The following story is founded upon of the winds in the dim twilight of the occurrence of mirage effects that are occasionally seen by those residing near the shores of the great lakes.

On the southeast shore of the Round Water there was once a village of the Attiwandarons or Neutral Indians. Two hundred and forty-eight years have passed since the ashes of their lodges have been scattered to the winds, and their occupants departed to the realms of star land.

During my summer vacation at Ericau several camper friends and I arranged for a sail from Ericau to the Park dock. The day was warm and the southwest wind was rippling the besomeof the round water in a manner that was very soductive to amateur sailors, and we could not resist the gentle wooing of the half-grown zephyr that was undulating the surface of the Eiu in lines of beauty, ac us away. In due-time we arrived at one of Rondeau's beauty spots, and each one of the party spent the time as he or she thought best; as for myself, I was interested in the relics of the red man in the shape of flints, fragments of pottery, etc., that were scattered here and there when the gales had cut away the sand in guilles.

After securing several specimens of
the red man's work, 1 sat for some the red man's work, frail for some time massag on these evidences of a primeval civilization. I then suntered toward our yacht and found the rest of the party ready for the return journey. On our way we were forturate enough to behold what was thought to be a mirage effect. We could see bosts in the distance apparently sailing high in the air and parently sailing high in the air and the cottages at Ericau were also apparently suspended on nothing. Af-Yer a nearer approach this effect gradually desappeared, and the toats and cottages assumed hear normal ap-

and our journey came totan pearance, and our journey came to an end. After supper 1 sat watching a most glorious sunset with all the gilded trimming surrounding the great brass ball as it slowly takes its daily bath in the crimson of flood of Erie's mighty waters. Feeling some-what tired after the mild dissipations and pleasant sail, I retired early, and immediately fell asleep, but not soundly, as I had a pecutiar dream. thought I was again, back Park, near the pavilion, but the scens was changed. As I looked toward. the east the sand ridges were covered h giant pines that towered above the lowly junipers and scrub oaks that were in many cases covered with vines of the grape. There a village nestled under stoe shadows of the sombre pines that for ages had cast their dark shadows on this most enthanting spot on the sheres of the round water. A crowd of dusky warrange was necessarily and the complexion was put slightly invest with the dusky blood of her round water. A crowd of dusky war-rours were congregated, before the lark lolges listening very attentively tark lolgs listening very attentively to be words of one who was appurently a leading member of the tribe. It was Metomak the Propert. He stands in their midst evidently saying something of great importance to them. He is tall of stature, towering above his audience with bared head above his audience with bared head and uplifted flands, his long white hair blowing in the breeze. He stands on the shore of the lake whose troubled waters funed and fretted on the sandy beach. The sighing and sob-bing of the wind amongst the solemn

pines seemed to voice a dirge as the prophetic words of ill omen were wafted on the moaning winds. PROPHESY OF METIOMEK. Metiomek, the prophet, now speaks to his listening children. Take warn-ing, my children. Take warning before it is too late. For is it not thathird have seen the pale maiden in

THE WEST AGAIN.

A Galt Hotel Man has a Word to Say About Didd's Kid. ney Pills

H. Hancock, of the Irequois, Grateful-Cured Pains in the Back of Long Standing Says I hanks are Due to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Galt. Feb. 9 .- Mr. H. Hancock, this town, is known by the travelling fraternity all over the country as the joint proprietor with Wm. Sadler, of the finest dollar-a-day hotels one of the finest dollar-a-day hotels in the Dominion of Canada, and he is known further as one of the most genial and go-ahead hotel men in country his house being the equal of the average hotel of double rates. It will interest travelling men to know that Mr. Hancock thoroughly en-

dorses Dodd's Kidney Pills.
Some time ago guests of the Iroquois might have noticed that Mr.
Hancock seemed to be troubled with backache. Indeed that gentleman ofdorses Dodd's Kidney Pills. ten complained with great vigor about the pain and inconvenience it caused him. Well, all that is no wpast. Mr. Hancock is happy to announce that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured him.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured him.
It cannot be too often impressed on
the minds of those suffering with
backache that it
is the kidneys
that are affected. The kidneys are internal, and external treatment caninternal, and external treatment cannot do any good. Liniments and oils can only soften the muscles, they do no reach the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured more eases of backache than any other medicine in the world, simply because they act on the kidneys.

Mr. Hancock, of the Iroquois Hotel,

Galt, writes:
"I have been troubled for one year with severe pains across my back.
Nothing I tried would relieve the
pain until I used two boxes of Dodd's
Kidney Pills. I have no objections to ed for the benefit of the many others

and you will lad a way and be no more, leaves before the gile and be no more. O, my children, be warned. It is I, Metiomek, who speaks. Your braves shall be tried by fire and your lodges shall disappear as when the angry wind god smites them. O beware of the treacherous braves of the Irquois. Depart hence while there is yet time and make ye new lodges in the lands toward the setting sun. Flock, my children, far, far off in the forest. I hear the muffled tread of many moccasins. Far away in the shadows of our mighty hunting grounds I see many braves whose hands are fed, and many scalps are hanging at their gird many scalps are hanging at their gird.

many scalps are hanging at their girdmany scalps are hanging at their gird-les. Many captives have they ripening for the fire. O. my children, Manito, the Great Spirit, through his prophet Metiomek speaks to you. His blessings

Metiomek speaks to you his diessings rest on you till the stars shall fade away and the moon shall cease her light. Children, I have said. The prophet's arms fell to his side, and with bowed head he slowly leaves his thor-

oughly alarmed heaters who mike way for him to retire to his wigwam.

I was much interested in the sayings

louds, se I ventured to interview the

I appeared at the entrance of his

upon meg I see with a clearer vision

than those the mantle touches not.

LEGEND OF THE PALE MAIDEN

and her white canoe. For many moons

nunters was a young brave named Lewana. His many expioits made him

a much coveted prize in the matrimon-ial market, and many dusky maidens

very happily in a dream-like

gone pair.

One day when the green corn was fit for roasting, Lewana departed with a hunting party that was to be absent for

several suns. Neona left to her own devices felt lonely because of the ab-

sent of her lover. She thought she would take her white cance and paddle

across the water to a small creek that enters the little lake from the north

shore, were wild fowl were plentiful.
She was dressed in fine fawaskin leg-

gins, heavily fringed on the sides, and a fawnskin skirt and jacket combined

reaching to her snees Her dress was highly ornamented, and worked in de-

licate and drinty designs with bright

band that hung far down her back.

Her feet were encased in highly em-

as midnight, hung in wild profusion around her shapely shoulders. Hanging

to an ornamented girdle of buckskin was a sheath containing a knile with a

en of the white cance as I saw her on

ata. standing on the sandy beach of the round water, with the shadows of the

fore ground the white canoe she was

te her subjects.
She keeps time with her paddle to

the songs she sings, as the canoe swift-

ly parts its way through the yielding

water.

A peculiar haze was hanging over the lake as I watched her drawing away in the distance. She appeared to gradually rise in the air higher and higher till I could see her cance seemingly riding on the clouds like the vision of a spirit cance. On and on

vision of a spirit cance. On and on she went till at last she disappeared behind a cloud. I could scarcely be-lieve what I saw, but it was one or the mysteries of the Manito that was re-

realed to me in my early years when I hung red for wisdom.

I wished to speak with the tongue of

I wished to speak with the tongue of wisdom and prophecy and so I prepared myself by retiring to a lonely spot on the shores of the great lake. There for seven suns I posted and purged my mind of the grosser elements of mortality, that prevented me from seeing those things that are hidden from ordinary mortals.

broidered moccasins. Her hair,

of meeting and dallying with The joys of meeting and dallying with the pleasing pains inflicted by capid's darts was the day dream of this far

You wish to hear the

ged prophet.

What more appropriate name could be applied attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses and heals the parts, of the winds in the dim twilight of the dying day. Her puddle laps the sea of clouds in silence. When next the spirit maiden in her white canoe shall come our doom is sealed and we shall pile as the prairie grass before the fire. Our enemies are as the leaves that have no number. A brother's blood shall stain a brother's hands. The tomahawk shall drink the blood of many braves and the squaws shall sink before the thirsty knife. Many scalps shall hang in a stranger's lodge and you will fade away as the frosted leaves before the gile and be no more O, my children, be warned. It is I, to that insidious and universal of Diseases---Catarrh---which affects nine hundred in everythousand of our people.

Dr. Agnews Catarrhal Powder has is allowed by the thousands of unso-Proved Itself a Wonderful Power in Lifting the Burden--- A Dove of Peace in the Battle for Health.

ing-it Helps in a Hurry list of disappointments in the line of permanent cures for this most univerand it Cures Permanent- sal and distressing disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been for many years before the public

So-called cures come and go and hardly a week passes but some new claimant as a cure for catarrh presents itself, only to fail in its mission, add and south, over the whole continent,

It Makes Life Worth Liv- another disappointment to the long

as the surest, safest, most harmless, quickest and most permanent treatment for catarrh hay fever, cold in the head, sore throat, influenza, ca-tarrhal deafness, headache and tonsillitis. That it has proved its work thousands of times, east, west, north

ceived by those who have suffered forms, and for periods of suffering, whether the limit of a few days of influenza or cold in the head to the cure of stubborn and deep-seated catarrh of the head and nose, covering the almost incredible period of fifty

Apart from the splendid evidence of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder received from people of all ranks and conditions of men, from the laborer in the street to the judge on the bench: The most eminent nose and throat specialists concede it the greatest cure, give it their unqualified endorsation and show skin diseases, one application their practical faith in it by using it quick and permanent relief.

right to the seat of the trouble. It

ment is simple, and applications are easily made, perfectly painless, and in ten to sixty minutes after applying, relief follows. It's so wonderfully searching, and yet so soothing, com-

fort comes like magic.

Mrs. M. Greenwood, of 204 Adelaide street west, Toronto, says, in substantiation of the claims of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "I am so well is allowed by the thousands of unso-licited testimonials that have been re-ceived by those who have suffered from the catarrh malady in all its great sufferer from Catarrh in the head and throat. I tried many remedies without getting relief-until I be-gan using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. A few applications gave me great comfort and relief. I continued using it, and now every vestige of the trouble has gone, and words fail me to express the gratitude I feel at being freed from this loathsome disease."
Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart stops

palpitation, smothering, shortness of breath, pains about the heart, gives relief in 30 minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment.—When the skin seems fairly on fire from itching skin diseases, one application will give Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure liver

in their daily practice,.

Dr. Agnew's Laver Police
Dr. Agnew's Laver Police
ills; 20 cents for 40 doses.

Sold by J. W. McLaren.

I was much interested in the sayings of the prophet, and especially so in the phanton maiden and her white cande, as I felt some story or legend was connected with this vision of the and he wave me to drink of the Wawaga or spirit water. I could now see with a clearer vision, and hear strange voices. The Manito spoke to me through the voice of the winds and the waters. I listened and learned much lodge, and he bade me enter, and was in no way surprised at the appearance of a white man, as he, by some occult teat was good from the Great One that supplies the waters with his breathings and by His teachings I am what I am.

of a white man, as he, by some occult power, seemed to know of my coming. He explained to me he had never seen a pile face but had heard of many that had lodges near the father of lakes, meaning the ocean. Casting his piercing black eyes upon me, he said, I ask you not how you came here, or why, as I am Metromek the prophet, and the mantle of Manitogrests upon me? I see with a clearer vision There the prophet remained silent.
for several minutes, with bowed head and his long hair streaming over his face. He seemed overcome with the recital and the remembrance of the meeting with the Manito. He soon recovered and

CONTINUED HIS STORY. The friends of the maiden waited her

The friends of the maiden waited ner departure but none of them had eyes to see as Metiomek. She told them she would return ere the time when the great fire spirit took his daily bath in the blue waters of the great lake, but the mantle of darkness descended and see a see a see and the second of ny children. Bear, deer and other big game were plentiful, and we occupied our time principally in the chase. One of the boidest and most successful of

and she came not.
A party started to seek the missing A party started to seek the missing maiden and many fire torches lit with furid glow the deep shadows that lurked under the drooping branches of the pines and the wind spirit from the south land mouns and murmurs through the tree tops. The trull to to the north was followed, and the banks of the creek were well searched but without success.

the maiden was gone beyond count the maiden was gone beyond recall. In the meantime the hunting party had returned, and loud, and long was the howling of the men. The women scarred their flesh and pierced their deep draught, laid down on a couch of

of Lewana, and he moaned for the loss of her of the white cance. His deep grief seemed to have changed his life grief seemed to have changed his life and a strange spirit dwell within his scalp. He sat alone in his wigwam. He would not see his brethren and have speech with them. For many moons he would not be comforted but sat with his head between his hands and his elbows resting on his knees. When the name of Neona was mentioned he would look up in a dazed sort of way and echo Neona, Neona, and then sink back a picture of utter despair.

One day it was noticed he was more lively than usual and appeared to be

preparing for a journey.

He was making small packs of dried meat and other necessary things. He was asked if he was going on, a jour-ney and for what purpose. He told his and variously colored split quills of the porcupine. Her head dress consisted of many eagle feathers placed in a narrow ney and for what purpose. He told his people he was going to seek the lost one, as she had only departed to the "land of souls" and he would seek her there, though the trail was long and weary. He travelled for many suns through a dense forest, where no trail le dthrough the tangled undergrowth. Sometimes wading through dark and Sometimes wading through dark and slimy cedar swamps up to his knife blade of flint, and over her shoulder hung a quiver made of bark and filled sheath, and others climbing over rug-ged mountains, the sharp stones cutting his feet through his much-worn with flint tipped arrows, a bow was in her left hand and in her right a pid lie. In the use of both she was an exp rt. Picture in your mind's eye the maidmoccasins. Many times he was so worn and weary that he was about to give and weary that he was about to give up in despair, but as many times in his dreams a sweet spirit murmured. Look not at the back trail, for all-is dark; look forward for the light of that fateful day many, many moons ago. This dark-eyed daughter of Kanday is near, and the dark night is growing o'd."

Thus encouraged, he struggled on, Thus encouraged, he struggled on, and at last he came to a trail that was worn smooth by the tramp of many moccasins. As he journeyed on many trails joined the one he was pines for a background, and in the about to launch on the bosom of the flashing waters. Standing there with travelling, some from the cold north land, some from the east and some all the natural grace and dignity of an untamed queen of the wilderness she waved a last adieu (as it proved to be) from the west lands.

The journey now became more please.

The journey now became more please ant. Strange birds such as he had never seen before, sang in the bushes, and water fowl of strange kinds swam in the sparkling waters of the minia-ture lakes. The swallows were incessantly skimming along the surface of crystal waters in the rippling brooks, many strange kinds of deer were browsing on the tender twigs of the soft maple. Mild were the skies and the south wind dallied with the swaythe south wind dallied with the swaying trees. The sun lingered long on
mountain tops, the nights were mild,
and the evening star shone with a
brilliamcy he had never before seen.
Near the parting of the days, the
crests of the hills were bathed in silver by the light of the rising moon.
The young man noted these changes

The young man noted these changes as indications of a near approach of the end of his journey. At last he came to a place where the trail led between two lofty mountains, the sides of which were clothed with beautiful the sides of many of many tiful trees, and the songs of many birds enlivened the way. In the dis-tance, apparently at the end of the

The great spirit was nigh unto me | trail, he saw a large funnel-like cave that pierced the mountain, showing the sparkling of water beyond. Near the entrance of the cavern was a me small bark wigwam. At the door AN OLD MAN STOOD.

He was bent hearly double with age, and leaning with his trembling hands upon a stick. His long hair as white as snow was hanging over each side of his weighted from his wrinkled face, and his mouth was much sunken by the loss of his teeth. much sunken by the loss of his teeth. He was clothed in a very old and much worn suit of buckskin. Lewana began to state his errand, but the old man stopped him, and said he knew all. He invited, him into his lodge to rest after his long, fourney, as he rest after his long journey, as he knew he must be weary. Lewana, nothing joth, accepted his invitation. The old man, addressing him,

My son, you have come a long and My son, you have come a long and weary journey, and must needs be tired. As you still have another journey before you for which you must prepare yourself, I would advise you to lie on yonder couch of furs, and before you retire you must need drink of the spirit water of the Manito, "the Wawaga," to prepare you better to see and understand the mysteries

of the pines and the wind spirit from the south land means and murmurs through the tree tops. The trail to to the north was followed, and the barks of the creek were well searched but without success.

Another party crossed the take in cances to search the rushes in the direction she was last seen, but all of no avail.

"the Wawaga," to prepare you better to see and understaind the mysteries of the "Land of Souls."

The casepass d to the "Beautiful Land" a fittle white ago the soul of a lovely and teader maiden. Being fatigued with her long journey, she tarried with me sawhile and told me of your lotg and affectionate attachment and of her belief that you would at Days passed and it was beyond doubt the maiden was gone beyond recall, not be maiden was gone beyond recall, spirits, and a little speed would enable to follow the maiden was gone beyond recall, spirits, and a little speed would enable to follow the manufacture of the bunding courts. you to overtake her. Fo my son drink

> erns and went How long he slept he knew not, but at last he awoke, or was it a dream, as he could see himself still lying on the couch of ferns. But some great change had came over him. He found he could leave his body that was so quiet. by lying there. Still, how could this be possible. Just then he bethought him of the spirit water Wawaga. So his soul was now separated from his body, and he was free to go where he chose. He looked around him and saw the old man seemingly at a great disance watching for other souls to pass the loage. He was now in the midet of a great cavero, the walls of which were resplendent with myriads of crystal that shimmered and sparkled in the bright light that came from the farther end of the cave. The floor was payed with snow white rock, and here and there springs of crystal water spouted out of the walls and ran in a little silver rivulet in the direction he was travelling. Presently he came to the end of the cave that opened on a beach of white sand, and the waves of the great lake of judgment were washing the strand. Here he caw many cances on the abore with their owners, waiting for a favorable opportunity to

Out on the tossing waves he could see many canoes battling with the rough waters, and sailing for a beautiful island that appeared to be resting on a bed of clouds at a great height, and the waters of the lake extended from the white sind beach onward and upwird till they lay of the strand of this "beautifut and far-of land of souls," the happy hunting grounds of the Attigandaeous. the Attiwandavous. At some distance, reclining on a bed of flowers contemplating the glorious sun, was the soul of her he loved so well. The sight lent him the fleetness of the deer, and he is soon at her side. Into his arms she flies, although they clasp but the sir, and embrace but in resemblance, yet it gave them more joy than it could have done when the spirit was not clogged with the grossness of mor-

After this they wandered hand in hand to a part of the beach where there were two white canoes with a paddle in each. They knew that each soul had to take a separate cance be cause in the passage of the lake of judgment souls were to be pledged separately, and their cances would either sink down to the regions of lost souls or they would be permitted to cross to the beautiful island in safety. They lauroched their canoes without fear, knowing the Great Spirit would be just in passing judgment upon them. Although their lives had not been entirely sinless, there was emough of good to more than counter-balance the bad. After fighting with the stormy seas till they nearly gave up in despair, as their frail vessels were many times on the point of sink-ing, they rode into calmer water, and

so passed the judgment test. After this they found the paddles were not needed, as their canoes glided along, propelled by some unseen-force. The sights of agony and sounds of horror they passed through in the rough water were most painful. There they saw a father in view of his family disappear under the angry waves with n gurgling sound of keenest agony. With outstretched arms, and upturned eyes he sank into the darkness of the land of lost souls. Sometimes a sister was watching a brother strug-gling in vain in the tempestuous waters and gradually sinking to be seen no more till the

STARS CEASE TO BE

At length they reached the cloudbathed strand of the beauti island. the middle a great mountain arose glory of light from the land of stars where dwells the Manito." The kindly light of his great love falls as sheltering mantle over all his chil-dren. The lovers wandered at will in this happy and, partiking of its Paddle fast your wh delights, which are beyond the power | Paddle fast and I v of tongue to tell. They lingered to | In the white came gether till they heard the voice of the Manito, talking to them in the voice of the winds.

Lewana, return to your country, Tell Nour brethren as much as they can understand of the joys and deights of the beautiful and happy island. Tell them that they can only partake of its delights whose good actions predominate over the bad. Say to flem the Great Spirit does not ex-pect perfection in any pest perfection in any of his chil-dren, but he does expect them to do all deep of Wawaga.

With that the young man drank a peacts each to be industrious and propects each to be industrious and pro-vide well for his family. He expects In our ghostly white cance to sleep immediately. him to be good tempor wam and kind to all to be fearless and not true and always let good deeds outweigh the bad. Tell this all to thy nation and I will reward thee dater.

> Leona then addressed her lover. see in the distant future a grea calamity that may befall my people. I wish you to speak to them from me and warn them of their danger, test they forget I send them this sign.
> When the maiden in the white canoe shall be seen sailing in the cloud land three separate times then shall they flee while there is yet time, for their enemies shall be as the leaves in num-ber and shall know no mercy. Let them take heed, as this is my last message of love to my people. O sweet spirit when next you seek a life on the beautiful island L will meet thee on the border land when hear thee calling thy Neona. Fare

Lewana waved a last farewell and then departed in the cance on the lake of cloud lands for the distant shore. He arrived at the white sand shore. Leaving his canoe he entered the cavern and soon arrived at the hut of the old man. Here his body lay as he had left it. While he was still looking at it he gradually lost consciousness and the old man, knowing he was back gently shook the young man and he awoke and arose seemingly bewildered with his surroundings. He thought he must have been dreaming but it was all so real it must have been a vision. all so real it must have been a vision. He remembered everything as clearly as if he had been awake. Just then he bethought himself of the promise he had made to the great spirit and to Neona. So he prepared himself for his journey and in time, after great suffering, he arrived at the vallage on the banks of the round water. He delivered both messages to his neonle and he ed both messages to his people and he immediately took to his couch with a fatal illness caused by exposure during his terrible journey. He be-came rapidly worse, and it was seen he could not last but a few hours at most and one beautiful evening, just as the moon was rising, he said the time had come when he must meet his Neona come when he must meet his Neona in her white canoe as she was coming even now. He asked us to carry him to the beach of the round water, so we gently lifted him in his couch and laid him down near the edge of the rippling water. He thanked us and hade us to retire to a distance as he wished to meet his Neona alone. The moon was just rising and the gentle

> PRICE'S TOBAC-CURE pranterd. \$1.00 a box.

ripples of the round water were shim mering in the silver light, the dark shadows of the pines were cast far out on the water and the call of the distant water-fowl broke the other-wise death-like stillness of the night. Presently a long-drawn wailing cry startled those who had just left the

dying man.

Neona-a-a! . Neona-a-a! Back
from the woods the echo

Neona-a-a! Neona-a-a!

We looked and saw afar off, sailing

on an undulating sea of silver clouds the misty outline of the maiden in the cloud land. Nearer and nearer she dame till at last the cance was bathed in the silver light reflected from the shimmering path of the moonlight on the water.

Maiden of the white cance Come from the cloud land, Come from the star land Come from the land of the Manito.

Neona-a-a! Neona-a-a!

Paddle fast your white canoe, Paddie fast and I will meet thee, Near the land of the Manito.

Neona-a-a! Neona-a-a! On the golden cloud-sea sailing, On the moonlight's silver way, Gliding onward, gliding ever The Manito will light the way.

Neona-a-a! Neona-a-a! At last upon the strand you meet r List, the south wind voices greet thee, Let us soon be on the way. Neona-a-a! Neona-a-a!

In our ghostly white canoe, n hid wire | Proge that nothing may us seve

and upward till at last they disappeared in the cloud land, then we sorpeared in the casad land, then we sorrowfully retired to our ledges. So my friend of the pale face thus ends the story of the fair Neona and her white canoe. Farewell."

A COMMON. CASE.

"What's the trouble, old man,

"Oh, I don't know. "Do you feel sick?"
"No, not exactly sick. I feel what where do you feel it !"

"All over: "Been that way long."
"Started about three months ago.

Been getting worse ever since."

"What are your symptoms?"

"Oh, I have headaches and poor/appetite, low spirits and half a dozen pleasant little things like that." "Sounds suspiciously like dyspepsia."

"Yes , I have indigestion too

Oh, well, there you are then. You know what you want for that sort of thing?
T've tried about a hundred reme

dies, it seems to me, already."
"You've never tried Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.' "No, I can't say that I even tried

"That explains it." "Explains what ?"

Why you never got cured. Why, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the only dead certainty of the lot."

"Come now, come."
"Well, you say yourself that you ried about everything else to no avaid.

'Pretty nearly." Well, so did my wife. "Dodd's Dyspepsia. Tablets cure

'Yes sir." 'And she tried other remedies, too"?

"We wasted more money than I like think of trying to ours her without

"What are Dodd's Dyspepsia Tab-lets, do you know? What's in 'em?" "Pepsir and diastase." 'Is that all ?"

"And sugar."

"Simple enough."
"They couldn't hurt a baby. But they are the most dangerous enemies dyspepsia ever had."
"I'll have to try em on this case of

"A trial is the best argument when comes to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets,"

He—If I stole fifty kisses from you what kind of larceny would it be? She—I should call it grand.