

HAS USED DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry For The Last Fifteen Years

Mrs. Duncan McRae, 62, 6th St. North, Brandon, Man., writes:—"It is much pleasure for me to say that I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my home, every Summer, for the last fifteen years.

"I have six children and have used it on every one of them.

"I use it myself and so does my husband. Last summer my baby, seven months old, was taken very sick with Summer Complaint, and we thought he would die. We got a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and started giving it to him in small doses and in three days he got quite well, so we kept on with the medicine for about a week or more and he became as well as ever.

"My little girl, two years old, was taken very bad with the same trouble, and I used two doses of the same medicine and she was completely cured.

"Myself and my husband think there is no other medicine so good for all bowel complaints.

"If anyone wishes to know what an excellent remedy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is, I am willing to tell them what it has done for me."

ASK FOR "DR. FOWLER'S" AND INSIST ON GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

George Schaper, the druggist, was summoned to serve on the petit jury. When the judge asked if any jurors had good excuse for not serving, Mr. Schaper arose and claimed to be exempt because he is a "pharmacist." He was excused, when another juror arose and asked to be excused, also.

"What is your excuse?" asked the judge.

"I have about the same excuse," he said. "I am a farm assistant."

Subsequently he was one of those arbitrarily challenged. Neither side wanted a man with a wit like that on the jury.

DID NOT HAVE TO CALL THE DOCTOR

Because She Tried Dodd's Kidney Pills First

One Box of Them Cured Mrs. Mary A. Cook's Rheumatism From Which She Had Suffered for Fourteen Years.

Mannheim, Ont., Oct. 30.—(Special).—How quickly and easily Rheumatism can be cured when you use the right means, is shown in the case of Mrs. Mary A. Cook, well known and highly respected here. In an interview regarding her cure, of which all the village knows, Mrs. Cook says:

"I had Rheumatism so bad that sometimes I would sit up nearly all night.

"I first thought I would try the doctors, but luckily I decided to first try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"They cured me, and I didn't have to try the doctors. And just to think that after fourteen years of suffering, one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills should cure! I will recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who suffers from Rheumatism."

Yes, it is easy to cure Rheumatism when you go the right way about it. Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are working right they will strain all the uric acid out of the blood, and there can be no Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make the Kidneys work right.

village street into the country road—"I say, Helena, it's queer that I don't come myself. I don't know what things are going between you two, but I do know this" giving the horse a touch of the whip—"there isn't a finer fellow in ten townships than Fred Marsh."

"I know," said Helena, simply.—In such outspoken fashion did these young folk of the back country talk to one another, as though they had been brothers and sisters all.

The rain was beginning to fall as the buggy turned at the gate, but Helena could see mother standing at the door, puzzled to know who should be coming at this time of night, "with a trunk tied on the back of the buggy, too."

Then old Gip came careering out, and presently a glad "Why, it's Helena!" from mother, brought father Wayne hurrying out from the woodshed.

"Goin' to stay home now, Helena?" he said, gruffly, but Helena caught sight of the tear he was furtively trying to brush away, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Yes, daddy, and for good," she said, hugging him harder and harder.

"I asked Fred to dinner to-night," said Mrs. Wayne, as the three sat down to the well-filled table a little later, "he was always here Thanksgiving night, you know, but he said he couldn't come. I guess he didn't know you'd be here, Helena," and Helena said nothing.

Yes, Fred had always been there Thanksgiving night. How lonely it was without him. And what a gap there seemed to be, even in the dear old home, when the three went into the sitting-room for the evening.

"By the way, father," she said suddenly, "Tom Edwards got a letter for you at the post office. I declare, I 'done forgot' all about it. It looks like Uncle Gregory's writing"—as she drew it from her hand-bag.

Mr. Wayne read the letter through slowly—and yet once again. What could it be?—Then he coughed and read it once more.

"What's the matter, father?" asked Mrs. Wayne, "What has Uncle Gregory to say?"

"Why," replied her husband, "It's about Helena. Read it out, Helena."

Wonderingly the girl took the letter, a mere note written in her uncle's curt business-like way. Honore was marrying well, it said; anyway he was going to set her up with a little fortune of her own on her wedding-day. He and his wife had thought that they might do something for Helena; they were quite taken with the girl. If she would let them send her abroad for two or three years to go on with her music, they would consider it a favor. They would miss not having someone to do for especially.

Slowly she laid the letter on the table. Slowly she looked from one face to the other of the two old folk sitting there, tremblingly, yet silently, waiting for her to speak. Then a great throb of exultation took possession of her, so that she could not, for a little, find her voice. Instead, she flew upstairs to her own room, and sat down by her little writing-table on which stood a photo of Fred Marsh. Catching it up, she pressed her face to it, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. "Oh, Fred, Fred," she said, "I am so glad; I don't want the old music! I just want you, you, you! Now I am not afraid! I know!"

Then she remembered the two patient old-folk, downstairs, and scrubbed the tears from her radiant face.

"I do not want to go to Europe, nor away from here, ever again," she announced presently in the little sitting-room, and her mother said in her calm way, "You have made us very glad, daughter."

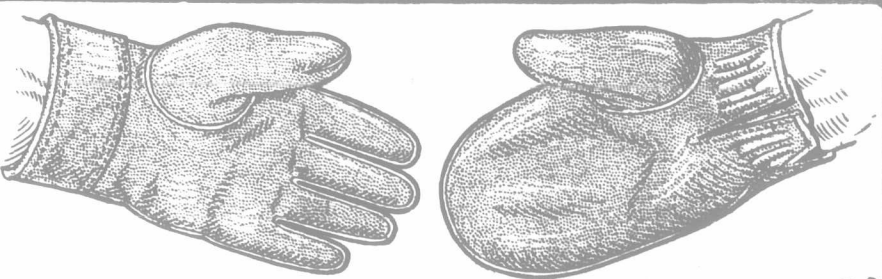
As for Mr. Wayne, he just poked the fire savagely and left the room.

After a little, Helena, smiling mischievously as she gazed into the glowing coals, said, "So Fred wouldn't come to dinner, mother? Say I call him up by 'phone, and see if he will come for the evening."

"But, child, the rain is pouring down."

"Well, what if I try him anyway?"—and away she skipped to the telephone, for according to the homely etiquette of this quiet place there was nothing wrong in that.

And Fred came.



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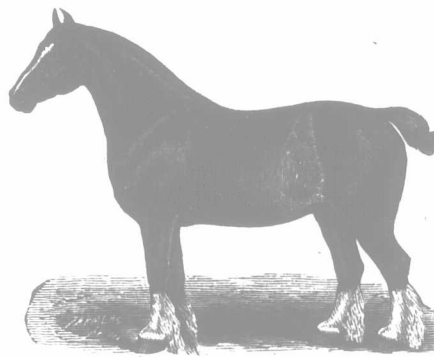
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