

The Horse That Never Won.

(Continued from page 2)
ly, then whispered to the other, and they both hurried down to the ring. Dakins watched the "dogs" cavorting around at the starting post. He noticed with philosophic resignation that Fylo was cutting up less than usual, due, no doubt, to his missing his condition powders.
"Hell!" he muttered gloomily. "He's too dopey to stay awake." Then somebody pulled his sleeve nervously.
"That's the tip on Fylo, Mr. Dakins," anxiously inquired Ravvins, one of the old man's neighbors. "They've played him down to six to one."
"Have, hey?" snorted Dakins, glaring at him. "Who?"
"Why, Billy Kendle, the plunger and Arthur Offinger, the Western speculator," was the reply. "I heard they got the tip from you."
"Oh, yes!" admitted Dakins, contemptuously. "They did. That's right. Fine chance to clean up." He chuckled. "But Ravvins had turned to rush back to the ring, roll in hand, ready for a last minute wager.
"Damn fools!" muttered Dakins, grimly. A young man on the lawn shouted, "They're off!" and Dakins raised his glass again to watch. Then

hegroaned. For he saw that Fylo had been left at the post, flat-footed and half turned around.
Faint at heart, he mechanically watched little black Sam frantically turn Fylo straight and urge him forward. The other horses were flying ahead, but inch by inch Sam's hard efforts got Fylo closer to them at last. Old man Dakins' eyes were dim, for he was hurt to the heart by this final thrust of hard luck. He felt like smashing his glass against the grandstand and going home. But long habit of years impelled him to hesitate and watch the hopelessly straggling racers.
Somehow, to his surprise, when they reached the half-mile post they were pretty well bunched together, and as they turned into the stretch he perceived that Fylo was only six lengths behind the first horse. Then a wonderful thing, in the old man's opinion, happened. Black Sam leaned low on Fylo's neck, the posture of pushing apparent in his shoulders, evidently trying with his voice and spur to do his utmost, and the colt was gaining. The old man was dazed.
He saw his colt fourth in the procession and running strong. "Well," he reflected, "he may get show money, if he lasts. If!" he repeated doubtfully.

making!"
But as he spoke Fylo seemed to add impetus and by a mere inch projected his quivering nostrils ahead of the tiring leader just as they went under the wire.
"Fylo wins!" the old man heard, and still dazed and doubting he sat down, his limbs shaking. He could not believe that "the horse that never won" had at last made good as seldom a "dog" was known to do.
"You told me that horse had never won and never would win," protested Joe Weinstein, as he pushed Dakins five one thousand dollar bills and a "century."
"My private opinion is that you're something of a liar."
"Horsercain's a mighty uncertain game, Joe," chuckled the old man. "The horse that never won is sometimes the best bet."

during a long period of time; therefore the length of treat^{ment} required for any particular case depends entirely upon the original severity of the trouble and the hold it has upon the body and the blood stream. In those cases of a chronic nature in which the patient has been in bed and in chairs for years, the treatment must be continued for months if a cure is to be made.

Our treatment, if used continuously in an intelligent manner until every particle of the deposits and poisons are removed from the body, conquers these Diseases For Good, making a Permanent Cure; but it must be used in the way any intelligent man or woman must see is necessary if a treacherous disease, such as these diseases which hold the body in a grasp of iron, are to be removed and a CURE effected.

THE EASTERN MEDICAL COMPANY,
P. O. Box 236,
North Sydney, N. S.

AQUA VITAE.

This Rheumatic Specific is not to be compared with any other treatment or medicine for rheumatic diseases. It does not contain any opiate or narcotic to deaden or subdue pain. Its intent is to remove the cause—not to treat the effects—in cleaning the blood of its impurities and restoring the circulation.

Rheumatism is a Blood Disease. Liniments are worthless to cleanse the blood and many times are not safe to use, as they have a tendency to drive the rheumatism from a local point to the heart. Many people are suffering from dry joints, caused by continued application of liniments, blisters and baking.

Liquid medicines containing alcohol are a delusion. One might as well expect to put out a fire with kerosene as to cure rheumatism with a liquid medicine containing alcohol.

AQUA VITAE is Guaranteed Not to Contain the Slightest Portion of any Opiate of any kind or nature, and can be relied upon not to affect the heart or stomach; it has proven to be a benefit to both. Many cases of so-called stomach affections have proven to be rheumatism of the stomach, and have quickly disappeared when our Specific has been taken.

In some of those chronic cases of rheumatism the patient may, after taking a few weeks' of our treatment, begin to notice that there is a return of pain in those parts that had been stiffened for months and years, or the pain may shift to different parts of the body or be felt in the joints, muscles or nerves in which it has not been felt for some time. The return of this pain, however, is one of the surest signs that one can have that the treatment is giving the desired results, although the patient might think his already pitiable condition was becoming worse. Such, however, is not the case, but just the beginning of the Cure, and any sufferer from rheumatism may depend that if the directions are carefully followed relief is certain.

Rheumatism is a debilitating disease, and the importance of this should always be kept in mind. The patient must be supplied with good, nourishing food and the Bowels Kept Free. This must not be neglected, as the duration of the treatment depends greatly upon this.

The changes in the blood and the organs and tissues of the body of rheumatic patients do not, as a general rule, take place in a few days, weeks or months, but are gradually acquired

HER HUSBAND'S OFFICE.

A Story For Wives Who Just Drop In During Business Hours.

"Will you please," asks a secret sufferer, "write something about wives who make unexpected calls at their husbands' offices? I am not guilty of anything," but I think that even the most innocent of men suffers acutely when his wife visits him at his office. There is no way for me to make my wife understand this unless I appear boorish and brutal. Can't you say something about it? Many wives read your column."

Yes, friend says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. We will put it in the form of general propositions, hoping thereby to step on no individual toes. We hold these facts to be proved: That no husband ever wants his wife to call on him at his office during business hours, except upon his invitation.

That no wife can know how she upsets his routine, disorders the mental processes that go on during those hours and subjects herself to the gossip of his office mates.

That there is no easy way to make a wife see this.

We proceed from these truisms to a few observations.

A lovely creature breezes into her husband's office just because she happens to be passing. She says:

"Now, don't let me disturb you a minute. I know you are busy. Dearie, what good does that desk light do you at that angle? Don't you know you will ruin your eyes? What a mess your desk is! Look at Mr. Office-mate's—how neat it is! Well, just let me stick this little package in your lower drawer and you bring it home with you when you come."

"Well, I must run along, for you're busy. Come out to the elevator with me, dear; I want to speak to you. Who is that disreputable looking man who is waiting in the outer office to see you? Why, it's a perfect disgrace to have such callers!"

"You have an appointment with him? How can you make an appointment with such a creature? Well, goodbye, dear. Get your shoes shined before you come home—you look awfully elegant!" And if husband protests against that call her eyes fill with innocent tears and she says:

"Why, I wasn't there five minutes, and you weren't working at anything when I came in! And men call on you and stay half an hour! Of course I'll never come again. Are you ashamed of your wife?"

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