

**Acute Dyspepsia**

**Restoration of Stomach Power Comes Quickly With the Right Medicine.**

"My food seemed to decompose in my stomach," writes Mr. Ralph Clemmons, of Newbridge, P.O. "I had a stomach that failed in some way to perform its work. Digestion seemed more or less arrested and I grew thin, yellow, nervous. The stomach became distended and impeded apparently the action of the heart, for often at night it would do great stunts. At times I would vomit a mucous mass, and at these times my head ached most terribly. A friend, who had been cured of a similar condition, advised me to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly, which I did. The result in my case was simply marvelous. Dr. Hamilton's Pills removed the cause, strengthened the stomach, excited the liver to normal action, the kidneys were released of excessive work. Health soon gloved within me. I can now eat, sleep, and live like a live man."

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**Cure Indigestion**  
**Dyspepsia**

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**Money-Raising Entertainment.**

A contemporary has just reprinted a series of objections to church entertainments which were first issued over twenty years ago. The objections are so forcible that it seems worth while calling renewed attention to them. Among the reasons for opposing the church entertainments as methods of raising money are the following:

1. Because there is no authority for it in the Bible.
2. Because it kills spirituality.
3. Because it cannot be prayed for in the public services without making religion ridiculous.
4. Because it never points anyone to the cross of Christ.
5. Because it robs the church of unity and harmony.
6. Because it leads people to think lightly of the blessedness of giving.
7. Because it weakens the influence, for spiritual good, of those who engage in it.
8. Because it kills the Revival spirit in every church that upholds it.
9. Because it leaves an army of young people into captivity of the world and its follies.
10. Because it prevents the truth, by teaching there is a better way to raise money than God's way—giving.
11. Because it offers to God that which has on it the image of the world.

Our churches cannot be too plainly shown that the only true principle that honors God and does His will is that of spiritual work through spiritual methods by spiritual men for spiritual objects.—Canadian Churchman.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

Economical housewives sometimes grind tea leaves, just as they do coffee. They claim that only half as much tea is needed.

Let us not wait until our blessings are gone before we begin to prize them.

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has no terrors for me—It's simply my delight.  
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**The Archaeologist**

**He Preferred Digging In the Ground to Money Making**

By F. A. MITCHEL

When Henry Robson lost his wife he was left with one son, Louis, fourteen years old. Robson was of a very practical mold regarding the production and accumulation of wealth, the chief end of man. Having made a fortune, this ambition was succeeded by a similar object. He would bring up his son to take his place at the head of the great manufacturing concern of which he was the principal owner and manager. He preferred that Louis should not go to college, entering instead into business at that age when young men enter upon a university career, but he did not insist upon this, arguing that while a boy learned at college was mostly worthless he lived there in a community which was a preparation for the larger world which he was later to enter.

But before Louis was prepared to enter college his father married again. His second wife was a widow with a daughter eleven years old or three years younger than her stepbrother. No sooner had the marriage taken place than the wife began to study how she could divert her husband's fortune from Louis to her daughter. She could only think of it, however, for her husband was bent on his fortune passing from his hands to those of his son. She worried her daughter with her schemes till the poor child was quite worn out with them. It was "Edith, why did you go to bed last night without kissing your father good night?" or "You naughty child, to speak so saucily to your father as you did to-day! You deserve that he should leave you nothing in his will."

The girl knew well that this reference to the will was the upshot of the whole matter, and since she was too young to think in a mercenary way of the future she did not enter into her mother's plans. But by not doing so, she unintentionally helped the matter, for her stepfather saw through her mother's plan from the first, and it was plain to him that Edith was disturbed by it. Moreover, he took naturally to the child, who was of a lovely disposition, and when Louis went away to school she, in a measure, dropped into his place with her father.

Then came that which tended to bring about Mrs. Robson's schemes. Louis developed tastes antagonistic to business. Instead of being interested in the mechanic arts he must needs become infatuated with those people who lived a couple of thousand years ago—the Greeks and Romans—whom most children wish had never lived at all. Louis' tastes ran also to languages, and in the Latin and the Greek he read about Roman conquests and Athenian intellectual triumphs. The boy had not been long in college when his knowledge of Greek and Latin literature was the talk of the students and the surprise of the professors.

All this was disappointing to Mr. Robson. He regarded the Greeks and Romans as absolutely dead and unproductive. The Roman forum was to him simply a show for Americans and only valuable for the liras taken in as gate money. But even this he considered wasted because it was being used for further excavations. He regretted that the barbarians who had demolished Rome had not made a wilderness of it so that its site might have been lost forever. Constantinople he thought might have become valuable on account of its location had not the Turks gone in and spoiled it for a center of trade. Had it not been for this the Bosphorus might have become as important as the Chicago river.

"But, papa," Edith would say, "just think—the ancients called the Bosphorus the Hellespont, and Leander swam it to visit Hero."

"Spoken like the dear little girl you are," was the reply to this. "You are at an age when girls are much better fitted to discern a romance than a site for a real estate speculation."

A crisis came in the family when Louis was graduated. An expedition was to be sent out by his alma mater to dig for the site of an ancient city, and he was invited to be a member of the party. His father, who had been waiting for four years to begin to prepare his son to take his place in his business, was furious. Edith placed him as best she could, bidding out the hope that Louis would tire of hunting for old bones, flint arrowheads, pottery and trinkets buried fifty feet underground, but Mr. Robson knew that such tastes instead of improving the investigator only tended to ruin him. "Such persons," he averred, "are born with their heels in the air instead of

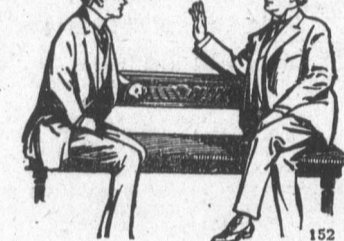
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There are other "old enemies" similar to the one mentioned in this testimonial. Kidney and Bladder Troubles are always enemies to good health. As soon as you start to take GIN PILLS these ailments begin to disappear. It is the same in cases of Lumbago, Sciatica and like complaints. This letter illustrates the benefit of GIN PILLS.

Winnipeg, Jan. 6th.  
"I have been a sufferer from Lumbago for some years past and during Christmas week had a very acute attack which confined me to the house. About the latter part of April, I met your Mr. Hill and mentioned my complaint to him. He advised me to take GIN PILLS. I have been taking them at intervals during the early part of the present winter, and up to date have had no return of my old trouble—in fact, I feel better than I have for years and think that my old enemy has vanished for good and all."

H. A. JUKES.



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their heads and branch out toward the center of the earth."

Louis insisted on going with the expedition, his expenses being paid from the college fund appropriated for the purpose. His father offered to give him an enormous salary if instead he would enter his factory and as soon as he had learned how to manage it he should have full control.

"Father," said Louis, "I always considered you a practical man." "So I am, but you are a dreamer." "At any rate, I have sense enough to know that the Robson company under my management would be buried deeper than Herculaneum."

"Very well; go on your hunt for old pots and kettles and don't come back here any more."

Edith tried to patch up a peace between the two, but failed. The father could not endure to see his fondest hope wrecked, and the son recognized instinctively his life work and proposed to follow it. There was but one person in the family who was pleased, and that was Mrs. Robson. In this disagreement she saw her daughter's benefit, and she was right. As soon as Louis had left America his father made a will leaving all his possessions to his stepdaughter.

While Louis Robson was away digging in the earth, as his father put it, "wearing out his eyesight translating inscriptions on bricks three or four thousand years old, reading cures for toothache, corn salves and solutions for the itch," his father fell ill and soon became convinced that he had not long to live. Calling Edith to him, he told her what she already knew—that she was his heir.

"I won't have it, papa," she said. "Your fortune belongs to Louis and not to me at all except such amount as you choose to leave me for a gift."

The old man was greatly pleased at this ingenuous and unselfish statement, especially since he knew of his wife's desire that he should cut off his son in favor of her daughter.

"Louis," continued Edith, "has shown more common sense than you, papa. He hasn't a business hair in his head, and you could never make one grow there. He'll make a reputation in the profession he has chosen that we shall all be proud of. See if he doesn't."

"A reputation for digging up dead persons who should be suffered to remain in their graves. However, I'll think over what you say, and maybe I'll make a will leaving the bulk of the estate to Louis, providing for you liberally at the same time. But if you really wish me to do so you'd better not mention it to your mother. One reason that influences me is that if I leave it all to you she will manage it for you, and if Louis should need any

Forty years in use, 20 years the standard, prescribed and recommended by physicians. For Woman's Ailments, Dr. Martell's Female Pills, at your druggist.

of it he won't get it—not from her."

After awhile Mr. Robson's condition was such that Edith wrote Louis that if he wished to see his father alive he had better come home. Louis returned the day of his father's death. In an interview between the two Robson admitted that he had been wrong in the matter of his son's career, and Louis expressed a regret that he had not at least tried to fulfill his father's desire.

The night after this interview and Mr. Robson's death Louis was suffering a remorseful feeling, natural under the circumstances, but not warranted by the facts. Not being able to sleep, he got out of bed and, throwing on a dressing gown, started to go downstairs to the dining room for some refreshment that he hoped would induce slumber. As he left his room he saw a flash of light at the other end of the hall. Thinking that burglars were in the house, he went cautiously toward it. By continuous flashes he was guided to a room his father had used for an office. Through the crack made by the door being partly open he saw his stepmother with an electric lamp hunting through papers in a tin box she had taken from a closet. She found one that she appropriated, but evidently was not satisfied. Hearing a slight sound that Louis made involuntarily, she gave up the search, and seeing that she was about to come out of the room, Louis retreated.

Believing that his stepmother's search had some connection with his father's disposition of his property, Louis thought a long while over the matter. In the room Mrs. Robson had visited was a desk. His father had long ago showed him a drawer opened by a secret spring and told him that he kept there any paper of importance he feared might be lost or stolen. Louis determined to open this drawer and see if it contained anything of moment. As he approached the room he perceived a light in it. Drawing near, he looked in and saw his stepmother, hunting through the tin box. Not finding what she wanted, she went to the desk, pressed a spring, opened a drawer and took out a document. She was about to come out when she started at seeing Louis.

"What does this mean, Edie?" he asked.

"What mean?" she said, her bosom heaving.

"An hour ago I was coming downstairs to get a biscuit and I saw your mother ransacking that box. She took from it a paper."

"One like this?"

"Yes. And now I see you taking another from my father's desk. Explain."

"The paper mother took from the box is a will your father made when you went abroad, disinheriting you and leaving all his property to me. A week before he died I begged him to leave the bulk of his property to you, merely yielding for my comfort. He consented to do so and made this will, telling me of the drawer in his desk and directing me to put it there. Fearing mamma would try to interfere in the matter of these wills, I came to take away the one she has. Then I concluded to take this one out of hiding and give it to you tomorrow morning."

Louis took the paper from her hands and, opening it, read:

"I, Henry Robson, being of sound mind, etc., do devise and bequeath all my property, real and personal, to my son, Louis Robson, on condition—"

Louis stopped reading for a few moments, then continued:

—that he marry his step sister, Edith, provided she consents.

When he looked from the paper again he saw in the girl's blushes that she would be no difficulty in complying with the provisions of the will.

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An old plasterer was called upon to give evidence for the plaintiff. Counsel for the defence tries to bully him. "Have you ever been in prison?" "Yes, twice." "Ah! how long the first time?" "One whole afternoon." "What! And the second time?" "Only one hour." "And pray what offence had you committed to deserve so small a punishment?" "I was sent to prison to whitewash a cell to accommodate a lawyer who had cheated one of his clients."

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are made according to a formula in use nearly a century ago among the Indians, and learned from them by Dr. Morse. Though repeated attempts have been made, by physicians and chemists, it has been found impossible to improve the formula or the pills. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are a household remedy throughout the world for Constipation and all Kidney and Liver troubles. They act promptly and effectively, and

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