ROYAL YEAST

MOST PERFECT MADE

MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PLOTS THAT FAILED

CHAPTER I.

It was a raw, gusty April morning, much more like March or November, with those cold winds, black, lowering sky, and down-pouring rain, and hail that pelted the car windows as the eastern-bound express dashed steadily onward toward its destination—Boston.

The rear car was comfortably filled with passengers, all grumbling more or less at the beastly weather outside, for they had just been informed that there would be a ten-minutes' stop for luncheon at the next station which they were nearing. It was a serious question with many of them whether it was best to appease their hunger by getting out of their comfortable shelter and taking a thorough drenching in consequence, or starve until they reached their journey's end.

One passenger—a young girl—sat by the car window looking out at the bleak Massachusetts landscape, with big, sombre black eyes—looked apparently without seeing, for she had sat in that same position, with her pretty chin leaning on the palm of her little hand, for fully an hour or more, utterly oblivious to what was transpiring around her, evidently deeply absorbed by her thoughts, which could hardly have been pleasant, judging from the compressed, straight line into which the red lips were drawn, and the frown that brought the two jetty, arched eyebrows together in an angry line.

An elderly couple sitting opposite had done their best to arouse her from her sombre reverie and draw her into conversation, but all to no purpose. It was clearly obvious that she did not choose to be sociable.

At the next station at which the train stopped for luncheon the gentleman alighted. When he returned a few moments later he brought a small luncheon basket plentifully filled with sandwiches, cheese and cake.

"You have enough and to spare," he whispered, depositing the basket in his wife's lap, adding: "It would be a graceful act to divide with the young girl opposite, don't you think so?"

The good woman acted on his suggestion. The next moment she was standing before the girl.

"Pardon me, but I am going to ask a favor—insist, if need be—upon your joining me in this little luncheon. It would be madness to brave the storm to get anything, and I have enough for half a dozen. Please don't refuse."

The young girl looked up into the kindly face with a dazzling smile.

"Madam is more than good," she murmured in a sweet voice that had a decided French accent to it, and was very delightful. "I must confess to being quite hungry, and confess with pleasure."

"Do you go far?" asked the good woman, looking down into the dark, sparkling, brune, mignonne face, wondering how it was that her folks permitted her to make a railway journey alone, beautiful as she was, and so very young.

"No," murmured the girl. "I—I think not."

She stopped abruptly, as though about to add more, but concluded, on second thoughts, that it was best not to do so.

"The next station is our destination," remarked her companion. "It's a pretty enough village, as you will see when you pass through it, but not nearly so pleasant as East Haven, the place where we used to reside. You will see that, too, as you go by it—a lovely suburban village it is, inhabited by retired Boston millionaires."

East Haven! The name produced quite a shock to the girl's nerves, but not a muscle of her face betrayed it. Even the sudden fire that leaped into the great dark eyes, was concealed by the white lids with their long, black, silken lashes.

"It must have been pleasant to live in a village of wealthy homes," murmured the girl, asking suddenly: "Were the people as nice as their homes?"

Now, if there was one subject above all others upon which the good woman loved to dwell, it was East Haven and the "quality," as she was pleased to term it, who lived there.

"It is one of the loveliest villages in the world," she declared. "I was born there, as was my mother before me. I know every man, woman and child in the place, and every stick and stone as well."

The young girl clinched her hands tightly together and bit her red lips fiercely to keep back the flood of questions that arose to them.

But after a moment's pause she murmured sweetly:

"East Haven! Where did it get its peculiar name from do you know, madam?"

Madam did know, and was delighted to inform her, for it gave her the opportunity of relating a little story that she was particularly fond of gossiping about.

"To be sure, I know," she declared. "I have heard it often enough. It was named after old Mr. Haven, the wealthy mill owner, who built and lived in the first house ever erected in the place—a grand old stone mansion, that stands as fine and firm as ever to-day, on the brow of the hill that overlooks the river.

"But the old man never had much happiness in his grand old home," went on the loquacious story-teller, "for shortly after his wife died. For a while he was lonely enough, but would have no other society than that of his little son, Karl. But suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, he brought home a bride, and the amazement of the villagers was intense when it was discovered that he had wedded one of his own mill hands, a pretty enough creature as to face and figure, but totally uneducated and unrefined, totally unfit to be mistress of that stately home, and a mother to little Karl, high bred, dainty and aristocratic as he was, even in his babyhood.

"The result was what everyone had predicted. The stepmother hated little Karl, and took no pains to conceal it, and this hatred grew a thousand fold stronger and more bitter when she had a little son of her own.

"In one of her blind, unreasoning rages against little Karl, she one day sought to push him from the balcony down into the turbulent stream below, and, losing her balance, met the awful fate she had intended for the child.

"Well, that was a fortunate release from an unhappy marriage-bond for the mill-owner, but his troubles were not yet over. The son whom his second wife had left behind her was destined to worry him into the grave.

"If there was ever a fiend incarnate, that boy was one. Before he was ten he tried to set fire to the house and burn up every one in it; he did his best to derail an express train, and hurl over a hundred souls into eternity; he broke into his father's strong box and stole its entire contents, and ran off to sea with it. The trouble broke the old man's heart, and despite the son Karl's devotion, he sickened and died under the weight of his woe in grieving over the black sheep, Roland."

Seeing that her listener was intensely interested in this gossip, the woman was nothing loath to proceed, and added, slowly: "Karl grew to manhood, and when the absent son Roland became of age, the Haven millions were equally divided. Roland's share was forwarded to him to Paris, where he was leading a gay life. Karl wedded and settled down in the old stone mansion at East Haven in the summer, living in Boston the rest of the year. He would have been as happy as the day is long if he had not met the misfortune of losing his young wife; but his father's sorrowful example was a lesson to him—he never wedded again, but has devoted his life ever since to the fair young daughter she left. And it is little wonder that the fond father fairly idolizes her, for Barbara Haven, or Bab, as they call her, is the sweetest, sunniest, most lovable golden-haired fairy in the whole wide world, with lovers by the score, and——"

"Did—did any one follow up the history of Roland Raven?" interrupted the young girl, in a slow voice, though her big black eyes looked eager.

"He went to the dogs altogether," replied the woman. "Within six months after he had received his princely fortune he had squandered every cent; one can do that easily enough in Paris. Well, this Roland married a concert hall dancer, a gay Parisian, who was the talk of Paris, and beautiful as a houri. They were well mated, she, giddy, reckless, and—well, it were better to say nothing of her future than that, rather than speak unkindly; he, a profligate, gambler, all that was thoroughly bad and unprincipled. I always predicted a horrible end to Roland Haven's career, and lo! my prediction came true. I read in a paper scarcely more than a month ago that he and his wife had both died in a brawl in a gambling den in Monte Carlo. I read, too, that they had left a child—a girl. What a pity it is, for with such blood in her veins she cannot be anything else than thoroughly bad. Oh, here is my station. Good-by; I am sorry we part so soon. I hope we shall meet again."

She passed quickly from the car, and her late companion, the young girl, looked after her with burning eyes and a strange brooding smile curving the corners of her red lips.

Before she could give utterance to the bitter expression that arose to them, the conductor, who was passing down the aisle, paused before her seat, exclaiming:

"The second station from here is East Haven, your destination, miss."

CHAPTER II.

On and on through the storm of that April day rushed the lightning express, emerging at last from out of the driving rain into the sunshine, and by the time East Haven was reached there was never a cloud in the blue sky above, the sun was shining bright and golden, and the grass and flowers and trees were as green and delightful as a perfect April day that had no raindrops in it could make them.

The young girl was the only passenger who alighted at East Haven.

For a moment she stood beside her trunk, band boxes and bundles that were strewn about her on the platform, looking after the departing train with a doubtful expression on her face.

She was startled from her reverie by the station agent's voice asking:

"Were you expecting a conveyance, miss?"

The girl wheeled quickly about and looked at the man, an odd smile curving her lips as she answered:

"No; but no doubt you can tell me what I wish to know; and that is, how far is it to Mr. Karl Haven's residence?"

"That is it—that great white stone house on the brow of yonder hill," he replied, indicating the place with one hand, as he raised his cap respectfully with the other, adding: "If you follow the main road it will take you directly to the large white arched entrance gate. Is there anything else you would like to ask, miss?" he asked, noticing that she still stood irresolute.

"Yes; I should like to ask you to take charge of my trunks and my bags until I come for or—or send for them."

"Certainly, miss," he responded.

With a haughty nod of her regal head she turned and walked leisurely down the white road he had pointed out, the sharp bend in it quickly hiding her from his curious gaze.

"A friend of Miss Barbara's, no doubt," he muttered. "And yet if she were, it is strange that they did not send the pony cart for her. By George! I always thought little Miss Bab was the loveliest creature in creation, but this one is—well, the most glorious girl I have ever beheld. Superb, stunning, expresses it best."

Then he fell to inspecting the baggage, marveling greatly at the odd shape of the round-top, leather covered trunk; then for the first time he noticed that it bore upon one end the label of a French steamer.

Meanwhile the owner of the baggage strolled slowly down the white, sandy road.

How beautiful the little village looked, dressed in its spring robe of green, with the wild flowers and golden hearted daisies dotting the hillside. As she came within sight of the magnificent house on the brow of the hill she stopped quite short, her face growing dark and stormy as her eyes took in the massive structure, with its pillars, porches and gables, the park which surrounded it, with its fountains and statuary, broad, serpentine walks, and the great trees, fully a century old, that formed a fitting background to the picture.

The girl's heart heaved convulsively, and she clinched her little hands tightly together as she burst out vehemently through her white, set teeth:

"It is unjust, it is wicked, it is terrible, that the daughter of this man should have so much, all that wealth can give, should have been petted and should tread upon rose leaves all her life, and I should have been reared among the horrors of a gambler's associates in gay, fascinating, treacherous Paris; should have been decked out in diamonds and lace one week, and in rags, fleeing from the police the next. Ugh! how horrible is the life that I have led. Only seventeen, and yet old and worn, and worldly; and with such a horrible record to look back upon, with one page in that history torn from the book, that no eyes may ever rest upon it and read the bitter secret which is hidden from the world forever! The deep, rolling sea lies between us, and I am safe—safe!"

How long she stood there, lost in that bitter reverie, she never knew. She was startled at length by the loud, deep baying of a bloodhound, and in that instant she saw the animal leaping down the white road directly toward the spot where she stood. One glance and the heart in her bosom fairly stood still. She saw that the animal was mad. She could have told that from the horrible red glare in his fiery eyes, even had it not been for the flecks of white foam that at every leap dropped from his extended jaws.

A wild cry arose to her lips, ending in an awful moan as she stared in terrified fascination at the brute leaping toward her. She saw no escape, whichever way she might turn.

"This is the horrible fate I am to meet with" she whispered with white, dry lips. "This is God's vengeance for—for my sin."

Nearer, nearer came the maddened animal, like a black streak over the white road. He was within a few feet of her, and then she knew no more; she had fallen like a log in a dead faint directly across his path. It would have been better if her life had ended then and there!

She soon opened those great, dark, sombre eyes of hers to find some one bending over her, laving her face with cooling water—a young man, with a fair, handsome, sunburnt face, and the brownest of brown eyes.

"What is the matter? Where am I?" murmured the girl, unable for the instant to collect her scattered senses.

"You are in the land of the living, thanks to my opportune appearance upon the scene. Your advancing foe, the mad dog, lies on the other side of the road with a well-aimed bullet in his brain from my trusty rifle. It is a case of more scared than hurt, young lady, though upon my word you had good cause to fall into a fit of hysterics. I marvel, indeed, that you have any nerve left."

The young girl struggled up from among the wild flowers, to her feet, taking in as she did so every detail of the tall, stalwart, well made figure. The crisp, brown hair that covered the shapely head that was bared for an instant as he bowed low, making that remark; the hunting suit which he wore, that fitted him like a glove; the ruddy cheek and strong white teeth, shaded by a good, firm, healthy brown mustache, even though it did droop slightly at the ends.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said, taking quite as careful a mental survey of his companion as she had done of him. "I am Clarence Neville."

She tried to answer as to who she was, but the words stuck in her throat; she flushged, then turned deadly pale, suffering from the first embarrassment she had ever known.

Seeing her agitation, he hastened to remove it by turning her thoughts quickly into another channel, saying to himself that she evidently desired to remain unknown; and somehow, beauty worshipper though he was, he did not particularly care one way or the other. For this young girl, exquisitely lovely though she was with that rich, brune, mignonne face of hers, was not exactly his style. He liked blue-eyed, fair-haired girls best, with whom to laugh and flirt, and imagine himself hopelessly in love.

"It must have been fate that brought me to East Haven a day before I should have been here. I made an awkward mistake in a date. I was to be here to attend a garden party on the third, and with my usual carelessness I read it April second. I was to remain a fortnight for the spring season—the clearing out of the rabbits, you know. I discovered my awkward error quite as soon as I reached the place, and, consequently could not show up until to-morrow, when I would be duly expected. I put up at the village hostelry, and donning my hunting suit and shouldering my rifle, sallied out this morning to kill time and anything else in sight. I succeeded beyond my most extravagant expectations in winging something worth while," and he pointed with a light laugh to her vanquishing enemy.

Seeing that she did not seem disposed to disclose her identity to him, he made no effort to discover who she was.

"I thank you more than words can express for the service you have rendered me—for my life, which you have saved," she murmured in a voice that thrilled with emotion, and was wondrously sweet and musical.

"You owe me no thanks," he replied. "I only did my duty."

She turned impulsively away that he might not observe her agitation, and he, supposing by this action that she wished to terminate the conversation, bowed low again, and, expressing the hope that she would be none the worse for her fright, turned and moved carelessly away.

Had he turned around he would have seen the beautiful young girl looking after him with her very soul in the intensity of her strained gaze.

"It has come true!" she whispered to herself with bated breath, as though fearful that the very trees or the wild flowers might hear what she said. "I laughed at the strolling gypsy's prophecy, but now I know that she outlined my fate.

"She said: 'You come to me to read the stars, and likewise the palm of your hand. I look, and I see much. Your life is no common one. I see you in a fashionable gambling palace, like the far-famed ones of Monaco or Monte Carlo. You attract many gilded youths there by your wondrous beapty. They are young lordlings and millionaires, men of high degree. I see them stagger from the place moneyless, pennilless, and you laugh in their faces. Then I see you fleeing for your life with a black, ugly crime behind you. Presto, change! You are now across the wide, rolling sea; the day has changed from storm to sunshine. You are on a whtie flower-bordered path or road, and then a terrible danger faces you. Your life is at stake, but your life is miraculously saved. A handsome young man is your deliverer, and as you look up into his bonny face your heart awakens all in in instant to the magic influence of love—a love which must either prove a blessing to you of the bitterest of curses. You will love—ay, and at first sight. It will sweep all things before it as the fierce tornado does, but you will have a rival for this young man's love, and it will be war to the death between you as to which shall win him. You may ask me, shall you triumph in the end over this girl rival and win his love, and I make answer: I—I can see no further now; surely I have told enough for the pieces of silver with which you crossed my hand.'

"It has all come true," muttered the girl, still watching the tall, handsome, retreating figure. "Fate caused me to cross the seas to meet this young man. It is indeed a case of love at first sight with me. I—I would move heaven and earth to win his love. He will have it in his power to make an angel of me, or—or a fiend incarnate. Which will it be, I wonder?"

(To be Continued.)

SKIN ITCHED AND BURNED

Pimples on Legs and Arms. Scratched and Made Sores. Kept from Sleeping. First Application of Cuticura Soap and Ointment Gave Great Relief. Cured in a Few Weeks.

Lachine Locks, Quebec.—"I had itching commencing with my legs and increasing gradually until it reached all parts of my body. There were small pimples on my legs and arms and the skin was red and inflamed all over the body and itched and burned so badly that I scratched and made sores. It caused me so much pain that it kept me from sleeping during entire nights. I was troubled with it for about two years.

"After having tried several remedies without success I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and from the first application I felt a great relief. I continued the treatment taking warm baths with Cuticura Soap followed by the application of Cuticura Ointment, and at the end of a few weeks the trouble had disappeared completely and I was cured." (Signed) N. C. Boulet, May 27, 1912.

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, shapeless nails and painful finger-ends, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Soak hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear old, loose gloves during the night. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 42D, Boston, U. S. A.

NERVOUS DISEASES IN THE SPRING

Cured by Toning the Blood and Strengthening the Nerves.

It is the opinion of the best medical authorities, after long observation, that nervous diseases are more common and more severe in the spring than at any other time of the year. Vital changes in the system, after long winter months, cause much more trouble than the milder spring weather, with its dampness, from which most people suffer as the result of indoor life, over-heated and ill-ventilated buildings. Official records [illegible] and May near [illegible] epilepsy and other nervous troubles are at their height then, more than any time [illegible] blood-making, nerve tonic is needed.

The antiquated custom of taking purgatives in the spring is useless for the system really needs strengthening, which purgatives weaken through the bowels, leaving you weaker [illegible] the best medicine for this [illegible] make the new, rich, red blood that feeds the starved nerves and thus cure the many forms of nervous disorders. They cure also such other forms of spring troubles as headaches, poor appetite, weakness in the limbs, as well as unsightly pimples and eruptions. In fact, they unfailingly bring new health and strength to weak, tired and depressed men, women and children.

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If Breathing is Difficult, If Nostrils Are Plugged, You Have Catarrh

At Last a Remedy That Already Has Permanently Cured Thousands.

Perhaps you haven't heard of the new remedy—it's so pleasant to use—fills the nose, throat and lungs with a healing balsamic vapor like the air of the pine woods. It's really a wonderful remedy—utilizes that marvellous antiseptic only found in the blue gum tree of Australia.

The name of this grand specific is Catarrhozone, and you can't find its equal on earth for coughs, colds, catarrh or throat trouble. You see it's not longer necessary to drug the stomach—that spoils digestion—just simply inhale the balsamic essences of Catarrhozone, which are so rich in healing that they drive out every case of catarrh in no time.

"I look upon Catarrhozone as the most valuable medical discovery of recent years," writes R. V. Potter, of Prince Albert. "As a long sufferer from nasal and throat catarrh, I was obliged to take considerable medicine, and, although it helped me, my digestion was always disturbed and the catarrh didn't go away. With Catarrhozone it was different. It cleaned my nose and throat of all phlegm and discharges, enabled me to breathe freely, relieved a stuffy feeling in my nose and frontal headaches. To-day I am entirely free from catarrh, and I use by Catarrhozone Inhaler a little every day in order to prevent the disease from returning."

With Catarrhozone experimenting ends. A permanent curative action begins. Lasting relief from Catarrh results. The large size costs $1, lasts two months, and is guaranteed. Small size, 50c; sample size, 25c. All storekeepers and druggists, or the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

WHOOPING COUGH.

Highly Contagious, More Serious Than is Thought.

Many persons regard whooping cough as tedious and annoying but quite without serious importance. Unfortunately that mistake, says the Youth's Companion, often leads to the neglect of the disease itself and the failure to isolate the patient properly. Recent statistics show that of the children under 1 year of age who have whooping cough one in four dies. The mortality decreases rapidly with advancing age, and at 5 years of age only one patient in fifty dies. Ten thousand children die of this disease every year in the United States.

Even when whooping cough does not result fatally, it is still to be dreaded, for it may be followed by consumption, since the patient's powers of resistance are often greatly weakened by the violent and exhausting cough.

The disease is highly contagious, although the offending germ has not yet been discovered. Consequently the mother or the nurse of a child with whooping cough ought never to take it into public conveyances, or to entertainments, or send it to school or to church—anywhere, in short, where it will expose other children to the infection.

The disease begins like a simple coid in the head that rapidly goes to the chest. The cough is at first short and sharp, but gradually increases in severity and occurs in paroxyisms. At the end of one of these attacks the air is pumped completely out of the lungs and the child feels that he must take a deep breath at once. But now a spasm of the larynx occurs, and only a small opening is left for the air to enter. Through this opening the child draws his eager breath, and thus makes the peculiar noise or "whoop" that gives the disease its name.

Often vomiting follows a severe attack of coughing, and sometimes there is nose-bleed or hemorrhage from the throat or into the eyes.

Never neglect the treatment of whooping cough. At present we know of no cure for the disease, but the child should always be under the care of a physician, who can do much to mitigate the severity of the cough and to prevent serious complications.

RUBBER FROM FISH.

A scientist of Amsterdam has recently perfected a method of which he secures a very excellent substitute for rubber from sea fish. It is claimed that the product has all the quantities of rubber at one-sixth the cost. Another new source of rubber substitute is the "truicall" tree of Natal. This plant has been heretofore regarded as commercially useless, but recently about one ton per week has been shipped to London, where it is used as insulation for electric wires.

That Terrible Fatigue Can Be Overcome

A Simple Home Remedy Now Cures Lack of Energy, Loss of Ambition, and a Feeling of "Don't Care."

Successful in Nearly Every Case.

That miserable nervousness and half-sick tired-all-the-time condition is due nine cases in ten to a clogged-up system. You grow irritable and despondent, you lack ambition, energy seems all gone. Surest road to health is by the frequent use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they will make you feel like new all over in a short time.

Writing from his home in Barcelona, Mr. Frederick G. Mayer states: "I think no one ever suffered as severely as I did for nearly six months. So many serious symptoms were developing as a consequence of this evil condition of my system that I realized I must find a remedy. The strong pills of various kinds I tried seemed after their first effects were over to make me far worse and I did not know which way to turn for relief. I saw Dr. Hamilton's Pills advertised and the first box used satisfied me. I found a true remedy. Instead of griping with undue activity, Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted as naturally as if physic had not been taken. I never had to increase the dose and, indeed, within a month I reduced it, and when the system finally acted of its own accord as a result of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, I took a dose twice a week only, just to make sure the old condition would not come back."

No other remedy cures constipation and biliousness so easily or safely as Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they are an ideal family remedy for all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold in 25c boxes, five for $1.00, all druggists and storekeepers or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

ABOUT THE EYE TOOTH.

From distant times the canine teeth have been supposed to be in some way connected with the eyes, and for this reason they have been termed 'eye teeth' by common folk. However, this connection between the eyes and the teeth has been frequently contested, and the doctors attributed either to diseases of the sinuses, or cavities of the bones of the face, or to lesions of the upper molars the maladies of the conjunctive, cornea and even the deep membranes of the eye which developed at the same time.

Now it seems to result from the researches of Dr. Selazory that the canine teeth have been rightly blamed in these cases. In general it is the coexistence of dental lesions and sight troubles which leads to the diagnosis. But, as this co-existence is not always clearly noted and the ocular symptoms are sometimes alone apparent, the diagnosis in these cases becomes more difficult.

Thus the labor of evolution of the upper canines may, in the course of first and even of the second dentition, cause eye troubles in the absence of any dental symptoms by tumeraction on the level of the canine teeth, or by pains.

In adults these cases are even more frequent. Thus, the mouth is not examined when the patient does not mention caries of the affected canine tooth, and then the eye trouble, instead of yielding to the ordinary medication, often increases in intensity. Therefore, a minute examination of the teeth should be made in many eye affections when the cause is not apparent and the treatment has not produced any improvement.

For You to Know.

If it is absolutely necessary to take up a bone in the fingers, only one hand should be used.

A hostess should not attempt either to eulogize her dishes or to apologize that she cannot recommend them. This is extremely bad taste.

All meats should be cut across the grain in very thin slices. Fish at dinner should be baked or boiled—never fried or broiled.

FOUND THE CAUSE THE REST WAS EASY

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS QUICKLY CURED HIS KIDNEY DISEASE.

How Hudson Marchbank, After Suffering for Five Years, Found Quick Relief and Permanent Cure in the Greatest of Canadian Remedies.

Marchbank, King's County, N. B., April 28.—(Special)—After suffering for five years from kidney disease, brought on by a strain, Hudson Marchbank, Esq., the well-known farmer of this place, is again a strong, healthy man, and another grand cure for Dodd's Kidney Pills has been put on record. In an interview, Mr. Marchbank says:

"About five years ago I hurt my back from lifting, and it developed into kidney disease. My back pained me all the time, and I was very much troubled with headaches. My appetite was fitful; I had a bitter taste in my mouth in the morning; I perspired freely, and my perspiration had a disagreeable odor.

"I used liniments and plasters, but they did not do me any good, and as there were other symptoms that my kidneys were affected, I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes, my back was completely cured, and my kidneys have not troubled me since."

When Mr. Marchbank decided that his kidneys were the cause of his troubles, the rest was easy. Almost any of his neighbors could tell him that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diseased kidneys.

"You propose to make the payment on imports so small that no one will complain?" "Yes," replied the tariff reformer. "We want to come as near as possible to making a pleasure of duty."—Washington Star.