

## KIDNEY TROUBLES

**CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.**

Sufferers from This Disease are in Great Peril and Should not Experiment With Other Medicines.

From the Sun, Seaforth, Ont.

The kidneys are the most important organ. They must filter every drop of blood in the body. If the blood is weak, the kidneys cannot do their work, so the blood is left undiluted and foul, and the kidneys are left clogged with poisonous impurities. Then come the backaches that mean fatal kidney disease. Don't neglect that backache for a moment. Strike at the root of the very first symptoms of kidney trouble by purifying the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the only medicine that makes the blood rich, red and health-giving.

Mr. Wm. Holland, of Seaforth, Ont., has proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the most obstinate case of kidney trouble. To a reporter of the Sun he freely gave the particulars of his case. "I have suffered from kidney trouble for about two years," said Mr. Holland. "Sometimes the backache which accompanied the trouble would be so severe that I would be unable to work, and I have often suffered every week at a time. I tried a number of medicines, but I found nothing to help me until on the advice of a friend I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills soon began to do me good. My work felt, and after using them for about a month every vestige of the trouble had disappeared, and I have not since had a single symptom of the disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a great blessing to me and I am always glad to say a good word for their favor."

As a curative medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never yet been equalled. They build up the blood and nerves, give new strength and enable the body to resist disease. Among the complaints cured by these pills are rheumatism, nervous disorders, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, anemia, lung troubles and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent post paid at 50c per box six boxes for \$2.50, by sending check to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Don't take a substitute at any price—only the genuine pills can cure.

## MERRY TOO SOON.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he said, as they met in the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years, and there wasn't anyone to say a word if you went home and looked over the mantel clock."

"I remember that."

"You said that if you stayed out until four o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully, and sigh, and make you feel small."

"Yes, and I stayed out until four o'clock, didn't I?"

"And I gave a war-whoop on the doorstep?"

"Yes; and then you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to dance a jig."

"Yes; and my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the conductor that the wife was with the train."

And he gave himself several bangs on the ears, and then shook himself till his hair began to fall out.

## BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

Why it is a Dangerous Time For The Little Ones.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every infant because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger to babies as shown by the increased death rate among them during the heated term. Of great interest to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery, which Mrs. David Lee of Lindsay, Ont., writes as follows:

"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated with a brownish offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets, and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothing did her any good until I gave her Baby's Own Tablets. Her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, her tongue clean and she is quiet and good. I can strongly recommend the tablets to other mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

## A PROMISING MIDDY.

On board a man-of-war on the Mediterranean Station there is a midshipman, whom we will call Walters, who, from all accounts, is a promising youth, as witness the following yarn:

The midshipman on board used to take their watch forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the weather columns of the ship's log.

The captain was walking the weather side of the deck, when Midshipman Walters came aft to write up the log.

The barometer—a mercurial one—was hung in the captain's cabin, and Walters, after having read it, helped himself liberally to the captain's sherry on the cabin side-table.

Walking the deck the captain happened to glance down the cabin skylight, and saw the midshipman on proceedings. When Walters came up to deck to hand the log, the captain addressed him as follows:

"How is the barometer, sir?" Walters saluted.

"Steadily rising, sir—steadily rising."

The captain then asked: "And how is the decenter, sir?" Walters was taken aback, but, with a steady eye, replied:

"Steadily falling, sir—steadily falling."

This reply was too much for the captain, and, bursting out laughing, he said:

"Young man, your bright reply has saved you from punishment; but hereafter I beg of you not to confound the decenter as often as you do the barometer."

## HIS REVENGE.

He: "And so your answer is final. You will not be mine?"

She: "Never! But pray don't go and blow your brains out, for I shall be a widow."

He: "It would be an idle attempt. People say I had my brains. I never should have proposed to you."

# In Peace or War

## Or, The End of It All

## CHAPTER XXVI.

On the twenty-fourth day of April, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven the *Ozar* of all the Russias gave forth his people, and, having his head to the evident desire of the Almighty, he reluctantly declared war against the Ottoman Empire. There was much rhetoric about Christian nations suffering beneath the lash of Mohammedan hatred; stories were told of shocking cruelties practiced upon an oppressed people, coldly worded statements were made of misgovernment, misappropriation, theft. And the remedy to all these was, if it may please your war! From the formal declaration, with its pharisaical self-justification, its rolling periods and clock reluctance, fourteen letters might have been sent, and set on foot so as to spell a single word in which lay the explanation of it all. That word was—"Constantinople."

Before the official opening of hostilities Russia was prepared and Turkey (despite a long warning) but half ready, as usual. The Russian troops entered Roumania and Turkish Armenia at once, the inhabitants of both countries, with Oriental readiness, receiving them as deliverers. The day following the declaration of war the occupation of the town of Galatz.

Theodore Trist had, as he told Brenda he intended, taken up his quarters in the small town of Galatz upon the Danube, and actually passed through its streets in the midst of the Northern troops unobserved. When the conquerors had shaken down their interest might be occurring, and from this time until the end of the great war this ceaseless flow of carefully-sifted information continued to set eastward to Paris and London.

During the months that followed many brave men came to the front; but few reputations were made, whereas a number were lost. Gourko and Skobelev proved that their personal courage, their calm assumption of a terrible responsibility, was something almost superhuman; but as strategists they were not of a measureable distance of failure. The one has the stain of three thousand lives lost in one bold march upon his military reputation; the other, the wild, half-mad Skobelev, will have it remembered against him that two thousand of his children fell in the storming of one redoubt, and three thousand more perished in attempting to hold it.

But in fairness to these reckless soldiers, it must be remembered that the Russians played, in a literal as well as metaphorical sense, an uphill game. They had to storm heights, "rush" redoubts, and advance on trenches against the Russian ride in the hands of the Turk. Just as each man knows his own business best, so have we all our special way of fighting; the Russians are not brilliant at the attack, because they are too reckless of life, and in the excitement of the moment expose themselves to the original prodigality; whereas there is no finer defender of a fortified position than the Turk.

Again, Skobelev and Gourko were hampered by being in too close and frequent communication with the royal amateur soldiers in their comfortable quarters on the Danube. At first the Russian seemed to carry all before them, and the chronic unreadiness of the enemy was a matter for laughter. Having successfully crossed the Danube, the end of June, driving the Turks before them step by step to Matchin, the campaign was looked upon as a mere parade. But Theodore Trist, retired and known to the Danube before the advance of the Northern army, held a different opinion.

"At present," he wrote in the second week in July, "everything seems to be against us. But the time is coming when some good men will force their way to the fore, and the power of individual influence over an ill-disciplined but well-armed horde like this is incalculable. Sultan-asha is said to be coming with his hardened troops, and from him great things may be expected. He is a good soldier, with an energy which is rendered more striking by his rascally inactivity. When last I saw him he was spare in figure, much browned by exposure, singularly active, and as hard as nails. In appearance he is unlike a Turk, being fair, with ruddy cheeks and quick eyes. His men are more like a band of hill-robbers than a trained army, for they possess no distinct uniform; but they are full of fight. His staff is ludicrously informal, possesses no fine titles, and being entirely destitute of gold braid. It is in this way a strange mixture of impossibility and stolidity. At times their fatalism gives way to an overwhelming strength of purpose, almost defying fate, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a trifling error on the part of the Russians

may turn the tide suddenly upon them, and a disastrous retreat to the Danube will follow."

By the time that the letter from which the above is extracted arrived in England, the far-seeing correspondent's prophecy had in part fallen true. The tide of fortune had turned in favor of the Moslem, and although a retreat was not as yet whispered of, it was held certain by experts that more men were absolutely required by the Russians in order to continue the campaign.

"I see," wrote Trist at this time in a private letter to his editor, which was not published until later, "a subtle change in the atmosphere of events. It seems to me that the tide is turning. I will now attach myself definitely to the fortunes of Plevna. The time has come for me to give up my ubiquitous endeavors to watch one spot only. My colleagues are splendid fellows, full of dash and energy; on them you must now depend for the other movements of the campaign. Osman is here, and Skobelev is in this part of the country as far as I can learn—there is a feverish restlessness among the Russians, which suggests his presence. With these two men face to face Plevna will become historical. If it is not so already, for it will mark, firstly, the greatest military blunder of the age (Krudner's neglect); secondly—who knows?—Osman is a wonderful fellow—that is all I can tell you, and I remain here, and if we are surrounded, I will stick to Plevna until the end."

The recipient of this letter, sitting in his quiet little room in Fleet Street, looked at the last words again. They were underlined with a firm dash, and immediately below followed the simple signature. About the entire letter there was a straight-forward sense of purpose—a feeling, as it were, that this man knew what he was doing, and was ready to face the consequence of every action. The editor shook his vast head from side to side with a quiet and tolerant smile.

"The fever is upon him," he said. "It is a thousand pities that he is not a soldier."

Then he leant forward and took an envelope from the stationery case upon the table in front of him. Into this he slipped the folded letter, and, dressing it subsequently to Mrs. Wylie, at Wyl's Hall, Wyvenhich.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

There is in one of the minor streets of Plevna a small baker's shop, with no other sign indicating that bread may be bought within than the painted semblance of a curiously twisted cake upon the yellow wall between the window and the low door.

On the seventh of September, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, this painted cake was the nearest approach to bread that the English soldiers could find in the town. For many weeks there had been no pleasant odor of browning loaves, no steam rising from the oven at the back of the shop. Curious irony of fate! The baker had died of starvation. Within the little shop were three men—one seated at a rough table, a second standing before him, and a third perched nonchalantly on the window-sill smoking a cigarette. The last mentioned had the advantage of his companions in the matter of years, but of the three his gravity of demeanor was most noticeable. Amidst such squalid surroundings, by the side, as it were, of death, a personal appearance was somewhat remarkable, for his face was clean and in dress. His fresh rosy cheeks had that clearly defined appearance which denotes the passage of the razor, the light mustache was brushed aside with a rakish upward flourish. The eyes were small and straight, the nose blue. A bright red tie, tilted rather forward completed the smart appearance of the smoker, who manipulated his cigarette daintily, and, while listening to the conversation of his two companions, made no attempt to join in it. This man was Teik, Osman Pasha's chief of staff, one of the defenders of Plevna.

The man standing in the middle of the small, low-roofed chamber was the wonderful chief, Osman Pasha. Tall, strongly built, and handsome, he formed a striking contrast to his young colleague. A loose, dark-brown cloak hung from his shoulders, and the inevitable fez surmounted his powerful brow. There was determination and a great energy in those eyes, despite their wan thoughtful look.

He who sat at the table he knew. It was Theodore Trist. Clean and carefully shaven, he was literally clad in rags; but his face lost its old dreaminess, its vague weakness of demeanor. A clear light in his eyes, the set of his lips, conveyed in some indefinable way that this man was in his element. Despite his hollow cheeks and sunken temples, in the midst of that heavy reek of death and blood, this Englishman was visibly happy.

"Do you want," Osman was saying, "to see what we can do with our triple ranks of Berdians?"

"To-morrow Skobelev will attack the redoubt again. He has positive orders to take it at any cost."

"Will he take it?" asked Trist. Osman turned with a smile toward Teik, who was lighting a second cigarette. The chief of staff shrugged his shoulders, and threw away the end of the last cigarette with a sideward movement of his lips.

Jim Dumps exulted, "We do not, On summer days so close and hot, Build up a fire and stew a dish of 'Force,' a bowl of cream, Is just the food to fit our appetite, And keep us cool," laughed "Sunny Jim."

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

not a blood heater.

Idol Summer Food.

"Force" is an ideal summer food because it contains elements for nourishing every organ of the body, is easily digested, creates that we know as vigor, and at the same time does not make a river of the out of the body. PERCY G. STANTON.

He: "And so your answer is final. You will not be mine?"

She: "Never! But pray don't go and blow your brains out, for I shall be a widow."

He: "It would be an idle attempt. People say I had my brains. I never should have proposed to you."

# Ceylon Tea is the finest

## Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

### Black, Mixed and Green.

#### Asian tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap.

Osman shrugged his shoulders in respect of the agency.

"Who knows?" he said quietly. "If they value the redoubt at four thousand lives, they might do it."

Trist set his two elbows on the table and looked at the speaker's face with calm speculative scrutiny. He did not offer him a chair, because he knew that Osman rarely came down. The great soldier had no time for rest.

"Skobelev," said the Englishman, "is a great man, but Napoleon would have been in here some time ago."

Teik moved slightly, and looked toward his two companions with a vague smile. He knew nothing of Napoleon the Great and his methods of making war. Moreover, he did not care to know.

It was the chief of staff who finally broke a silence of some duration. "Listen, Osman," he said in a soft, dreamy voice. "I hear the sound of a new gun. The Russians have mounted another big one. We are going to get it very hot."

All three raised their heads and listened. After the lapse of a minute a dull thud broke upon their ears. The Russians had mounted a new siege gun, and Plevna was beginning its career as a target for a steadily increasing army of artillery.

"I know where it is," said Teik at last. "Perhaps we can get at it."

And he left the room quietly. The two men remaining there did not speak for some time.

"What news have you?" inquired Trist. Indifferently, as he set in order the papers lying upon his table, he spoke in a loud voice, as if all men did in Plevna, because of the roar of artillery and the rolling echo among the hills, and had no comfort in sleeping.

"I could scarcely dress myself for nearly two months, and for three or four weeks I could not lace my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee."

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes I began to walk, do my work and lace up my shoe. And the best of it is, I have had no Rheumatism since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills take the uric acid out of the blood and the Rheumatism goes with it.

COOKING ON THE FARM.

The housewife, who must be chambermaid, seamstress, cook, and frequently laundress, must study menus for her family, take care of her stock as possible to prepare, and at the same time be palatable and slightly, writes S. T. Rorer. Her life is not an easy one, but she alone, it would seem, is responsible for many hardships of which she complains.

hours which she spends in fancy cooking, and the ironing of fancy clothing might, for her health's sake, much better be given to rest and recreation. The latter is complicated, as necessary as the former.

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The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap.

Season with salt, pepper, onion juice, a little made mustard and a pinch of ground cloves. Season the inside of each tomato with salt and sugar, fill with stuffing and set in a baking dish of Japanese ware or some other fireproof dish that will keep well enough for the table.

Pour over the tomato a tablespoon of melted butter, or a little spoon of oil, and sprinkle with sifted bread crumbs. Bake about half an hour.

Lettuce and Ham Salad.—Wash two heads of firm lettuce and put in the icechest or in cold water to keep it crisp. Do not let it stand in water long. Cut a thin slice of ham into small pieces and fry brown, then add white hot two tablespoons of vinegar, two tablespoons of sour cream and one beaten egg. Stir the mixture constantly, and when it thickens pour it over the lettuce, which has been drained and arranged on a salad dish.

Tongue Stuffed.—A canned tongue may be used for this salad. Slice the tongue thin and cut in small pieces. Garnish with French dressing and when served, garnish with the shredded lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

HE COULD NOT LACE HIS SHOE.

FILL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DROVE AWAY HIS RHEUMATISM.

Story of W. J. Dixon has set the Rainy River Settlement Talking.

Barwick, P.O., Aug. 10.—(Special.)—Among the settlers here the cure of William John Dixon of Rheumatism is causing much talk. The story of the cure, as told by Mr. Dixon himself, is as follows:

"During the winter of 1901, I had an attack of Typical Fever, and after I got over it Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad that I had to use sticks to walk and had no comfort in sleeping."

"I could scarcely dress myself for nearly two months, and for three or four weeks I could not lace my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee."

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes I began to walk, do my work and lace up my shoe. And the best of it is, I have had no Rheumatism since."

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