

Fine Old Gentleman Suffered 40 Years With His Kidneys

He even had Hemorrhages from the Kidneys, so you may know how bad he was. Yet today, at 67 years, Mr. Allen is able to do a good day's work or enjoy a long drive without the least pain. This is what Gin Pills did for him. They will do as much for you if you have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble.

Port Eglis, N.B. November 12th. "I feel it my duty, for the sake of those afflicted with similar troubles, to send you these few lines about Gin Pills. I am about 67 years old and have been troubled with Kidney Trouble since I was 25 years old. This was brought on by my getting over-heated and then sitting on cold steps in a draught.

At last, I had Hemorrhages of the Kidneys. I went to three doctors and tried most everything on the market but got no relief. I got very weak, had pain and lameness in the Back; often, I had to lie down during the day and it hurt me to be on a wagon. I began to think there was no help for me. The bleeding continued for 16 months until I just happened to try Gin Pills which has now put an end to the trouble.

Now I can look back over 15 months at my relief from suffering and anxious care. I can do all of my chores, drive all day, have no pain, although I am still taking 2 pills a week as they seem to make things easier."

JEREMIAH ALLEN
Gin Pills are sold by dealers everywhere at 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial treatment sent free on request. These pills can be had in the United States under the name "GINNO" Pills.
National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Only a Beggar; — BUT — A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER XII.
Mrs. Burton caught her shawl to her bosom and regarded them with a strange expression.

"—I wish you every happiness," she said. "Are you—coming in to lunch?"
"Are we?" he asked of Diana, who stood looking at her aunt entreatingly. "Yes? All right!"

"Mr. Starkey, my lord," announced a footman.
The earl was seated in the easiest of easy chairs on the terrace at Shortledge, the Times, just arrived, on his knee, one of Vane's cigarettes—his father would never buy them, so that he might have the pleasure of receiving them from Vane—between his clean-cut lips.

"Heaven be thanked! Ask him to come here, please."
Mr. Starkey, of the anxious countenance, came through the house to the terrace, and the earl held out his hand and smiled at him ruefully.

"I received your telegram in time to catch the early train, my lord," said Mr. Starkey.
"Thanks, thanks! Sorry to inconvenience you, my dear fellow! But—well, the fat's in the fire, and there's the devil to pay. Sit down. Have a cigarette? No, I forgot."

"What is wrong?" asked Mr. Starkey, in the tone of a man who is accustomed to things going wrong.
"Everything's going wrong," replied the earl, with a gesture of his

Clean Bath Tubs Quicker Better

"Old Dutch" quickly removes all scum and sediment from bath tub and wash bowl. Stains and tarnish on metal fixtures disappear with half the effort and in half the time.

Saves Your Energy

Starkey was smiling, grinning, from ear to ear.

"Miss Bourne—Miss Diana Bourne! My dear Lord Wrayborough! What luck! What—what extraordinary good fortune!"

The earl looked at him as if he feared the excellent Mr. Starkey had taken leave of his senses.

"Good fortune! A—mere nobody!"

"Nobody be hanged!" ejaculated Mr. Starkey. "I beg your pardon, my lord! But this Miss Bourne, Miss Diana Bourne, is a great heiress!"

It was the earl's turn to exclaim, but he only raised his dark brows.

"What? I beg your pardon?"

"She's a great heiress!" repeated Mr. Starkey. "Her father—he died a little while ago—sawed—left her nearly a million of money! I know her solicitor, Mr. Fielding."

The earl leaned back and fanned himself with the Times.

"But—but Vane evidently doesn't know this!" he said, at last.

Mr. Starkey, joy o'er-spreading his countenance, expressed his surprise.

"No," said the earl thoughtfully. "And for Heaven's sake, don't tell him. He's just the man to cut up rough over it. Vane's Quixotic, Starkey; that's the word! A million, did you say? Good Lord! No, no; not a word to Vane! Hush! here he comes with all the conquering hero thump upon him! A million! Oh, my seven senses! Not a word, Starkey! Take your cue from me! For Heaven's sake, pull a long face, my dear fellow!"

Dalesford came down the terrace with quick though long steps—his legs were long.

"Father—hello, Starkey, how are you?—Father, Diana, Miss Bourne has accepted me. Wish me luck!"

The earl, pulling the long face he had enjoined on Mr. Starkey, held out his thin, white hand.

"Really? Well, well! We wish you luck, eh? Starkey?"

CHAPTER XIII.
Garling, the man whom Desmond March had lassoed so ruthlessly, truded through the rosy dawn which made even London poetic, to his lodgings in Old Ham Street, off the Tottenham Court Road, and opening the door with his latch-key, he paused and looked round with a covert watchfulness, and mechanically, as if the trick were a confirmed habit; then he went softly up to his room, which was at the top of the house; and before he closed the door of the room he stood and listened again.

It was the ordinary lodging-house bedroom—plain and comfortable. Garling looked round, as he had looked round in the street and at the top of the stairs; then he locked the door and inserted a small wedge of wood in the crack at the bottom, so that it would be impossible to open the door from the outside unless it were broken in.

There was a large wooden, iron-bound trunk, much battered, at the foot of the bed; he unlocked this, and taking out an old leather wallet, extended a roll of banknotes, and, wetting his thumb, turned them over and counted them; put some of them in his pocket, and locking the box, seated himself on the top of it, his chin resting in his thick hand, his eyes peering under his thick brows into vacancy.

The chiming of a neighboring clock roused him from his reverie, and with a sigh he took off his coat and lay down on the bed; and, notwithstanding his trying interview with Desmond March, he fell asleep at once, or a man who has been accustomed to sleep just when he could snatch it.

It was ten o'clock before he awoke; then he sprang out of bed the moment his eyes were open, and stood in the centre of the floor, listening intently. A little later he left the house and made his way to a grimy little coffee-house round the corner, and ordered some breakfast.

He had taken his seat near the window, but behind a dingy red curtain, so that he could see the street without being seen; and while he ate his breakfast of indifferent ham and eggs, which, like the curate's, were only good in parts, he watched the street and the passers-by with that peculiar interest which is displayed by the man who has been absent from a large city for a long period.

CRITICAL TIME OF WOMAN'S LIFE

From 40 to 50 Years of Age. How It May Be Passed in Safety.

So. Wellington, B. C.—"For a year during the Change of Life I was all run down. I was really too weak to walk and was very despondent and thought I was going to die, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier my health was restored and strength returned. I am very thankful to you and praise your medicine."

I have advised several women who suffered as I did to try your remedies. You may publish this if you wish. — Mrs. DAVID R. MORRIS, South Wellington, Vancouver Island, B. C.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unequalled endorsement. We know of no other medicine which has such a record of success as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been the standard remedy for woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and we believe it is unequalled for women during the period of change of life.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Nothing escaped the keen eyes; and every now and then his thick lips

twisted with a faint smile of enjoyment as something characteristic of a London street passed under his notice: two errand-boys, playfully sparring on the other side of the road—a dispirited cat slinking home with a furtive air of guilt—the policeman stopping on his beat to exchange a few words with the housemaid cleaning the steps. These incidents, commonplace enough to the ordinary Londoner, seemed to afford Garling much entertainment.

Presently, a young girl came along the street—a slight, graceful figure, a pale and pretty face. She had a portfolio under her arm, and walked quickly, with a certain shyness and timidity which attracted Garling as much as, or more than, her face and figure had done. She disappeared, Garling watching her until the last moment from behind his curtain; and the sight of her seemed to awaken some memory, to evoke some reflection, which softened his rugged face.

Having finished his breakfast, he drew his hand, nature's serviette, across his lips, paid the modest charge, surprised and fluttered the diminutive waitress by giving her a shilling, then went out.

He paused outside to light a cigar, a very strong but a very good one, and, while he was doing so, the young girl he had noticed came round the corner. He saw that her face was still paler, that she looked anxious and disappointed, and that she held her head much lower than when he had first seen her.

While he was watching her with interest, a milk cart came dashing round the corner in the charmingly careless manner peculiar to those vehicles; the girl was crossing the road at the moment, and the cart was almost upon her, when Garling, shutting his teeth hard on his cigar, sprang forward, and, catching hold of her, swung her out of harm's way.

The girl uttered a frightened cry, looked up, and saw how she had been deftly rescued, and stood, white and trembling, with Garling's gorilla-like arm still round her. Garling, with an oath that scared the milk-boy on his devastating way, now led the girl across the road.

"Narrow squeak—that, miss," he said, with a rough kind of gentleness. "You ought not to walk about the London streets without knowing where you're going."

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"I know," she said apologetically; "it was my fault. I was thinking of—of many things, and I didn't see the cart. I have to thank you for saving me from what might have been a serious accident, a very serious accident to me."

She smiled up at him bravely, but wearily; she was still very white, and her delicate lips were quivering; indeed, her whole slight figure was trembling.

"I'm very glad I happened to be on the spot," said Garling, "and in time to pick you up out of the way of that fool of a cart. That boy will murder someone before he's much older! But you're upset, miss. You don't feel as if you were going to faint, do you?"

She asked anxiously. "How would it be if you came into this little place, and got a drink of water, and rested a little?" he added.

She glanced up at him timidly, apprehensively; but something in his rugged face, the kindly light in his eyes, gave her confidence, and reassured her. She felt weak and scarcely able to stand, and she said:

"Yes; I think I will go in and sit down for a minute or two; but don't let me trouble you any further. It's a coffee-house—"

"Oh, it's all right," he said; "but I don't like to let you go in alone. I should like to come in and see you through this."

He glanced at his watch. "I've got a quarter of an hour. Here, put your hand on my arm. And don't you be afraid. I've—"

—he paused a moment, and a curious expression flashed across his face—"I've got a daughter of my own."

She put her hand on his arm, and they went in; he called for a glass of water, and sat opposite her while she drank some; and he watched her with even a greater interest than he had displayed in watching the panorama of the street.

(To Be Continued.)

Girls! Thicken And Beautify Your Hair.

Bring back its gloss, lustre, charm and get rid of dandruff—Try the moist cloth.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderline.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderline now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance; freshness, softness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderline is, we believe, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderline and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.

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The water through two like structure walls with a 24-inch-ber below the ar and extending tance into Lake. Both are close to the sty of the at time of the shallow face drainage. The 24-inch-mentioned purpose nor house. In fact water appears the cast-iron concrete intake way into the upper screen openings in the water supply. Lake is a few area of a few the end of enters this are in the break the intake at unfortunate an winds which wave action up the bottom turbid. In winter the ice call locally as slow the intake and making it diffi the most her intake open. The opening through which is quite shallow depth with a depth than this will be unrestricted intake open. The opening through which is quite shallow depth with a depth than this will be unrestricted intake open.

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