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## LOVES AWAKENING.

Continued From Last Issue.

first letter of Miss Mary's that I put into Aunt Ida's hand swiftly melted that warm-hearted creature into tears. "Oh my dear," she said, "what must the heart be like whence come such thoughts of love and peace?"

If there was one room in the old home more endeared to me by precious association than another it was the library. Among the vast store of books that enriched its shelves were one or two volumes specially dear; for could I not remember, on the occasion of my first holiday at home, sitting on papa's knee in the mellow light that shimmered in from the oriel window, looking at the quaint illuminations round the pages; falling into little ripples of childish laughter at the droll figures of birds and beasts that were to be found among exquisitely-tinted foliage and gorgeous flowers such as never yet grew in any earthy garden; or awed into admiring silence by the still loveliness of some saintly figure, or the calm awful joy of the Mother of Christ?

Going listlessly enough one day just before my departure into the dear old room, I saw one of my favourites lying upon a side table, and near it a bag from whose gaping mouth protruded silks innumerable; in a word, Miss Dove's Dorcas-work. I took up the book, sat down on the piled velvet cushions in the window, and laying it on my knee opened it and read the following inscription:—"Lettie Dove; from dear Sir Charles Vansitart." Then came a date of some months back a little, just a little pang contracted my heart. Papa had often called these quaint old books "Miss Nell's property," and laughed to see me stagger with one of them across the slippery polished floor like a tiny overladen craft crossing a treacherous sea. Why then had he given the funny creatures in the trees, the calm-eyed saints, the sweet Madonnas to Miss Dove? It was only a little thing, but it brought the tears to my eyes.

Before I could clear my sight from that mist of piteous regret Miss Lettie came gliding in, decorously robbed in sable of the deepest dye. A dye of quite another shade rose in her plump cheeks as she glanced at the book on my knee.

"So papa gave you this Lettie?" I said sadly; a gleam of hope rising in my mind that when I told her how I valued the book she would offer to give it back to me.

"Yes," she said fumbling with her silks; "ever such a while ago, on my birthday."

"Why you told me your birthday was

### Troubled With Kidneys For Over Three Years. WAS CONFINED TO BED.

Mrs. George Gray, Hopewell Hill, N.E., writes:—"I had kidney trouble for over three years, and was so bad I was confined to my bed. First I contracted a bad cold and it went to my kidneys, and I suffered dreadfully. I got the doctor, but he did me very little good. I tried all kinds of kidney pills, but got very little help. One of my neighbors came in to see me and told me to get Doan's Kidney Pills and give them a good trial. I used five boxes and they have cured me so that I can sleep all night without being disturbed, and I feel better in every way. I cannot say too much in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills are just what their name implies; a pill for the kidneys and the kidneys only. When you ask for "Doan's" see that you get them put up in an oblong grey box with our trade mark "The Maple Leaf". Price 50c at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

in August," I said, opening my eyes wide, "and the date in this is December!"

I laid my finger upon the writing in the book as I spoke, and a faint, very faint smile became visible.

"Why look—one would think it was hardly dry."

I spoke in perfect good faith. I was never a good hand at double meanings. Such insinuations began Miss Dove, her face now literally in a blaze. But she stopped short, for at that moment Aunt Idumea came sailing in, with Frizzle conducting himself in an imbecile manner, and trying to walk on his two hind legs instead of behaving like the respectable quadruped nature had meant him to be, as was his custom when pleased and excited.

Gathering up her Dorcas-work Miss Dove prepared to leave the room, but lingered, casting uneasy glances round as if she had mislaid something.

She always retreated in disorder before Mrs. Berta Lumley. If you met her hurrying long a passage you were pretty sure to see Aunt Ida appear in the distant vista of the same. On this present occasion, as on all others, the little old lady, whose graceful dignity of carriage exceeded that of the tallest of women, simply and wholly ignored Miss Dove's presence, and looked up as the door closed upon her retreat as though she rather wondered who had passed out. In these days little Frizzle was about the only cheerful thing in Hazledene, and now he appeared to be possessed by the very spirit of frolic. He towelled Aunt Ida's dress, making believe she was hiding a living young rat in its folds; he made rushes at me when I tried to remonstrate with him; finally he dived under the couch by the writing-table, and came out again with an absurdly pompous demeanour and a violently agitated tail, carrying a crumpled-up ball of paper in his mouth.

"What has the rogue got?" said Aunt Ida, peering through her eyeglass.

I took the paper from Frizzle, thereby causing him to become at once the most crestfallen of dogs opened it saw with untold thankfulness that my companion's attention was claimed by something in the garden outside and stuffed the paper into my pocket.

It was the fly-leaf of the old missal; and on it in the dear bold handwriting that I loved was papa's own name above our family crest and motto.

This day was a busy one for Aunt Idumea and I were to leave for London on the following. Terence too and Frizzle were to go with us. "And a bad sort of a time I'll be after having with the doaty beast," quoth the old man with a sigh; "he's be for looking out o' window all the blessed way and barking like mad at every cratur he sees!"

There was plenty to do; hardest work of all to stifle the expression of the bitter sorrow seething in my heart. When night had closed in and I need fear no watchers I stole to the churchyard where the voice of the sea upon the beach below seemed ever keening a dirge over the quiet dead. I made my way to the railed vault of the Vansitarts. I stretched out my hands towards the place where my dead lay. O happy poor who have your dead laid in earth and covered only with the soft green sod as that you can lay your cheek upon the daisies that spangle it and gather the violet that starts up from the tiny headstones! How much better is the fate of the dead poor than that of those who encompassed by the poppy of woe are put away in

gruesome vaults apart from that mother earth into whose keeping the cast-off garment of humanity should in faith be given!

Could papa see me I wondered as I knelt there by that cruel rail? Could he see the passion of grief that shook me from head to foot as I murmured through pale lips "Good-bye good-bye you little girl is very very lonely without you; the world seems so large and desolate; there is such a terrible silence come into my life since you left me—Oh papa papa?"

Some one surely Terence came stealing over the graves to where I lay huddled on the damp ground. Yes; it was that faithful servitor.

"I missed ye Miss Ellen and thought it would be just here I'd be after finding ye. Ah now what would the master say if he could see ye lying there and the dew fallin' like rain?"

I rose to my feet steadied myself by the vault-rail for a moment and took my way home followed by poor Terence scarcely less grief-stricken than his mistress.

### CHAPTER XII. Royal

The house was very old and belonged to the Lumley family for many generations. There were old turrets about it here and there and the topmost panes of the tall windows from which you could see the trees of Kensington Gardens were half filled with stained glass as quaint both in style and subject as to form quite a study or an antiquarian. We had a Virginian creeper at Summerfield, and I was wont to think the crimson and gold of its autumn livery something really beautiful; but never had I dreamed of such Virginian creepers as tumbled in rich cascades of green from the balconies and casements of Aunt Idumea's London home. When first we came from the north they were but long straggling brown threads falling here and there and everywhere and bobbing against one if one opened a window; but as the spring came on I saw the brown threads put out tiny beads of distance—some faint fresh green, some rosy red; and then almost in a night as it seemed the beads burst into bunches of young leaves and a low acery of tenderest foliage shone out against the deep red brick of the old house. In those days of my new looking from my window across the gardens I saw the coming of marvellous changes; I saw the delicate perfection of early spring—

"No leaves as yet—only a faint green mist."

Between me and the trees spring's dainty web Woven with promises of joy to come.

This mist of green—that meant I knew a thousand thousand green-tipped buds—and the glad music of a thrust or two were the first signs of the new summer that was coming—my first summer away from the dear manor among the Cheslie hills—my first summer without papa.

Time heals all sorrows even against the will of the sufferer; and mine was no exception to the rule. Yet as my passionate grief sank into a calmer phase it was not lessened only changed. It was buried deeper down and flowers grew on the sod that covered it but it was there all the same; it is in my heart still even as I write this story; even as I am ready to confess with tears that are the outcome of a great and abiding joy that never has a woman's life been drifted into so sweet and fair a haven of content as mine.

That lonely death-bed—that groping hand—the faint grey light of dawn falling on the haggard dying face—the deep bay of poor old Roderick from the night outside—it is all there; and many well be found graven on my heart when it shall have ceased to beat!

The thread of my story has now shifted from Hazledene to the great heart of England; what then is there to say of my Land of Beulah?

Do you think it was forgotten in my changed life? Do you think the friends of my child-life were forgotten in the new ties and scenes among which my lot was now cast? Nay; no so.

When Aunt Ida said she could never again bring herself to part with me I went down to Summerfield for a week and might have been there still had not the old lady herself come to fetch me. She delighted in sudden appearances when she was least expected and took to my three dear ladies at once especially to Miss Mary. She also paid a visit to the vicarage to thank the vicar for his kindness to me in my trouble and his escort on that never-to-be-forgotten journey to Hazledene.

I must not omit to mention that at this time Miss "Dosa" was rendered almost helpless by her rheumatism; and that with this change in her physical condition a wondrous mental one had come about. Her fingers were still as hard and as knobby as ever but they had a way of clinging to a kindly hand; while the face that grew each day more worn and lined by pain had lost much of its hardness. So touched was I by this strange new gentleness in my old enemy that on the occasion of our first meeting after our

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return to Summerfield I ben doen and before I knew what I was doing kissed the pale cheek that I had last seen wet with tears of pity for my own grief.

Just when the trees in Kensington Gardens had put on their fulness of summer beauty and the thrushes that had sung so joyfully when the branches were yet bare had become staid fathers and mothers of broods learning to fly Miss Mary wrote and told me that the vicar's sister was dead. How glad I was then to look back upon that unpremeditated kiss of peace. I fancy the vicar must have been very lonely when Miss "Dosa" was gone. Is it not dear Charles Lamb who says that we miss even the "crossnesses of those who are taken from us? Well it is true; and I doubt not that my dear old friend missed even the little tyrannies of the sister who died with her hand in his and a hope upon her lips that he had forgiven her for being so contrary in past days. At all events strange and marvellous news shortly reached me from my Land of Beulah. Miss Jane the youngest of the three sisters was going to be married to Mr. Girdstone and the girls had had a whole holiday ad a picnic to the Falls to celebrate the betrothal. How I loved to think of their quiet happiness! I wanted to go and see them at once. But Aunt Ida said "N! no Miss Nell! I shall never get you back again!" She delighted in my three friends and I did she thought the vicar the most charming of men "though why he should wear his hat so much on the back of his head I'm sure I don't know," she would add. But she was very jealous of them all the same.

This reminds me to say that news of Lady Vansitart had not been wanting. We heard that the new owner of Hazledene came to claim his own; that he had seen all the views with the beautiful widow; that he at last agreed that she should rent the old house of him during her pleasure. Aunt Ida who hated the branch of the family connections to which this cousin belonged chuckled over this.

"She'll marry him my dear in the end; you'll see if she doesn't."

"And then I wonder will Lettie Dove still live there?" said I.

"But to this aunt e made no reply. I never had recognized the existence of that young person and was not going to begin to do so now.

But in her prophecy as to Eulalie marrying the owner of Hazledene Ida was wrong. That he wasager to do so on his second appearance in the county the autumn following all the county knew that he was refused the boon he craved and that he went away in a state of abject despair was also generally known.

As my dear father had left Eulalie wholly unshackled as to her future life and as all the country knew that this was so young Lady Vansitart always popular now became a universal idol. Her youth her beauty her faithfulness to the memory of a husband who had been 'almost old enough to be her father' made a sort of halo about her fair head in the eyes of her neighbors; and Miss Dove had the happiness and pleasure of murmuring pretty subdued assents to numbe less encomiums upon her cousin's many virtues. She also murmured other things about her cousin's step-daughter as I subsequently learned; stories doubtless intensely interesting to the hearers thereof but having the one drawback of being a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end. I make no doubt her plump white hands were often at work for the Dorcas-basket while her lips lied so glibly. Maybe she applied the oft-perverted text about charity 'covering a multitude of sins' to her own case and thought that the said basket condoned much slandering of her neighbors. I was according to Miss Lettie's version of things an unmanageable bad-tempered young woman imbued with the vile and petty spirit of that innate jealousy that scents a wrong in the simplest word and is for ever misconstruing the actions of others. I had tried to make my chief between my father and his young wife; finally there 'had been thing' at school of

which dear Lady Vansitart knew; which knowledge had prepared herein some measure for the trials that in her 'short sweet married life' came upon her through her husband's daughter.

It seems to me that I am forgetting to chronicle the proceedings of Terence. I chafed all this time to say nothing of Frizzle whose inexperience of London ways and London dangers cost Auntie and me many an anxious moment. You see poor old Roderick being gone the only living creature now left to me that papa had cared for was little Frizzle. I was able to look back upon wanderings on the shore d in the grounds when Roderick followed to him majestically ignored the fact that Frizzle was snapping at bits of his legs behind or jumping up to catch hold of his great soft ears. The big dog would stand and look up at papa while these pleasantries were going on with solemn reproachful eyes as much as to say 'Really master this foolish little creature is carrying things rather too far; my patience is almost exhausted!' and then when papa stooped to pat the great smooth head Frizzle would rush in between and violently set to worrying imaginary rats among the grass at his feet; anything to divert his master's attention from his gigantic comrade and to his diminutive self. I loved little Frizzle and when he went out walking together with auntie's pug who never ceased to snarl at his approach and indeed ultimately spent his last wheezy breath in a feeble ultimately silent—in charge of the faithful Terence—who were the cautions given to that worthy retriever as to the habits and customs of the London dog-stealer. Terence had been long since formally installed as butler in the quaint old house that suited the quaint old gentleman who inhabited it as perfectly as its shell suits a snail; but we lived a somewhat quiet and retired life and he had plenty of time on his hands to take the two dogs out airing. Unfortunately his distrust of the inhabitants of the metropolis was such that he felt more comfortable in his mind with one of the animals tucked under each arm than when they were disporting themselves in the grass barking at the ducks in the pond or sniffing at the dresses of strangers who however well dressed and immaculately respectable were always in the eyes of the watchful Terence possible dog-stealers.

Oh Aunt Ida I said as onevelo autumn afternoon she and I sat by one of the tall windows at our work "do look at Terence!"

The old man was coming in from what he called 'exercising the beasts' from under one arm appeared the bullet-head of the pug its pink tongue protruded and a malevolent expression in the eye nearest to Frizzle where the other arm balanced his enemy. Pug was evidently in a high state of excitement and wriggled his body effectually.

"Ah now—he quiet and pacable can't ye? we hear Terence say. 'Ye'll bring me gey hal's to the gave wi' the tricks o' ye making ever so free wi' the biggest rogue ever I see and him wi' a fine red herrin' tucked snug into each tail pocket I'll warrant."

Pug was in disgrace evidently.

And it further appeared that the 'biggest of rogues' had really serious designs upon the 'beasts'; for following in Terence's wake I saw a tall little figure swinging along and making for the garden gate.

Terence touched his hat to us at the open window and squeezed the two dogs so tightly that they both gave a yelp. Then he stood glowering at the stranger.

But Aunt Ida dropping her work and letting the bobbing roll helterskelter about the floor clapped her back mitted hands together and cried out as the stranger stood with uncovered head beneath the window "Why—it's Royal!"

In another moment the little woman had rushed into the hall opened the door and was pouring forth glad words of welcome.

"Now, how may "Royal" be? thought I to myself leaning my arm on the window-ledge and looking at the crimson flood of light that the sun was pouring on the trees in the distance till they looked as if they were on fire.

A young fellow with short curly brown locks and beard to match and a bright winsome face attired in a velvet coat and a low-crowned felt hat—that was what Royal was like to look at. Who he might be was a mystery. But Pug seemed to know all about it for I heard him blundering round the hall in an ecstasy of delight and barking little sharp short barks that were the best welcome he knew ow to give. Then I heard a clear ringing voice say "The e you are Pug; fatter than ever I declare!" and I was sure that that obese animal was being patted and growling and abasing himself at the new comer's feet in consequence. The babble of Aunt Ida's treble voice and the deeper tones of her companion died away as the library door was shut upon the two and I was left alone to watch the sunset. Somehow in the rosy mist that its brightness made before my eyes I saw the picture of a winsome face a curly head unweave d and a smile the sweetest I had ever seen since—was it really long ago or did it only mean so?—papa had waved his hand to me in farewell that was

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now my last dear memory of him.

"The Lord forgive me Miss Ellen for an old fool that's bin and called one of the mistress's friends and him a rale? gentleman, "the biggest rogue as ever was!" What will I do at all, at all, that's been and committed meself along of them beasts, and isn't fit to stand in a lady's presence, and old head up as one that's used to be along of the quality?"

This lament from Terence, delivered in a quavering voice and accompanied by much sighing and shaking of the head, broke in upon my reverie and made me turn my sun-dazzled eyes upon his distressed old face.

"I am sure, Terence, you needn't fret about the mistake you made," I began comfortingly when the delinquent suddenly sprang aside as if he had a spring in his body and Aunt Ida followed by the supposed dog-stealer came into the room.

"Nell this is my adopted son Royal Drew Roy this is my very dear niece, Nell Vansitart." Mr. Drew and I shook hands, and as I looked up a pair of blue eyes full of merriment met mine.

"Perhaps you object to making the acquaintance of the biggest of rogues, Miss Vansitart?" he said laughing outright.

"No I don't," I answered laughing too; "but poor Terence is breaking his heart over his blunder. You see he is quite a 'country cousin' still and has dog-stealer on the brain."

"I believe it is a highly lucrative profession said Royal gravely; but I must say I should hardly like to have to carry my old friend Pug very far."

Pug who stood wheezing at Mr. Drew's feet wagging his tightly curled tail as much as its nature would permit looked up on hearing his name and

**To be continued.**

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