

RAILROAD MAN HAD TO LAY OFF Until He Took GIN PILLS

Buffalo, N. Y. "I have been a Pullman conductor on the C. P. R. and Michigan Central for the last three years. About four years ago, I was laid up with intense pain in the groin, a very sore back and suffered most severely when I tried to urinate. I treated with my family physician or two months for GIN PILLS. The latter did not receive any benefit about that time. I met another railroad man who had been similarly affected after having been given up by prominent physicians who treated him for six weeks. He is now running on the road and is perfectly cured. He strongly advised me to try GIN PILLS which I did with the results that the pains left me entirely."

FRANK S. IDE. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free. Write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto.

WHY ARE WE SO TIRED?

The Weather is Not to Blame For That "Dragged Out" Feeling

"This weather simply takes the life right out of me. I can hardly drag one out after the other," said a rundown, tired-out woman the other day. I want to say to every such person in this vicinity. Don't blame the weather, it's your condition. You need a strengthening tonic and the very best I now is Vinol which is a combination of the two most wonderful tonics, namely, the medicinal, curative elements of cod liver oil and tonic iron, or the blood.

A case has just come to my attention from Milford, Mich. "Mrs. Julia Barber says: 'I was run-down and hardly able to drag about, my appetite was poor and I was not able to work. My druggist asked me to try Vinol. The first bottle helped me and after taking the second bottle I was able to work, not felt well and strong. Vinol is the best medicine I have ever taken.' Try a bottle of Vinol with the understanding that your money will be returned if it does not help you.—Chas. T. Wasson, Druggist, St. John.

MR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S GREAT PLAY, THE LIARS, OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT

Possibly the best and wittiest play ever written by Henry Arthur Jones is to be found in "The Liars" to be produced by the Thompson-Woods Stock company tonight. It should prove to be the society event of the season, not only from the fact that one of England's greatest actors, Mr. Charles Wyndham, starred in it so successfully, but so because it deals with English aristocracy and is therefore of the very highest order.

The play deals with one Lady Jessica and an infatuation formed by her for Ned Faulkner. She on several occasions indignantly confesses to her course is found out. On one of her occasions the brother of her husband happens to be at the residence and accordingly informs her husband of her clandestine meetings with Faulkner. Her husband, of course, demands an explanation. To the scandal of the whole thing is Lady Jessica's and her friends' plan, which plan is greatly opposed by Sir Christopher Faulkner. However, he finally agrees to their plan much against his will. An awkward climax is reached when Faulkner openly confesses his great love for Lady Jessica. The development of a happy ending after such a climax is one which requires the most careful handling of the plot, but Henry Arthur Jones accomplishes this apparently difficult task and all ends well. The play is really a comedy with a touch of that and should prove one of the big attractions of the season. Mr. Meharry will be seen in the part of Sir Christopher Deering, created by Charles Wyndham, while Miss Randall will have the part of the aristocratic Lady Jessica, as originally played by Mary Moore.

Grow Hair On a Bald Head BY A SPECIALIST

Thousands of people suffer from baldness and falling hair, who, having tried every advertised hair tonic and hair-grower without results, have resorted themselves to baldness and its attendant discomforts. Yet their case is hopeless; the following simple home description has made hair grow after years of baldness and is also unequalled for restoring gray hair to its original color, stopping hair from falling out, and destroying the dandruff germ. It will make the hair greasy, and can be purchased by any druggist: Bay Rum, 6 ounces; avona de Compose, 2 ounces; Menthol crystals, one-half drachm. If you wish perfume, add 1 drachm of your favorite perfume. This preparation is highly recommended by physicians and specialists and is absolutely harmless, as it contains none of the poisonous wood alcohol so frequently found in hair tonics.

Stick It. "Well, my love," said Mr. Dubbins to her return from the poll, "did you vote as you vote at last?" "Yes," said Mrs. Dubbins with an apple smile; "there it is!" She threw the ballot upon his desk. "Why," said Mr. Dubbins, "didn't you cast it?" "Cast it?" retorted Mrs. Dubbins. "Cast it? You don't suppose for a moment that now that I've got it I'm going to let go of it, do you? Not if I know I'm going to have it framed."

Few Words But Potent. A young lover who had decided to take the great avowal was convinced that a few words would suffice to assure his good fortune. He only lacked beginning, a beautiful poetic inspiring beginning. At length he found it, venturing himself to the desired one, and suddenly showing her a ring, he said: "My love for you is like this ring. It has no end." The young lady examined the golden circlet for a while with close attention, and then returned it to him. "My love for you," said she, "is also like this ring—it has no beginning!"

O. Henry's Masterpieces

Selected By O. Henry Himself as His Best Work

Rus In Urbe

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Considering men in relation to money, there are three kinds whom I dislike, men who have more money than they can spend; men who have more money than they do spend; and men who spend more money than they have. Of the three varieties, I believe I have the least liking for the first. But as a man, I like Spencer Grenville North pretty well although he had something like two or ten or thirty millions—I've forgotten exactly how many. I did not leave town that summer. I usually went down to a village on the south shore of Long Island. The place was surrounded by duck-farms, and the ducks and dogs and whippoorwills and dusty windmills made so much noise that I could sleep as peacefully as if I were in my own flat six doors from the elevated railroad in New York. But that summer I did not go. Remember that, one of my friends asked me why I did not. I replied: "Because, old man, New York is the finest summer resort

of the estates of the wealthy to delight the eyes of the favorites of Fortune. "Also in Central Park," said North, "to delight the eyes of immigrants and summer. I've seen 'em there lots of times. But why are you in the city so late in the summer?" "New York city," I began to recite, "is the finest sum—"

for to stay in the city during summer. I don't believe it. If you do, why did you spend your summer there for the last four years, even sneaking away from town on a night train, and refusing to tell your friends where this Arcadian village was?" "Because," said I, "they might have followed me and discovered it. But since then I have learned that Amoryville has come to town. The coolest things, the freshest, the brightest, the choicest, are to be found in the city. If you've nothing on hand this evening I will show you."



in the world." You have heard that phrase before. But that is what I told him. I was present-agent that year for Binkley & Bing, the time the Mepans and producers. Of course you know what a present-agent is. Well, he is not. That is the secret of being one.

Binkley was touring France in his new C. & N. Williamson car, and Bing had gone to Scotland to learn curling, which he seemed to associate in his mind with not longer rather than with ice. Before they left they gave me June and July, on salary, for my vacation, which act was in accord with their large spirit of liberality. But I remained in New York which I had decided was the finest summer resort in—

we've a couple of electric launches; and I'll tell you what we do every night or two—we tow a row boat behind each other with a big phonograph and a boy to change the records in 'em. On the water and twenty yards behind you, they are not so bad. And there are passably good roads through the woods where we go motoring. I shipped two cars up there. And the Pinediff Inn is only three miles away. You know the Pinediff. Some good people are there this season, and we run over to the dances twice a week. Can't you go back with me for a week, old man?"

I laughed. "Northy," said I, "if I may be so familiar with a millionaire, because I hate both the names Spencer and Grenville—your invitation is most kindly, but—the city in the summer time is here. Here, while the bourgeoisie is away, I can live as Nero lived—barring, thank heaven, the fiddling—while the city burns at ninety in the shade. The topsies and the sons wait upon me like handmaids. I sit under Florida palms and eat pomegranates while Boreas himself, electrically conjured up, blows upon me his Arctic breath. As for trout, you know yourself that Pean, at Faulkner's, cooks them better than anyone else in the world."

But I said that before. On July 10th, North came to town from his camp in the Adirondacks. Try to imagine a ramp with sixteen rooms, plumbing, eiderdown quilts, a butler, a garage, solid silver plate, and a long-distance telephone. Of course it was in the woods—if Mr. Pinchot wants to preserve the forests let him give every citizen two or ten or thirty million dollars, and the trees will all gather around the summer camps, as the Birmans would come to Dunstan, and be preserved.

"Be advised," said North. "My chef has plucked the ribbons from my coat. He lays some slices of bacon in the trout, wraps it all in corn-husks—the husks of green corn, you know—buries them in hot ashes and covers them with life coals. We build fires on the bank of the lake and have fish suppers."

"The power seemed stretched on a broiler above the furnace of Avernus. There was a kind of tepid gassy adoot and a sweet in the bouillabaisse, mainly evicted by languid men strolling about in straw hats and evening clothes, and rows of idle taxicabs with their flags up, looking like a blockaded Fourth of July procession. The hotels kept up a spacious brilliancy and hospitable outlook, but inside one saw vast empty caverns, and the footfalls at the bars gleamed brightly from long disquietance with the sole-leather of customers. In the cross-town streets the steps of the old brownstone houses were swarming with 'stoopers,' that gaudy race halling from skylight room and basement, bringing out their straw doornest mats to sit and fill the air with strange noises and opinions."

North and I dined on the top of a hotel and here, for a few minutes, I thought I had made a score. An east wind, almost cool, blew across the roofless roof. A capable orchestra concealed behind a wistaria played with sufficient judgment to make the art of music probable and the art of conversation possible. Some ladies in reproachless summer gowns at other tables gave animation and color to the scene. And an excellent dinner, mainly from the refrigerator, seemed to successfully keep my judgment as to summer resorts. But North grumbled all through the meal, and cursed his lawyers and prayed so of his confounded camp in the woods that I began to wish he would go back there and leave me in my peaceful city retreat.

"Just ran down for a few days," said he to sign some papers and stuff like that. My lawyer wired me to come. Well, you indolent cockey, what are you doing in town? I took a chance and telephoned, and they said you were here. What's the matter with that Utopia on Long Island where you used to take your typewriter every summer? Anything wrong with the sea—swans, weren't they that used to sing on the farms at night?"

"Ducks," said I. "The songs of swans are for lullaby ears. They swim and curve their necks in artificial lakes on the Park anyhow." I said, I was chok-

ing with the hot, stale air of my little apartment, and I wanted that breath of the cool to brace me for the task of proving to my friend that New York was the greatest—and so forth. "Where can you find any fresher or purer than this?" I asked as we sped into Central's bookstall. "Air!" said North, contemptuously. "Do you call this air? This muggy vapour, smelling of garbage and gasoline smoke. Man, I wish you could get one sniff of the real Adirondack article in the pine woods at daylight."

"I have heard of it," said I. "But for fragrance and tang and a joy in the nostrils I would not give one puff of sea breeze across the bay, down on my little boat dock on Long Island, for ten of your turpentine-scented tornadoes."

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD GIVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

Cleanses Tender Little Stomach, Liver, Bowels Without Injury. Every mother realizes that this is the children's ideal laxative and physic, because they love its pleasant taste and it never fails to effect a thorough "inside" cleansing without griping. When your child is cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

When its little system is full of cold, coughs, colds, stomach aches, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember a good liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given. Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on each bottle. Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs." Beware of counterfeiters sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other fig syrup with contempt.

After dining we went to a roof-garden vaudeville that was being much praised. There we found a good bill, an artificially cooled atmosphere, cold drinks prompt service, and a gay, well-dressed audience. North was bored. "If this isn't comfortable enough for

drink out of a mountain branch at the end of a day's tramp after the deer. That's the only way to spend a summer. Get out and live with nature." "I said with you absolutely," said I with emphasis. "For one moment, I had relaxed my vigilance, and had spoken my true sentiments. North looked at me long and curiously. "Then why in the name of Pan and Apollo," he asked, "have you been signing this deceitful pen to summer in town?" I suppose I looked my guilt. "Miss North," I said, "I see, May I ask her name?" "Annie Ashton," said I, simply. "She played Nautilus in Binkley & Bing's production of the Silver Chord. She is to have a better part next season."

the stage, and she liked to stay at home and read and make caps for her mother. She was unvaryingly kind and friendly with Binkley & Bing's press-agent, since the theatre had closed she had allowed Mr. Vandiver to call in an unofficial role. I had often spoken to her of my friend, Spencer Grenville North, and so, as it was early, the first turn of the vaudeville being not over, we left to find a telephone. Miss Ashton would be very glad to see Mr. Vandiver and Mr. North. We found her fitting a new cap on her mother. I never saw her look more charming.

North made himself disagreeably entertaining. He was a good talker, and had a way with him. Besides, he had two, ten or thirty millions. I've forgotten which. I incautiously admired the mother's cap, whereupon she brought out her store of a dozen or two, and I took a course in edgings and frills. Even though Annie's fingers had pinked, or ruffled, or hemmed, or whatever you do to 'em, they palled upon me. And I could hear North driving to Annie about his odious Adirondack camp. Two days after that I saw North in his motor car with Miss Ashton and her mother. On the next afternoon he dropped in on me. "This old burg isn't right," he said, "this old burg isn't right. I can't get any cool here as you can in the country, anyhow. You should see the first and pines do their skirt dances during a storm and lie down flat and

one year. Think of that! And the ones shipped to the market will bring in more money than that. Yes, I am for the ducks and the salt breeze coming over the bay. I think I shall get a Chinaman cook, and with him and the dog and the sunsets for company I shall do well. No more of this dull, baking, senseless, roaring city for me."

Miss Ashton looked surprised. North laughed. "I am going to begin one of my plays tonight," I said, "so I must be going." And with that I took my departure. A few days later Miss Ashton telephoned to me, asking me to call at four in the afternoon. I did. "You have been very good to me," she said, hesitatingly, "and I thought I would tell you. I am going to leave the stage." "Yes," said I. "I suppose you will. They usually do when there's so much money." "There is no money," she said, "or very little. Our money is almost gone." "But I am told," said I, "that he has something like two or ten or thirty millions—I have forgotten which." "I know what you mean," she said. "I will not pretend that I do not. I am not going to marry Mr. North." "Then why are you leaving the stage?" I asked severely. "What else can you do to earn a living?" "She came closer to me, and I can see the look in her eyes get at the spoken." "I can pick ducks," she said. "We sold the first year's feathers for \$600." (Copyrighted, 1909, by Harper Bros.)

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?" I asked. "Certainly does. Now I found some whitebait yesterday, at Maura's, with a new sauce that beats anything in the trout line I ever tasted." "It makes a difference, doesn't it?" I asked. "Immense. The sauce is the main thing with whitebait."

"On Thursday afternoon Miss Ashton invited North and myself to have lunch in her apartment. He was devoted, and she was more charming than usual. By that season I can watch 'em for hours. They can march better than any company in the National Guard, and they can play follow my leader better than the entire Democratic party. Their voices don't amount to much but I like to hear 'em. They wake you up a dozen times a night, but there's a homely sound about their quacking that is more musical to me than the cry of 'fresh strawberries' under your window in the morning when you want to sleep. "And, I went on, enthusiastically, "do you know the value of ducks besides their beauty and intelligence and order and sweetness of voice? Picking their feathers gives you an unfailing and never ceasing income. On a farm that I know the feathers were sold for \$400 in

WAS TROUBLED WITH BOILS AND CARBUNCLES.

There is no more frequent source of illness than that arising from bad blood, for when the blood becomes impure, it is only natural that boils, pimples or some other indication of bad blood should break out of the system. Boils in themselves are not a dangerous trouble, but still at the same time are very painful, and the only way to get rid of them is to cleanse the blood of the impurities. Cleanse it thoroughly by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, that old and reliable blood medicine that has been on the market for nearly forty years.

Mr. James Wilda, Plaster Rock, N.B., writes:—"I was greatly troubled, a few years ago, with boils and carbuncles, and the doctor told me I was in a bad condition. My appetite failed me, I began to lose strength, and was pretty well run down when one of my friends recommended Burdock Blood Bitters. After using three bottles I began to feel like another man. My troubles soon left me, and to-day I can certainly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters a high recommendation to my friends."

PLES Do not suffer from itching, burning, or stinging. Use Piles. No matter how long you have had them, a small sample will show you the relief and cure. Send for a sample now. It is free and you must not pay for it. Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure you of hemorrhoids and all other ailments of the rectum. Send for a sample now. It is free and you must not pay for it.

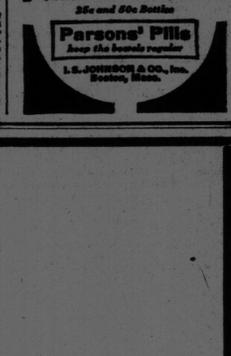
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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Are The Original Pills For The Cure Of Backache, Lame Back, Weak Back Or Any Other Kidney Trouble. The fact that Doan's Kidney Pills are the original Kidney Pills has not prevented the placing of other preparations in pill form upon the market under the name Kidney Pills. It is necessary, therefore, that all wishing to secure the curative effects which have made Doan's Kidney Pills so popular everywhere, should see that the trade mark, the Maple Leaf, appears on the wrapper. Without this trade mark you are not getting the genuine Kidney Pills as originally placed before the people by Dr. J.C. Doan, as shown by the following declaration. DOMINION OF CANADA. PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

In the matter of Doan's Kidney Pills. I, James Doan, of Kingsville, in the County of Essex, Druggist, do solemnly declare that Doan's Kidney Pills were first manufactured and sold by me on the 14th day of February, A.D. 1884. And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and knowing it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

Declared before me at Kingsville, in the County of Essex, this 27th day of July, A.D. 1904. W. A. Smith, A Commissioner, etc. Price, 50c a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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a particularly favorable impression remember that it is because the other man is a particularly keen judge. He is quick to distinguish the difference between sincerity and pretense. When he appraises your dress will your shoes compare favorably with the

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he wears. Remember dollars don't make the man, but they help make opinions of men. Insofar as shoes have any influence—Invictus will help rather than hinder you. At Any Invictus Agency