

THE INCURABLE CURED AGAIN

J. J. PERKINS OWES HIS LIFE
TO DODD'S KIDNEY
PILLS.

Manitoba Man Helpless from Kidney Disease Made Strong and Hearty by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tyndall, Man., April 18.—(Special)—Among the many in the great West who confidently state that they owe their lives to Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. J. J. Perkins, a well known resident of this place.

"For two years I was troubled with my kidneys," Mr. Perkins states, "and at last became so bad that the doctor gave me up and said I was incurable.

"I, at times, had such severe pains in my back and kidneys that I thought I would have to give up all hope and die. I was unable to work and was becoming destitute.

"While in this condition a friend persuaded me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had little faith in them, and it was more to please him than anything else I gave them a trial.

"To my surprise the first box did me so much good that I felt like a new man. Five boxes cured me completely.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life and I cannot praise them too much."

Thousands of cases similar to that of Mr. Perkins are the proof that any Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease yields readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

HUMAN COPYRIGHT.

Its Infringement Has Sometimes Led to War.

One special feature of many of the tribes inhabiting New Guinea is the unwritten law of copyright in the designs with which they tattoo their bodies. Each tribe has its own particular system of ornamenting the body, and should a member of any other tribe imitate the pattern, it is regarded as quite a sufficient reason for a declaration of war between the two tribes.

A traveller who has lately given to the world his impressions of this part of the globe, confirms this statement, and emphasises it by mentioning an instance in which war actually broke out owing to an infringement of this human copyright.

A young warrior fell in love with a girl of a neighboring tribe; the girl favored his suit, but there was a rival in her own tribe. This rival wished to know why the girl did not look upon him with equal favor, and why she went outside the tribe for a husband.

The girl hesitated, and then replied—either as a subterfuge or as a statement of actual fact, but probably the former—that the rival was not so well ornamented as was the suitor from the neighboring tribe. The home rival watched for the successful suitor, took note of the pattern, and copied it. The other tribe resented this infringement, and declared war, in the course of which both suitors were killed.

There's something radically wrong about a woman who isn't fond of dress parade.

ARMY TRIALS.

An Infantryman's Long Siege.

This soldier's tale of food is interesting.

During his term of service in the 17th Infantry in Cuba and Philippines, an Ohio soldier boy contracted a disease of the stomach and bowels which all army doctors who treated him pronounced incurable, but which Grape-Nuts food alone cured:

"In October, 1899, when my enlistment expired, I was discharged from the Army at Calulute, Philippines, and returned to the States on the first available steamer that left Manila. When I got home I was a total wreck physically and my doctor put me to bed saying he considered me the worst broken-down man of my age he ever saw and after treating me 6 months he considered my case beyond medical aid.

"During the fall and winter of 1900 and '01 I was admitted to the Barnes Hospital in Washington, D. C. for treatment for chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels, but after 5 months returned home as bad as ever.

"I continued taking medicine until February, 1902, when reading a newspaper one day I read about Grape-Nuts and was so impressed I sent out for a package right away.

"The result is quickly told for I have used Grape-Nuts continually ever since with the best results, my health is so I can do a fair day's hard work, stomach and bowels are in good condition, have gained 40 pounds in weight and I feel like a new man altogether.

"I owe my present good health to Grape-Nuts beyond all doubt for medical science was exhausted." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Had he consulted any one of several thousand physicians we know of they would have prescribed Grape-Nuts immediately.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

STRENGTH OF THE JAPANESE

Most Unique Among the Peoples of the World.

A Japanese house is one of the simplest things ever built, for it consists of little more than posts and a roof. But such permanence, which is also seen in other things, is a part of the strength of the nation, writes Douglas Sladen in "Queer Things About Japan," for no people in the world have so few wants.

The Japanese have no bread, beds, no fires, no boots or shoes, no trousers for the men, no coats for the women—for both sexes wear several dressing-gowns, one over the other. In their hot weather they have no windows, no doors, walls but paper shutters fixed in grooves, no ceilings, no chests, drawers, not even a washstand.

In the kitchen they have no range, no pots, no pans, no flour-bins, kitchen tables. But then they have no tables or chairs in the drawing-room, and in the real native home the drawing-room itself is only a room of bedrooms with the paper shutters taken down. There is no reason why you should find anything in a Japanese house except mats and charcoal stove for warming your fingers and making tea.

These and a cushion or two, and a quilt to sleep on, with an elaborate conventional politeness, constitute the furniture of a Japanese home except the guest-chamber. And articles in the guest-chamber consist of a screen, a kakemono and a flower-vase.

Along with his magnificent wants, so to speak, the Japanese combines a capacity to get his pleasure out of what we should regard as trifles, and after labors and sacrifices that we should think tolerable. This extraordinary patience and whole-hearted enjoyment under all the niggardliness of his lot marks the Japanese as unique among the peoples of the world.

He lives on next to nothing and thrives on it. He always has a smile. He works whenever he gets any work to do. They are week-days to him. Instead of a seventh day, Sunday, he has a festa, a national holiday or a temple festival. In either case he goes a-faring to some temple, and takes his children or a friend. He is never too poor to have money to treat them.

He only gives himself a holiday when he is out of work, and his holidays are inexpensive. He just walks a hundred miles to see so famous a garden in its glory; he carries his luggage in a box, wrapped in oiled paper, and gets a bed at an inn for a halpenny. His food is almost as cheap; and when the turn in the road shows him a shrine of Horikari, or the house of cherry-trees of Yoshino, on the day of all the year, he would not change places with the King of England.

Heart-Sick People.—Dr. Agnew

Cure for the Heart is a heart tonic that never fails to cure—is swift in its effect, goes closer to the "border land" than any other remedy for any family diseases and ailments in the category of human sufferings. Gives relief in minutes.—75

Few men can argue about religion and keep cool.

Levor's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

GAVE UP THE CASE.

An old lawyer tells a good story about a case he had, but which he didn't keep.

An Irishwoman sent for him in great haste one day. She wanted him to meet her in court, and he hastened thither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burglary. When the lawyer entered the court the woman rushed up to him, and in an excited voice said:—

"Mr. B.—, Oi want ye to git a remand for me b'y Jimmie."

"Very well, madam," replied the lawyer. "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the Court some grounds for a remand. What shall I say?"

"Shure, ye can jist tell the Court that Oi want a remand till Oi can git a better lawyer to spake for me b'y."

After telling the woman that she would have to get another lawyer to take up the case, he hurried back to his office a very angry man.

Sarcastic Father.—"Julia, the young man Smily has been here three nights in succession, and has been nearly midnight when he left. Hadn't you better invite him to bring his trunk and make his home with us?" Innocent Daughter.—"Oh, papa! may I? It is just what he wanted, but he was too bashful to ask you. He'll be delighted when I tell him this evening."

"How long has the minister been preaching?" whispered the stranger who had wandered into the church and sat down away back. "About thirty years, I believe," replied the other occupant of the pew. "That being the case," rejoined the stranger, "I'll stay. He must be near done."

No true Kentuckian will take his morning rye in the form of breakfast food.

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