of the Dragon

Nannie May Ochiltree was in the deepest, deadliest blues. She was usually so bright and gay that the whole family could not possibly imagine what was the matter. The mother fancied that she was bored. Nannie May had just returned from a visit to the World's Fair—a treat which her aunt had given her. She had had a royal time, and never grew tired of recounting her adventures to the younger children.

"I imagine," said Mrs. Ochiltree to her husband, "that things seem rather humdrum to Nannie May after all—she has seen and done."

"Better not let her go next time. That's the worst of having rich relatives," grumbled the father, "they make you discontented."

"Oh, Nannie May will settle down in a few days and be all right," said the mother placidly.

Ten year old Bob—of course his name was Robert Lee Ochiltree—had not gone to the Fair, and he gave it as his opinion that "sister's grumpy and has had too much fuss made over her."

Ethel Maud, aged eight, not capable of giving reasons why, thought she acted "mighty funny." The baby, who could neither reason nor express himself, felt that she was different, while old Aunt Liza declared "that young 'un's top-notch-est, sho' nuff."

Nannie May really seemed unable to take an interest in anything. Indeed, so listless did she appear that Aunt Evelyn expressed herself forcibly to her sister-in-law:

"Alice, that child is going to be ill. She acts exactly as Mary's little girl did when she came down with typhoid fever."

Mrs. Ochiltree thought not, and volunteered the opinion that Nannie May's trouble was ennui. The aunt was scandalized, and thought how much better she understood her niece than did the child's mother.

"Ennu, indeed! Why, the child was as gay as a lark all the time she was with me! I never had better company! She was so interested in everything, she never looked dull once while we were away. I can always manage Nannie."

"Oh, it's easy enough to be pleasant when you are having your own way," Mrs. Ochiltree remarked dryly, and changed the subject. Mrs. Ochiltree had a belief of long standing that no one could possibly know children as well as their mother, and it irritated even her sweet disposition to have any one claim greater understanding of her little ones than she herself. But there was no use talking to Aunt Evelyn! She had learned never to discuss things with her husband's sister. That very much unmarried gentleman had not endured the chastening effects of matrimony, with its valuable lessons in holding the tongue, and she was wont to pursue the subject to the bitter end.

But Nannie May herself knew exactly what was the matter with her. The trouble was a disease incident to girlhood, the gnawings of an aroused conscience. She was in what Bob would have termed a scrape, and she saw no way out, because, first of all, she was ashamed to tell her mother of what she had done; second, because even if she consulted that oracle of grace she felt sure that there was nothing that even she could do to help her. And, worse than anything in the world, the little girl disliked to see her mother's face fall, and hear her gentle voice say, in its sweet "Southern accents, "Why, Nannie May Ochiltree, I'm disappointed in you!" Nannie May adored her mother and meant to please her, but it was hard to think and remember always. Es-

pecially in regard to money was Nannie May incorrigible. She would lose, she would spend, she would borrow. At least these were her faults until her financial affairs were discovered to be in such a state of collapse that she was declared bankrupt, and went into the hands of a receiver. Unfortunately for Nannie May's peace of mind, but fortunately for her ultimate character, the pilot appointed to carry the mournful little direrict into port was her father.

Judge Ochiltree was a Southern gentleman, kindly, courteous, amiable to a degree, he was severity personified to any deviation from his code of honor. Stern to others, he would have been even more so to any lapse in himself, and he was noted in Shelbyville as the "honest lawyer." The iniquities of Uncle Mose caught stealing chickens might be winked at, it absolutely necessary to convict him, the Judge would in all probability say, "Mose, you black rascal, what do you mean by getting caught stealing chickens from that Yankee again?" At which Mose would grin, showing his white teeth, twirl his straw hat around in his fingers, quite undisturbed, and perfectly sure that "the judge" would make it all right, say:

"I dunno, massa. Neveh had to steal nuthin' befo' the Yanks came down this hyah way, an' made me free, sah. Yo' fathah, the Majeh, neveh'd stood a po' ole nigger up an' talk 'bout stealin' to him. He was a mighty p'ite man, yo' fathah was, sah!" reproachfully. To which the Judge would reply:

"Well, don't let me hear of your being caught up at that carpet-bagger's again," and pay the old darkey's fine himself.

To the slippery-fingered gentry, however, Judge Ochiltree was like iron, and many a man was behind the bars of the penitentiary because of the Judge's peculiar notions as to bribes and corruptly notions. The idea that one of his own family could be even careless in money matters was intolerable to him. Talking over Nannie May's delinquencies with his wife, the Judge said:

"I want you to promise me, Alice, that no matter what kind of a scrape the little girl gets into, you will not help her out. She must learn to be absolutely honest about these things, or there will be no happiness for her in this world. I shall give her a suitable allowance, upon condition that she does not borrow a cent or go in debt, and whenever she does, the allowance stops. Isn't that fair?"

"Yes," Mrs. Ochiltree hesitated. "It's fair, but poor Nannie will have a hard time learning her lesson."

"Most of us do." The Judge knit his brows. There were those who remembered a young brother of his, a brilliant fellow, charming, handsome, careless, with a generous, easy nature, and the idea that the world owed him a living. There was a tragic story of his losses; some whispered forgery, his despair and early death, but the affair had been hushed up quickly, and no one knew why his name was seldom mentioned in the family. It was of him the Judge was thinking, and he added: "Nannie May reminds me a little of Eustache, Alice; but she has strength of character enough to correct her faults if she begins now."

"You are right, dear, as you always are," Mrs. Ochiltree said grandly. "But don't be hard on my little girl."

"Your little girl is mine too," she said, as he kissed her on the soft cheek, as fair as when he married her fifteen years before.

So Nannie May had a long talk with her father in his study. She came out with red eyes, a very subdued air, and the knowledge that she was to have at her disposal the sum of one dollar a month. When she had spent that, no matter for what purpose, she would have no more. She must not beg, borrow nor steal, and she must not spend gifts from Aunt Evelyn. Anything coming from that source must be put in the savings bank.

"I think a dollar a month is enough for a girl of thirteen to spend," said her father. "If you can earn money, you are at liberty to spend or save it as you wish. But all your regular expenses must come out of your allowance. I want you to grow up like your mother, my child. She has a finer sense of honor than most men, and I could trust her with every cent I have in the world and know that she would take care of it for me. In that, as in everything else, 'the heart of her husband doth love her trust in her.' A nice thing to have your husband say of you when you are grown up, isn't it?"

Nannie May had choked as she said yes. She worshipped her grave father, and a word from him went a long way, but he kissed her on the forehead, and, with his fine courtesy, which was never laid aside even at home, and which went so far to making his children polite, he opened the door for her and bowed her out.

Nannie May flew to her mother and poured out all her news in a wild

torrent, half crying—for she hated to be found fault with and especially by her father—but proud of her new honors.

"I'm to have an allowance, just like you, mother. Isn't it grown up and fine? And I can spend it any way I like. I shall never be in debt again. I've never had any money to spend when I needed it, because the minute I had any, I have always had to go around to pay off everybody I had borrowed from, and there wasn't any left after that."

"Father was so nice. He said I ought to be an example to Bob, to make him grow up good, as if any boy named Robert Lee could be anything but a model of probity. I don't know what that means, but you're something lovely because he said it's the honestest, splendidest man in all the world, except you!" and the little girl threw her arms around her mother and kissed her ecstatically.

"I think he is," and the little girl smiled brightly. She was a very happy woman, partly because of the ever chivalrous devotion of her stalwart husband and lovely children, but even more from her own gentle sweetness and stability of character, which persistently minimized trouble until it gave to her no caring care to mar her serenity of soul.

In the first flush of her wealth, Nannie May promised many things. She was to give twenty-five cents a month to the missionary society, and as all the girls were to do, a special offering when the annual collection was taken up.

"I don't know how much, but at least two dollars," she had said easily. And this was her undoing, for, at the time for the annual meeting was at hand, and she not only had nothing saved up to meet the emergency, but was four months behind with her dues. Her allowance for the month would just pay the dues, but where could she get anything for the meeting which was to come in in two weeks? All the girls were talking about it. Eva Tracy had a china pig full of coins, which animal was to be broken upon the altar of sacrifice at the meeting. Jane Stewart had a nickel bank full to the brim, and it held fifty nickels. There was no end to the things the girls had done to procure this money, and they were all to tell their methods at the meeting. She, glibest of tongue in all the society, must be silent. She had nothing—nothing at all!

For poor Nannie May had spent every cent she could rake and scrape at the Fair. The girl was completely carried away with the quaint and curious things she had seen, and she had bought just a trifle here, and another there, until when she returned home she was absolutely penniless. Of course, the things were not all for herself. Nannie May was generous, at least she was after a fashion. Of the generosity which gives itself at any cost she knew nothing, but she lived to give things to people. It flattered her vanity to have people thank her and say:

"How lovely you are to me! What a generous girl you are!" And, too, she really enjoyed giving pleasure. Many of the trifles she had bought were intended as Christmas presents for her friends and others for the family. Only a few were for her own room, a charming little sanctum into which she had been promoted from the nursery when she was ten, on condition that she herself took care of it, and of which she was very proud.

As Nannie May thought of the coming missionary meeting she looked around her dainty room in dismay. "I wish every one of those wretched Fair things were in Guinea!" she moaned, from the depths of her pillow, indulging in a good cry. "Yes, even my darling, precious heathen idol, all the way from Mandalay. I don't care if it is the second cousin of the 'Great God Budd,' and one of Supiyala's friends. It's too cute and funny for anything, and my Japanese dragon is a perfect dear, but it's a white elephant to me when I think of the money I owe. It's no use to tell mother, 'cause she promised father to let me 'dree my ain weel,' and it will only make her feel badly, and father would say I was a disgrace to the Ochiltrees. If I'd only been born Smith or Jones perhaps he wouldn't feel so about Ochiltrees. It is awful to have family records to live up to! Oh, plague take money anyway! When you have it you can't rest till you've spent it, and when you've spent it you're in a fever till you get some more. I never had anything I couldn't tell mother about, and I'm just desperate!" And she cried herself to sleep.

Next day was the regular meeting at which the monthly dues were paid and Nannie May, still clad in "weeds of loathed melancholy," hid herself to the meeting. She paid her back dues, thankful to have at least that off her mind, and relapsed into unwonted silence.

The Missionary Society was a great institution. Its president was Miss Irma Bryant, beloved of girls of all ages. Friend and adviser to, and confidant of, half the girls in Shelbyville, Miss Irma was white-haired at thirty-five, but the freshness of girlhood lingered in her clear eyes and peachy cheeks, and the eternal springs of girlhood were in her heart. She was a power among them. She had started the Missionary Society partly to keep her girls out of mischief, incidentally to instruct them in geography, and to give them breadth of view, and the help they gave to the "Propagation of the Faith" went to many climes, without reference to "age, color, sex, or previous condition of servitude," as Nannie May grandiloquently expressed it. To teach girls a gentle charity toward all and true benevolence was Miss Irma's main idea, and under her beneficent guidance the society flourished.

She saw as soon as she looked at Nannie May that there was more amiss than the conventional headache which the young girl pleaded, and determined to find out what was the trouble with her favorite. She loved the bright, warm-hearted girl dearly, but she felt that there was much in her character which would bring her to grief did she not learn to curb her tendency towards carelessness and extravagance, and she wanted to help her.

It was whispered in Shelbyville that the reason Miss Irma had never married, was because of a lover far in the background of her youth, and something very tender always came into Judge Ochiltree's voice when he

spoke with the woman, who he alone knew might have been his sister.

"Nannie May, walk home with me and tell me all about your trip," said Miss Irma, and the girl brightened up as she replied:

"Thank you, Miss Irma; I shall be glad to."

Then she relapsed into a moody silence again, broken only once during the meeting when, to the astonishment of every one, she laughed. Nannie May was usually irrepressible and inopportune in her mirth, but she was never irreverent. Consternation was universal, therefore, when, as Miss Irma's voice, solem and sweet, rang out in their verse for the day, "what hast thou in this house?" Nannie May giggled hysterically. Conscious then of what she had done, she buried her face in her hands and kept it there until the meeting was dismissed.

"What hast thou in this house? What can you give to God? Not merely money, girls, but time and thought and generous deeds of unselfish love for others. These things are the best gifts. Each one ask yourself as you go home, 'What have I in my house?'"

Shamefacedly, Nannie May lingered for Miss Irma, but that dear lady took no notice of her mood, and drew her along, talking brightly until they reached her lovely home, the home of her family for generations.

"Come up into my room," she said, "and we'll have a good long talk. Chloe, bring us some tea. It begins to grow cold, doesn't it? I always want a big fire the first cool days. Now, then, are you comfortable?" as she pushed her guest down on a pile of cushions before the big fireplace with its cozy blaze, and seated herself at the tea-table, a smile on her charming face.

"Ever so comfy," said Nannie May. "Oh, Miss Irma, you're too good to me. Will you excuse me for laughing this afternoon?"

"Certainly I will. But I'd like ever so much to know the joke. I love a merry jest, and I know yours must have been a good one," she said. Nannie May laughed again.

"Well, I should say it was!" She giggled, then sobered down quickly.

"Now, dear, tell me about everything, not only the joke, but what the matter is with you," Miss Irma said.

"I'm ashamed to," said the girl. "Nonsense! We all do things we ought not. But there's don't tell me unless you really want to and think I can help you."

"Oh, I know you'll help. It's only that I have been so horrid and I hate to have you think badly of me, I do love you so! But I am in the awfulest scrape, and I've only two weeks to get out of it, and I can't see even the least rung of a ladder to climb on. I may as well tell you the whole thing," and without giving herself time to think, she plunged into the story of her extravagance and its result. Finishing with:

"I simply haven't a cent, not one, and won't have until after the meeting. I promised a gift, and now I have to break my word and all the girls will know, and father will say I have disgraced him, and mother'll be disappointed in me, and maybe we can't raise the money for that missionary box, and—oh, dear, I cannot see why I acted so! I was going over it all in the meeting and thinking of all the things I had bought at the Fair; of the thirteen sets of 'Nikko monkeys' I had for the girls in my class—you've seen those dear little Japanese monkeys, No-Hear-Bad, No-See-Bad, No-Say-Bad, all joined from the temple at Nikko. And of all the other things! And when you asked 'What hast thou in this house?' I almost said, 'Thirteen Nikko monkeys,' and then I giggled right out. I saw the whole line of pagan things. Thirty-nine monkeys, two East Indian cobra candlesticks, Gungaga, goddess of the Ganges, an Allahabad peacock vase, a Ceylonese sacred bird in jade, a Japanese bell with a dragon, a brass dragon candlestick, a bronze dragon lamp, a vase with a dragon in copper—oh, a whole menagerie of dragons in my house, Miss Irma, and not a penny to bless myself with! It was too absurd!" and she laughed until she cried, and buried her curly head in her friend's lap.

Miss Irma laughed, then quietly stroked the bowed head. All the mother in her breast went out to this child, so bright, so gay, so ardent, so impulsive, so generous, so wilful, so sweet. Add but stability to this character, and what a power she could be!

So when Nannie May raised tear-wet lashes, and, looking with eyes in which laughter and tears still lingered, said, mournfully, "There's no way out," Miss Irma answered quietly, "There is, dear, but a hard one."

"Will it be as hard as to be in? Do tell me! I'll do anything." The girl's tone was fervent.

"If you really want to make up for what you have done, I'll help you, but you must let me tell you just what I think."

"Yessum." The tone was meek.

"I think to make a promise and not to keep it is lying." Miss Irma's tone was calm and cool, and Nannie May winced. "I think to spend money which is promised elsewhere is stealing, and I think the most important debt to pay is one to God. I do not mean that you intended to tell a story or not to pay your debts, but you are quite old enough to learn to be honorable to man and God. I know that you feel that way, too, so I am willing to help you, dear. How would you like to bring your things over here, and have a sale of them for the benefit of the Society? People around here haven't seen many such things, and they'll go wild over them."

"Oh, Miss Irma, what a splendid idea!" Nannie May's face was all alight. "I'll gladly do it. To tell the truth, it makes me sick to see the things anyway! I've been fretted and worried so with them, that 'the trail of the serpent is over them all,' but my serpent is a dragon. But not everything, Miss Irma?"

"Yes, everything. It wouldn't be any sacrifice if you gave up only the things you didn't care for, dear."

"Oh, Miss Irma, not every single thing! Not the corals Aunt Evelyn gave me, not the Cloisonne vase, or mother's Christmas present, and not the—the thing I got for you!" Nannie May's voice reached from discomfiture to a wail of woe.

"Not your aunt's gifts. You have no right to sell those. Not what you have for your mother—you never can be good enough to your mother, no

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girl can; but most certainly anything you have for me, dear, I couldn't feel like having it for fear it was bought with missionary money!"

Miss Irma felt like an executioner as she spoke, but she nerved herself with the thought that Nannie May must have a lesson.

"Oh, dear, if you'd only let me give you something I wouldn't mind, but of course you won't! Anyway, I'll be out of this awful mess, and if I ever promise a penny of my money to anything, I'll bore a hole through the penny and tie a string and a tag to it!"

"There's just one thing more, Nannie May. You must tell your father and mother and ask their consent to the sale!"

"Oh, Miss Irma, if you only knew how glad I am to tell mother! It's nearly been the death of me to keep it from her. I always tell her everything, but I was ashamed this time until I saw a way out. Father will be displeased, but I'll have to brace up to tell him, for if I didn't he'd be praising me for being generous and selling my duds. It would be simply ghastly to be praised under false pretences."

"You're a dear, honest, naughty little soul," said Miss Irma, kissing her. "Now, run home and get it over, and we'll begin to plan for the sale as soon as your mother gives her consent."

"It will be perfectly lovely," cried the mercurial girl, springing to her feet. "Some of them we'll have auctioned off, and it'll be so exciting. And anyway I had the fun of buying the things."

"Oh, Nannie May, you are incorrigible!" half-laughed her friend. "Aren't you ever going to learn anything?"

The girl was sober in an instant.

"Dear Miss Irma, I am. I wouldn't be as wretched as I have been the last few weeks for anything in the world. All the things in the Fair aren't enough to make me willing to hate myself like that again."

Nannie May's "Pagan Sale," as she called it, was a great success. It assumed vast proportions, for when Aunt Evelyn heard of her favorite niece's scheme, and saw how her heart was in it, she contributed largely of her treasures, and persuaded fashionable friends from the city to do likewise, so that to Nannie May's monkeys, dragons and corals were added enough animals to fill the ark. The proceeds thereof were over a hundred dollars for the Missionary Society.

At Nannie May's next birthday her happiness was complete, for Miss Irma's gift to her was a little bronze Japanese temple with a slit in the roof to slip in coins, with a bewitching dragon coiled around its base, and upon its side a quaint motto in Japanese which, translated, read:

"Pay what thou owest, Save what thou canst, Spend what thou must."

Jogalong—What are you doing now? Ezeechap—Oh, I'm waiting for something to turn up.

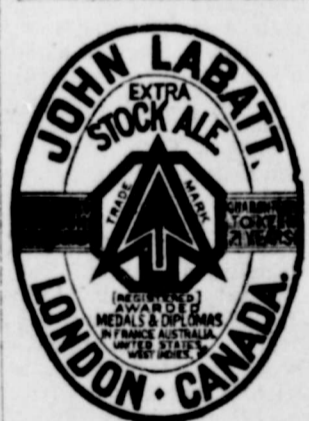
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