

How to Cure Rheumatism

I searched the whole earth for a specific for Rheumatism—something that I or any physician could feel safe in prescribing—something that we could count on, not only occasionally, but with reasonable certainty. For the ravages of Rheumatism are everywhere and genuine relief is rare.

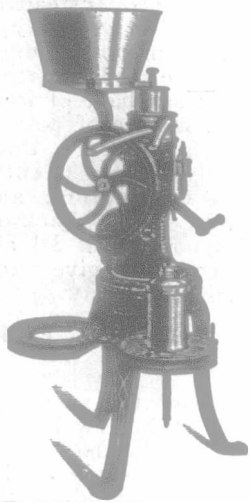
After twenty years of search and experiment, I learned of the German chemical I now employ. And I knew then that my search and my efforts were well rewarded. For this chemical, in combination with others, gave me the basis of a remedy which in the cure of Rheumatism is practically certain. In many, many tests and difficult cases this prescription has with regularity justified the confidence I had in it.

Mild cases are sometimes reached by a single package—for sale by 40,000 Druggists.

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Tablets can turn bony joints into flesh again and never fail—that is impossible. But they will with reasonable certainty drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of the pain and swelling—the end of the suffering—the end of Rheumatism.

Any Rheumatic sufferer who writes may receive my little book on Rheumatism, including professional advice as to diet, etc., free. With the book I will also send without charge, my "Health Token", an intended passport to good health. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 59 Racine, Wis.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Tablets



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To have less washing
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To the STOREKEEPER

Would you LIKE to become the "Co-operative Co.'s." Agent at your point and SHARE the "trade profits" NO CASH investment is necessary.

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GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN GLENGARRY

By RALPH CONNOR—REV. C. W. GORDON

CHAPTER VIII FOXY'S PARTNER

It was an evil day for Hughie when he made friends with Foxy and became his partner in the store business, for Hughie's hoardings were never large, and after buying a Christmas present for his mother, according to his unflinching custom, they were reduced to a very few pennies indeed. The opportunities for investment in his new position were many and alluring. But all Hughie's soul went out in longing for a pistol which Foxy had among his goods, and which would fire not only caps, but powder and ball, and his longing was sensibly increased by Foxy generously allowing him to try the pistol, first at a mark, which Hughie hit, and then at a red squirrel, which he missed. By day Hughie yearned for this pistol, by night he dreamed of it, but how he might secure it for his own he did not know.

Upon this point he could not consult his mother, his usual counselor, for he had an instinctive feeling that she would not approve of his having a pistol in his possession; and as for his father, Hughie knew he would soon make "short work of any such folly." What would a child like Hughie do with a pistol? He had never had a pistol in all his life. It was difficult for the minister to realize that young Canada was a new type, and he would have been more than surprised had any one told him that already Hughie, although only twelve, was an expert with a gun, having for many a Saturday during the long, sunny fall roamed the woods, at first in company with Don, and afterwards with Don's gun alone, or followed by Fusie or Davie Scotch. There was thus no help for Hughie at home. The price of the pistol reduced to the lowest possible sum, was two dollars and a half, which Foxy declared was only half what he would charge any one else but his partner.

"How much have you got altogether?" he asked Hughie one day, when Hughie was groaning over his poverty.

"Six pennies and two dimes," was Hughie's disconsolate reply. He had often counted them over. "Of course," he went on, "there's my XL knife. That's worth a lot, only the point of the big blade's broken."

"Huh!" grunted Foxy, "there's just the stub left."

"It's more than half, then. And it's a bully good stuff, too. It'll nick any knife in the school," and Hughie dived into his pocket and pulled out his knife with a handful of boy's treasures.

"Hullo!" said Foxy, snatching a half-dollar from Hughie's hand, "whose is that?"

"Here, you, give me that! That's not mine," cried Hughie.

"Whose is it, then?"

"I don't know. I guess it's mother's."

I found it on the kitchen floor, and I know it's mother's."

"How do you know?"

"I know well enough. She often puts money on the window, and it fell down. Give me that, I tell you!" Hughie's eyes were blazing dangerously, and Foxy handed back the half-dollar.

"O, all right. You're a pretty big fool," he said, indifferently. "Losers seekers, finders keepers. That's my rule."

Hughie was silent, holding his precious half-dollar in his hand, deep in his pocket.

"Say," said Foxy, changing the subject, "I guess you had better pay up for your powder and caps you've been firing."

"I haven't been firing much," said Hughie, confidently.

"Well, you've been firing pretty steady for three weeks."

"Three weeks! It isn't three weeks."

"It is. There's this week, and last week when the ink-bottle bust too soon and burnt Fusie's eyebrows, and the week before when you shot Aleck Dan, and it was the week before that you

began, and that'll make it four."

"How much?" asked Hughie, desperately, resolved to know the worst.

Foxy had been preparing for this. He took down a slate-pencil box with a sliding lid, and drew out a bundle of crumbled slips which Hughie, with sinking heart, recognized as his own vouchers.

"Sixteen pennies," Foxy had taken care of this part of the business.

"Sixteen!" exclaimed Hughie, snatching up the bunch.

"Count them yourself," said Foxy calmly, knowing well he could count on Hughie's honesty.

"Seventeen," said Hughie, hopelessly.

"But one of those I didn't count," said Foxy, generously. "That's the one I gave you to try at the first. Now, I tell you," went on Foxy, insinuatingly, "you have got how much at home?" he inquired.

"Six pennies and two dimes." Hughie's tone indicated despair.

"You've got six pennies and two dimes. Six pennies and two dimes. That's twenty—that's thirty-two cents. Now if you paid me that thirty-two cents, and if you could get a half-dollar anywhere, that would be eighty-two. I tell you what I would do. I would let you have that pistol for only one more. That ain't much," he said.

"Only a dollar more," said Hughie calculating rapidly. "But where would I get the fifty cents?" The dollar seemed at that moment quite a possible thing, if only the fifty cents could be got. The dollar was more remote and therefore less pressing.

Foxy had an inspiration. "I tell you what. You borrow that fifty cents you found, and then you can pay me eighty-two cents, and—and—" he hesitated—"perhaps you will find some more, or something."

Hughie's eyes were blazing with great fierceness.

Foxy hastened to add, "And I'll let you have the pistol right off, and you'll pay me again some time when you can, the other dollar."

Hughie checked the indignant answer that was on his lips. To have the pistol as his own, to take home with him at night, and to keep all Saturday—the temptation was great, and coming suddenly upon Hughie, was too much for him. He would surely, somehow, soon pay back the fifty cents, he argued, and Foxy would wait for the dollar. And yet that half-dollar was not his, but his mother's, and more than that, if he asked her for it, he was pretty sure she would refuse. But then, he doubted his mother's judgement as to his ability to use re-arms, and besides, this pistol at that price was a great bargain, and any of the boys might pick it up. Poor Hughie! He did not know how ancient was that argument, nor how frequently it had done duty in smoothing the descent to the lower regions. The pistol was good to look at, the opportunity of securing it was such as might not occur again, and as for the half-dollar there could be no harm in borrowing that for a little while.

That was Foxy's day of triumph, but to Hughie it was the beginning of many woe-filled days and nights. And his misery came upon him swift and sure, in the very moment that he turned in from the manse gate, for he knew that at the end of the lane would be his mother, and his winged feet, upon which he usually flew from the gate home, dragged heavily.

He found his mother, not at the door, but in the large, pleasant living room, which did for all kinds of rooms in the manse. It was dining-room and sewing-room, nursery and play-room, but it was always a good room to enter, and in spite of playthings strewn about, or shippings of cloth or other stour, it was always a place of brightness and of peace, for it was there the mother was