

"BELA"

Big Jack went through the formalities of counting, though it was patent to all that the fighting was done. Afterward he turned to Sam and shook his hand.

"I didn't think you had it in you," he said.
This was sweet to Sam.
Joe raised himself, sniveling, and condescended to revile Sam.

"Ah, shut up!" cried big Jack, with strong disgust. "You're licked!"
Joe got to his feet. "Only by trickery!" he cried. "He wouldn't stand up to me! I could have knocked him out any time. Everybody was against me! It takes the heart out of a man." Tears threatened again.

General laughter greeted this. "That's all right!" cried Joe, furiously, from the door. "I'll get you yet!" He went out.
The others now began to crowd around Sam, congratulating him a little sheepishly, slapping his back. A great, sweet calm filled Sam. This was the moment he had dreamed of during his long days on the trail and his lonely nights at Grier's Point.

He had made good. He was a man among men. They acknowledged it. It was like a song inside him. The hideous wound that Bela had dealt him was healed.
He glanced over his shoulder at her. From her corner she was gazing at him as at a young hero. Calm filled her breast, too. Joe was gone, and her secret still safe. Surely after to-night, she thought, there would be no need of keeping it.

They heard Joe climb into his wagon outside and curse at the horses. Instead of turning into the road, he drove back to the door and pulled up. Bela turned pale again. Joe shouted through the doorway: "Anyhow, no woman keeps me!"
"Damn you! What do you mean?" cried Sam.

"You owe the clothes you wear to her, and the gun you carry! The horses you drive are hers!"
"You lie!" cried Sam, springing toward the door.

Joe whipped up his horses. "Ask her!" he shouted back.
Sam whirled about and, seizing the wrist of the shrieking Bela, dragged her out of her corner.

"Is it true?" he demanded—"the horses? Answer me before them all!"
She fought for breath enough to lie. He saw it. "If you lie to me again I'll kill you!" he cried. "Answer me! Is it your team that I drive?"

His violence overbore her defences. "Yes," she said, tremulously. "What difference does it make?"

The men looked on, full of shamed curiosity at this unexpected turn. One or two, more delicate-minded, went outside.

Sam's ghastly wound was torn wide open again. "What difference?" he cried, white and blazing. "Oh, my God, it means you've made a fool of me a second time! It means I've nerved myself and trained myself to fight this brute only to find he's able to give me the laugh after all!"
"Sam—you so poor then," she murmured.

It was like oil on the flames. He flung off her beseeching hand. "I didn't ask you help," he cried, passionately. "I told you to leave me alone! You can't understand a man has his pride. You're loathsome to me now!"

Mahoolley interfered with good intent. "Sam, you're foolish. What difference does it make. Nobody blames you!"
"Keep your mouth out of this!" cried Sam, whirling on him.

To Bela he went on blindly: "The team it at the point. I'll have it here in an hour. My credit at the store is yours! Your hear that, Mahoolley! Turn over what's coming to me to her. The gun, the axe, the blankets I'll keep. Ill pay you for them when I earn it. I'll make you a present of my labor, driving for you. And I hope to God I'll never see you again!" He ran out.

TO ALL WOMEN WHO ARE ILL

This Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Personal Experience.

McLean, Neb.—"I want to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who suffer from any functional disturbance, as it has done me more good than all the doctor's medicine. Since taking it I have a fine healthy baby girl and have gained in health and strength. My husband and I both praise your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. JOHN KOPELMANN, R. No. 1, McLean, Nebraska.

This famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has been restoring women of America to health for more than forty years and it will pay any woman who suffers from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues" to give this successful remedy a trial.
For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Bela stood in an oddly arrested attitude, as if an icy blast had congealed her in full motion. There was no sense in her eyes. In acute discomfort, the men stood on one foot, then the other.

Mahoolley, as the leader, felt that it was incumbent on him to make the first move.
"Look here, Bela," he began, "don't you take on—"
The sound of his voice brought her to life. She threw back her head with a laugh. It had a wretched, mirthless sound; but a laugh is a laugh. They were glad to be deceived. They laughed with her.
"Tak' on?" cried Bela, recklessly. Her voice had a tinnny ring. "Wat do I care? I glad be gone. I glad both gone. I never let them come here again. Maybe we have some peace now."

Naturally the other men were delighted.
"Good for you, Bela!" they cried. "You're a game sport, all right! You're right; they're not worth bothering about. We'll stand by you!"
She seemed unimpressed by their enthusiasm.

"Time to go," she said, shepherding them toward the door. "Come to-morrow. I have ver' good dinner to-morrow."
"You bet I'll be here!" "Count on me!" "Me, too!" "You're all right, Bela!" "Good night!" "Good night!" They fled out.
Only Musq'oosis was left sitting on the floor, staring into the fire. He did not turn round as Bela came back from the door.

"Why don't you go, too?" she demanded in a harsh, tremulous voice.
"Tink maybe you want talk to me?" "Talk!" she cried. "Tob moech talk! I sick of talkin'!" Her voice was breaking. "Go 'way! Let me be!" He got up. He had dropped his innocent affectations. "My girl—" he began simply.

"Go 'way!" cried Bela, desperately. "Go quick, or I hit you!"
He shrugged and went out. Bela slammed the door after him and dropped the bar in place. She barred the other door.
She looked despairingly around the disordered cabin, and moving uncertainly to the nearest box, dropped upon it, and spreading her arms on the table, let her head fall between them and wept like a white woman.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The next day, as far as the settlement was concerned, Sam Gladding had ceased to be. Bringing the team to Bela's as he had promised, he left it tied outside, and the night had swallowed him.
At first it was supposed he had started to walk out around the north shore, the way he had come; but Indians from below Grier's Point reported that no white man had passed that way. They found likewise that he had not gone toward Tepiskow. He could not have crossed the river, save by swimming, an impossible feat burdened with a rifle and an axe.
Those who came in front around the bay said he had not been seen ever there, though Joe Hagland had barricaded himself in his shack in the expectation of a visit.

It was finally decided that Sam must be hiding in the bush somewhere near, and that he would come in with his tall between his legs when he got hungry.

There was not much concern one way or the other. Most of the men indulged in the secret hope that Sam would stay away. He was a game kid they were now ready to confess, but altogether too touchy; there was no getting along comfortably with him. Had he not almost put the restorer out of business? It was as Bela said—if both the hotheads kept out of the way, they might have some peace and comfort there.

Sergeant Coulson had computations. He proposed getting up a search party for Sam. The idea was laughed down. Nice fools they'd make of themselves, opined Mahoolley, setting out to look for a man in good health and in the full possession of his faculties who hadn't committed any crime.
There was a good attendance at Bela's dinner, and a full house at night. To their undiminished eyes Bela seemed to be her old self. That is to say, she was not moping over what had happened. A wise man would have guessed that she was taking it much too quietly; he would have seen the danger signals in that unnaturally quick eye. Bela had dropped her usual air of reserve. To-night she seemed anxious to please. She smiled on each man in a way that made him hope. She laughed oftener and louder. It had a conscious, provocative ring that the wise man would have grieved to hear. Competition became keen for her smiles.

When they finished their supper there were loud calls for her to come in and sit among them. Bela shrugged and, picking up a box, stood looking over them. They fell suddenly silent, wondering which she would choose. She laughed mockingly and, turning carried her box in front of the fire.
From this point Mahoolley, in the midst of the general chaffing, unexpectedly received a narrow-eyed look over her shoulder that went to his head a little. He promptly arose and carried his box to her side. Mahoolley was the greatest man present, and none presumed to challenge him.
Bela bridled and smiled. "What for you come over here?" "What for you come over here?" she demanded, "not tell you to."

"Oh, I took a chance," said the trader coolly. At the same time his wicked, dancing little eyes informed her that he knew very well she had asked him over. The sanguine Mahoolley was no celibate, and he cared not who knew it.

"You think 'cause you the trader you do wat you like," said Bela, mockingly.
"Any man can do pretty near what he wants if he has the will."
"What is will?"
"Oh—determination."
"You got plenty termination, I suppose." This with a teasing smile. Mahoolley looked at her sharply. "Look here, what are you getting at?" he demanded.

"Noting."
"I'm no hand to handy words. I'm plain spoken. I go direct to a thing." Bela shrugged.
"You can't play with me, you know. Is there anything you want?"
"No," said Bela with a provoking smile.
As Mahoolley studied her, looking into the fire, a novel softness conformed him. His attentions were slipping from him, even while he bragged of it. "Darned if you're not the handsomest thing in this part of the world!" he said suddenly. It was surprised out of him. His first maxim was: "A man must never let anything on with these girls."
"Pooh! Wat you care about an' some?" jeered Bela. "Girls all the same to you."

This flicked Mahoolley on the raw. A deep flush crept into his face. "Ah, a man leads a man's life," he growled. "That ain't to say he don't appreciate something good if it comes his way." "They say you treat girls pretty bad," said Bela.
"I treat 'em as they deserve," replied Mahoolley sullenly. "If a girl don't get any of the good out of me, that's up to her."
It was the first time one of these girls had been able to put him out of countenance.
"Poor girls!" murmured Bela.
He looked at her sharply again. The idea that a native girl might laugh at him, the trader, was a disconcerting one. Sometime when the gang ain't around I'll show you I ain't all bad," he said ardently.

Bela shrugged.
Musq'oosis was in the shack again to-night. He sat on the floor in the corner beyond the fireplace. Neither Bela nor Mahoolley paid any attention to him, but he missed nothing of their talk.
By and by the group around the table moved to break up.
"I'll go with them and come back after," whispered Mahoolley to Bela. "You don't. I send you look for Sam. That make me mad. I wouldn't go to Sam if he was led to death by the road!"
"Nobody see me," said Musq'oosis soothingly.
"Everyting get known here," she returned. "The trees tell it."
"I know where he is," Musq'oosis murmured with an innocent air.
Bela made a clatter among the dishes.

After a while he said again: "I know where he is."
Bela, still affecting deafness, frowned into the kitchen.
She did not come back until the supper guests were arriving.
With a glance of defiance toward Musq'oosis, Bela welcomed Mahoolley with a sidelong smile. That, she wished the Indian to know, was her answer. The red-haired trader was delighted. To-night the choicest cuts found their way to his plate.
When she was not busy serving, Bela sat on a box at Mahoolley's left, and suffered his proprietary airs. Afterward they sat in front of the fire, whispering and laughing together, careless of what anybody might think of it.

This was not particularly entertaining to the rest of the crowd, and the party broke up early.
"Bela is changed," they said to each other.
At the door Stuffy said, as a matter of form: "Coming, Mahoolley?"
Mahoolley, glancing obliquely at the inscrutable Bela, decided on a bold play.

"Don't wait for me," he said. "I'll stop and talk to Bela for a while. Musq'oosis will play propriety," he added with a laugh.
Bela made no remark, and the shack emptied except for the three of them. Mary Otter had gone to call at the mission.
For a while Mahoolley passed the time in idly teasing Musq'oosis after his own style.
"Musq'oosis, they tell me you were quite a runner in your young days."
"So," said the old man good-humoredly.
"Yes, fellow said when the dinner-bell rang in camp, you beat the dog the table!"
Mahoolley supplied the eluquent to his own jest.

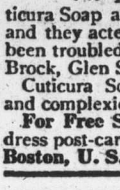
"Let him be," said Bela, sullenly.
"Don't mak' stop," observed Musq'oosis, smiling. "I lak hear what fenny thoughts come in his head."
Mahoolley glanced at him narrowly, suspecting a double meaning.
When the rumble of the last wagon died away in the distance, Mahoolley said carelessly: "Well, Musq'oosis, you know the old saying: 'Two is company, three is none.'"
Musq'oosis appeared not to have understood.
"In other words, your room is preferred to your company."
Musq'oosis did not budge from the position of the squatting idol. His face likewise was as bland and blank as an image's.
"Or, in plain English, get!" said Mahoolley.
"Go to your tepee," added Bela, shortly.

Musq'oosis sat fast.
Mahoolley jumped up in a rage. "This is a bit too thick! Get out before I throw you out!"
Musq'oosis, with the extraordinary impassivity of the red race, continued to stare before him. Mahoolley, with an oath, seized him by the collar and jerked him to his feet. This was too much for Bela. Her hard air broke up. Jumping to her feet, she commenced to belabor Mahoolley's back with her fists.
"Let him go! Let him go!" she commanded.
Mahoolley dropped the old man and turned around astonished. "What's the matter with you? You told him yourself to go."
"I don't care," said Bela. "Now I want him stay."
"What do you think I am?" cried Mahoolley. "I don't want no third party present when I call on a girl!"
She shrugged indifferently. "It

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On Face that Itched & Burned. The Soap and Ointment Acted Like Magic.

"My skin had always been clear until last January when a pimple appeared on my chin. It burned and itched and of course I foolishly scratched it. Then a scab formed that looked like a cold sore and my face became nearly covered."
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"Drivin'"
"Who tell you tak the horses?"
"Nobody."
"Those my horses!" she said, stormily.
Musq'oosis shrugged deprecatingly. "Horses go out. Get wicked in stable all tam."
"All right," said Bela. "I say when they go out."
"Wat's the matter?" asked Musq'oosis mildly. "Before wat is min is yours, and yours is mine."
"All right. Don't lookin' for Sam," Bela repeated stubbornly.

Musq'oosis sat down by the fire. Bela rattled the cups to justify herself. The old man stole a glance at her, wondering how he could say what he wished to say without bringing about another explosion.
"For why you mad at me?" he asked, finally.
"You mind your business!" Bela cried passionately. "Keep out of my business. I know where you been today. You been lookin' for Sam. Everybody tink I send you look for Sam. That make me mad. I wouldn't go to Sam if he was led to death by the road!"
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She shrugged indifferently. "It

wouldn't do you no good to put him out. I got no'ing for you. Not to-night."
Mahoolley seized her wrist. "My gad, if you think you're going to play fast and loose—"
Bela smiled scornfully, unafraid, provoking. "Wat you tink?" she said. "I not same lak those girls down by your place, hey come wan you whistle. I come when I ready, Maybe I never come."

There was a battle between their eyes. "You need a master!" cried Mahoolley.
Her eyes glowed with as strong a fire as his. "You can't get me easy as them," said Bela.
Mahoolley laughed and dropped her wrist. "Oh, you want a bit of wooing!" he cried. "All right. You're worth it."
Bela changed her tactics again. She smiled at him dazingly. "Go now. Come to-morrow."
(To be continued.)

A Nature Study.

"hat is that noise?" asked little James.
Out walking in the park;
"That noise you hear," his father said.
"Is but the dogwood's bark."
"And tell me why the dogwoods bark."
He urged, "with such to-do!"
"I think," his father said, "they hear the pussy-willows mew."
—Cleveland Leader.

THE STARTING POINT OF CONSUMPTION

Lies in Weak, Watery Blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make the Blood Rich, Red and Pure.

Weak, watery blood is the starting point of consumption. When your blood is in this condition your whole health declines. Your face becomes pale or sallow, your appetite fails, your heart jumps and flutters at the least exertion or excitement. You are always weak and wretched and you lose interest in both work and amusement. This is the point from which you may easily step into that hopeless decline that leads to consumption and the grave. What is needed to bring back health, strength and energy is the new, rich red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. In all the world of medicine there is no other tonic and blood builder like them, and all who feel weak, run-down or easily tired should lose no time in giving these pills a fair trial. They have transformed thousands of weak, hopeless men and women, boys and girls into strong, robust people. In proof of these statements may be given the experience of Mrs. T. Brannen, Charlton, Ont., who says: "Not only myself, but my friends think that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have filled a consumption's grave. My condition was most serious; my blood seemed literally to have turned to water; I was as pale as a sheet and became utterly unable to do any household or go about. I doctored steadily for a long time, but was growing weaker, and finally the doctor held out but little hope for my recovery. It was thought that a trip might help me and I was taken to New Ontario. Those who saw me while on my way did not think I would reach my journey's end alive. After I reached my destination a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as of course I was anxious to regain health I did so. The pills were the first medicine I had taken which seemed to help me at all, and it was not long until I felt they were doing me good. I continued their use gladly, and was able to move about the house. Next I was able to go out of doors and to help in the household, and from that time on my progress was rapid, and in the end I was enjoying better health than I had ever done before. There are many people who can testify to the above statements, and I feel that I would not be doing justice to your wonderful medicine if I did not make these facts known."
You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MYSTERY OF COLOR.

Rules Are Known, but Reasons Still Dark.

Why does a leaf which is green in the summer turn red or yellow in the autumn? Perhaps that looks like a foolish question, like asking why water runs down hill. But a book might be written in answer to either of these foolish-looking questions without reaching the bottom of the explanation in one case or the other. It is so interesting to thoughtful people.

The autumn leaves bring up the whole wonderful subject of color, which puts science to its triumps. Are you satisfied to say: "The leaf is green in summer because in autumn it is its autumn color. If you are satisfied with that, then you are not giving your mind its due amount of exercise. You will never be a Columbus, a Newton or an Edison."
What makes the leaf visible at all to you? Has a leaf light of its own? No. How, then, does it get light? It reflects the daylight that falls upon it. What is the color of daylight? White. How can the leaf, by reflecting white light, appear green, or red, or yellow? It does it by selecting a part of the light to be reflected and absorbing the rest.

Then white light is made up of colors that can be separated? Yes. And the leaf has a property or power of separating those colors, and of extinguishing some and turning others back from its surface? It has. And the colors turned back, or reflected, are still light. Yes, colored light, but no longer white light. What is it that enables the leaf to select colors

and to absorb some and reflect others?
The action of the leaf probably depends upon the arrangement of its molecules or atoms. When a leaf that has been green all summer turns red in the autumn, is there a rearrangement of its molecules which causes it to make a different selection among the colors of light? That seems very likely.
How many colors are there shut up in white light? An endless variety blending into one another.
The minute eyes of insects may be aware of exquisite colors utterly unguessed at by us, colors that are due to wave lengths which make no impression of any kind on our eyes, not even the ordinary impression of light. To such insects a dark room may be full of beautiful colors, provided only that rays beyond the limits of the visible spectrum enter it. Their eyes may be sensitive to color derived from the X-rays, whose waves are so short that in relation to ordinary light waves they have been likened to ripples compared with ocean billows.
But do the larger animals see the same colors that we see? Possibly no. The sensation of color is entirely due to the organ of vision, and the eyes of a cow, for instance, may be so different from ours, that to her the grass is not green, but of a hue unknown to any artist, and unnamed in any textbook.

And so on ad infinitum—but is it not interesting? As it is not vastly better than asking no questions at all, even though some of the answers are confessedly guesses?

STAGGERS IN HORSES

Caused by the Eating of Dried Bracken.

Experiments detailed in Bulletin No. 26, Scientific Series of Health of Animals Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, which can be had free on addressing the Publication Branch of the Department, indicate that the cause of staggers in horses is due to the ingestion of dried bracken over a certain period and under certain conditions. No toxic properties can be attributed to the hay, as an animal fed on hay out of which the fern has been picked remained absolutely normal. Of four animals that developed the disease, one showed symptoms on the 24th day and was dying on the 35th day, when it was put out of its misery. The second horse did not show marked symptoms until the 33rd day, and was dying on the 46th day, when it was killed. The length of time it took the second horse to develop symptoms as compared with the first, was no doubt due to the fact that for about twelve days properly dried bracken could not be procured, and also to the mistaken kindness of an attendant who gave the animal green clover. The third horse, which had served as control in the two preceding experiments, was fed on hay that carried 28 per cent. bracken, and that caused the death of the animal in 36 days. The fourth experiment was somewhat different to the others; this animal was fed 4.4 pounds of fern per day for three weeks, and was then reduced to 2.4 pounds per day for a further three weeks, with no apparent ill result. Upon increasing the daily feed of fern to 6.9 pounds, definite symptoms of the disease were noticed on the 29th day (after this increase) and the animal was killed on the 35th day. The seriousness of the disease is shown by the fact that, in a certain locality on the Pacific slope, of 24 horses attacked belonging to 11 farmers, no fewer than 16 died.

A GROUCH.
(Boston Transcript.)
Pessim—Life is not worth living.
Optim—You talk like an undertaker trying to drum up trade.

The Doctor Did Not Do Her Lasting Good

SO MRS. JOS. ROGER USED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Popular New Brunswick Teacher Tells What Splendid Results She Got From Dodd's Kidney Pills.
Eim Tree, Gloucester Co., N. B., Feb. 11.—(Special.)—"When the doctor I consulted failed to do me any lasting good, I decided that my kidneys were the root of my troubles, and made up my mind to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.
"You may judge of the results when I tell you that I have not lost a day's work as teacher during the past year."
That is the statement of Mrs. Jos. Roger, the well-known and popular teacher here. Just how ill she was before using Dodd's Kidney Pills is best told in her own words.
"My trouble came from a strain," she says, "and I suffered for thirteen months.
"Backache, heart fluttering, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, and falling memory were among my symptoms.
"I took 12 boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills in all, and I can say for them 'that they have done me all that was claimed for them.'
"If you have any of the symptoms that troubled Mrs. Roger, ask your neighbors if Dodd's Pills are not the remedy you are looking for.



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