

To guard against alum in Baking Powder see that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum" without the ingredients is not sufficient. Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Full weight one pound cans 25c.

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

WINNIPEG MONTREAL

forgetful of the marked copy of the Figaro, which lay at his feet, and which the girl had discerned from across the

"Bless my life!" he cried, agitatedly.

I am taken so completely by surprise.

—I am at a loss for words. I am

Kiss me, and say, 'I am glad to see

you, India, my poor little orphaned niece, who has crossed the sea to me!"

He kissed the lovely upturned face mechanically, the fears that a moment since had filled his mind still struggling

or supremacy.
"You have just come to me from

But the girl was artful far beyond

head. It is not much of a story to tell.

but it is all of my life's history, uncle,

she told him the gib latseneod with never a quiver of her white lids as she gazed up with seeming guileless, child-like innocence into his face. She saw the strained, worried expres-sion die quickly out of his face as he

listened, and in its place one of thank-

ulness appear.
He was thinking. "Thank God, my

fears were groundless; no matter how wicked they were in the existence they were leading, they had the sense to

keep this young girl out of Paris, and away from tainted companionship, Hav-

ing been brought up in a convent, she

his arms, saving brokenly, huskily:

ond daughter. Thrice welcome, my

At that moment the sound of a gav

young voice bubbling over with joyous girlish laughter fell upon their ears, and turning toward—the open window

That rollicking laughter could belong to but one being on earth Barbara Ha-

ven. Bab was a child to-day, for the last time; to-morrow she would put on dresses fully a foot longer, which would reach to ber ankles. Childhood would

reach to her ankles. Childhood won!:
be past, and she would stand on the
edge of womanhood, where the could
give any amount of parties and have
as good a time generally as she, with
her sixteen years of existence, had a
right to look forward to.

A moment later and Bab had reached

the library, stopping short on the threshold, dumbfounded at the amazing

spectacle of the beautiful, strange young girl in her father's arms, "Bab, my dear," called her father, laughingly, "come forward, my dear,

has come to live with us, to be a com

panion may, a sister to you, my child. Are you not delighted over the prospect?"

Bab flew across the room like the veritable little whirlwind that she was.

and flung her arms about the lovely stranger with a great bearlike hug, kiss-

of a flower, and there was no warmth

"Oh, papa, can it really be true?" and

skirts and floating blue ribbons

You shall be to me a sec

heart India

monotonous though it appears." She told him the glib falsehood with

tunned, bewildered, dumbfounded."

PLOTS THAT FAILED

CHAPTER III.

At the same moment that this young girl was communing with herself, Mr. Karl Haven, the well-known millionaire philanthropist, was sitting in his study, his head bent on his hand, with an open paper before him.

He had received this copy of the Paris

Figaro by the last mail, and had just concluded the column which had been marked by a blue pencil.

In it he had learned, for the first time,

of the death of his wild stepbrother and his wife in the brawl of a gilded gambling palace, and that a child sur-vived then—a girl, who was penniless. The paper fell from his nerveress fingers. That was the first time he had heard of Roland Haven for upward of five andtwenty years. The end he was not surprised at; such a life as he and the beautiful Parisienne he had wedded led usually ended thus.

Karl Haven felt sorry from the bot-tom of his heart that they had left a child and especially that their offspring was a girl. She must needs have been brought up amid the most pernicious of surroundings and influences, and, in-heriting the natures of a corrupt mother and father, her future, if she were beautiful and gay like her mother, would be surely the most desperate in all Paris

ought to do something for her if she is penniless," he murmured, "with-out letter her know from whose hand assitance came, for I would not have her brought into contact with my tender little girl, my daughter, Barbara dear, little, golden-haired madcap Bab. the pride of my life, the delight of my heart, the idol of my home. God forgive me, I almost think it is wring sometimes to worship the child so. Child! Dear me, dear me, she will be sixteen to-morrow. That's why I'm letting her give the garden party. I shouldn't have given in to it and let her have her way.

There's nothing like keeping her a -To this day the sentence was never finished. Hearing a sound like the rustling of skirts. Mr. Haven turned suddenly around, beholding a sight which made him almost doubt whether he was

awake or dreaming for an instant.

In the open doorway he beheld a tall, i mgirl: graceful as a young fawn, with a dark, mignonne face, framed in a mass of dark, soft curls—a brune face, with the rich, deep, vivid coloring of the heart of a crimson passion flower in dimpled cheeks, and red lips which were half parted, disclosing the pearliest of teeth. eyes, big. black and sombre derful eyes, that looked straight through him from beneath long, dark, curling

The apparition looked more like some one of the old masters, with the heavy oaken doorway for a frame, than a liv

ing, breathing creature.

For an instant Mr. Haven stared hard, wonderingly at her, too astonished for speech or action, and in that instant the lovely young creature had glided forward until she had reached his side; then holding out a little white hand, she said, falteringly:
"Uncle Karl, have you no welcome for

me? I am India Haven."

The gentleman sprang to his feet, all

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

a Tonic Medicine.

In the Spring Most People Need

One of the surest signs that the blood is out of order is the pumples, unsightly eruptions and exceme that tunsignity eruptions and eszems that come frequently with the change from winter to spring. These prove that the long indoor life of winter has had its effect upon the blood, and that a tonic medicine is neded to put it right. Indeed there are few people who do not need a tonic at this seesen. Bad blood does not merely show itself in disfiguring enumerical states. show itself in disfiguring crup-To this same condition is due of rheulinitism and lumbago; the sharp stabbling pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite and a desire to avoid exertion. You cannot cure these troubles by the use or purgative medicines you nede a tarie, and a tenic only, and among all the properties of the second and a tenic only, and among all the second control of the second medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic

Miliams' Pink Pills for their tonic. If giving nerve-restoring powers, Every dose of this medicine makes new rich blood which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak tirel, ailing men, women and children. If you are out of sorts give this medicine a trial and see how quickly it will restore the appetite, revive drooping spirits, and if any other properties, with new, health-giving life had been spent among roses, but veins with new, health-giving

Von ean get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.. Brockville, of a butterfly'

in the clasp of the white, perfect little hands Bab was shaking and caressing so rigorously.
India's mental conclusion regarding

er cousin was: "I hate her, this nonsensical little butterfly, who has all the gifts the gods can give, while I have nothing-noth-

There, there, my dear; carry your cousin India off to your room, and see that she has some refreshments; and tell Mrs. Mack, the housekeeper, that I wish to see her at once." With arms twined around each other

the two girls quitted the library, Bab chattering like a magple, India quiet chattering like a magple, India quiet and thoughttul.

When Mrs. Mack, the housekeper, en-

tered the library, and Mr. Haven ordered her to prepare a suite of rooms for his niece's permanent occupation, the good woman held up her hands in holy horror. Half a century of service in the Haven family gave her the right, in her opinion, to do as she pleased, and to most forcibly air her lives and dislikes whenever accession demanded it whenever occasion demanded it.

Nobody ever thought of controvert-ing or contradicting her—not even Mr. Haven, who realized that beneath the kind old soul's brusque manner she meant well, and fairly idolized his mo-therless little Bab. That balanced all

her faults.
"Well. well! Whatever will happen next?" she cried in the greatest consternation. "The daughter of Roland, the black sheep, and the Parisian concert hall singtr here, and to stay and be a companion for Bab! You are entering upon a dangerous undertaking, sir, I can tell you that! I haven't seen her, but for all that I wouldn't let her be a companion to Bab. She's got bad blood in her veins on both sides, and what's bred in the bone is sure to come out of the flesh, mark that, sir, I say!" "There are exceptions to all rules, and this is one of them," declared Mr. Ha-ven. "The girl is as sweet, and pure, and innocent as Bab herself, as you will shortly see. Do not condemn her too hastily. Mrs. Mack. No matter how great be your prejudic against the poor helpless child, it wist most like vapor before the sunshine the moment your

eyes rest upon hers."
"I never knew a dove to come from a pair of ravens, sir. ner a lamb from wolves," maintained the old lady, stout-

Paris?" he interrogated, seating her before him and looking anxiously into her lovely young face, the swift thought coming to him to learn just what kind of a life she had led there. Mr. Haven did not attempt further to convince her, leaving that to time and the young girl herself.

But the girl was artful far beyond her years, "No, uncle." she murmured, "I have never seen Paris. All my life I have been at a convent far away from my parents—ay, ever since I could remember. They care only at long intervals to see me. A few weeks ago my parents passed away; and among my father's paners was found. Four address. the young girl nerself.

Meanwhile, the two girls were up in Bab's room, and the little madcap was chatting away as eagerly and confidentially to India as though she had known are here in time for my party to-mor-row night?" she cried. "You will cer-tainly be queen of the ball, India. Were er's pasers was found your address, with the words penciled beneath it that I should come to you if anything ever happened to him and mother. So the dear, kind sisters at the convent sent me to you, with many blessings on my head. It is not might of a story to tell you ever at a ball, and can you dance?"

India's lips parted in a strange smile as she murmured:

She could dance, and in a way that would dazzle and bewilder those quiet folks in this slew American village among the New England hills, but she darreiner confess it. She must stick to her ber life

"Isn't it just perfectly lovely that you convent story, even at the cost of her own pleasure, for she dearly loved danc-

"I suppose half the country will be here?" she asked, looking eagerly into Bab's face as she added: "And last, but by no means—least, my little Cousin Bab's beau, of course?"

She was startled at the deep blush

that suffused Bab's flower-like fact, in stantly turning it the fiery color of the great red peoples in the vase by the

The next instant two soft arms wer around India's neck, and a soft, rosy burning cheek was pressed close against hers, and Bab whispered in a thrilling,

must be quite as pure, childlike and guileless as my own dear little Bab, and she cannot be much older than she. I should judge: and therefore there would be no harm in giving this sweet young girl the shelter of my home, and making her Beb's playmate, comenion; and her Bab's playmate, companion; and leaving her when I die a substantial fortune, whether she marries or not in the interim, shutting out from my mind "Oh India can you keep an amazing from this moment on forever the mem-ory of her parentage."

The next moment he had taken her in

"Is it about some young man?" whis pered India, caressing the curly, golden head that cuddled itself so closely against her own dark one. a subtle gleam leaving into her black eye dmitted Bab faintly,

before I tell you all. India, you must faithfully promise to keep my awful secret through life—ay, and into etcr-

"I promise never to reveal what you tell me. Bah." she whispered. Bah trusted her, and lived to rue it bitterly to the end of her hapless young from whence the sound proceeded, they Be saw, bounding over the green sward, a bitte whirl of flying golden bair and white life.

CHAPTER 15.

India Haven falls back in her chair aghast. Has she heard aright? she acks aghast. Has she heard aright; she asks herself, doubting the evidence of her own senses, managing to articulate breathlessly; "What is it you say, Bab? I did not quite catch your meaning."
"I asked you if you could keep a terrible secret-about rible secret—about—a young man," whispered Bab, excitedly, her pretty face flushing and paling. "I am so glad to have some one to tell it to." she murmured, bursting into passionate tears. "Oh, pity me, India, and comfort me. There is a young man coming to the party whom I must marry. There! I have divulged to you my bitter secret. Before I had that heavy load on my heart I was the happiest girl in the whole wide world, and now I am the the outcome of it. While the father was most miserable."

India held the girl off at arm's length and looked into the sweet young face

"Tell me all about it. Bab." she mur mured in a sycet, smooth tone, "and then I shall know best how to help and r own heart she was telling her

self exultantly: "So this pink and

HOW TO CONQUER RHEUMATISM

stranger with a great to a fine larg, kessing her capturously with resounding smacks, crying out between her kisses: "What a perfectly lovely surprise! Why, I do believe you are my birthday present from papa, India and isn't that a ravishing name, though? Why, do you know he kept it mum from noor little a Pat that a heaven he again. at your own Home on or any of your friends suf rheamatism, kidney disorders of orthe acid, causing lamen che, muscular pain, stiff, pain talors, pain in the limbs and fe suffer dinness of skat, itching skin or frequent coundic pains. I invite you to sent for a general FREE TRIAL TREATMENT of my wellknown reliable CHRONICURE with references and full particulars by mail. This is no C. O. D. scheme). No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. CHRONICURE succeeds where all else fails. CHRONICURE CLEANSES THE BLOOM and REMOVES the CAUSE. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find CHRONICURE a most satisfactory GENERAL TONIC that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send to-day for large free package to MRS M SUMMERS. India Havei's ripe, red lips met Bab's, but the kiss was as light as the brush of a latter Ry's wings against the petals

PIMPLES ON FACE * ARMS AND LEGS

Scratched So Made Red Sore. Trouble Grew Worse All the Time. A Cake of Cuticura Soap and a Box of Cuticura Ointment Completely Cured.

Ville Joliette, Que.—"My little girl, aged four years, had so many pimples on hor face, arms and legs that I did not know what to do. They lasted for a year. She com-menced to scratch and this made pimples, clear, not red. She scratched so much that the blood ran and it made a red sore

The sores were worse on her arms and legs and on her face, and they were ugly looking with the blood. I was told what to do to stop her suffering, and I used the treatment bu pimples came out all the time. I tried ts of remedies but the trouble grew worse all the time. It was always the same forse all the time. It was always the same story, until I used Cuticura Soap and Oint-ment. I began to apply the Cuticura Oint-ment on her, also hot water and Cuticura Soap. Immediately I began to see that they were curing her, and after having used a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment she was completely cured. She has just as fine a skin as before.

"My husband also used Cuticura Oint-ment for cracks in his hands. After three applications of the Cuticura Ointment he vas completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Alfred Corrier, Jan. 16, 1912.

ra Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chen Corp., Dept. 33D, Boston, U. S. A.

white, baby-faced, petted, idolized chile of fortune has gotten into a love entanglement, has she? Ha! ha! I will draw every detail of the story from her and ever afterward hold it as a sword and ever atterward hold it as a sword against her to bend her to my will."

"Go on, Bab, dear," she murmured; "there is nothing that will give your poor little heart such great relief as to tell some one/who is sure to sympa.

thize deeply with you—all about it, from beginning to end."

"How awfully sweet and good of you. India, to say so," murmured Bab, throwing herself impulsively into her newfound, treacherous young cousin's arms.

"I hayen't met this young your when." "I haven't met this young man whom I shall have to marry yet," sobbed Bab;

"he is to come to my party to morrow."
Young as Barbara Haven was, she could not have helped reading aright the look of intense chagrin on India's face had she but lifted her eyes at that

India's hope of some great discovery which she was about to make melter suddenly into thin air, and she could could scarcely help showing her deep chagrin and disappointment.

"Here is the whole story." went on Bab; "papa consented to allow me to give this party which I am to give toorrow on one condition, and that was that Miss Kendall, who was my governess up to a few weeks ago, should make out the list of invitations.

"Of course I did not care, so long as could give the party. I hurried into the library one afternoon. whither Miss Kendall had gone to get my papa's ap-proval to the list, when this is what I leard, scattering the thought that I had gone to ask papa about to the four winds:

permitting Bab to give this affar, he ries a Catarrhozone Inhaler with him was saying earnestly to the governess, and that is that she may become acquainted with young Clarence Neville, during the latest and the country it makes a wonderful protection against all winter ills." the son of my oldest and dearest friend. He is bright, a handsome lad, collegebred, and a thorough gentleman to the shall marry him not now, of course; Babby is only a child yet-but when the time comes for her to think about ove and marriage, as all maidens are

sure to do some time.
"If think that there is little doubt
but that he will fall desperately in love
with the ittle witch, from a little inciwith the ittle witch, from a little inci-dent that happened a couple of years ago, and which, in fact, put this very idea of these two young folks marrying in the heads of both his father and myself, It came about in this way:

"One day a well-known artist came to my friend's office and begged Banker Neville to permit him to paint his picture, for he was in desperate straits

picture, for he was in desperate straits for money, Mr. Neville told him that be could not paint his portrait, but something else for him—the portrait of a very lovely, young girl. As he spoke he produced a portrait of Bab, which I had been showing him, and quite by acci-dent had left lying on his desk. The or-der was quickly executed, and all in due There! I time the painted portrait was finished ter secret. and sent to his office. My friend had in on my been thinking as to what she should send in the first my birthday: the picture was son Clarence, The young man was en-thusiastic over the picture and said that if he ever met a young girl with a face like that he would be tempted to fall in love with her straightaway, be

she princess or peasant.

When Banker Neville presented the portrait to me he told me of the occurrence, and then and there we put—our heads together and concluded that an opportunity should be given these two young people to meet at a party Bab should give when she was sixteen, providing Clarence was heart whole and fancy free by that time.

Now you know why my consent was readily given to this affair. I shall have the pleasure of presenting to Babi

their children, and know what is best for them to secure them a happy future? "I waited to hear no more," continued Bab, tearfully, "but slipped away unnoticed. What I had heard has just spoiled the prospect of the party for me. I shall be sure to hate this Clarence New lile with all my heart. Tell me, India, do you not think that the awful secret which I have unfolded to you is enough to drive me to distraction? Oh. do symbol are caused by discording the victims of the Titanic disaster. The memorial tablet upon it, unveiled April 15, reads "The natural remedy is to care the kidneys by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My, but there was lots of fire and crew of the steamship Titanic, who died as heroes when the vessel sank after a collision with an leeberg latitude 41-46, north longitude 80-14 west, April 15. Erected by public subsinks in to the soul.

pathize with me," sobbed Bab, wildly. India was staring down at her with a face as white as it would ever be in death: she had listened carelessly ough until the name of the lover in question fell upon her ear, then, as though an electric shock had passed suddenly through her heart, she sat upright, looking into Babe's face.

Clarence Neville, the hero who had saved her life scarcely an hour before, the brown-eyed, handsome, debonair young man to whom her firey French heart had gone out in a mad, idolatrous love at first sight, it was he whom they intended for this pink and whte-faced

Inda Haven clutched her hands tight-Such a marriage should never

place if she could prevent it, she told herself, for Clarence Neville must be hers, though she walked through seas

doting parents in the bud," she thought-exultantly. "Heaven pity the human being who comes between me and my plans! He might as well bring his own death warrant in his hands." India arounsed herself quickly from her mad, scheming thoughts, realizing that Bab was looking eagerly into her face for an answer.

face for an answer.
(To be Continued.)

AT BREAK OF DAY.

little song, in the wide, wide world,

Fly, little song, in the wide, wide we Farther than I may roam; Fly to the place where the blinds

Fly to the darkened home. Fly to the heart that bleeds, and say: Thou shalt be happy at break of day After the night comes day.

Fly, little song, where the watcher sits Watching a vacant chair; Fly where a white face bends above That one dear lock of hair. Fly as an angel, my song, and say: Thou shalt be happy at break of day After the night comes day.

Fly, little song, in the wide, wide world-Somewhere is need of thee; Offer the weary a singer's love,

Take them his sympathy.
oices I hear, and I know they say Thou shalt be happy at break of day-After the night comes day.

-Howard V. Southerland, in Boston Transcript.

Old Winter Coughs Now Easily Cured

A New Remedy Now Cures Without the Use of Cough Syrups or Drugs.

Just think of it-you can clear away hat hard, racking cough, drive it completely out of the system, make your self perfectly well by the new breathing cure that employs no medicine at all. You wonder how; very simple, in-

deed; you simply breathe in through a Catarrhozone Inhaler rich balsamic essences that heal and soothe away the ough in a few hours' time,

In using Catarrhozone you bathe the lining of the nose and throat with that owerful antiseptic of the Blue Gum surest cold and cough cure in the world to-day.

Medicine Hat, says: "To cure a sneezing cold in about ten minutes the one thing 1 know of to do it is Catarrh-Clarence E. Cromwell, writing from know of to do it is Catarrh-To relieve an irritated throat ezone. mickly, nothing can excel Catarrhozone. t simply eats up a cough or cold of any kind. I know of colds that have hung on for months that Catarrhozone cured quickly. Nearly every man I know carquickly. Nearly every man I know carries a Catarrhozone Inhaler with him

Get the dollar outfit, including the hard rubber inhaler, and medication to last two months; medium size 50c., sambred, and a thorough generman to the core, besides being sole heir to the New yille fortune, one of the largest in this druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada

Titanic Beacon U. S. Memorial to the Brave Men



the young man whom she must marry. In such matters parents are wiser than their children, and know what is best stitute, New York, erected as a mem-

Aching Lumbago Backs Are Quickly Helped **And Permanently Cured**

Release, Yes, and a Cure for Lumbage is Now Known.

VOLL CAN FASILY PROVE THIS

To cure Lumbago—surely it's a good thing to know how. This information meant to Jno. E. Neave the difference between invalidism and robust health. Writing from his home near Cornwall, he says: "A severe and prolonged attack he says: "A severe and prolonged attack of Lumbago in my youth rendered me at all times liable to aches in the back and loins. So established became the predisposition, and so frequent the attacks, of blood to accomplish it.

"I shall nip the scheme of those two disposition, and so frequent the attacks, doting parents in the bud," she thought exultantly. "Heaven pity the human my particular weakness, to be borned with as much composure as any evil with as much composure as any evil. circumstance might permit. an unusually bad attack developed, and unfortunately there was no medicine of any kind in the house. I sent to a neighbor for help and received with a strong recommendation a bottle of Ner-viline. My friend was surprised we didn't use Nerviline, saving that they found use for it in their family almost every day. So quickly did Nerviliae check the attack, and so grateful was the re lief, that I was in a day on the high road to recovery. I have cured my tentency to Lumbago with Nerviline. consider it the most powerful pain-sub-

duing liniment ever made."

For curing colds, hourseness, tight cliest and winter ills Nerviline is a cliest and winter ills Nerviline is a marvel; as for Lumbago, Sciatica and Rheumatism, Nerviline is considered to be without a peer. In the home it is especially valuable, because it cures controls vomiting and upset stomach.

For internal and external use, whorever there is pain, apply Nerviline. Get the 50c. family size bottle; trial size, 25c. at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FILIPINO SORROW

When I went down to breakfast the other morning at my hotel I found the attentive and unusually intelligent Filipino waiter who has served me ever since I attached myself to the hostelry squad. His eyes were bleared with salty tears and he looked down at the floor to avoid my glance

of inquiry.

"I am a few minutes late," I said to the waiter. And then: "You have been crying. What troubles you?"

Again he burst into tears, and, sobbed as if his heart would break "What on earth ails you?" I asked,

rather sympathetically. relatives dead?" "No, no, senor, not that," and the waiter boohooed again.
"Then out with it, boy!" I exclaimed, rather impatiently! "out with

"O, senor," he stammered, "the pancakes are cold!" Noble muchacho, that, isn't he?-Philippines Monthly.

RATHER PESSIMISTIC.

(St. John, N. B., Telegraph) (St. John, N. B., Telegraph)

The world ig by no means a perfect world. Taking it by and large, it is stard and cruel world, in which little is to be got except by toil and anguish; and of that little not all can be kept by any degree of care and pain. There are, indeed regions where the earth bring forth spontaneously and freely, but these are not regions where man has arrived at any promising degree of maturity or strength. Even there, in the midst of tropleal plenty the serpent stings, the earthquake and byten there, in the mines of tropical meni-ty the serpent stings, the earthquake and tornado work their frightful misshlef, cholera and malaria kill, and gaunt farm-fine, at irregular intervals, covers the land with the dead. It is only a fraction of human misery that can be charged upon resoluti. society.

THE IMPORTANT ELEPHANT

The white elephant is an important individual of the Siamese Court, taking precedence after the sovereign and precedence after the sovereign and ahead of the heir apparent.
"I'd rather see you chew than smoke,"

> MUNICIPAL OPERATION. (Buffalo Courier)

. The Los Angeles Municipal News was established by a referendum vote of the people. It has been recalled by another referendum vote. Loss \$36,000.

AN OLD SETTLER FINDS QUICK RELIEF

CHAS. MARSHALL CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. Marshall Tells How Her Husband Suffered, and of His Speedy Recovery When He used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Parkinson, Algoma, Ont., May 5.— (Special)—Living far from towns and with doctors not within easy reach, many of the settlers have found Dodd's Kidney Pille an inestimable blessing. One of those is Mr. Charles Marshall, Sen, whose recovery from a severe case of kidney disease has recently been the cause of much satisfaction to his family and friends.

'My husband was suffering very much with his back and legs." Mrs. Marshall says, speaking of her husband's cure. "He went to see the doctor, and he told