

REMARKABLE CASE.

TOLD BY MR. ORLIN POST, OF GRUMIDGE, MANITOBA.

Suffered Greatly for Five Years: With Rheumatism—Doctors and Many Medicines Failed to Help Him, But He Got the Right Medicine at Last.

From the Echo, Dominion City, Man.

Recently while chatting with a reporter of the Echo, Mr. Orlin Post, a well known farmer of Grumidge, Man., gave the following story of five years of great suffering from the most painful of diseases—rheumatism. Mr. Post said: "There are few people, unless they have been similarly afflicted, who can understand how much I suffered during those five years from the pains of rheumatism. There were times when I was wholly unable to do any work and to merely attempt to move my limbs caused the greatest agony. I tried several doctors but they seemed quite unable to cure me. I had tried several advertised medicines, that were highly recommended for this trouble, but they also failed to bring the longed-for release from pain. As these medicines failed me one after the other, I began to look upon the trouble as incurable, and was almost in despair. At this time some friends asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to make at least one more effort to make a cure. I knew my case was not a severe one, but from the failure of other medicines a stubborn one, and I determined that the pills should have a fair trial, so I bought a dozen boxes. I took them according to directions, and before they were gone there was a great improvement in my condition, but I was not fully cured. I then got another half dozen boxes, and by the time the third of them were emptied I had not an ache or a pain left, and was able to do a good day's work without feeling any of the torture that had for five years made my life miserable. You may say for me that I do not think there is any medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for rheumatism. It is several years since my cure was effected, and I have never since had the least sign of the trouble, I think I can speak with authority."

When such severe cases as this are carefully cured it is not surprising that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made such a great reputation throughout the world for the cure of other diseases, such as poor or weak blood, Paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, anaemia, consumption, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, female ailments and neuritis. Among the troubles they have cured in thousands of cases. Only the genuine pill will cure—substitutes never cured anything. Beware of cheap imitations. You must see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper sold by all dealers in medicine, or will be sent post free at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GREAT SPELLER.

Child of Three Years Reads the Newspapers.

Although only three years old, Master Norman Dexter Weeden, of Alameda, California, reads the daily papers regularly, spells the words that are put to him and remembers vividly all that he sees and hears. He assists his brother Frank in his lessons in arithmetic, geography and spelling, but he does not go to school himself because he is too small. Baby Norman's marvelous comprehension is marvelous in one so young. Nothing, it seems, escapes his notice. He is always asking why and whereof of everything that comes within the range of his senses. He talked and spelled before he reached his second birthday. Little Norman has received no special instructions in spelling, but on the contrary, his parents have sought to discourage the precocity of their child, for fear that he might overtax his mental faculties.

WORD COMBINATIONS.

Since the infant prodigy was able to sit alone his constant playthings have been alphabetical blocks. With these he is incessantly making combinations of his letters, and he has given but a glance at the headings in a paper. Baby Norman will invariably, with his 'moe's,' set them up without error. He has a hobby for observing the names on delivery waggon, store windows and billboard signs, and rarely makes a mistake in spelling. He even notices the names of the men on the sign, and has noticed them but once. When asked to spell words like "longitudinal," "assassination" and others of similar length, the little mental wonder never hesitates, but spells them quickly, apparently by sound and unconsciously. When he secures a paper, he reads it over from it from the editorial to the last and found columns, pronouncing the most difficult words with an ease that is phenomenal. He is an adept in the secret and the feat is performed with figures evinces no great effort on his part.

BABIES WITH WORMS.

A Grateful Mother Tells How Her Little Boy Was Cured.

Mrs. A. Snaue, Rowanston, Que., is another happy mother who thanks Baby's Own Tablets for the health of her boy. The little fellow became the prey of worms—that curse of childhood. His mother noticed that his little legs and arms became skinny; his eyes lost their sparkle and he became sickly and feverish. His sleep was restless and his little body seemed to grow thin. His anxious mother almost despaired of seeing him back again to good health. However, she heard of Baby's Own Tablets and gave them to her child, and now she says: "The Tablets made a wonderful change in my little boy. All signs of worms have disappeared, and he is now in the best of health. I can honestly say that Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a cure for worms." Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones, such as constipation, colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, simple fever and the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Guaranteed to contain none of the poisonous opiates found in the so-called "soothing" medicines. They are for children of all ages, and dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety. Sold in 25-cent boxes, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Your wife looks like a dream to-night," commented the young poet. "Well, she is quite like a dream," answered the old man, "but she always goes by contraries."

Encourage Blunden.

OR..... THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

Blunden laughs aloud. And then she laughs too; and altogether they both appear so amused and so pleased with each other's society that Dandy thinks it is the best thing he is doing when he is consumed with envy and jealousy.

"I suppose Blunden is the latest victim," says Dandy, bitterly, addressing all the people—Kitty, who happens to be near him. "I hardly think so. Arthur is so different from other men, so self-contained, so unobtrusive, so unassuming, so unassuming. There are in his eyes qualities superior to mere beauty."

"But her beauty is not her only charm; she is full of 'em,' says Mr. Dimont, disdainfully, unable to resist throwing a lance in defence of his cruel divinity. "You think her beautiful?"

"Very pretty indeed,"—calmly. A wise woman never abuses another woman to a man, whatever she may say when she is alone with her own sex. Kitty is a wise woman.

"She evidently fancies Arthur; she would, you know. He is so like Sir John," goes on the unhappy young man, almost sotto voce, utterly unconscious of the fact that he is discharging a private bombshell that may burst at any moment upon her infatuation," asks she, forcing a pale smile.

"Oh, nothing, nothing to signify," says Sir John, who is rather epigrammatic when he is in the company of those that are all over a fellow who must be spooned on some one else, but he is not so sure of his own words, until he gets a wife like himself."

"And was she too—Did she like Sir John?"

"Don't know, I'm sure,"—gloomily. "I don't suppose she could like anyone honestly; I don't believe she has a heart at all," says Mr. Dimont, with increasing bitterness at the thought of the letter for her, and returns Kitty, strangely. And then Launceston comes up to her, and she smiles upon him with sudden and unexpected brightness, and he bows him to escort her to her carriage.

(To Be Continued.)

What made your linens coarse? Common soap! Sunlight Soap saves linen.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE. Ask for the Octagon Brand.

As to rise unchecked through the house. Coffee grounds and tea leaves are almost equally bad, and grease is the VERY WORST THING OF ALL, forming as it does a thick, sticky, poisonous coating on the inside of the pipes. Milky water, if poured down a sink, should always be followed by a strong solution of soda ash.

"Almost every individual among us has some pet method of shortening his or her life. When a person gets on in life his appetite usually increases, but a matter of fact, less food is really needed. There are just as many deaths caused by over-eating, as by over-indulgence in alcohol, and many cases of indigestion or suffers from indigestion, too much food is almost certain to weaken his heart, or predispose him to apoplexy. Soda-water is the very best precaution to alleviate this danger, but such a person often experiences...

"Too much exercise kills thousands. The man who spends five days a week in an office faces he must make up for it on the other two. He overtimes himself, upsets his digestion, sleeps, and comes back to work on Monday more fagged than he left on Friday. Over-fatigue produces a toxic poison in the blood which is especially bad for those of feeble or rheumatic tendency. Running up stairs is another foolish practice for any but the very young and strongest persons. In running the blood is pumped at an increased rate, and it is in the same distance on a level. Imagine the strain this exertion puts upon the heart!"

"DON'T EAT CHEESE. That cherished cold habit is often another short cut to suicide. For the very vigorous it is well enough. But unless the butter feels that pronounced glow all over, which is the effect of a healthy reaction, he will be perfectly certain that the morning tub is shearing years from his life."

"Cheese digests everything but itself. Here is another most dangerous fallacy. Cheese is almost indigestible. The comfortable feeling which a very large person gets from eating a little cheese is simply due to the extra fluid of digestive fluid, which is provoked by the eating of such an indigestible substance."

An inquest was recently held on a girl of fifteen at Loughton, Staffordshire. It was testified that she had been in the habit of drinking vinegar, and that her mother had seen her look pale and nice. The cause of death was heart disease induced by these habits. There are hundreds of girls slowly poisoning themselves by similar performances.

"One of the latest and most dangerous of that of campbor eating to make the skin creamy. It is called 'yellow pallor' can be called creaminess, camphor is to be recommended. But sensible women will keep clear of this and other poisons."

LESSON FOR LESSON. Man is so prone to err that he should reflect a little before drawing conclusions from the mistakes of others. A professor who prided himself on his correct English heard his wife remark: "I intended to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor, slightly musingly. "I had some little attention to your rhetoric."

A few moments later he said: "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over my head."

"Ah," she replied, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock, it would not tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear."

And the learned professor became all at once very interested in his book.

PLASTERS FAILED. LINIMENTS, OILS AND MANY OTHER MEDICINES DID NO GOOD. A New Brunswick Postmaster Tells of His Efforts to Cure His Kidney Trouble—He Suffered for Years and Tried Many Medicines, But Only Recently Found the Right One.

Lower Windsor, N. B., June 23—(Special)—Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, has made a very interesting statement of his experience in his efforts to cure his "Kidney Trouble" which has bothered him for many years.

"At times he would have very bad spells and his back would come on him as if it were a leaden weight. He was almost laid up. He tried several doctors and used many medicines, but nothing seemed to do him any good. He used Plasters, oils, liniments on the outside and doses of all kinds and descriptions taken internally seem to have had no result. He was no better."

Finally, upon reading an advertisement he was led to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says: "I was so much benefited by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, that I was so highly recommended for my case."

"I had tried so many things that I was very skeptical and had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills could do me so much good. I did not use them long before I found that they were all and more than was claimed for them. I felt as if I had received more benefit from them than from any other medicine I have ever used, for they seem to have made a complete cure of my case."

"I feel as well as ever I did and do not the slightest trace of the Kidney Trouble that bothered me ever so long."

"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Belyea is very well known to everybody in his neighborhood, and it is a pleasure to know that he is so well and but few who have not been aware of his serious illness.

Everyone is delighted at his improved health, and his published statement has done much to make Dodd's Kidney Pills even more popular in this neighborhood than they have been.

Mr. Keyboard (in drawing-room of hotel)—"Why do you always sit at the piano? You can't play a note." "I don't know, but I can anyone else while I'm here."

THE CLOAK WAS FOUND.

An Irish clergyman, riding from his home to chapel one morning, had the misfortune to lose a new cloak which he carried attached to his saddle.

Before commencing his discourse he thought well to advertise the loss of the garment and to enlist the services of the congregation in its recovery.

"Dearest beloved," he began, "I have met with a great loss this morning. I have lost my fine new cloak. If any of you find it, hope you will be so good as to bring it home to me."

"It's found, yer reverence," cried "voice from the bottom of the chancel."

"Heaven bless you, my child!" exclaimed the pastor, withunction. "This is found, sir," continued the voice, "for 'twas my own cloak, and that same round 'mornin' after yer reverence, an' it wasn't on it."

The following is copied from The Natives Guardian and Bahamas Islands Advocate, and shows that Salada is for sale everywhere.

SALADA. "The shades of night were falling fast." As down the street a good wife passed. And in her hand she bore a charm. To keep her husband safe from harm, Salada.

Her "bro' was" glad; by her loving mate. She knew would meet her at the gate. She knew he loved her best, but then. He loved his "cup" like other men, Salada.

"In happy homes (saw) the night bright. Of stoves that glowed. And kettles on the fire. All boiling hard as hard could be. For why? Their inmates all drank tea, Salada.

"Try not," O'olog, the Grocer said; "This is the tea that soothes the head. Even Lepton must his 'Breads' give up. Since he has failed to lift the Cup," Salada.

"O, stay," her neighbor said, "and make me one more sip for friendship sake." She thought of home—"My husband's there. Without his tea he will despair," Salada.

"Beware" the stuff, they sell in town. "Don't buy at all, until you've made Quite sure it's stamped in letter plain. As guarantee the famous name, Salada.

"At break of day" when good wives rise. There is one thing they greatly prize. And that's a cup of liquid bliss. And if you want to know, 'tis this, Salada.

A traveller "from across the pond," On afternoons of tea was fond. The good wife told her where to find it. A tea that's unexcelled in kind, Salada.

"There in the twilight" they did meet. And each one pondered, in her heart. The fact that all the finest tea Was at The Model Grocery, Salada.

HE WAS PERFECTLY CANDID. The beautiful and accomplished daughter of a wealthy dealer, to the misfortune, so to speak, to fall desperately in love with a young man who was employed in a railway office. Her affection was very much required so far as the young man was concerned, but there was one thing which the wealthy maiden's pa would kick.

"What is the best way to conciliate the old fellow—how can I get on the 'bad' side of him?" asked the young of the maiden during one of their secret sessions.

"My father," said the wealthy maiden, "is a great admirer of candor. I would deceive him in the slightest particular about your financial status or your past life all is straight forward to him."

"The young man took the hint, a few kisses, and his leave, and next day he sailed into the cosy little studio of his prospective father-in-law."

"Good morning, sir," said the latter. "Good morning yourself." "What can I do for you?" "I came to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage; but before you welcome me into your family I would like to give you a few facts about my past career."

"Well, you are a cool one. Have you any assets?" "Yes, I am probably in debt?" "Well, I should say so. I can't remember the time when I wasn't in debt several times a day."

"I daresay that coat you have on is not your property?" "You've hit it. It's borrowed for this special occasion, but the last I paid for, and the shoemaker is waiting outside to converse with me about the boots I've on."

"You are one of those candid gentlemen." "Right. I keep candor on hand to give away. My salary is only \$10 a week, and I think the railway company is going to lower my wages."

"None knew thee but to praise."

It is singular that some of the most beautiful poetry ever written is exactly applicable to

CEYLON TEA. The finest matches in the world made in... Soft cork pin, and especially suitable for domestic use... E.B. Eddy's "Headlight" Parlor Matches. Every Stick—A Match—A Lighter.

The Dawson Commission Co., LIMITED.

Can handle your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY (alive or dressed), STRAWBERRIES, APPLES, TOMATOES, OTHER FRUITS, VEGETABLES OR PRODUCE to good advantage. Shipping tags, stamps, pads supplied. Correspondence invited.

HURRY PAINTING.

Don't leave your painting until the last minute. Do it now, and let it dry before the hot July and August sun gets at it. Give your house a chance, touch it up with Ramsay's Paints.

PAINTS. Inside and outside. These are the paints for wear and tear, for beauty and easy to work. Handy to carry. No mess. No waste. Price O. K. Drop us a card and ask for BOOKLET "K" FREE, telling about it and showing some beautiful homes. A. RAMSAY & SON, Estab. 1842. MONTREAL Paint Makers.

Wabash Railroad. SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.

To Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Glenwood Springs, Col.; Salt Lake City, Ogden, Utah; Hot Springs and Deadwood, South Dakota. Lowest round trip rates ever made from Canada to the above points. Tickets on sale June 1st to 21st, and June 24th to 30th, inclusive.

Other cheap excursions during July and August. All tickets good until October 31st, 1922. All tickets should read via Detroit and over the Wabash, the short and true route to all Colorado points. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given the people of this country to visit the beautiful country of grand mountain scenery at a low rate.

OLD WHEELING DAYS.

There was a time when "city folks" got up by the fading dark of night and started countryward on a wheel in search of entertainment. They rode far and long, and professedly for "exercise," but the yonder is exactly the color of a diseased liver.

Young Doctor (on his honeymoon) curious tints of the sky. That cloud poised on the mountain-crest over the station to meet his bride. The yonder is exactly the color of a diseased liver.

He—"Before proposing, Miss Lulu, I wish to know if you have anything in the bank." She—"Yes, Mr. Poor-man, I have a lover there. He is so good, and we are to marry next week."

Out along the highroads the farmer-districts was to look upon the bicycle as some foolish vehicle for giddy tourists. He said hard words about it because it rudely shocked him to give you a few facts about these things have made the bicycle popular in the country districts.

Customer—"I want a shoe that is both comfortable and stylish." "I'll get you 'em," "I'm very sorry, my dear, but the age of miracles is past."

Fourteen pounds out of every hundred of food we eat consists of potatoes. The expenses of municipal government in London last year were \$17,000,000 less than those of New York.

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE. CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER. Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

A falling body moves at the rate of 32 feet the first second of its drop; at 64 feet the next; 96 feet the third; and so on, increasing 32 feet per second during each second of its fall.

To CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Creme Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Groves' signature "A" on each box. 25c.

Australia holds the world's record as tea-drinkers, consuming 71 pounds a head yearly. New Zealanders drink 71 pounds.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

The total number of men the British Empire can put in the field is 1,202,000.

Mirand's Liniment the best Hair Restorer. 165,000 Britons at present living in the United Kingdom were born in India or the Colonies.