



The lips may laugh when the body itself is crying out in anguish. When a woman laughs it does not always mean that she is happy. It is a woman's province to please, and she will bravely endeavor to do this under the most narrowing circumstances. Thousands of women who are considered happy, and charming and entertaining secretly endure suffering that would drive the average man to a mad-house. In almost every instance these sufferings are due to disorders of the distinctly feminine organism. They rob a woman of her health, her beauty, her amiability, her usefulness as a housekeeper, her capability as a mother, and her charm and power in the social and religious world.

There is a safe, sure, speedy and permanent remedy for these troubles. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important feminine organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It endows them with health, strength, vigor and elasticity. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and stops exhausting drains. It banishes the maladies of the expectant months, and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Thousands of women who were almost hopeless invalids have testified to their recovery under this wonderful medicine. Medicine dealers sell it. Accept no substitute or inferior imitation.

"For seven years," writes Mrs. Louisa Arthur of Oswego, Ireland Co., N. C. "I suffered untold agony from female weakness. I then commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and improved very fast. It saved my life."

Only 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing of a free paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth binding 50 stamps. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

APPALLING DEATH

From Kidney Disease Prevented by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

"Kidney Disease." Do you know what it means? It means that the kidneys are either rotten, or rotting; the blood is full of poisonous, death-dealing corruption; that the kidneys can't do their work; that the victim is a walking charnel-house; that his hours are numbered; that the victim must take Dodd's Kidney Pills if he does not want to die.

Have you Kidney Disease? Is your skin hot and dry; memory failing; breath short; urine, reddish, or pale colored; does it scald when passing; is your appetite changeable; do your ankles swell; have you bitter taste in the mouth on getting up mornings; is there a brick-dust deposit in your urine?

Any of these signs is proof positive of Kidney Disease. Will you be cured, or will you die? Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only means on earth that will cure you. They never fail.

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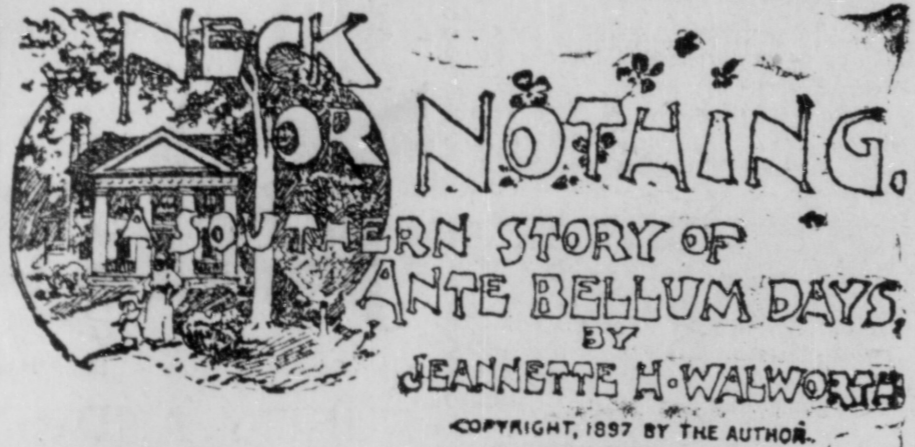
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FIRE LIFE ACCIDENT



CHAPTER XI.

And after awhile again she and her mother would tie big, blue check bib aprons about their waists (Mandy not infrequently "plumb forgot" hers) and would go into the pantry to make the soft gingerbread and the sweet potato pies that the men looked for every Sunday. Then a careful supervision of coarse socks and heavy shirts which had a tendency always to make her wish herself in a nunnery.

And so they would go on, she supposed, forever and forever and forever.

She stood in the broad open hallway after finishing her breakfast, thankful that no halt nor lame constituent had hurried her through with it. She could see the smokehouse activities without turning her head. How large and handsome and capable a man her father looked to be so ignobly occupied. The physique of a Roman gladiator, the soul of a serf. The familiar sight stirred her to fresh rebellion at the discordance. She did not move when her mother came softly up behind her and clasped caressing hands about her slim waist.

"Honey, this bas' fits you like you was melted into it. And to think you done it all yourself."

Liza turned a clouded, abstracted face toward her, saying inconsequently:

"Mother, why did you ever permit my father to go into such a business as this?"

Mrs. Martin removed her caressing hands and fell back a step or two, frowning perplexedly.

"Go inter it? Why, chile, he was born inter it. The Martins have been overseen for the Strongs, father and son, as far back as the days of this Governor Strong's grandpa—and him in his seventies. Not Martin, he ain't but 60 year old. The Martins and the Strongs jus' seem natcherly to belong to each other. And when my Eben is gone (may I go first), and the old man ap at the big house is gone, too, I reckon my Seth and my Charlie will be carryin the ole place on for Adrien same as ever."

This with a note of pride in her voice both exasperating and inexplicable to Liza.

"But have you never had any ambition for him or for my brothers to be something else—something better—mother?"

Mrs. Martin twisted her apron strings reflectively. She could see Eben and the boys from where she stood. There was nothing in the sight to stir her to vain regrets or to futile dreaming.

Eben—with a pair of heavy steel bowed glasses astride his nose for greater accuracy in weighing, his coat off for freer play of his muscular arms—was placidly baiting the hand scales with a fresh slab of meat, whistling the while, with cheerful discordance, a measure from "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." His cheerfulness was reflected in Mrs. Martin's face.

"That's a mighty nice, fresh lookin chunk of pork. Eben better be lookin out fur my sto'room too."

She stepped to the end of the gallery and lifted her voice arrestingly:

"Ole man, I know a good piece of meat when I see it. Save some outer that barrel befo' it all goes."

Then she returned to Liza:

"N-o, honey, I can't just say as I have. If you suit this sort of business and it suits you, it ain't so bad. Now, your pa does suit the business, and it does suit him. He don't know nothin else. Him and this plantation have growed about each other like the bark about a tree. And then, sick or well, rain or shine, come hard times, come easy, he is dead shore of his \$1,200 a year, rent free, and as big a garden patch as we care to tend. It ain't every sto'keeper nor lawyer nor doctor neither can say as much."

"But the social ostracism, mother." Rebecca's mild blue eyes wandered wistfully over her girl's pretty, clouded face. Dissatisfaction was written there in a language she could understand plainly enough, even though Liza had couched it in one of those mysterious "book words" which were a perpetual stumbling block and offense to her. Her humiliation was complete whenever she needed to have Liza's fine phraseology translated into her sort of English. She blushed shyly.

"The—what, honey?"

"We are nobodies, mother, absolutely nobodies."

The mother laughed pleasantly and shook her head assentingly.

"That's so, honey. There's no denyin that the Martins don't count for much outside of work. But till you come home and Strong sorter soured on everything the rest of us didn't pester ourselves much on that so."

Just then Eben's hearty voice, rattling in a healthy burst of boisterous merriment, came to them from the interior of the smokehouse. Rebecca laughed contagiously and turned to her daughter with a refuting air.

"Lis'n to that, if you please. That

don't sound much like a man that has missed his way in this world and is grievin about society and things."

Eben appeared in the smokehouse door holding aloft a battered, unrecognizable object. He was wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeves and still shaking with the ground swell of mirth.

"What is it, ole man? Let us inter the joke."

"A rat in the meal barrel. I wish you could a-seen Charlie jump. It was better'n Dan Rice's clown. Duke just chawed him up."

He flung the unfortunate rodent far out into the quarter lot, brushed his hands lightly against each other and resumed "Captain Jinks" and the hand scales simultaneously.

"You are right, mother, and—I am a simpleton. Father does not look like a man who was spending his life in vain regrets. I am a dreadful simpleton."

"No, honey, only natcherly a little raw yet. It'll all come right in time."

She glanced beyond the pretty, clouded face of the girl to where a slow hobbling figure was advancing toward them by the aid of a stout, age blackened hickory staff.

(To be Continued.)

Variations on an Ancient Theme.

"My wife," said the tall, lantern-jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning."

"Wonderful," sang the chorus.

"Lightning," the tall, lantern-jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Austrian government has a Hungarian opal 3 3/4 inches long and 2 3/4 inches thick. It weighs 17 ounces and is worth \$300,000. The fire opal, of a hyacinth red to a honey yellow, with firelike reflections of bright light, is valued at from \$5 to \$10 per carat.

The republic of Uruguay has more newspapers in proportion to its population than any country in the world.



MR. MONTAGUE, DUNVILLE, ONT.,

Has an Interesting Chat About Dr. Chase's Ointment, HIS SUFFERING FROM ULCERATING PILES CURED.

He says:—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used it in all two boxes, and am now completely cured.

Every remedy given by Dr. Chase cost years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detested cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanoline, and the best physicians prescribe it.

Mr. M. T. Wigle, of Kingsville, Essex Co.

Cured of Itching Piles of 23 Years Standing. Physicians Fail to Make a Cure When Dr. Chase's Ointment Gave Immediate Relief.

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that they became ulcerated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and being cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, he procured a box. After the third application he got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he enjoyed in years. The one box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

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Men's Suits, mixed checks, 4 button sack, at

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Suits made from our own make of tweed, all patterns, single and double breasted, selling at

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Children's 2 piece suits, dark grey patterns, at

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Children's 2 piece suits, all wool, grey and brown checks, selling at

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Boys' 3 piece suits, nice checks, well made, selling at

\$3.50 up to 7.00

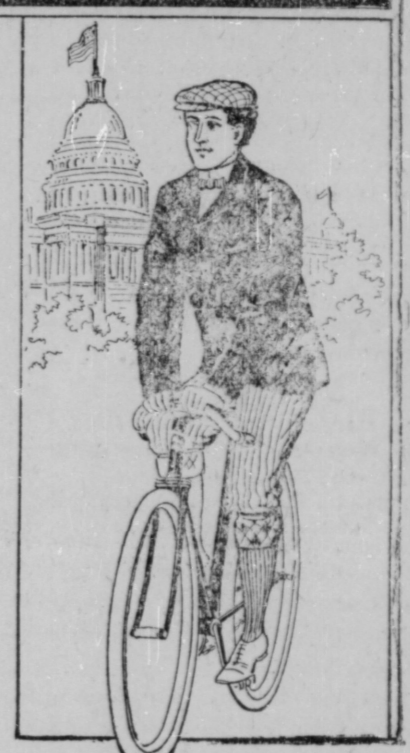
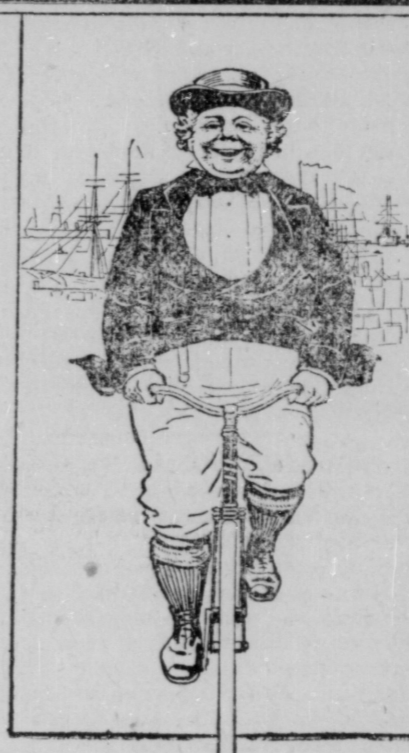
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Boys' odd pants at

25c. 35c up

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