

COULD NOT GO TO WORK BACK WAS SO WEAK.

Backache is the primary cause of kidney trouble. When the back aches or becomes weak it is a warning that the kidneys are liable to become affected.

Heed the warning; check the Backache and dispose of any chances of further trouble.

If you don't, serious complications are very apt to arise and the first thing you know you will have Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, the three most deadly forms of Kidney Trouble.

Mr. James Bryant, Arichat, N.S., was troubled with his back and used Doan's Kidney Pills, he writes:—"I cannot say too much about the benefit I received after using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. I was greatly troubled with an aching pain across the small of my back. I could not go to work and my back was so weak I would have to sit down. It would go away for a few days but would always return. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I must say they completely cured me."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men--Free

Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have It Free and Be
Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of me, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, rebuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge.

KELOWNA

FRUIT LANDS

Ready to Plant 10 & 20 acre lots

Within Four Miles of the City of Kelowna (Population 1,200) in the Famous Okanagan Valley.

Our Fruit Lands are free from timber, rock and scrub—already plowed. No mountain side, but in the centre of a beautiful valley—and a prosperous settlement. Main roads run around the property.

The Land will easily pay for itself the first year. Some results this year:

1/2 acre Strawberries.....\$ 626.00
1 acre Tomatoes.....1000.00
4 acres Onions, 75 tons.....2550.00
1/2 acre Crab Apples yielded...10 tons

Prices—\$150 to \$200 per acre—

Terms, 1/3 Cash.

Balance in three annual payments. If interested, write for illustrated booklet.

CENTRAL OKANAGAN LAND
AND ORCHARD CO., LTD.
KELOWNA, B. C.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

"My Dad 'an Me."

Seems like everything I want to do, My dad, he jes' don't want me to; Say football's dang'rous, and that he Can't see why I should always be A-thinkin' of my bat and ball, An' runnin' when the fellers call, Dad says hill-dill an' pris'n's base Is foolishness, an' that ter chase An' tear around an' climb an' yell Has jes' got ter be broke up a spell. He got ter work, dad says, at ten, An' that's the way to train up men. Things have changed some since those days, 'Cept dad's ideas, an' they just stays, An' so somehow we can't agree, My dad an' me.

Bob Hunter's dad, he takes him out Through woods an' fields an' all about, An' shows him how ter shoot an' fish, An' how ter swim. By gol, I wish That dad would take me that a-way Jes' kind o' chummin' fer a day. Bob Hunter, he jes' knows a pile His dad has showed him; guess you'd smile.

Ter hear him tell o' birds and things; Why tip-ups teeter an' the robin sings, Jes' where to find the ole muskrat, An' lots of queer things more'n that. Bob Hunter's father, he knows boys, But dad, he don't; won't stand their noise. I guess that's why we can't agree, My dad an' me.

Bob's father, he jes' jumps right in; Plays ball an' slams 'em in like gin, An' laughs at us when we get mad, An' jokes us till we wish we had, Jus' held our tempers same as he, When we smash back. He says that we Are bound to get knocked when we're men.

An' laughin' now at bumps, why when We all grow up we won't mind much What he calls the equalizin' touch Of Nature; Bob's dad says, Wish mine Would fool an' talk that way; it's fine. Yer git ter know yer dad, and he knows you.

An' ain't forgot he was young, too. But dad don't, so we don't agree.

Puzzling the Judge.

If legal phrases are sometimes puzzling to the untutored mind, certain colloquial expressions may be equally puzzling the legal mind.

At an examination before a famous judge, a witness exclaimed, "I was up to him."

"Up to him," said his lordship. "What do you mean by being up to him?"

"Mean, my lord? Why, I mean I was down upon him."

"Up to him and down upon him," said his lordship. "What does this fellow mean?"

"Why, I mean my lord, that as deep as he thought himself, I stogged him."

When his lordship still insisted that he did not understand what was meant, the witness exclaimed:—

"Law, what a flat you must be!"

"If he had only said 'on to him,' said the judge later, "I should have tumbled to him."

A carpenter in a Scotch village, to oblige the local undertaker, who was ill, went to screw down a coffin lid. The sick man's wife gave him full and particular instructions respecting the task. "Weel," she asked when he returned, "hoo did ye get on?" "Fine," was the reply. "But there was hauf a sovereign in the corp's hand. What was that for?" "Oh," said the lady, "that's a custom some folks hae. He's supposed to gie that to the ferryman wha rows him o'er the river o' death." "Do you tell me that? It's a queer world. But I'm sayin', misses." "Yes?" "I'm feared yon chap will hae to swim."

There is a representative in Congress from the West who is exceedingly thin. Being a very good-natured man this representative always takes in good part any joking reference to his slenderness; indeed, he is not averse to a jest himself in that connection, as is illustrated by an incident that occurred in a street-car in Washington. It appears that just as the car was rounding a curve a burly citizen lurched forward and sat in the congress-

man's lap. He recovered himself quickly, and began a profuse apology, when he was interrupted by the statesman's cheery "That's all right. But," added the Congressman, plaintively, "I wish, my friend, that you'd tell me whether you thought I was painted on the seat."

Inspector—"Now, children, what is it that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?"

Small Girl—"Please, sir, it's father when mother has been giving him a talking to."

So Jim has retired from bachelor life, And married a widow. Why not? Do tell me about it; I'm anxious to know.

What sort of a wife he has got. She's worth twenty thousand, you say. I declare,

That's a stroke of good fortune for Jim.

Worth twenty—What's that? Say it over once more.

"She's worth twenty thousand of him."

Poor Bunny.

Jack has a pet rabbit. One day at school the teacher gave a talk on natural history which greatly interested the young hopeful. When he returned home he scamped to the rabbits' pen. His mother, hearing some loud talk proceeding from that direction, went out to see what the trouble was. She discovered Jack, with very red cheeks, pulling his pet's ears and giving him sundry little reminders in the way of slaps and "toeings." "Three plus two are how many?" he demanded, giving the rabbit a shake. "Say it—three plus two, how many?"

"Why, Jack," expostulated mamma quite severely, "how can you abuse your pet in such a way?"

Disappointed tears welled into the little fellow's eyes. "He isn't any good, mamma, not one bit. Teacher said rabbits multiply very fast, but this stupid thing can't even add!"

It was at a religious gathering in one of the rural districts of Tennessee during the Civil War. No rain had descended for many weeks, and everything was about burned up. A good preacher, whose heart and soul was in the cause of the South, made a prayer, closing with an appeal for rain, saying "We need a refreshing shower, Lord. Send the blessed rain and revive drooping vegetation. We don't want one of those light, drizzly-drazzly rains, but a regular ground-soaker and trash-lifter, but not heavy enough, good Lord, to raise the Cumberland River so that the Yankee gunboats can come in and take Nashville."

Why He Was Tired.

A man alighted from a train, and after walking laboriously up the short flight of stairs which led to the waiting-room, stopping a few times on the way to rest, he looked round for a place to sit down. His wan, thin face, heavy eyes, and general appearance of weakness and dejection attracted attention, and a kind old gentleman accosted the stranger and asked if he could be of any assistance.

"No-o, thanks," the young man drawled out; "I'll get along if I take my time about it."

"Are you ill?"

"No-o, I'm not ill. But I feel as if I were completely done up."

"Been in an accident?"

"No-o. I'm just tired; that's all. Thanks; you may call a hansom for me, if you will. Don't believe I could ever walk out to the tramway. I don't mind if you carry my bag. I'm so tired."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing much; I'm just returning from my holidays. I'll be all right in a week or two."

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An
Equal For COUGHS,
COLDS, And All Affections
Of The
THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption

but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Woods." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

PILES Cured at Home BY NEW ABSORPTION TREATMENT

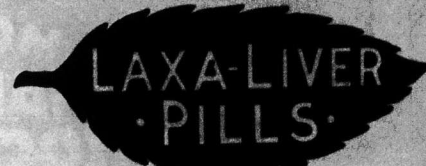
If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 88, Windsor, Ont.

LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the bowels.

Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, slimy-coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc.

Liver Complaint may be cured by avoiding the above mentioned causes, keeping the bowels free, and arousing the sluggish liver with that grand liver regulator,



LIVER COMPLAINT.

Mr. Geo. Fawcett, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Having suffered with liver complaint for years and tried all sorts of remedies, I was advised to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I must say, that after taking two vials of them, I feel quite a new man, and can strongly recommend them to anyone."

Price 25 cents per vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.