

# Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS  
Relieve Constipation  
while Healing the Kidneys

Gin Pills have an almost world-wide reputation as a Kidney medicine—their healing, cleansing, soothing effect has earned untold praise from thousands. But their virtues do not end with the relief of Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Gin Pills are excellent for the relief of constipation. We have hundreds of testimonials from people telling us they have found that in taking Gin Pills for Kidney and Bladder trouble, the Gin Pills also acted as a gentle cathartic and bowel stimulant. This is only logical, as in building up a medicine to restore the Kidneys to perfect health, the bowels must receive attention as the other organs of excretion. If you are constipated, you will find the real relief you desire in the use of Gin Pills, which will also regulate your kidneys even though you have so far failed to notice alarming symptoms of trouble in these organs. Your dealers sell Gin Pills at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada  
Toronto, Ontario



## "ECHOES of the Past;"

OR,  
The Recompense of Love!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Yes; Tibby and I are going for a walk one day, and I shall say, like the man in 'Dickens' book: 'Why, here's a church! Extraordinary coincidence! Let's go in and get married.'"

Both weddings, though not quite so casual, were very quiet ones. Mina was married first; Tibby was her bridesmaid, Elisha, of course, gave her away, and Quilton was Clive's best man. There were no guests. They were married in a quiet little country place in Devonshire, and they went back to the rustic inn to eat that now generally obsolete meal, the wedding breakfast. There were plenty of flowers, but no speeches; unless a few words which Quilton spoke a little while before the happy couple drove to the train can be counted as one.

He and they happened to be alone for a few minutes, and he took out a morocco case from his pocket and handed it to Mina. She opened it and, uttering an exclamation, looked from one to the other; for the case contained a magnificent spray of diamonds, so large, so brilliant, that she had never seen anything like it.

"It is from Lord Chesterleigh," said Quilton, in his expressionless voice.

The color faded from her face and she glanced at Clive. He returned the glance, and plinned the spray on the bosom of her dress.

## Stiff, Enlarged Joints Limber Up! Every Trace of Rheumatism Goes

Even Chronic Bedridden Cases are Quickly Cured.

Rub On Magic "Nerviline."

Nothing on earth can beat good old "Nerviline" when it comes to curing rheumatism.

The blessed relief you get from Nerviline comes mighty quick, and you don't have to wait a month for some sign of improvement.

You see Nerviline is a direct application; it is rubbed right into the sore joint, thoroughly rubbed over the twitching muscle that perhaps for years has kept you on the jump. In this way you get to the real source of the trouble. After you have used Nerviline just once you'll say it's amazing, a marvel, a perfect wonder of bill small; trial size, 25c; all dealers.

"There are some letters on it," he said in a low voice, "M.C.H."

"Cl!" she exclaimed unguardedly, then the blood rushed to her face. She knew that the "C" stood for Chesterleigh; and it was only natural that her heart should give one throb of pride—not for her own sake, but for Clive's.

"You are content, dearest?" he whispered.

"More than content," she responded, in as low a voice. "No one need know but ourselves, Clive; but—but I am glad to know."

The other marriage took place a month later, when Clive and Mina had returned from a honeymoon which had been one of such perfect happiness that in the after years they stole away together to repeat it. Tibby made a charming and fairlike bride, and Quilton, in his wedding finery, looked so absurdly young that she declared, with well-simulated indignation, that after all she had married an infant!

Clive had retired from office and from Parliament; and he and Mina spent a considerable time in some-what extensive traveling. His strength came back to him, and Mina blossomed not only into a lovely woman, but into so strong a one that she was able to take her share in Clive's outdoor sports; she learned to ride, to fish, to walk long distances; in fact, she became that precious gift to a husband—a companion.

They might have continued their wanderings for a still longer period but for an approaching event and some sudden news which made their immediate return to England imperative. Clive brought the news to her as she was sitting in a Florentine garden. He had an open letter in his hand, and, seeing by his face that he had received bad tidings, she rose quickly and went to him. He put his

arm round her and said in a low voice:

"Mina, my brother Bertie is dead. He died in California—was thrown from his horse. We must go back at once."

She did not attempt to console him with words; but her arm stole round his neck and she drew his head down to her. They went into the villa, and Clive gave her the letter to read.

"It has been delayed, following us about," he said, looking at the post-office stamps on the envelope.

She took it mechanically and read the address; and as she did so she started and uttered a faint cry, for the envelope was addressed to the Right Honorable, the Earl of Ratborough. He smiled at her sadly.

"Yes, dearest; you see I succeeded to the title, to Ratborough, by poor Bertie's death." They were silent for a moment or two, then he added in a whisper: "You have come into your own, Mina; Fate has, in a measure, restored that of which she robbed you. There have been times when my conscience has cried out against the sacrifice which you have made so willingly, so nobly; I have felt sometimes a poignant remorse that I had no right to let you keep the secret of your birth."

"No, no, Clive!" she urged quickly. "The decision rested with me. Nothing would have induced me to have put forward a claim that I might never have been able to prove. Mr. Quilton told me so. I was quite content to know that you and he—and, perhaps, Lord Chesterleigh—knew it. And now, dearest, you need never be uneasy again. We will always keep the secret. And you are an earl, Clive! And I am a countess!" She spoke with a certain sadness rather than elation, and Clive, who was swift to interpret her every look and tone, drew her closer and kissed her.

"You are thinking of the future, Mina?"

She raised her eyes, frank as a child's, and smiled; but still a little wistfully.

"Yes, Clive; but I am not afraid of the future, not afraid of the big world while you are by my side."

(To be Continued.)

## Girls! Girls! Try It! Stop Dandruff and Beautify Your Hair

Hair stops falling out and gets thick, wavy, strong and beautiful.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This cleanses the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any druggist or toilet counter, and just try it.

## YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Care should be taken, when feeding the baby, that the milk does not flow too fast. By carefully holding the bottle so that the top of it is filled with milk, the baby will be prevented from sucking in air. One way of testing the nipple is to hold the bottle upside down, and if the milk drops the hole is too large. It is wisest to buy nipples without holes, perforating them with a heated needle.

The influence of air and sunlight cannot be neglected in the nourishment of children. Fear is sometimes expressed lest the child, taken into the air after feeding, should fall asleep. No better thing can happen the child than to sleep in the open air, properly protected, in bright, clear weather. In cool weather the rays of the sun should be allowed to fall directly upon the child, only his face being protected.

Minnard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Doc Scrubbing Brush  
Works with a rush  
When Old Dutch Cleanser speeds him—  
Prevents attacks  
Of aching backs  
And guards the hand  
that leads him.

Old Dutch Cleanser  
Cures Ditch

MADE IN CANADA

## Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,

## The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER I.

"Ah, look! The Princess; she is going to faint, poor thing!" said one of the ladies.

With an obvious effort, the Princess recovered herself and rose, trembling and shaking.

"No, no!" she gasped. "I—I am all right. I want to go home. Let us go home at once, Jasper." She added to Ronald Desborough, in terrified accents, "Don't—don't! We will go—we are going—at once!"

Brandon drew Ronald aside. Lydstone rose—he had remained seated, clutching his chair and glaring up at Ronald's white, stern face and flashing eyes—and, looking round, said with a sneer:

"We ought to change the name of this precious Club and call it The Bullies."

"His unhappy wife drew him away from the table and out of the room; but in a moment or two he came back for a jewelled pocket-book which he had left on the table. Ronald Desborough happened to be standing near, surrounded by an excited group, who were bombarding him with questions about the row; and he turned suddenly and, quite unintentionally, came into slight collision with Lydstone. Ronald was quite calm now, and at once he murmured an apology; but Lydstone, with his head thrust forward, glared savagely at him, and, uttering in a frenzy of rage, "You did it on purpose; curse you!" struck at him.

Ronald Desborough was the last man in the world to take a blow, without returning it. There occurred one of those sharp, swift contests, of which not even the nearest spectators can afterwards give a clear account; but suddenly Desborough's arm shot out, and Lydstone was caught on the point of the jaw which is perhaps the most vulnerable spot in the human frame. He went down as if he had been shot.

The women screamed; the men, who had stood during the last brief moments as if paralyzed, rushed forward and bent over the fallen man. Ronald stood, the hand that had dealt the blow still clenched, his lips tightly set, his grey eyes like steel. As a matter of fact, he had not intended to deal so heavy a blow, to hit so hard; but he had been struck first and more than once, and had, perhaps, lost his head. Brandon disentangled himself from the men who were kneeling round Lydstone, and caught Desborough's arm.

"Come out of this!" he said, with his Irish brogue. "You've knocked him senseless. Come away now!"

Ronnie shook his head. "No," he said, a trifle thickly. "I'll wait and see if he's hurt."

"Hurt! Of course, he's hurt! Do you think you can give a man one of your straight-from-the-shoulder sledge-hammer blows, without hurting him? I tell you, you've knocked him silly! He's no use waiting for him to come to; he'll stay like that for hours."

Ronald shook his arm free, and, thrusting aside the men who interceded at his prostrate foe, Lydstone was lying stretched out and looking horribly like a dead man; there was a splash of blood on his livid face. Ronald viewed his work with dismay and the shame which a strong man feels when he has hit a man who is not his match. As he stood, biting his lips and frowning irresolutely, his arm was grasped by a hand smaller than Brandon's, and he heard the voice of the Princess, gasping almost inaudibly, as she struggled for breath:

"Oh, go!—go! For my sake!"

He looked down at her white working face remorsefully, then turned away. Brandon and a man named Clemson gently and persuasively hustled him out of the room and down the stairs into the hall. Clemson took Ronald's hat and coat from a pale-faced, frightened footman, and helped him on with the coat.

"You must clear out of this, Ronnie," said Brandon decisively. "You must make yourself scarce—for a time, at any rate."

"What? What do you say?" demanded Ronald, with a frown. "Why should I? I'm sorry enough for what has occurred; and I beg your pardon, I'll apologize to the Committee—no, I won't! I can't! Lydstone struck me first."

"So he did!—so he did!" murmured Brandon soothingly. "Sure, we all saw it! But, all the same, you'd better clear out—leave London."

"Brandon is quite right," said Clemson emphatically. "If it had been any other man, the affair would end here. But Lydstone—confound him!—is not like any other man. He'll bear malice. Shouldn't wonder if he takes out a summons for assault and has you up at a police court."

"Let him!" retorted Ronald.

"Ah, yes; that's all very well!" exclaimed Brandon; "but just think of the consequences! There would be no end of a scandal; the papers would be full of it; the Club would get a bad name—it isn't over sweet as it is, I'm afraid. And, look here, Ronnie, we mustn't forget the poor little Princess. You don't want her name dragged through the journalistic gutter, do you? Shouldn't be surprised if that bound forced her into the witness-box; he's capable of it, by George!"

"He's capable of anything," said Clemson, with indescribable scorn and contempt.

Ronnie still lingered with bent head, frowning at the floor.

"Poor little woman!" he said at last. "Perhaps you fellows are right, and I'd better keep out of the way for a time. But see here, when Lydstone pulls round, you tell him—"

"Oh, we'll tell him; tell him you're mighty sorry you hit him—quite so hard. Come on with you, now!"

With the same gentle persuasion they had shown before, they got him out of the Club, called a cab, and waited until it had driven off with him; as if they half feared he might even yet come back to face the consequences of that blow of his.

(To be Continued.)

## Simple Wash Cures Eczema.

A great skin specialist who has compounded for his patients a marvellously effective cure for Eczema, Bad Leg and all other forms of it, has recently given his valuable preparation to the world. It is known as D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema, a simple external wash, easy to apply, a reliable home remedy.

D. D. D. gives instant relief from skin distress the moment it is applied. It penetrates the pores and kills the germs which are the root of skin disease. Nauseating stomach drugs are worthless, for the disease is in the skin, not in the blood. Greasy salves are dangerous for they clog the pores and aid the growth of germs. D. D. D. washes out disease, cleanses the pores, then soothes and heals the skin.

Test this simple cure; get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere.

## Hundreds of Deaths From Cholera.

New York, Nov. 8.—Cholera has added its terrors to the burdens of Armenian refugees who fled from the Tigris and Euphrates valleys to Tabriz, according to meagre advices received here by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and made public to-day. One hundred a day is now the average mortality from the scourge in Tabriz alone, these advices state.

Urumiah, too, the recent fighting ground of Kurds and native Christians, is afflicted by cholera, the Board announced. Forty deaths have already occurred there from the disease. All the deaths, both in Tabriz and Urumiah, it is said, have occurred among the natives. The missionaries stationed at both places are relieving the sick as best they can, with inadequate facilities.

Tiflis, Russia, which lies south of the Caucasus Mountains, not a great distance from Tabriz, and Urumiah, is similarly in the grip of an epidemic, which has already caused 700 deaths, according to the Board's advices. It is thought likely that these deaths were due to cholera, also, although the nature of the diseases is not designated in advices.

## A Good Baking Powder

Amherst, N.S., March 23, 1904. I find Dearborn's Perfect Baking Powder the best I can get. I have been using it for several years.

MRS. JAMES L. TRENHOLM, nov12.21

## The Cavell Outrage.

It is sometimes said that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Something akin to this is said to have happened as the result of the execution of Miss Cavell, the English nurse, in Belgium, by the Germans. The report is that when the outrage was published in Britain such an impetus was given to enlistment for active service that 10,000 young men were recruited as the result of the brutal outrage. Whilst Miss Cavell exposed herself to punishment by assisting aliens to Germany to escape, no accusation of espionage was made against her. In Britain, even when espionage has been clearly proven the sentence of death is never meted out to a woman. If the accused is a woman a civil trial always takes place before a civil tribunal and the accused is always assisted by competent counsel. In the case of a German woman, recently convicted of being a spy and documents, proving her guilt, being found on her person, the sentence imposed was ten years' imprisonment. Her male associate with whom she traveled, proved to be a deliberate, persistent and dangerous spy, was condemned to death, but the woman, equally guilty, was allowed to escape with imprisonment.

The action of the German authorities has met with general and intense disapprobation in all neutral countries.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GADGET IN COWS.



## THE FIREMEN

may save your home and belongings from utter destruction by the flames, but the smoke and water will create a great deal of havoc.

FIRE INSURANCE will make good your damaged property and supply you with sufficient ready funds to replace destroyed articles. Have me write you an insurance policy to-day.

PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.

## Whisky

Don't be careless and simply ask for Whisky.

Ask for House of Lords,

a mellow full strength,

10 Years Old

Scotch—a favourite with the public.

## J. C. BAIRD.

The Am. Novel of 1915.

MICHAEL O'HALLORHAN by Gene Stratton Porter.

This is the story of Mickey the news-boy and his ward-peacher, whom he found with a crippled back and cried for until she was cured. It tells of Mickey's part in the romance of Douglas Bruce and Leslie Winton; and of the kindness of Peter Harding and his wife to peacher, and finally of Mickey's own love story with the wife he found years before.

The book possesses, like all of the author's works, a deep feeling for nature, the charm of the woods, the flowers and all growing things.

Paper 65c.; cloth 90c. Not a dull page in all the 500 pages.

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**ALLEN'S COUGH BALSAM**  
AND AVOID  
BRONCHITIS OR LUNG DISEASE  
25c., 50c. and \$1.00 bottles  
CONTAINS NO HARMFUL DRUGS