

Could scarcely get up or down without help

Had a severe pain in the small of the back.

Was treated in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, but not cured.

Kidney trouble was the trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Carol Mr. George Groves, Pitts Ferry Ont., of a very bad case of kidney trouble

He tells about the cure in the following words: "I cannot recommend Doan's Kidney Pills too highly. I never took any thing that did me so much good. I had a severe pain in the small of my back and could scarcely get up or down without help. I could hardly urinate, but when I did the pain was terrible. I was in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, last winter and when I came out I was much better but not cured. It was then I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. Since taking them I have been completely cured and have not had any trouble with my kidneys since."

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

FIGHTING FOR A NAME.

But he did not wake easily. The man shook him roughly, and shouted in his ear that they were at Boston and he must get out, but he only rolled from side to side in his chair, with half-open eyes, looking like a drunken person in a heavy stupor.

"What in thunder are you?" growled the porter impatiently. "Can't you wake up?"

Ned was deaf, however, to all sounds. He would partially arouse, but the moment the porter relaxed his efforts, he immediately relapsed into his stupid state again.

"There's something wrong about this," the man muttered, and then went in search of the conductor.

"He's either been drinking heavily or else he has been drugged," was that official's verdict regarding Ned's condition. "Where's the other passenger?"

"Got out at the avenue."

"Humph! I don't like the looks of it; but let him alone, till we are at leisure; then we'll give him a cup of strong coffee and see what that'll do for him."

Accordingly, as soon as they were at liberty the coffee was procured, and the liquid forced between Ned's lips, until he had swallowed the most of it.

It had the desired effect after a time and sitting up he looked around with a dazed expression.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked as he noticed the cup in the porter's hand.

"That is more than I can tell you. It looks to me as if you had crooked your elbows a little too often," said the conductor, with a good-natured laugh.

Ned flushed.

"I never drink anything of an intoxicating nature," he said, with great dignity.

"Well, then, you have been broken of your rest a good deal lately, for you were more difficult to wake than the seven sleepers I've heard about."

An expression of alarm swept over Ned's face at this. He had fallen asleep while on duty in spite of his determination not to do so.

He put his hand to that inside pocket with a sudden heart-sinking.

Had his precious trust been stolen while he slept?

No, the wallet was there, safe enough, and apparently untouched. Reassured, he arose to leave the car, after paying the porter for the coffee, and thanking both him and the conductor for their efforts in his behalf.

His head felt heavy, and there was a strange feeling of numbness throughout his body—his legs especially seemed to be very clumsy, and as if they hardly belonged to his body.

"I must have slept soundly, indeed," he thought, as he walked down the platform, but having no suspicion of the truth. The only explanation that he could think of was that there had been such an unusual tension on his nerves, he had become exhausted by it.

He took a carriage and reached home a little before midnight.

He found Mr. Lawson and his mother both up, waiting for him, and after exchanging greetings with them, and giving them a brief outline of his trip, he asked Mr. Lawson to lock the wallet in his safe. He was still so unsuspicious that it did not occur to him to examine it, for it had no appearance of having been tampered with. Then they all retired without a thought of the terrible revelation which the morning was to bring to them.

Ned's condition was almost as bad, when he awoke the next morning, as when he was so roughly aroused in the car the night previous. His head ached, and there was a very disagreeable taste in his mouth; in fact, he was almost sick, and could not eat a mouthful of breakfast.

His mother insisted that he was not able to go to the bank and that he must, and after drinking a cup of strong coffee, he obtained the precious wallet from the safe and started forth to meet his fate.

Even then it did not occur to him to examine the wallet. The cashier of the bank in Albany had himself placed the notes and bonds in it, and secured it with a strong rubber band, and he wished to deliver it to his employers just as he had received it.

He entered the bank a little after nine o'clock, and going directly to the private office of the cashier, handed the wallet to him.

"Well, Heatherton, I hope you had a pleasant trip," the man remarked, as he cordially shook hands with him.

"Very, thank you, sir, and now I have felt the burden of responsibility rather more than was comfortable," Ned smilingly responded.

"I believe it has worn upon you,"

the man returned, as he noticed his pale face and heavy eyes. "Are you feeling all right there?" Ned remarked, as the cashier removed the strap from the wallet.

"So you felt the responsibility rather burdensome, eh?" he remarked, with a little laugh, as he laid the wallet open on the desk before him. "Well, that isn't to be wondered at, since it was your first experience. You'll get over that, however, after a little while. Humph! What does this mean?"

The exclamation had been caused by the discovery of the folded newspaper, which had been placed in the wallet when the bank notes and bonds were abstracted.

Ned started as the man began to unfold it.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "there was no newspaper in the wallet when Mr. Cutler gave it to me yesterday."

Then leaning forward to look more closely into it, he cried aghast:

"But the money! Where are the bills? Where are the bonds? Great heavens! Heatherton, what does this mean?"

sternly demanded the cashier, who at once realized that there was grave trouble ahead, and whose face was scarcely less pale than Ned's, which was absolutely ghastly.

"I don't know—upon my honor, I don't; everything was all right yesterday when I left Albany. Oh, where is the money? What can have become of it?" Ned exclaimed wildly, as he seized the wallet in his trembling hands, and searched every pocket for the missing notes and papers, forgetting in his excitement that the bulky package must have been the first thing to attract attention.

Then the dreadful truth forced itself upon him—the money had been robbed. He had been robbed while he had slept, like a careless soldier at his post! The bonds were gone, and he was responsible for the loss.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The cashier regarded Ned with a puzzled expression, for the young man looked perfectly wild as the conviction of the terrible situation forced itself upon him. His face could not have been whiter if he had been dead, and he trembled so violently that he was obliged to lean against the desk for support.

"Well," said the cashier, when he could recover his own self-possession sufficiently to speak, "I, of course, cannot answer your questions satisfactorily—you are the proper person to explain the mystery. Where is the money? What can have become of the bonds?"

"I don't know," groaned Ned, with pallid and quivering lips, as he sank strengthless upon a chair.

"You don't know!" thundered the cashier sternly. "But you had them— you received them yesterday."

"Yes, I went to the bank a little before four o'clock yesterday afternoon; I waited until it was nearly time to close the bank, so as not to have the money about me any longer than was necessary. The cashier, Mr. Cutler, arranged it, and put the bonds in different packages, placing them in the wallet and securing that with this rubber strap. I put it in his presence in the inside pocket of my vest, and did not once remove it until I reached home at night, when I gave it to Mr. Lawson to put in his safe."

Ned explained, with what coherence he could.

"Did you examine it last night, after reaching home, to ascertain if the contents were all right?" the cashier inquired.

"No, I did not open the wallet; I have not once removed the strap. I was so sure that it was exactly as Mr. Cutler gave it to me that I did not think it necessary."

"Edward Heatherton, are you telling me the truth?" demanded the cashier, looking him sternly in the eye with a glance that must have made any novice in guilt quail before him.

"The solemn truth, sir," Ned returned, meeting his gaze unwaveringly, as an expression of agony swept over his features. "But, oh, Mr. Cranston, I am crushed, and I cannot understand it. Yet stay!" he cried, starting wildly up, as his thoughts went flashing back over the events of the previous night. "I see it all now—I have been robbed—I have been robbed!"

"There can be no doubt about that," his companion curtly remarked, "but can you trace the act to anyone in particular?"

"I think so—I believe so," Ned said, eagerly.

Then he related all that had occurred during his homeward journey; how he had taken his book along to study, so as to make sure that he would not sleep; how he had grown drowsy in spite of every effort against the feeling, and while pacing back and forth to overcome it, the man occupying the chair behind him, had offered him the orange.

"Describe him," briefly commanded the cashier.

Ned did so, and the man's lips were gradually compressed into a hard, stern line as he realized but too plainly that the traveler had been disguised.

"Drugged!" he muttered, as Ned spoke of the queer taste he had noticed while eating the orange, and the subsequent events in the car.

[To be Continued.]

They know it.

Thousands of people throughout the country know that the ordinary remedies for piles—ointments, suppositories and appliances—will not cure.

The best of them only bring passing relief.

Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Toid is a tablet taken internally that removes the cause of Piles, hence the cure is permanent. Every package sold carries a guarantee with it.

It is perfectly harmless to the most delicate constitution. A month's treatment in each package. Sold at \$1.00.

Further information in regard to it at the drug store.

James W. Eldridge, of Hartford, Conn., owns the saddle that Jeff Davis used during most of the war.

THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE.—Careful observation of the effects of Parole's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system, and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and the remedy have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

It isn't every prodigal who finds the fattest calf already roasted with the gravy and the trimmings on the side.

CORN'S CAUSE Intolerable pain. Holway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

A self-made man takes so much pride in telling how he started life on a half-dollar and a country road.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

If love were copyrighted in Eden, should the apple and the snake be its trade mark.

Repairs Hair Sometimes nature needs a little help—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It repairs the hair, touches it up, gives it new life, brings back the old dark color, and makes it soft and glossy. Cures dandruff.

FOUR DAYS' MEET AT QUEEN'S PARK

Entries So Heavy That Change Was Made by the London Trotting Association.

The summer race meeting under the auspices of the London Trotting and Driving Association will extend over four days, instead of three days, as originally announced.

The change has been decided by the club owing to the large number of entries. The list is the best the organization has yet enjoyed, being so full that the executive saw its way clear to make four days' sport, with a trot, pace and a run on the first three days, and a pace, free for all and a run as a farewell programme. The entries are:

FIRST DAY, JUNE 14.

First race, 2:35 pace—Little Joe, J. Hare, Mount Brydges; Dentist, C. P. Sellers, London; Harry D., D. A. McEwan, London; Angie B., Dr. Hapthorn, Strathroy; Freddie Lee, C. Banett, Toronto; Miss Wilson, C. Cramers, Saginaw; Happy Mack, E. Jackson, Newmarket; Baby T. F., A. Anderson, Kincaid; Donna Bell, Dr. Johnston, Peterboro; Lord Roberts, A. D. McBride, Collingwood; Angus Pointer, J. Macpherson, Collingwood; Collingwood Rooker, T. Neville, Collingwood; Queenie, S. Peaine, Muncy; Hazel Hae, C. Banett, Toronto; Frank H., D. A. McEwan, London.

2:35 pace—Bourbon Brook, owned by C. Briggs, Paisley.

2:15 trot and pace—Master Roy, D. Peters, Dresden; Prince Vale, J. E. Swartz, Wingham; Black Joe, Ed. Jackson, Newmarket; Spink B., G. Powell, Orillia; Wisdom King, E. Lieber, Tavistock; Eldorado, Dr. Hughson, Strathroy; Geo. Schley, R. McGurr, Meaford.

5:8 mile run—Entries night before the race.

SECOND DAY, JUNE 15.

2:15 pace—John Naylor, Dr. Wheatley, Wingham; William C., John Wigle, Windsor; Texas Rooker, Thos. Neville, Collingwood; Bertha W., P. Makin, Toronto; L. C. J. J. Tramer, Saginaw; George Schley, R. J. McGurr, Meaford; Miss May, D. Peters, Dresden.

2:15 pace—Gypsy Girl, owned by A. Martin, Toronto.

2:35 trot—Mary Scott, W. A. Collins, Toronto; Silk Linger, V. E. Woodruff, Geneva, W. Bernes, Toronto; George Stevens, James Gordon, Hamilton; Klondike, D. A. McEwan, London; Hugh Scott, C. Kennedy, Toronto; Dr. E. J. Roche, Alvinston; Frank Wilkes, E. J. Dolsen, Chatham; West Point, D. A. McEwan, London; Queenie, R. H. Reid, London.

3:4 mile run—Entries night before the race.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 16.

2:25 pace—Cap. Redford, W. Menifield, Ridgeway; Rob Roy, G. Powell, Napanee; Albrino, C. P. Banett, Toronto; Dolphy W., A. C. Leaky, St. Thomas; Jessie Rodgers, J. E. Swartz, Wingham; Angus Pointer, J. Macpherson, Carleton Place; Jubilee, Dr. Wood, Hamilton; Manxwood, R. H. Reid, London; Bleacher, M. Connors, Peterboro; Tommy A., T. A. Treagold, London; Little Sissy, C. Kennedy, Toronto.

2:20 trot—George S., G. H. Stevens, Galt; Jennie Scott, W. A. Collins, Toronto; Annie, D. A. McEwan, London; Billie B., W. J. Gills, Toronto; Momento, J. Johnston, London; Molvill, W. Kitcher, Collingwood; Jack Madden, Kennedy, Toronto; Lee J. Mrs. L. H. Edwards, Blenheim.

5:8 mile run—Entries close night before the race.

FOURTH DAY, JUNE 17.

2:25 pace—Cap. Redford, W. Menifield, Ridgeway; Maplewood, R. H. Reid, London; Little Sissy, C. Kennedy, Toronto; Happy Mack, Ed. Jackson, Newmarket; Angie B., Dr. Hughson, Strathroy; Blucher, M. Connors, Peterboro; Frank H., D. A. McEwan, London; Fred, Fred Woods, London; Lady Black, John Woods, London; Dentist, C. P. Sellers, London; Miss Wilson, C. Cramers, Saginaw; Hazel Rae, C. Banett, Toronto.

Free-for-all—Dr. H. Ed Winter, Leamington; Darkey, J. E. Swartz, Wingham; Cleopatra, W. A. Mahon, London; Geary, J. Johnston, London; Wisdom King, E. Lieber, Tavistock; Black Joe, Ed. Jackson, Newmarket; Master Roy, D. Peters, Dresden; Spink B., G. Powell, Orillia.

5:8 mile run—Entries close night before the race.

CLOSING DAY AT NEW HAMBURG

Best Meeting Ever Held—Canadian Horses Won All the Events.

The closing day of the trotting and racing at New Hamburg attracted a large attendance. The heavy rain early in the day and the threatening aspect of the weather until noon almost precluded a post-race meeting, but the crowd and the entries on the programme of four events were successfully pulled off, concluding one of the best meetings in the history of the New Hamburg Association. Summary:

2:25 pace or 2:20 trot, purse \$250: Little Sandy, e.g., Mr. O'Rourke, Toronto, 2:21 1/2; Alex. Hash, e.g., Little Pete, b. g., Alex. Hash, e.g., Listowel, 2:22 1/2; Miss Wilson, e.g., 2:23 1/2; French, Saginaw, Mich., 2:24 1/2; Capt. Redford, b. g., E. Morris, field, Ridgeway, 2:25 1/2; Happy Day, b. g., Ed. Jackson, Newmarket, 2:26 1/2; Commodore, e.g., J. D. Robertson, Coldwater, 2:27 1/2; Ronch, b. g., Richardson, 2:28 1/2; Thompson, Stratford, 2:29 1/2; Emma Wilkes, h.m., E. Muir, Stroud, 2:30 1/2; Billy Brine, b. g., George Sykes, Stratford, 2:31 1/2.

Free for all, purse \$250: Darkey, b. g., J. Swartz, Wingham, 1:11 1/2; Dicky, b. g., W. A. Mahon, 1:12 1/2; Sphinx, b. g., B. Brown, Orillia, 1:13 1/2; Fred, b. g., Dr. Peters, 1:14 1/2; Dresden, 1:15 1/2; Black Joe, b. g., Ed. Jackson, Newmarket, 1:16 1/2; Time—2:25, 2:26, 2:27.

Named race, half-mile, heats: Margie Mac, b. g., W. Hall, Plattville, 3:11 1/2; Nettie Bright, b. g., E. Jam, Elliot, 3:12 1/2; Barney B., b. g., A. J. Hall, 3:13 1/2; May B., b. m., R. J. Neal, Plattville, 3:14 1/2.

Five dash, purse \$100—Logan Landman, b. g., C. Bolander, Goderich, 1:11 1/2; Prince Arthur, b. m., H. G. Galt, 1:12 1/2; Pickette, b. h., J. Hurley, Guelph, 1:13 1/2; Tobie Paine, ch. g., Venn & Co., Cleveland, O., 5:16, 1:55.

YESTERDAY'S TURF RESULTS.

At Hamilton—The World (Perry), 8 to 1; Taxman (R. Head), 5 to 2; Maltie (Watson), 8 to 5; Annie (Perry), 8 to 5.

At Buffalo—Early Boy (C. Smith), 5 to 2; Incense (McCafferty), 4 to 5; Fortunatus (Homes), 8 to 1; Wire In (Romanello), 8 to 1; Lasola (Rescort), 4 to 1; Fort Plan (McKinney), 10 to 1.

At Gravesend—Monte Carlo, 9 to 1; Black Death, 8 to 1; Niblick, 9 to 10; Beldame, 1 to 6; Himself, 11 to 5; Dorothy Gray, 20 to 1; Wire In (Romanello), 8 to 1; Lasola (Rescort), 4 to 1; Fort Plan (McKinney), 10 to 1.

At St. Louis—Mildred L., 7 to 5; Wisardine, 9 to 5; Milton Young, 4 to 5; Velasquez, 4 to 1; Hoe Down, 5 to 2; Murnur, 3 to 1.

GOLF.

A meeting of the London Ladies' Golf Club executive held yesterday, decided to have a special tea given by the club on Saturday afternoon. An approach and putting match will be held then, which will be open to all members and their friends.

TRAVIS DROPPED OUT.

Walter J. Travis, the American champion, dropped out of the open golf championship at Sandwich, England, after yesterday's round, under the rule whereby players with a score of 4 behind the leader are eliminated.

American Hats, \$1.00 to \$2.50.

GRAFTON & CO
Dundas and Carling Streets.
LEADERS SINCE 1852.

Christy's Hats, \$1.00 to \$2.50.

Correct Clothing At Prices Which Will Prove Money-Savers.

It is no trick to sell clothing cheap—the shoddy kind can be bought to sell at very little prices. Our aim is to sell "High-Grade" Clothing at the least possible figures. It is by doing this that we have built up the largest clothing trade in Western Ontario. These garments have those clever touches of fashion which characterize "High-Grade" ready-to-wear attire, and yet their prices are within the reach of modest pocket-books. We present a number of very special offerings which will certainly attract careful buyers and any one of which should command higher figures.

A Great Offer of Men's \$12.00 and \$13.00 Suits for \$10.00.

Among the suits you'll find very noble patterns in Worsteds and Cheviots, single and double-breasted, lined with high-class serge or Italian linings. In tailoring, fit, and all other details these suits are on a par with garments that command anywhere from \$18 to \$20 in merchant-tailoring establishments.

\$10.00 \$12 and \$13 Values for \$10.00

When the merits of these suits, together with the exceptionally low prices, are taken into consideration, then you'll appreciate the strength of this special offering. It is undoubtedly the best opportunity of the season to get an excellent suit at a lower price than you calculated paying.

MEN'S TROUSERS, in plain and fancy cheviots and imported Scotch tweeds, stylish cut, well tailored, spring hip and flaps on pockets, extra value at \$5.00. Special \$3.75 and \$3.95.

Men's Suits and Top Coats.

of the highest grades, faultless in fit and tailoring; made from exclusive materials in a wide range of patterns and colorings. The highest grade, made at our own factory. Priced at \$13, \$15 and \$18.

Boys' \$3.75 Suits for \$2.95.

These suits are not only stylish-looking garments, but are made of most substantial materials, such as cheviots and fancy mixtures, come in Norfolk and double-breasted styles. They are regular \$3.75 suits; special \$2.95.

We own and operate our own factory, besides six of the largest stores in the Dominion.

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS --- Special at \$6.95 and \$8.50.

These come in the new single and double-breasted coat style, with new peg shaped trousers made of excellent quality of materials, in plain colors and the newest fancy mixtures, all skillfully made and fit like custom-made garments; all sizes, 14 to 20 years; \$8.50 and \$10.00 values. Special for \$6.95 and \$8.50.

GRAFTON & CO.
MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE UNION-MADE CLOTHING.
J. M. Hickey, Manager.

Travis' score today was 88, and yesterday 82, a total of 170. Thomson (professional), yesterday's leader, is still ahead, with a total of 151.

LAWN BOWLING.

CLINTON WON EASILY.

The first bowling match of the season between the Clinton and Seaforth Clubs took place at Clinton yesterday, and resulted in a victory for the Clinton Club by 29 shots. The following is the score:

Clinton: J. W. Irwin, 24; D. McGinnis, 19; G. E. Parkes, 18; T. R. Richardson, 17; J. M. Best, 16; W. Jackson, 15; J. A. Fox, 14; E. E. Hillon, 13; W. Rodgers, 12; D. A. Forrester, 11; C. E. Dowling, 10; F. Jackson, 9; Dr. Agnew, 8; J. B. Hoover, 7; W. W. Farra, 6; E. Howard, 5; Dr. Gibbins, 4; W. Spalding, 3; skip, 17.

SEAORTH: J. A. Fox, 14; E. E. Hillon, 13; W. Rodgers, 12; D. A. Forrester, 11; C. E. Dowling, 10; F. Jackson, 9; Dr. Agnew, 8; J. B. Hoover, 7; W. W. Farra, 6; E. Howard, 5; Dr. Gibbins, 4; W. Spalding, 3; skip, 17.

CANADIAN TEAM LOST.

In a match between the Canadian



bowlers and a team representing the Midland Counties at Leicester, England, the former made 68 points, the latter 97. After the match the visitors were entertained by the mayor.

LACROSSE.

VERY CLOSE GAME.

The Drumbo lacrosse team, which vanquished the Hespeir twelve, played Woodstock yesterday in a C. L. A. game. The game was well played and scientific throughout, short, quick passes being indulged in. The visitors were much heavier than the locals, several of whom received minor injuries. Final score 3 to 2 in favor of Woodstock.

RING.

TOM SHARKEY MARRIED.

Thomas Sharkey, the pugilist, has been married in New York to Miss Catherine McIntosh, of Michigan, a professional nurse, who attended him during a recent illness.

ANOTHER FOR SULLIVAN.

"Jack Twiss" Sullivan, of Boston, received the decision at St. Louis last night over Andrew Walsh, of Brooklyn, at the end of fifteen rounds.

BOATING.

A COSTLY CUP.

Sir Thomas Lipton has notified the Brooklyn Yacht Club that the cup for the ocean race from Gravesend Bay to Marblehead, Mass., which is to be held

July 2, under the auspices of the club, is being made at a cost of not less than 100 guineas.

BASEBALL.

GAME AT SPRINGBANK.

A good game of baseball was played last evening at Springbank between the Cowan Wholesale Hardware Club and Bryan's Brush Factory nine, the former winning by a score of 8 to 6. Tucker, for Cowan's, pitched a fine game.

COWAN'S: Cowan's, 8; Bryan's Factory, 6; Tucker, 8; Batter