

SUFFERS FROM PAINFUL RHEUMATISM

Liniments of No Avail--Must be
Cured Through the Blood

Why are there so many failures in the treatment of rheumatism? Why are so many sufferers resigned to a life of pain, despairing of a permanent cure?

Because rheumatism defies any treatment that does not build up and purify the blood. The poisons of rheumatism are in the blood and it is only through the blood that the disease can be fought successfully. Unless the blood is weak and impure rheumatism cannot get a foothold. When it does the thin and impure blood is not strong enough to overcome the poisons alone. It must be strengthened and purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best blood-building medicine you can take. They make new blood with every dose and promptly check further progress of the disease. They make the blood so pure and strong that not the least trace of rheumatism remains. Mr. R. J. Sinclair, Josheh, N. S., says: "About two years ago I was laid up with rheumatism. For two months I could not walk and had to stay in an invalid's chair. My feet were badly swollen and my arms seemed to be paralyzed. I had been using doctor's medicine for a long time but it did not seem to help me and the doctor finally told me that the only thing that would cure me would be a change of climate. At this time I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and got a supply. After I had taken them for a while I found they were helping me and I got a further supply and they completely cured me, and I have not been sick one day since. I strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for this trouble." You can get these pills from any dealer in medicines or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GOOD LOGIC.

A Lavedwood mother, reading quietly in a secluded corner of the room, heard her two children, aged five and seven, wishing they could have a new baby sister.

"Mama could not afford it," declared the elder.

"Why not?" demanded the younger.

"Where do babies come from?"

"Why, when folks die and go to heaven, God makes 'em over into babies and sends 'em to folks."

"Then why can't mama afford one?" Mrs. Skovtsky, the woman who does the washing, she's the poorest woman I ever saw and she has eight."

"Well, don't you see? Poor people always have to have made-over things."

And this true story comes from the mother who overheard this fine logic. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MAY HAVE FELT THAT WAY.

Rev. Bascom Anthony, a presiding elder of the Methodist church in Southern Georgia, tells a story of a negro pastor down his way who failed to give satisfaction to his flock. A committee from the congregation waited on him to request his resignation.

"Look here!" demanded the preacher, "what's de trouble wid mah preachin'? Don't I argufy?"

"You sho does, eldab," agreed the spokesman.

"Don't I 'sputify' concern' de scripture?"

"You suttinly does," admitted the other.

"Den what's wrong?"

"Well, eldab," stated the head of the committee, "hit's dis way: You argufies and 'ou 'sputifies, but you don't show wherein!" —Saturday Evening Post.

Suffered Intense Agony With His Back.

Kidneys Were The Cause.

Weak back is caused by weak kidneys, and on the first approach or evidence of kidney trouble Doan's Kidney Pills should be used, and serious trouble avoided.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right to the seat of the trouble, cure the weak aching back, and prevent any further complications arising.

Mr. John Briggs, Whitewood, Sask., writes: "I am sending you this testimonial out of pure gratitude, as I am not a believer in patent medicines, but I got so run down, that I became quite willing to give anything a trial. I paid a visit to our local druggist, and told him I was suffering intense agony with my back. He told me I had kidney trouble, and handed me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, saying it was the best thing he could possibly give me. I tried them, and the effect was certainly marvelous. They are worth \$10.00 a box of anybody's money, and I would not be without a box by me. I certainly owe my present condition to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. M. Doan Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

THE PRICE OF SILENCE

—BY—
Mark Darran

"I will not trouble you to tell my fortune," he said coolly. "All I want is to see that paper."

"It is private," the Indian snarled. John Smith shrugged his shoulders. "I have no wish to read it, only to give it back to Mrs. Beemish," he said coolly.

The Indian's eyes searched the man's face, but he could read nothing there.

"How much do you know?" he demanded.

"That, despite my warning, you are still at the same game," John Smith answered, without hesitation. "Give me that paper."

"Not!" the Indian snapped.

With a sudden movement he bounded forward and thrust the paper into the embers of the fire that burned in the brass bowl, but the next second John Smith had dashed the whole thing over with his stick, and snatched the paper up while the embers burned away on the parquet floor.

Mad with rage, his eyes shining like a tiger's, Prince Rani Singra gave an order to his men. Knives flashed from their robes, and they started forward.

As they came a thin blade of steel flashed out from the malacca cane, and John Smith, his knees bent like a fencer's, stood waiting. The men drew back.

"It would be foolish," John Smith said quietly. "I should almost certainly have to injure both of these men, and if you join in, I kill you!"

There was a note of deadly earnest in the voice of the representative of Daring & Co., and though Prince Rani Singra laughed, there was no mirth in the sound.

"It would be murder," he said.

"Is killing a snake murder?" John Smith answered him. "Besides, you fortunately for you, I stand rather well with the police, and I fancy that they would believe my tale when they saw those men's knives. I should really order them to put them away, in case anyone enters."

Even in his rage the Indian knew that this quiet-faced man was speaking the truth, and he motioned his men to put up their knives.

"What will you do with the paper?" he snarled.

"Return it—unread," John Smith answered, and backed towards the door. As he opened it he sheathed the

thin blade of steel in his cane again, for all danger of attack was passed.

"By the by," he said, "I will tell Lady Minter that you are far too unwell to do more to-day."

John Smith closed the door, and, as coolly as if nothing had happened, entered the room opposite. Lady Minter greeted him with surprise.

"I must really apologize for my call," he said quietly, "but I thought it only right to inquire after the prince. I have just seen him, and he asked me to say that he does not feel strong enough to do more to-day."

Exclamations of regret broke from many present, especially from the younger women.

"I am afraid I must ask you another favor, Lady Minter," John Smith continued. "May I be allowed an introduction to Mrs. Beemish?"

Lady Minter murmured the formal words, and John Smith crossed over to where the lady sat by the fire, he face very white.

"The prince asked me to give you this," he said, holding out the scorched paper. "I have no idea what it is, but I imagine it is your fortune."

With an exclamation of relief, Mrs. Beemish almost snatched the paper from John Smith's hand.

"Oh, do let me see!" a dozen voices cried. But the words had scarcely left their lips before the paper was in the fire.

CHAPTER IV.

Prince Rani Singra Takes Action— John Smith Has an Escape.

In his own room at Lady Minter's sat Prince Rani Singra, and the expression of his dark face suggested that he was none too pleased with himself. Despite his caste, he was drinking brandy and soda, and a distinctly expensive cigar was between his teeth. The man Vashti squatted close to the fire that burned in the grate, but Ayasha was absent.

As a matter of fact, Prince Rani Singra had a very reason for his point of view, to be discontented with the way in which matters were shaping. Since his failure of yesterday he had had a second disappointment. He had been fully expecting to have a certain foolish young man call on him, and he had failed to do so. The explanation had not been far to seek, for without difficulty he learned that John Smith had taken him out early in the day, and that only a few hours later, provided with a kit, supplied also by the representative of Daring & Co., the young man had left for abroad.

"Vashti!" Prince Rani Singra spoke sharply in Hindustani, and the man by the fire rose and salaamed low.

"My lord?" he queried.

"If a pig rooted up your garden what would you do?" the prince asked, in a low voice.

"Kill it, lord!" Vashti answered promptly.

"And if a snake was in your path?"

"Crush its head with my heel!"

"And if a man were your enemy?"

the prince's voice was very low now—"so that you are not able to pay your faithful servants the rupees you had promised them, what then?"

Vashti's hand went into his robe, and when he withdrew it there was a knife between his fingers.

"Kill!" he hissed. "Is it the smooth-faced dog who never smiles who stands in my lord's path?"

Prince Rani Singra nodded, and his eyes were murderous as they looked at the knife. He knew that at a word from him the man would not hesitate, and that John Smith would trouble him no longer. But that would mean murder—the man shuddered—and already—

"No, there must be some other way," he said slowly. "True, he must die, but it must not seem to be by your hand or mine."

Vashti crouched over the fire again, his eyes staring into it.

"In India I have seen a man die by his own hand," the prince said meaningly, "and yet he was murdered by a man who sat alone—perhaps miles away—and willed that he should do it. Have you that power, Vashti?"

The native servant glowed, and his eyes glowed as if they had taken a fresh fire from the coals.

"I have much power, my lord," he answered.

Prince Rani Singra drew money from his pocket, gold that made the servant's eyes glint with greed, and flung it towards him.

"There is the river," the prince muttered, "but some fool might save him. There is always—" His hand touched a revolver that lay in his own pocket. "That is the way."

He took the weapon from his pocket, clicked the cartridges from it, and tossed it to Vashti. The man caught it, and there was a meaning look in his eyes as he raised it, pressed it against his temple, and pulled the trigger.

"He is most probably at home now," the prince went on, "it would be better for him to do it in some park, however. There is not so much chance of interruption."

"And to such a place one might follow, my lord," Vashti answered, "and then there would be no mistake."

"Oh, Vashti, you have the wisdom of the serpent!" Prince Rani Singra said, with an evil laugh.

From a brass bowl that stood in the corner of the room Vashti took a handful of powder and cast it on to the flames of the fire, the pungent scent. Then he drew his knees up, and, with his chin resting on them, stared into the flames.

An hour passed, and during that time the man never moved. The prince watched him eagerly, smoking furiously all the time—watched him as a fanatic might wait to see a tiger spring at his victim and drag him down to death.

Suddenly Vashti rose, took from a cupboard a coat and hat of European make, and slipped them on. All the time his eyes were vacant, and when his master spoke to him he left the room without answering.

John Smith had just finished dinner, and, with his usual cigar burning steadily, sat down to think of all that had happened since he had been called in by Sir John Hansard. So far he had succeeded in twice thwarting

Prince Rani Singra, but much had yet to be done.

It was only too true that the back-staller's victims dared not take action, and it seemed likely that this man would go on making a fortune out of weak people who, inadvertently or not, had done something of which they were now ashamed.

With a gesture of unrest, uncommon in him, John Smith rose and started to pace up and down the room. Then he flung himself into a chair and tried to read, but the restless fit was on him and he started to once more pace up and down.

"I'd better go out and think in the fresh air," he muttered. "Ah, I forgot! Jack Hansard is coming here to-day for news, and he ought to be here soon."

Knowing this, however, John Smith still could not settle down, and a letter he wrote to Hansard, telling him that he had gone into the neighboring park, and that he would find him under the group of old trees where there are seats, near the smaller lake. That done, he pulled off his hat and coat and moved toward the door.

With his fingers on the handle he hesitated, rapped into the room, and took from a drawer in his desk a heavy revolver. He clicked the cylinder open to make sure that it was loaded, and dropped the weapon into his pocket.

Out of the house he went, through the quiet streets that led out to Westminister, and so along toward the park. It was a dark night, with a nasty bite of rain in the air, but John Smith did not trouble about it, though it seemed an absurd thing for him to be going out to think in the rain when he could do so much more comfortably at home.

A policeman standing by the entrance to the park, looked curious at the man walking through the rain, but touched his helmet as he recognized John Smith.

"Dirty night, sir," he said.

"Yes, yes," John Smith answered absently.

Inside the park the rain was dripping down disconsolately from the leafless boughs of the trees, making the night more wretched than ever, but John Smith took no heed of it.

Neither did a tall, thin man, who waited until the policeman's back was turned, followed him to the park. He moved with a conspicuously stealthy motion that was not English.

At a rapid pace, John Smith made along one of the paths, stepped over the wire fence, and walked across the golden grass to where a sat stood under a clump of trees. Behind lay the water of the lake. This particular spot was dark, for it was some distance from the path, and anyone passing along the latter would never have seen the solitary figure that scated itself on the damp wood.

Neither would they have seen the other man as he stood hidden behind a tree only a few feet away—the same man who had slipped so stealthily into the park.

In a dim sort of way it occurred to John Smith that he could not be particularly well. His head felt heavy, and he seemed to be unable to think. He tried to turn his thoughts to Prince Rani Singra, but all that he could conjure up was the evil face of Vashti, as he had last seen him with a knife in his hand.

(To Be Continued.)

Clean Bath Tubs Quicker Better



"Old Dutch" quickly removes all scum and sediment from bath tubs and wash bowls. Stains and tarnish on metal fixtures disappear with half the effort and in half the time.

Saves Your Energy Large Sifter Can—10c.

RARE GOWNS AT WHITE HOUSE WEDDING

New York Sun.)

Washington, May 10—Created in many instances by modistes of world renown and fashioned with the rarest laces, trimmings and jewels, the gowns worn by the elect at the White House wedding of the President's daughter represents a fortune in money, ideas and the time it took to evolve them.

Especially beautiful, but in many instances along simple lines, are the gowns which were worn by the wives of the Vice-President, the Cabinet officers, foreign, diplomats. Artists in the employ of the chosen few who had forehand knowledge that they would be invited to attend the nuptials were called upon by military select for the latest and loveliest in fashion and fabric.

These wonderful gowns, each in themselves worth a small fortune and representing probably the cunning and genius of the leaders of art and fashion presented a gorgeous spectacle in the brilliant splendor filled East Room which for the occasion has been transformed into a garden of the rarest flowers.

HOUSING IS TROUBLESOME.

While it has been known for some

time that the arrangements for the wedding were to be simple and in contrast with some of the brilliant functions of the past, yet this has not affected the desire of the limited few who had reason to believe they would witness the event from making early preparations for gowns suitable to a function of this character. One troublesome question has been the hour of the ceremony, six o'clock—midway between the usual requirements of an afternoon or an evening gown, and also raising the question of whether a hat was suitable to be worn at six o'clock wedding function.

But these details have now been solved by the two score or more matrons and maids who are to witness the marriage.

Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice-President, selected a costume of white net and lace, made in the prevailing styles, the skirt partly draped with broad embroidered flounces of net, and narrower ones with lace edges. The bodice has the lace and net in a soft kimono blouse effect.

Mrs. Bryan, wife of the Secretary of state, will wear a very modish deep shades all over it. The draped

DAY CELEBRATED IN FARGO N. D.

Fargo, N.D., May 16—Fargo, which is one of the leading Norwegian centres of the Norther, held a mar-mouth celebration today in honor of the centennial of Norway's independence. The thousands of visitors who came in from the neighboring towns were welcomed by local Norse committees and found the streets, stores and residences gayly decorated with the Norwegian tricolor flag of red, white and blue. Parades, outdoor sports, historical exercises and singing competitions made up the program of the day.

skirt shows a petticoat in front of embroidered old rose chiffon. Toe chiffon is also inserted in the softly draped waist, but a line of nearly white and very fine lace, edged the V-shaped neck opening. Mrs. Bryan selected one of her small toques to wear with this dress, a becoming model in black tulle and jet.

Mrs. Houston, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture will wear a white very pretty model in lace with touches of jet and made-over white. The sash and girdle are of old gold satin.

MRS. LANES FROCK.

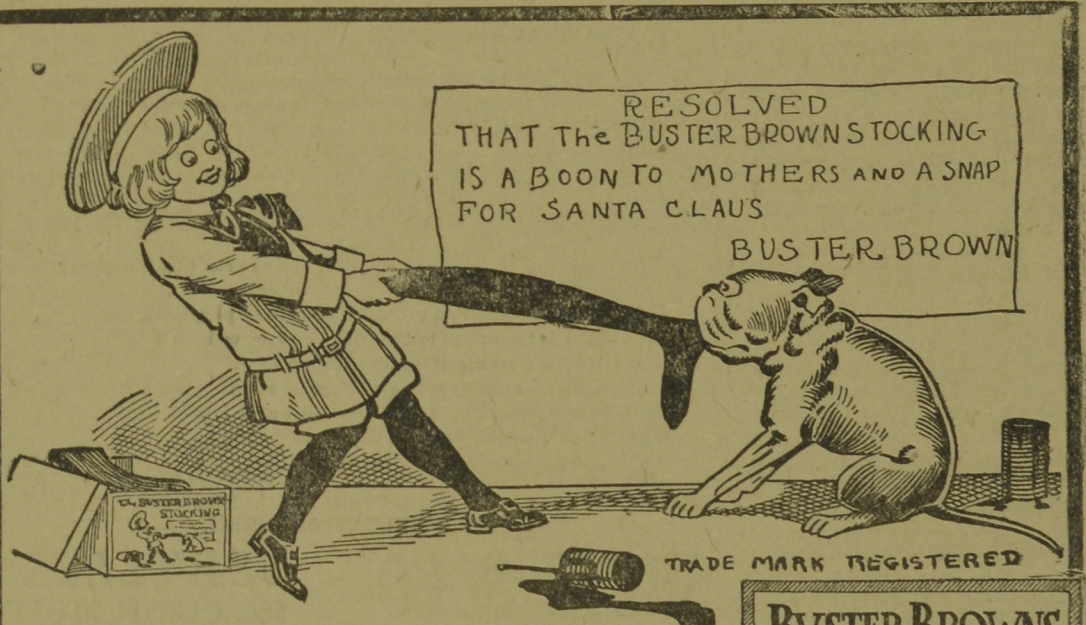
Mrs. Lane wife of the Secretary of the Interior, has chosen from among her new frocks a stylish but simply made dress of flowered tissue over lavender chiffon. Both these gauzy materials form the bodice, with ivory-tinted lace around the V-shaped opening at the neck.

Mrs. Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, has chosen a becoming dress of pansy-colored chamois with over-drapes of blue chiffon, which is embroidered in pinstripes. The purple straw hat she is to wear is wreathed in pansies.

Mrs. Garrison, wife of the Secretary of War, is to wear black and white chiffon draped over white satin, with smart touches achieved by French blue ribbon holding the puff of the skirt drapery and also showing on the bodice, where rhinestone buckles hold the soft lace frills around the V-shaped neck.

Mrs. Redfield, wife of Secretary of Commerce, is to wear a summer silk costume white with hair stripes in mauve. It is trimmed with silver lace.

Mrs. Wilson wife of the Secretary of Labor will wear gray crepe-de-chene and Miss Agnes Hart Wilson has a blue satin costume with touches of orange velvet and lace in the trimming.



Is Your Boy Hard on Stockings?

Of course he is! Every healthy, normal boy is. Buster Brown Stockings stand the wear because they are made of long fibre cotton specially twisted and tested for durability, with a specially knitted double leg and three-ply heel and toe. They are fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan, shapely and excellently finished.

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

You will save money and abolish darning troubles by buying your boys Buster Brown Stockings. They cost no more than the ordinary kind. Your dealer carries them.

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Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

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Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized knit stocking that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed. Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

"Look for the label on the box."

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