

## KIDNEY TROUBLES

Increasing Among Women, But Sufferers Need Not Despair

THE BEST ADVICE IS FREE

Of all the diseases known, with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal, and statistics show that this disease is on the increase among women.



Unless early and correct treatment is applied the patient seldom survives when once the disease is fastened upon her. We believe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most efficient treatment for chronic kidney troubles of women, and is the only medicine especially prepared for this purpose.

When a woman is troubled with pain or weight in loins, backache, frequent, painful or scalding urination, swelling of limbs or feet, swelling under the eyes, an uneasy, tired feeling in the region of the kidneys or notices a sediment in the urine, she should lose no time in commencing treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it may be the means of saving her life.

For proof, read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Sawyer.

"I cannot express the terrible suffering I had to endure. A derangement of the female organs developed nervous prostration and a serious kidney trouble. The doctor attended me for a year, but I kept getting worse, until I was unable to do anything, and I made up my mind I could not live. I finally decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a last resort, and I am to-day a well woman. I cannot praise it too highly, and I tell every suffering woman about my case." Mrs. Emma Sawyer, Conyers, Ga.

Mrs. Pinkham gives free advice to women; address in confidence, Lynn, Mass.

## MARY'S INSANITY

By Louise Jackson Strong

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"Well, Molly," Mrs. Briggs kissed her daughter again tenderly. "I'm glad to get you back. It was unreasonable in your Uncle Page to keep you for months. I'll never spare you so long again."

"That isn't the only thing Uncle Page is unreasonable about," Mary replied, following her mother to the buggy.

Mrs. Briggs said nothing more until they were jogging along the pleasant road. Then she turned with a doubtful smile. "We may as well have it out and done with, Molly. Of course I know you mean that your uncle is unreasonable about that schoolteacher, but he's a good judge of men."

"He is too prejudiced to judge fairly," Mary declared. "And he prejudiced against Allen too. If you only waited until you had become acquainted with him, mother."

"I would never consent to your marrying a mere schoolteacher!" Mrs. Briggs broke in.

"Allen hasn't taken it up as a life profession," Mary hastened to explain.

"Time he's pattered around at country school teaching a few years he'll be spotted for anything else," Mrs. Briggs asserted, "and I can't have you tied to that kind of a man, dear."

Mary was silent, and her mother scrutinized her face, finding it thinner than it should be and pale, now the excitement of their meeting had passed. That made her anxious.

"You can't really have cared for him, Molly, so as to make you unhappy. You had never seen him until you went up there, and your father and I

were two years, off and on, making up our minds."

"I think it is different with some," Mary said shyly, her cheeks pinking. "It seemed as if we had known each other always, from the first, and I saw him constantly, you know, till Uncle Page interfered. I care for him more than I can ever care for any one else, but I couldn't defy you, mother."

"I suppose he was angry over my letter?" Mrs. Briggs said tentatively.

"No, he wasn't angry, but he felt that you were unfair in not giving him



SHE PLUNGED OUT OVER THE WHEEL.

a chance to show what was in him. He went away, and you had forbidden me to see him, and I have known nothing of him since," Mary said wistfully.

Mrs. Briggs felt a sudden contempt for the young man who had obeyed her mandates so completely without a struggle. However, it only proved him a poor thing, unworthy such a prize as Mary, and the dear girl was young. She would get over it and be happy in the love of some man who was a man. Such a one was at hand, and Mrs. Briggs considered him so desirable as a son-in-law that she already regarded him as such prospectively.

"Well," she said finally, "I am glad, Molly, that you hold no grudge against me. I told you about the judge's nephew, a fine, smart young fellow. Mrs. Brown has a couple of girl cousins visiting her, and the Hendersons have several nice young men among the boarders. Our little town will be gay this summer, and I've fixed up a bit, so you can do your share of entertaining."

Mary shrank, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, I want to stay quietly at home with you!"

"And have people saying you're moping over a disappointment?" Mrs. Briggs spluttered.

"I don't care what they say. It's no use, mother. I see what you mean for me, but I can't forget." Then, with a wan smile, "I am not behaving very well, mother, but don't mind it, and let's just go on as usual."

"And don't fling me at the judge's nephew," she added mentally.

"I have asked the nephew and Flora for this evening," Mrs. Briggs said presently, "but I can send John to tell them you are too tired."

"John, the new hand?" Mary commented absently.

"Yes, and he's a wonderful manager. There he is," Mrs. Briggs pointed with her whip as they rounded the home corner.

Mary glanced indifferently at the figure beyond the grove, then with a low cry leaned forward, gazing intently.

"John?" she repeated, turning a bewildered face to her astonished mother.

"Why, Molly! What is it?" Mrs. Briggs cried, somewhat alarmed.

The young man took off his hat and tossed back his hair with a peculiar gesture, and with a shriek Mary jerked up Dobbin, plunged out over the wheel, darted to the barbed wire fence, dropped flat, rolled smoothly under it and flew, still shrieking, across the meadow.

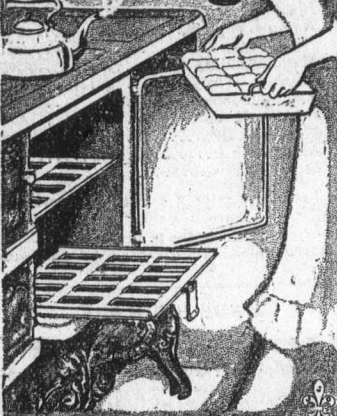
Paralyzed with dreadful fear, Mrs. Briggs gazed helplessly. There could be but one hideous explanation of the astounding scene—Mary was suddenly seized with mental derangement—she had taken that miserable affair to heart; she had brooded over her trouble; her whole expression showed that, and now, having it all brought up again—oh, horrible! It was her own mother who had—

"Oh, lordy, lordy!" Mrs. Briggs moaned, backing clumsily out of the buggy and fluttering along the fence like a hen at the garden pickets, but she could not roll her plump figure underneath. She would have to go around, and that poor child running headlong, perfectly wild. She was now disappearing in the grove. In her frenzy she would rush on down the hill beyond, and the creek was high.

"John! John!" Mrs. Briggs screamed frantically. "Catch her, John!"

John apparently understood and disappeared in the trees, while Mrs. Briggs, shaking with sobs, scrambled into the buggy and lashed Dobbin into

## It does do good baking



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a run with a suddenness that nung me heels to the top of the dashboard. She slid to her knees in the box and plied the whip, waiting aloud at every jump of the horse. At the pasture lane she turned so sharply that the buggy tilted against the post, nearly tipping her out, but she only urged the astonished Dobbin on, her imagination picturing her darling already at the bottom of the swirling stream. She dashed through the open gate of the potato field.

She could not wait to take down the bars of the small out patch that intervened, but squeezed through and ran, panting breathlessly, too exhausted to call. Soon she caught sight of John. He had Mary safe. Her abused knees weakened at that, but she struggled to them. John clasped Mary close in his arms, and she was laughing shrilly, crying hysterically, "Oh, it is Allen; it is Allen!"

"Yes, honey; yes," Mrs. Briggs quavered. "Oh, lordy, lordy! Come to the house with mother, dear. Don't let go of her for your life, John. I've been wicked cruel to her—Yes, honey; yes; it's Allen."

"It's Allen, Allen!" Mary reiterated, her face on the young man's breast.

"Oh, lordy, lordy!" moaned Mrs. Briggs, the tears streaming. "Humor her, John. Help me get her to the house, then bring the doctors. Yes, honey; it's Allen."

"Mrs. Briggs"—John patted her shoulder comfortingly—"you needn't be frightened. Mary is all right. It is Allen—John Allen Smithers, instead of John Smith. I wanted to prove to you that I wasn't a mere good for nothing"

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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"Mrs. Briggs sat down suddenly—"and I hope you have changed your opinion of me and will accept me as your son-in-law."

"For I'll never, never have anything to do with the judge's nephew!" Mary declared aggressively.

Mrs. Briggs started, then burst into peals of tearful, choking laughter. "I guess we'd better stop and see where we're at," she gasped. "I'm the only one that's crazy, it seems. Who wants you to have anything to do with the judge's nephew, missie? So, you young scamp, you're Allen, are you? And you've worked a slick game on me, but I'm suited. Why, it's the very thing I've been planning for weeks!"

Then, with fresh shrieks, Mary fell upon her mother, and they kissed and cried and laughed together, while John Allen looked on, grinning foolishly.

### Noon as Nature's Dining Hour.

Persons who keep close watch on themselves are of the opinion that the hour of noon is the most critical period of life. At that time the human frame undergoes serious changes. The stomach has dispatched the morning meal and sends scouting parties in search of another. The eyes and brain are on the alert, and there is a sort of all-goneness pervading the anatomy that sharpens the faculties and puts a new edge on the teeth. It is nature's dining time, and everything about the healthy man or woman is attuned to the demolition or enjoyment of what is called a "good square meal." Those who pay heed to the prompting of nature at this divine hour have their reward in good appetite, good temper and excellent digestion, which is conducive to all the good that flesh is heir to. But those who, following the imperious dictates of fashion, defer the hour of dining until all natural longings are dead and have to be resurrected by adventitious aids lay a train of evils and discomforts which sooner or later become the plague of their lives.—London Telegraph.

### Blood Showers in Olden Times.

In the "Annals of Remarkable Happenings in Rome" mention is made of fourteen different showers of blood or blood and other substances mixed, which occurred between the years 319 A. D. and 1170. In 1222 we find record of a shower of blood and dust which covered the larger part of Italy. In 1226 a "snow" fell in Syria "which presently turned into large brooks and pools of blood." A monk who wrote in the year 1251 and whose manuscript is now preserved in the British museum, tells of a three days' shower of blood "all over southern Europe." Burgundy had a blood shower in 1331, and Dedfordshire, England, witnessed a similar phenomenon in the year 1450. In 1686 hailstones fell in Wurtemberg which contained cavities filled with blood or blood red liquid. The last "blood shower" on record occurred in Siam in the year 1802.

### OLD TIME LEGAL METHODS.

When the Evidence of Ghosts Sufficed to Hang Men.

The testimony of a ghost would not now count for much in a court of law, but the day has been when it has sufficed to hang a man. There was a ghostly accuser in a case with which the readers of Scott are familiar. Soon after the "45" an English soldier wandering near Braemar met a violent death. Years passed and then came a story of a communication from another world.

A farm servant declared that in the night a spirit had appeared to him declaring itself to be the ghost of the soldier, whose bones, it is said, lay still unburied. The highlander must see to their decent interment and have the murderers, two men named, brought to justice. The highlander promised, but did not keep his word, and a second and third time the spirit appeared and upbraided him for his breach of faith. Alarmed at last and no longer daring to delay, the man called a companion and went to the spot which the spirit had indicated and there found the bones of the murdered warrior concealed in a moorland tract called the hill of Christie.

The story of the highlander came to the ears of an anti-Jacobite, who caused the matter to be brought to trial before the court of judicary, Edinburgh. There the tale was corroborated by a woman who had seen a naked figure enter the place on the night spoken of by the man. It was an age of superstition in a district more than commonly given to superstition, and the jury seemed disposed to find the two men charged guilty of the murder, but it happened that the principal witness spoke only Gaelic. "Now," said the counsel for the defense, "in what language did the ghost speak?" "In as good Gaelic as I ever heard in Lochaber," was the reply. "Pretty good for the ghost of an English soldier," said counsel, and that question and comment saved the necks of the men at the bar. The jury could believe in a ghost, but not in an English ghost speaking Gaelic.—London Standard.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

is better than other Soaps but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Follow directions.

### SUNLIGHT WAY OF WASHING

FIRST.—Dip the article to be washed in a tub of lukewarm water, draw it out on a washboard and rub the soap lightly over it. Be particular not to miss soaping all over. THEN roll it in a tight roll, lay in the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on, and are rolled up.

Then go away for thirty minutes to one hour and let the "Sunlight" Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time rub the clothes lightly out on a washboard, and the dirt will drop out; turn the garment inside out to get at the seams, but don't use any more soap; don't scald or boil a single piece, and don't wash through two suds. If the water gets too dirty, pour a little out and add fresh. If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more soap on it, and throw the piece back into the suds for a few minutes.

LASTLY COMES THE RINSING, which is to be done in lukewarm water, taking special care to get all the dirty suds away, then wring out and hang up to dry.

For Woolens and Flannels proceed as follows:—Shake the articles free from dust. Cut a tablet of SUNLIGHT SOAP into shavings, pour into a gallon of boiling water and whisk into a lather. When just lukewarm, work articles in the lather without rubbing. Squeeze out dirty water without twisting and rinse thoroughly in two relays of lukewarm water. Squeeze out water without twisting and hang in the open air.

Get the most delicate colors may be safely washed in the "Sunlight" way.

\$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

5c. Buy it and follow directions. 5c.

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## STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES Warwick Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.30 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. D. M. Ross, Prop.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES Arkona at 9 a. m. Watford at 10.10 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—T.B.T.