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Are You One of The Unfortunates

With Backache, Headache and
That Tired Feeling

If So Listen to the Story of George F.
Stander, and Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Handsworth, Sask.,

(Special).—If you are one of those un-
fortunates who suffer from sore back,
headache and that tired, listless feeling
that makes work a hardship and life
not worth living, the story of Geo. F.
Stander, a well-known young man of
this place, will interest you.

"For nearly ten years," Mr. Stander
says, "I suffered from sore back and
headache. I had a bad taste in my
mouth in the morning, and I was al-
ways tired. I finally decided that my
kidneys were the cause of my trouble,
and decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.
I got half-a-dozen boxes, and before I
had finished taking them I was com-
pletely cured."

"I advise anyone suffering as I did to
use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Healthy Kidneys strain all impurities
all the seeds of disease, out of the
blood. Weak Kidneys leave these im-
purities in the blood, and the result is
nervousness, tired feeling and pains and
aches that often develop into Diabetes
and Bright's Disease. Dodd's Kidney
Pills make weak Kidneys strong and
healthy.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly
Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feel-
ing ashamed of your freckles, as the prescrip-
tion othine—double strength—is guaranteed
to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double
strength—from your druggist, and apply a
little of it night and morning and you should
soon see that even the worst freckles have
begun to disappear, while the lighter ones
have vanished entirely. It is seldom that
more than an ounce is needed to completely
clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear com-
plexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength
othine as this is sold under guarantee of
money back if it fails to remove freckles.



Eddy's Fibreware Tubs

will gladden the washer-
woman's day. They are
made in one solid piece
and cannot fall apart and

They Retain

The Heat

Of the Water

much longer than the old
wooden variety.

I'm tight as the bark of a tree;
But I tell ye I'd suffer considerable wuss
To spend my good money," said he.

"One or two girls laughed, but I think
we felt scared a little. I did, I know,
and I tried to think of something to
say to smooth it over, if I could. But
I didn't have time to say anything.
Somebody jumped up all at once, and
I looked around and saw Phoebe Wil-
liams standing up. She didn't look
warm like Kate; she looked pale, and
we all knew something was going to
happen, and it was as still as could be.

"I'm going to speak out," said she;
"I can't bear it any longer. You girls
have thrown out hints like this before;
hints about Kate Stilwell being stingy,
and I've stood it as long as I can. No,
No, don't stop me, Kate—I must and I
will!" said she.

"She made me think of Spartacus to
the gladiators, or Horatius to the
bridge, or somebody, the way she looked
standing there. I want to ask you
something," she said, "just one thing.
If Kate Stilwell is stingy, do you know
why she's stingy? Well, I'm going to
tell you why."

"We've always been friends at home,"
she said, "though I am poor and she is
rich; and so Kate has known all about
me. She knew I wanted to be a teacher,
a governess if I could, and if I could go
to a private school, I could get a good
deal better position as a governess. And
she was coming here, and she brought
me with her. Yes, she just made me
come. She said the allowance her father
gave her was plenty enough to pay for
two girls, instead of one, if we were a
little economical. She wanted to do it,
and she would do it; she just brought
me along."

"Her family and mine knew all about
it, of course, but she didn't tell any-
body else, and she wouldn't let me. And
she made me promise not to tell any-
body about it here, either. She said it
wasn't anybody's business, but I knew
what she thought. She didn't want any
of you girls to know she was doing it,
because she never wants to take any
credit for anything, and she thought
besides that I should take a better po-
sition here if nobody knew but that I had
money of my own."

"I wanted to see if Miss Chase could
not give me work part of the time,
housework or anything; I didn't care
what, so long as I could earn part of
my expenses, and save Kate that much.
Kate wouldn't have it. She said I would
have studying enough to do without
doing anything else; she said she
wanted to see me get through with
honors, and that she was doing it, and
was going to do it all, and do it her
own way."

"Now, how do you think I felt," said
Phoebe Williams, "when you called Kate
Stilwell stingy? If she has been saving,
she has had to be, and now you know
why. I don't believe she cared for what
you thought, for she's above it—but I
cared. Kate Stilwell is the best girl in
this school, and the noblest and dear-
est—and I've broken my promise to her
not to tell, and I don't care, I will tell
—and, oh, girls! And the Phoebe Wil-
liams sat down and dropped her head
into her hands, and burst out crying."

Laura Holcomb's own eyes were rather
wet; so, indeed, were the eyes of her
sympathizing listeners.

"Well, we couldn't do anything just
that minute, because when we looked
around for Kate Stilwell she was gone,
she'd escaped. But afterwards you can
just imagine! We didn't apologize to
Kate in so many words, for when Sara
and Louise tried to tell her how sorry
they were about that mean verse she
wouldn't let them; she said if she'd
really been as stingy as they thought
she was that she wouldn't have blamed
them. But there are lots of ways for
girls to show it, you know, when they
like a girl, and admire her, and want
her to know it."

"Sometimes, after that, instead of
calling her Kate Stilwell, the girls called
her 'the stingiest girl,' but we all knew
what it meant. It meant the best girl
and the biggest-hearted girl."—Ex.

Make a continual investment in self-
improvement if you would hold your
position. Struggle develops personality.

A Boy King's Ride for Life

Those boys who have been to Nor-
mandy may remember the famous ter-
raced road which once ran from Valog-
nes to Falaise, but of which now only
portions remain. But they may not
perhaps know that the making of that
road was the penalty exacted from
wealthy and powerful rebels for an
attempt upon the life of him who years
later became known in history as
William the Conqueror of England.

You will remember that the mother
of this mighty warrior was Herleve,
the beautiful daughter of a dealer in
furs who lived at Falaise, and his
father was that Robert, Duke of Nor-
mandy, who died on a pilgrimage in
the Holy Land. After Duke Robert's
death some of the powerful nobles who
were not willing that William, a mere
boy, should rule over them, having
already murdered his guardians, and
even threatened the lives of their chil-
ren, sought his life also.

William himself has told us that he
was only eight years' old when he
succeeded to his father's throne, when
he also said, "From that day to this I
have always borne the weight of arms."
"The first day," says Wace, the ancient
historian, "that William vaulted on to
the back of his destrier (war-horse)
without the assistance of the stirrup
was one of rejoicing throughout his
dominions."

But not so was it to some of north-
men Rolla's haughty descendants, who
held it as infamous that they, warriors
of noble birth, should ever be governed
by one who had a tradesman for his
grandfather, and was but a boy in
years.

Guy of Burgundy, the son of William's
aunt Judith, a young man who had
been the companion of his childhood,
and to whom he had generously given
great estates and high titles, laid a plot
against the boy-king's life with the
viscounts, or high sheriffs, of the Bessin
and the Contenein, offering to share the
Dominion of Normandy with them as
the price of their traitorous aid in
winning it.

One night, after a day's hunting,
William was sleeping soundly in his
chamber at Valognes, being, says the
old chronicle, "in the season of his first
sleep," when he was awakened by blows
upon the door and by a loud voice, full
of breathless haste and terror, crying,
"Awake, awake, Duke William! Open,
open, open! else we are dead men all!
Where art thou, William! William,
William, wherefore dost thou sleep?
Awake, arise! thine enemies are about
thee, sworn to take thy life ere the
morning dawns! Up, up, up!"

The voice was that of Galet, the jes-
ter, who was frantically beating the
walls with the comical head carved on
his dauble, or fool's staff of office, and
who had just before witnessed the
meeting of armed men and overheard
them plotting to slay the young duke.

William arose in haste, and wearing
only his shirt and drawers threw on
his capat (a short, hooded cloak),
snatched up his sword, and sprang
forth, barefooted, to himself saddle and
mount his steed. Clattering through
the streets, unattended by a single com-
panion, he rode out furiously into the
black country, where the wind swayed
the funeral boughs, and whence, look-
ing back, he saw the torches and soon
heard the thundering hoofs of his
murderous pursuers.

All night long he kept up his speed,
hiding in a thicket once, so that his
pursuers passed him; fording the River
Viore by favor of an ebbing tide, and
landing safely near St. Clement's
Church in the vicinity of Bayeux. En-
tering it, he knelt and prayed to God
for help. But fresh disaster befell him,
for this city was in the hands of his
enemies, and once again he was hotly
pursued.

Sunrise was burning in golden radi-
ance upon the sea when he drew near
a strong castle guarding a little bay
called the Rie. It was held for one of
the conspirators against his life by a
stout soldier belonging to the illustrious
house of Eu, named Hubert, and nick-
named "Ponhonor Hubert," from the
habit he had of swearing by his honor.
A frank, honest, fearless, and loyal
warrior was this Hubert, and he was

Her Cough Racked Her Terribly.

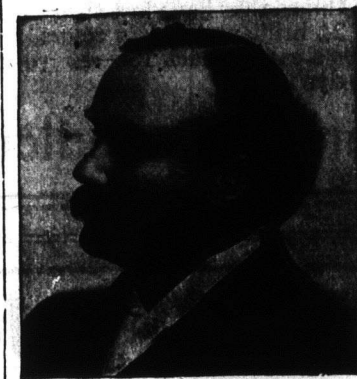
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY
PINE SYRUP
Effected A Cure.

Obstinate coughs and colds yield to
the grateful, soothing and healing power
of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and
for the racking, persistent cough, often
present in consumptive cases, it will be
found exceedingly beneficial and pleasant
to take. The use of it is generally in-
dicated wherever symptoms of throat,
or lung troubles appear, but especially
so with all persons of a consumptive
or catarrhal tendency, as its prompt
curative properties speedily remove the
danger, and restore the throat and lungs
to a sound healthy state if used in time.

Mrs. Edward Patterson, Young's Cove
Road, N.B., writes:—"I have had oc-
casion to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine
Syrup, and can say that it is certainly
a good medicine. About a year ago I
contracted a severe cold which settled on
my lungs, and left them in a very weak
state. The cough racked me terribly,
and I was in despair until a friend ad-
vised me to give Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup a trial. I got a bottle, and
before I had it half gone I found relief.
I used two bottles, and have never been
bothered since. I would not be without
it in the house."

Price, 25c.; family size, 50c. Manu-
factured only by The T. Milburn Co.,
Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CANCER



R. D. Evans,
discoverer of
the famous
Evans' Cancer
Cure, desires
all who suffer
with Cancer
to write to
him. The
treatment
cures external
or internal
Cancer.

R. D. Evans

BRANDON

MAN



SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or
any male over 18 years old, may homestead a
quarter-section of available Dominion land in
Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The ap-
plicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands
Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by
proxy may be made at any agency, on certain con-
ditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultiva-
tion of the land in each of three years. A home-
steader may live within nine miles of his homestead
on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and
occupied by him or by his father, mother, son,
daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good stand-
ing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his
homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must
reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six
months in each of six years from date of home-
stead entry (including the time required to
earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres
extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead
right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for
a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price
\$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in
each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect
a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertise-
ment will not be paid for.