

To guard against alum in Baking Powder see that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum" without the ingredients is not sufficient. Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Full weight one pound cans 25c.

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Winsome Winnie

"I wonder if Miss Winnie intends being kinder to her old friend, Mr. Passoe, now, than she used before she went away," Madam said, apparently tudying the braiding of her dress. "It is time for Miss Winnie to think of geting kinder to her old friend, Mr. Pascoe, now, than she used before she went away," Madam said, apparently studying the braiding of her dress. "It is time for Miss Winnie to think of getting settled. She is eight-and-twenty, I

"Eight-and-twenty, Madam!" returned Mise Trewhella, in a very high-pitched tone. "Nigher four-and-thirty- Mr. Pascoe, her own step-mother's cousin told me nine years ago that he believed his cousin Winnie, as he calls her, was near

three-and-twenty,"
"Oh, nonsense," said Madam, with a satirical smile. The worthy Miss Trewhella's strenuous efforts at the arithme-tic of addition as applied to other women's ages, and the arithmetic of subtraction as applied to her own, were well

"Well, whatever age she is, Madam—whether she's what I say, or seven or eight-and-twenty as you say," Miss Trewhella continued, shaking her head very much and tightening her lips in a surprising manner—"she's no notion of Mr. Pascoe, Madam. Oh, de-ar, no- They get very high positions in America. get very high notions in America, Ma-dam. One's as good as another over there, I hear. There's no one too good, or to fine, or too grand, for a young lady to think of setting her cap at over there! Mr. Pascoe, the purser-her own step-mother's cousin-ain't half good enough for Miss Winnie, since she's been and got the high, presuming Yankee notions! She wasn't across the door-step last night when I noticed it, Madstep last night when I noticed it, Mad-am—reely. Now isn't that surprising? Quite the air of being somebody, you know, Madam, and so dressed up! Sur-prising. Medant' she had nothing less than splendid gros grain on her dress, Madam; and her crape was nine shill-ings a yard if it was a penny! Reely you'd think, to, see her with Lady Mountrevor, that she was an old ac-quaintance of her ladyship's, and a ti-tled lady, too—reely surprising! And

tled lady, too—reely surprising! And she all night in her ladyship's room, too! They're the greatest friends." "Trewhella, please don't talk so nuch—you make my head ache," her

"Oh, I beg pardon, Madam—I was only trying to amuse you, seeing as you weren't able to work," Miss Trewhella explained, in her most touchingly hum and reproachful voice. "Of course

MARCH WEATHER RHEUMAIIC WEATHER

Victims Can Cure Themselves With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

With the coming of March people who are afflicted with rheumatism begin to have unpleasant reminders of their trouble. The weather is changeable—balmy and springlike one day, raw, cold and piercing the next. It is such sudden changes of weather that sets the pangs and tortures of rheumatism, humbago and sciation going. But it must be borne in mind that although weather condimind that although weather condi-tions start the pains, the trouble is deeply rooted in the blood, and can only be cured through the blood. All the lotions and liminents in the world can's cure rheumatism. Rubbing may seem to ease the pain while you are rubbing, but there its value ends. Only through the blood can you cure rheumatism. That's why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have so many thousands of cures of this trouble to their credit. The new rich blood which they actually make thousands of cures of this drives out the poisonous acid rheumatism is vanquished: and many sufferers from rheumatism who been cured by this medicine is Kelly, South Dummer Miss Kelly savs: "Some time I had a very bad attack of rheu-tism. Ot times I would be confined to bed for a couple of days and would seem almost paralyzed with the intense pain in my back and legs. At such times I could not walk my joints were stiff and swoltook their medicine, but did not get more than temporary relief. At this more than temporary relief. At this time a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got a supply. After taking a few boxes I tound they were greatly helping me, and I continued their use unto the trouble completely disappeared. I can strongly recommend this medicine to others who suffer as I did vorme. Will Traden blace which brave to the place which brave to the suffer as I did vorme. Will Traden blace which brave the place which brave to the suffer as I did vorme. Will Traden blace which brave the suffer as I did vorme.

If you suffer from rheumatism, or waist, and going over Tregardien Head, to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 deep precipitous overhanging elift, to cents a box. or six boxes for \$2.50, tempt the rescue of the survivors of from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Catarrhozone Inhaler in your pocket or ourse enables you to stop a cold with the first eneze. Large size costs \$1.00 and supplies treatment for two months; small size, 50c; trial size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or The Chittoor.

Those who stood beside her to see

Madam, this terrible dreary day, and your nerves so bad."

The worthy creature's voice subsided into an injured whine, and with a mel-ancholy sigh she glided out of her

mistress' presence The white jewelled hands trembled amongst the Berlin wools, and tangled them together; and the stormy flush which those who offended her knew so well colored all Madam Vivian's pale

ivory-like complexion. "Are they all in league against me?"
ne whispered, passionately clenching her fingers—"my nephew Stephen, that haughty, obstinate woman, Mildred Mountrevor, and Winnie Caerlyon? Am I to be as nothing, if a man's folly, reckless, self-willed woman's whim, and a presuming young person's intentions are set on achieving a thing? How dare are set on achieving a thing? How dare she! How, dare Mildred Mountrevor make light of my wishes and my authority in my own house! How dare Winnie Carriyon dream, of it! There is yet time," said Madam, growing fever ish with anger, and beginning to pace the room; 'I shall put an end to this matter, one way or another. Winifred Caerlyon shall know what she is daring if she ventures to interfere with my plans for the future of Stephen Tredennick.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Winnie, you hall not attempt it! Winnie, my dear, you are mad to think of it! Winnie, my child, would you have your father stand by to se you murdered? My poor little girl, the

first blow of those waves would knock your life out in an instant!" But all she said was—"Let me go, I am not afraid—not afraid, if I must die, so long as I can save all those be low! Father, father, their lives are in our hands! Don't forbid me. Lady Mil dred, speak to him!" bless 'e, Miss Winnie, don't '

Lieutenant."

"No!" Winnie said, putting him back. "You can hold the rope. You are a heavy man-there might be more danger for you; and you have a wife and

own freely."

"Winnie, my child," he cried, with tears, "don't talk so! I can't say 'No' —I can't say 'Yes.—I can't stand by to see you killed! My girl, you'd never accomplish such a terrible feat—you needn't think of it."

"Let me try." She kissed his face and murmured a few words in his ear. "All I have is for you and mamma and the children father: you will find na-

the children, father; you will find pa-pers in my desk;" and the grave, re-served, unemotional father shook with sobs, and turned away to hide from the sight of his gentle daughter's going to her doom.

"Winnie dear-Winnie love!" Lady Mildred cried, choking with agitation "Winnie, if anything happens to you, I shall feel myself a murderess for the rest of my life! My brave girl, Heaven keep you! I'll pray for you here dear."

Never again in Tolgooth, or Tregarthen, or in the whole country-side, did any one fear or regard Mildred, Lady Mountrevor, as a cold-hearted, haughty, unapproachable woman after that deradful day on Thegarther Read. "She was like one of ourselves," they said, referring to her womanly excitement, fear, grief, and as fection. Those whom she had fierce solded forgave her when she entreate them as those on whose aid she depended—those whom she imperiously order ed abaut obeyed her, and would have done so without even the promises she lvished of reward. The women pitied her, and shed tears for her distracted grief and excitement at her belove cousin's possibly untimely end; the liked her and admired her for her pas

sionate, remorseful tenderness to peo-little Winnie Caerlyon. "Poor little Miss Winnie"-the Lieutenant's daughter- who, they said. trouble completely disappeared. I can strongly recommend this medicine to others who suffer as I did from the pangs and tortures of rheumatism."

uncovered head, with its wealth of beautiful brown hair, her meek white face, was taking the place which brave young Will Treglyn had been forced to abundon—was fastening the abandon—was fastening the rope around her poor little fragile girish waist, and going over Tregarthen Head.

her make the terrible essay said after-wards that they could not have told how it was they permitted her to go. Blank amazement had stupified unbelief, enthusiastic admiration of her courage had semi-paralyzed their facul ties, until she stood ready for the des

cent, looking up to heaven in prayer on the very verge of Tregarthen Head.

Her father flung himself on his face with a groan of horror, and a deadly shiver went through the frames of the rough men standing by. Lady Mildred crept forward, her limbs seeming to totter beneath her.

"This once before you go—brave soul, dear girl!" she said, weeping. "Listen, Winnie—I must tell you—I should like you to know—now," she gasped, looking wildly at Winnie, as at one who ing wildly at Winnie, as at one who stood half within the dread portals of eternity. "You asked me something this morning about Stephen? Winnie—do you not know? He loved you, dear, long ago! I believe, if he is yet alive, that he loves you still! He always loved you, Winnie!"

The answering spile on the face of

The answering smile on the face of the girl to whom she spoke was as the pathetic smile of the calm, passionless dead. And then Winuie Caerlyon, hidden from mortal sight, went down alon to wrestle with an awful fate.

CHAPTER XXVIII. With the thundering voices of the waters in her ears, wailing despair, shricking vengeance, roaring threats of destruction, all around her the mingling destruction, all around her the mingling of the clouds of sky and sea—cold, lead-en-hued, misty clouds above, cold, white spray-clouds below; with clenched hands, contracted limbs, distended, watching eyes; feeling the awful swaying hither and thither of the ope, and the occasional striking or projections of rock—as one in a stupor dimly feeels the roughest arousing movements the roughest arousing movements — Winnie Caerlyon went down, down, swiftly down, until the terrible jagged, black rocks beenath showed like demon forms crouching darkly underneath the concealment of white surf, preparing-oh, so easily and speedily!—to rend and tear asunder the body of their frailyoung victim—to beat out and deface of their frail in lideous disfigurement every trace of womanly fairness in that slender form waying hither and thither amidst wind and spray, like a frait reed; down, down, swinging in mid-air here where the shelving cliff overhangs, gliding swiftly with outstretched, numbed, bleeding hands by a smooth perpendicu-lar face there, guiding the rope with a dull concentration of all her faculties on each jutting spur and crag, lest they etrike her into insensibility or kill he in a monemt; down, down, and the through and through; down further, and her head; down still, nearer those cruel black rocke-they are waiting for her-she cannot avoid them!-down, til'. the swaying rope brings her to the great scrarated edges, the horrible checaux de frise of splintered grante. The waves stun her—blind her—beat her; the gerat waves fling their crests over torture and suffocate amidst the rending iron arms, the black whirlpools of the Black Reef; but one fierce rock Ti-

its tight coils, whilst she cried aloud in thankfulness to Heaven.

Her senses have returned now-clear-"Lor' bless 'e, Miss Winnie, don't 'e ly, vividly. She can remember, and think 'o doin' such like," a stout fisherman interposed. "I'll try! Let me ed brain, her bounding pulses, her retry Lieutenent." joicing soul, would carry her through worse dangers than the past ones ten times over. She can recall the posi-tion of the rocks, and the scraps of sandy, weed grown banks left bare by sandy, weed grown banks lett bare by children depending on you also. I will be tide, as she remembered them eight go. Father, you will not refuse to let me risk my life for the lives of others, will you? You would risk your own freely."

"Winnie my child" he axied with

tan holds her fast, and, with the white,

bare arms, all bruised and torn, clinging to his rough berast, Winnic sits secure

in the cradling hollow of a great black

boulder, while the hissing waves can only writhe around her feet and be-

beaten

spatter

ber

and

dripping hair, wash-eaten half out of

Old Folks' Coughs **Permanently Cured**

The Public is Loud in its Praise of the Modern Direct Breathing Cure.

Elderly people take cold easily. Un ike young folks, they recover slowly. In fever. That is why so many people past middle life die of pneumonia. Even though pneumonia does not develop and kill, coughs certainly weaken all elderly

Cough syrups seldom do much gobecause they upset digestion. Any druggist or doctor knows that a nuch more effective treatment is "CATARRH-OZONE," which heals and soothes the

irritated surfaces of the throat.

In using Catarrhozone you do not take medicine into the stomach—you simply breathe into the throat, nose and lungs rich piney balsamic vapor, so full of healing power that colds, catarrh and bronchitis disappear almost instant-

'At sixty-eight years of age I can At sixty-eight years of age I can testify that I am never troubled with coughs or colds," writes J. E. Pilgrim, of Kingston. "They used to be the bane of my life, and that was before I used Catarrhozone, which was recommended to me by C. E. Prouse, druggist. To use Catarrhozone is just like being in an immense pine woods. The balsamic vapor of Catarrhozone is like a tonic, it is so stimulating to the breathing or gans, so soothing to sore spots, so full of power to drive out colds and conges-I will always use and recommend And Stephen Tredennick's hand along rrhozone as a preventive and cure oughs, colds, bronchitis, throat irridraught to the man's pinched blue lips. Catarrhozone as a preventive and cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, throat irri-

When Appetite Fails and Digestion is Bad

There is Danger Ahead for the Man That Neglects Nature's Warning.

Dyspepsia Tendencies are Serious an Should be Treated Accordingly.



a strong moral in the state ment of James Schrum, of Pleasant street, Dartmouth, N. S. Like thousands of people, he was failing in health because his stomach and digestive organs were out of repair. His vitality was alipping away; he was losing ground ev-

"I could not have held on much longer. I was wasting away simply because no remedy I used gave tone and strength to my stomach. The vital forces of my system seemed dead. I was advised to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. What hidden weakness they searched out I don't know, but in a miraculous way they have made a new man of me. My stomach trou-bles are cured, rich blood now runs through my veins-clear skin and unmistakable evidences of health and vigor I feel every day. Dr. Hamil-ton's Pills have certainly mastered the secret of curing the sichly enervat ed man and I strongly urge everyone in failing health or lost health to use this grand remedy."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and

Butternut are purely vegetable-25c. per box, five for \$1.00, all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and King-

ward her search? She cannot should or signal them; she can do nothing but patiently grope, and feel, and stumble, and climb inch by inch over her painful way, holding by rocks, clinging to sea weed, reaching over deep pools, stooping and holding her breath under each tor-rent of foaming water from each crash of the breakers. A little way further she proceeds, the thick white froth cov-ering her black drenched clothes, her long, dripping, clinging tresses like snow figure-looking and then the little scarcely human, save for the great dark longing, passionate eyes looking out of the white face, and the black shining hair streaming from the waves—clings to the oily, swaying sea weeds and tries

to clamber up. But her swollen, bleeding hands will not hold the slippery fringes tightlythey break away again and again from her hands; the cold is benumbing her, the waves are deafening and blinding her; and at length, with a piercing scream of agonized impatience, pain and despair, she falls prostrate on the rocks below, gazing up at the hidden recesses beyond her sight and reach. She gazes peyond her sight and reach. She gazes up, pondering in her dizzy bewilderment, cold, and weakness, whether she must die there, after all—gazes up, and sees, lookind down upon her, over the ledges of rock and sea weed, Stephen Tredennick's face.

He sees her dishelieving what homeos he stares, pushing back his wet hair from his haggard face with a tremor of fear that the delirium of cold, hunger and exhaustion is stealing over his senses. He sees her rise to her feet, projecting gable of rock above the high water mark. She must climb up there by the fringing growth of sea weed—up the fringing growth of sea weed the fringing growth of sea voice. And then other faces look down upon her, and the dark, cavernous rocks of Tregarthen Head re-echo with wild shouts-hoarse, gasping hurrahs and frantic screams of gladness, relief, hope

They fling themselves down, scramble down, tumble down in any manner—eight gaunt, wounded, pallid, half-naked men, with their captain, Stephen Tredennick—and they almost overwhelm, in their wild gratitude, delight, and admiration, the poor, little, trembling womanly form that the see hear well-wise. manly form that the sea has well-nigh overwhelmed already.
"A woman! A woman! Come with

a rope! Oh, may the Lord bless her a rope! On, may the Lord bless her brave heart! A little lass come with the rope to save us, captain! How did you get to us? Give us a touch o' your hand! Cut and bleeding! Cut sore and deep, your bonny little hands! Lord bless you! Who are you? Are you a spirit or a woman?"

spirit or a weman?'
Death staring them in the face had not wrung a tear from their eyes, or broken the brave spirits in those sin-ewy, weather beaten frames; but be-fore the sight of a woman's heroice daring and devotedness, risking her weak life for their, they sobbed and groaned, kissing her bleeding hands, wringing the weight of moisture from her dripping clothes, blessing her, and begging for her name, for their wives' and mothers' prayers to the end of their lives.

And Stephen Tredennick re-echoed heir passionate demand. "Who are you?" She junfastened the flat tin case of brandy strapped to her side before she answered him, and held it to a suffer ing looking man's lips who was crouching, bent double with pain.
"The captain first, thank you—Lord love you!" poor Jack said, faintly, put-

love you!" poor Jack said, faintly, put ting the flask aside for which his sunk en eyes glistened. "No, no, Symons, my poor fellow!

for coughs, colds, bronchins, that for coughs, colds, bronchins, that ion and catarrh.

(Signed) "J. E. PILGRIM."

A Catarrhozone Inhaler in your pocket or purse enables you to stop a cold with the first sneeze. Large size costs \$1.00 and supplies treatment for two months; small size, 50c; trial size, 25c; months; small si

"I am Winifred Carelyon, sir," she said, turning away a little from the ardent hope and pleasure in the kind dark eyes, so sunken and encircled with lines.

It was the same words, the same meek tones and gesture, the same gentle little white wistful face, that had tle little white wistful face, that had appealed to the brave sailor's tender heart the first time he ever saw and spoke to her, patiently sheltering herself, after her patroness' abrupt dismissal from her presence, in the old servants' room; it was something like the same dress too, this long clinging gown of black, her beautiful long hair streaming below her waist, half wet.

gown or black, her beautiful long hair streaming below her waist, half wet, half blown into wild curls. Yes; she was unchanged after all these years, little Winnie—his dear little Winnie Caerlyon—whom he had loved and pi-tied from the first moment, as a strong, kind gentle hearted men leves a fair. kind, gentle-hearted man loves a fair winning, delicate little child; until the deep, peculiar, passionate womanly na-ture touched the manly heart, awaking interest, admiration and chivalrou

pity.

In the long, long years that had en-sued in lonely night watches and soft-tary musings on bygone things, Stephen Tredennick had told himself with a sigh that he had had one chance of his old romantic fancy's being realized, one chance of that dear woman-love and woman-presence in the old home at Tre garthen which he had looked forward to, sometimes with aching, longing, and desire—one chance of the sweet home joys which a sailor loves so dearly and quits so often—and that he bad loss this one chance—thrown it away -let it slip through his careless fingers, and it would never more be his.

it would never more be his.

Those long-ago bopes and wishes, so long buried that they had become but a pleasantly sad memory, were aroused afresh in the hearing of that voice, at the sight of the dear little womanly face he had never once hoped to see

again.
"I might have known it," he said, looking earnestly at her. "I did know it; but I could not believe it."

And now, guided by Winnie to the safe place for ascent, the rescued men—each one revived by a draught of the powerful stimulant from the case bottle—directed, encouraged, and presented for the long presidents. pared for the long, perilous upward journey, were brought up one by one—some quite safely, others meeting with accidents of a slight nature on the way; and the shouts of rejoicing that greeted each arrival could be heard above the roar of the waters baffled of their

up out of their sight, and Stephen Tre-dennick and Winnie Caerlyon were left alone—alone—shut out from all the world—beyond the reach, for the time, of all earthly presences or influences— that slender rope, which would come down with its weighted slipknots presently, swaying in the wind, their sole mode of communication with the land where their fellow creatures lived—alone on the Black Reef of Tregarthen, with hundreds of feet of frowning crags above them, and behind them the rispective will see any the black ing tide of the wild sea, and the black. pattered hulk of the ill-fated Chittoor "Winnie, I thought you were in Am erica," he said, gazing at her, almost doubting the possibility of her identity "How did you come here to save our

"I have been home for a week, sir, the answered, simply; "and I came down because poor Will Traglyn, who attempted to descend first, was badly hurt. There was no one else. I was not afraid-not much-and my weight was

light on the rope."
"No one else but you!" he echoed with kindling eyes, "No one else with your pure heart and brave spirit, I am sure; but they might have found some one else whose weight might have been heavier on the rope, but whose bodily frame would have been better able to endure exposure and hardship than this rrame would have been better able to endure exposure and hardship than this poor little one," he said, with a melancholy smile, trying to shelter the drenched shivering form. "You knew what ship's crew it was that were wrecked?"

(To be Continued.)

WOMEN NEED A MOSES. (Detroit Free Press)

Perhaps the women ought to be strongninded enough to declare their emancipations from fashion slavery, but as individuals they are uname to throw ortheir shackles. They need a leader, some one to set an example, to starr a fashion that will backfire the fashion plate fashions. If Mrs. Wilson will do it, there are millions of good women here who who raise up and call her name blessed. The present queen of England and and her much-beloved mother-in-law did a good deal in this way for their continuous of a corresponding position in the They need a leader.

Cure Your Sore Throat Nerviline Will Do It

Blessed Relief Comes Quick, You Get Comfort, Every Pain Disappears.

"Experience has taught me that the quickest way to cure a sore throat is with Nerviline," writes Mrs. Enoch P. Maclean. "My children always seem to get wet feet and stay out in the cold, and in consequence I have to keep a good household remedy handy. I rub in Nerviline almost every lour, give the Nerviline almost every hour, give the children say twenty drops in hot sweetened water, and make them gargle with it. I have yet to see the cold this won't

From the La Have Islands, N. S., Mrs. John Walfield writes "We have been using Nerviline for about nine years, and find it excellent. When we find any of us getting cold we take Nerviline in hor water. It is a sure relief for it, and is also an instant relief for internal pain

of any kind." The remarkable, pain-subduing power of Nerviline and its ability to check colds, influenza and sore throat is un equalled. Every home should have Nerviline handy on the shelf for sudden

VARICOSE YEINS ABOVE ANKLE

Broke Into Sore. Itched and Burned So Badly Could Scarcely Sleep. Red and Inflamed. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Entirely Cured.

217 Greenwood Ave., Toronto, Ontario.-"My trouble was various veins above my ankle. It broke into a sore which was painful. The sore itched, and burned so badly that I could scarcely sleep. The skin around it was red and inflamed. I could not wear a shoe for eight weeks. I tried several oint-ments but they didn't seem to do it any good. Then I was recommended to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed with the Cuticura Soap and put a little Cuticura Oint-ment on and they gave the greatest relief. In a few weeks the sore was entirely cured." (Signed) Mrs. MacGregor, Feb. 21, 1912.

SALT RHEUM ON BABY'S HEAD

Woodstock, Yarmouth Co., N. S .- "My baby was about three weeks old when he had salt rheum on his head and forehead. It began in a little fine rash, which came on his head and down over his forehead and formed a hard, brown crust. It looked terrible, and it must have bothered him quite a lot, as he would not sleep. I used to wash him with the Cuticura Soap and hot water and put the Cuticura Ointment on, and in three weeks his head and fore-head were clear. I can't speak too highly of the Cuticura Ontment and Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Mrs. George B. Allen, Nov. 18, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug*& Chem. Corp., Dept. 54D, Boston, U. S. A.

WORK IS A PRIVILEGE.

(Toronto Star)

The falsest of all notions is that commercialism can be cured by giving a man a disgust for his daily work, the splendid work of the twentieth century, filling his head with feudal and military dreams, clothing his soul in the cast-off-clothing of the middle ages. The daily work of life is not an ionoble task, but a glorious privilege. We make it a curse by overburdening the greater part of mankind and womankind with drudgery, and giving them too little money and too little time to enable them to recuperate their souls. Social reform is the cure for commercialism. (Toronto Star)

A NEW WAR SCARE.

(Montreal Gazette) (Montreal Gazette)

Some London newspapers are now worrying lest the signs of revived national patriotism they think they see in France, may lead to war with Germany. They are probably the same papers that a few months ago were seeing over the North Sea signs of a British war with the same, power. London has some sober and wise newspapers, which deal with great issues in a grave way. It has also some page. in a grave way. It has also some pa-pers which seeks to impress their impor-tance on the public by discovering and exploiting bogeys. The latter create most talk; the former, it can be hoped. best represent the England so muthe world has learned to respect.

CAN LAUGH AT LIFE'S MINOR ILLS

SINCE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CUR-ED HER KIDNEY DISEASE.

New Brunswick Woman Tells How She Was Rescued from III Health By the Twin Remedies Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Neguae, Allain P. O., N. B., March 17.
—Special—Mrs. Joseph G. Savoy, a well-known resident of this place, whose ill-health has been a matter of much concern to her friends, is telling of the cure she found for all her troubles in Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyepepsia Tablets.

"My health is fine now," Mrs. Savoy "The pains are says, in an interview. gone from my side and back, and when go to bed I can sleep. Before I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets I could not eat any thing heavy, such as meat, but now I can cat practically what I please with no ill

Mrs. Savoy was in a generally rundown condition, and her cure came about by using the natural remedies Dodd's Kidney Pills cured and invigorated her kidneys, thus purifying her blood and improving the circulation. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets insured proper digestion of her food, thus furnishing the body with the nutrition it required. Women with healthy kidneys nd sound digestion can afford to laugh

RULES TO KEEP YOU STRAIGHT.

Keep good company. Keep good hours.

at the minor ills of life

Keep yourself busy. Eat moderately. Keep your tongue from evil. Take plenty of exercise,

Breathe pure air. Sleep regularly.
Think pure thoughts.
Hold lofty ideals. Be in carnest. Be prudent.

Be just. Be patient. Be cheerful Be forgiving. Be noble. Avoid debt.

Avoid vulgarity. Avoid scandal. Be ready to help Be a ray of sunshine

Trust in the Lord .- Buffalo Express. EASY ROAD ACROSS THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer) "I see that Edmud Kean, the great Enlish actor, went on the stage a hundred years ago, and received but \$7 a week."
"Gee, he should have walted a hundred years and learned how to play baseball."

Nerviline handy on the shelf for sudden illness at night, like cramps or internal pains. Large family size, 50c; trial size ent after turning on the gas before 25c., at all storekeepers, or druggists, or applying the match. If done too quick. The Catafrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y. ly the mantle is apt to break.