FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are Most Effective Combination FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY — LARGEST VARIETY

They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.

GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains Oils. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, without without rubbing. No. 1 "French Gilt," 25c. KID, a combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of leather as above. No. "Dandy" size 25c. HAVILAH, a combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look All. Restores color and lustre to old shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth. 25 cents. "Elite" size 25 cents. If your dealer does not keep our goods, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO., 82-84 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass. *The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.*

USUALLY THE CASE.

Wickson—I have been working night and day for the last month.

Dickson—Because why?

Wickson—In order to get enough money ahead to pay for a week's rest in the country this summer.

Optimists.

For non-committal brevity of speech, commend us to the Yankee lord of the soil. One such, who was obliged to make a physician daily visits, had an unvarying answer to the question, "How do you feel today?" "Well," he would reply, showing as little interest in the subject as possible, "I ain't no wuss." Further than that he wished to say nothing, and it took the cunning of a serpent to discover his real feelings. A man who was knocked down in the street by a snow-slide was assailed by a sympathizing crowd with condolence and question. "Did it hurt you?" inquired one of his rescuers as he brushed the snow from the clothes of this well-powdered victim. "Well," was the cautious answer, "it ain't done me no good."—Argonaut.

Serious Lack.

An old Englishwoman, who was extremely stout, was making vain efforts to enter the rear door of an omnibus. The driver leaned over good-naturedly, and cried:

"Try sideways, mother, try sideways!"

The old woman looked up breathlessly, and replied:

"Why, bless ye, James, I ain't got no sideways!"—Youth's Companion.

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS.

He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Other People.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do.

An overworked Ohio doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck.

"I suffered from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application.

"I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour or two after retiring.

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar.

"My improvement was rapid and permanent, in strength as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often for the evening meal.

"The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Wellville,' found in pkgs., is invariably served and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy."

"There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

By Rupert Hughes

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced by Henry W. Savage

Copyright, 1911, by R. H. Fly Co.

11

SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling. Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell. Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding basing. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anne Gattis, a fellow passenger. Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers. Mrs. Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher. They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth. Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train.

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued).

Eventually, the car quieted, and nothing was heard but the rumble and click of the wheels on the rails, the creak of timbers, and the frog-like chorus of a few well-trained snorers. As the porter was turning down the last of the lights, a rumpled pate was thrust from the stateroom, and the luscious-eyed man whispered:

"Porter, what time did you say we crossed the Iowa state line?"

"Two fifty-five a. m."

From within the stateroom came a deep sigh, then with a dismal groan: "Call me at two fifty-five a. m.," the door was closed.

Poor Mallory, pyjamaless and nightshirtless, lay propped up on his pillows, staring out of the window at the swiftly shifting night scene. The state of Illinois was being pulled out from under the train like a dark rug.

Farmhouses gleamed or dreamed lampless. The moonlight rippled on endless seas of wheat and Indian corn. Little towns slid up and away. Large towns rolled forward, and were left behind. Ponds, marshes, brooks, pastures, thickets and great gloomy groves flowed past as on a river. But the same stars and the moon seemed to accompany the train. If the flying witness had been less heavy of heart, he would have found the reeling scene full of grace and night beauty. But he could not see any charm in all the world, except his tantalizing other self, from whom a great chasm seemed to divide him, though she was only two windows away.

He had not yet fallen asleep, and he was still pondering how to attain his unmarried, unmarriable bride, when the train rolled out in air above the great wide river, very noble under the stars. He knew it for the Mississippi. He heard a faint knocking on a door at the other end of the car. He heard sounds as of kisses, and then somebody tiptoed along the aisle stealthily. He did not know that another bridegroom was being separated from his bride because they were too much married.

Somewhere in Iowa he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

Last Call for Breakfast.

It was still Iowa when Mallory awoke. Into his last moments of heavy sleep intruded a voice like a town-crier's voice, crying:

"Last call for breakfuss in the Rining Car," and then, again louder, "Last call for breakfuss in Rining-car," and, finally, and faintly, "Last-call breakfuss r'rar."

Mallory pushed up his window-shade. The day was broad on rolling prairies like billows established in the green soil. He peeked through his curtains. Most of the other passengers were up and about, their beds hidden and beddings stowed away behind the bellying veneer of the upper-works of the car. All the berths were made up except his own and number two, in the corner, where Little Jimmie Wellington's nose still played a bagpipe monody, and one other berth, which he recognized as Marjorie's.

His belated sleep and hers had spared them both the stares and laughing chatter of the passengers. But this bridal couple's two berths, standing like towers among the seats, had provided conversation for everybody, had already united the casual group of strangers into an organized gossip-bee.

Mallory got into his shoes and as much of his clothes as was necessary for the dash to the washroom, and took on his arms the rest of his wardrobe. Just as he issued from his lonely chamber, Marjorie appeared from hers, much disheveled and heavy-eyed. The bride and groom exchanged glances of mutual terror, and hurried in opposite directions.

The spiteful and spunsent of Newtonians soon realized that he was reduced to wearing yesterday's linen as well as yesterday's beard. This was intolerable. A brave man can endure heartbreaks, loss of love, honor and place, but a neat man cannot abide the traces of time in his toilet. Lieutenant Mallory had seen rough service in camps and on long hikes, when he gloried in mud and disorder, and he was to see campaigns in the Philippines, when he should not take off his shoes or his uniform for three days at a time. But that was the field, and this car was a drawing room.

In this crisis in his affairs, Little Jimmie Wellington waddled into the men's room, floundering about with every lurch of the train, like a cannon loose in the hold of a ship. He fumbled with the handles on a basin, and made a crazy toilet, trying to find some abatement of his fever by filling a glass at the ice-water tank and emptying it over his head.

These drastic measures restored him to some sort of coherency, and Mallory appealed to him for help in the matter of linen. Wellington effusively offered him everything he had, and Mallory selected from his store half a dozen collars, any one of which would have gone round his neck nearly twice.

Wellington also proffered his safety razor, and made him a present of a virgin wafer of steel for his very own.

With this assistance, Mallory was enabled to make himself fairly presentable. When he returned to his seat, the three curtained rooms had been whisked away by the porter. There was no place now to hide from the passengers.

He sat down facing the feminine end of the car, watching for Marjorie. The passengers were watching for her, too, hoping to learn what unheard-of incident could have provoked the quarrel that separated a bride and groom at this time, of all times.

To the general bewilderment, when Marjorie appeared, Mallory and she rushed together and clasped hands with an ardor that suggested a desire for even more ardent greeting. The passengers almost sprained their ears to hear how they would make up such a dreadful feud. But all they heard was: "We'll have to hurry, Marjorie, if we want to get any breakfast."

"All right, honey. Come along."

Then the inscrutable couple scurried up the aisle, and disappeared in the corridor, leaving behind them a mighty riddle. They kissed in the corridor of that car, kissed in the vestibule, kissed in the two corridors of the next car, and were caught kissing in the next vestibule by the new conductor.

The dining car conductor, who flattered himself that he knew a bride and groom when he saw them, escorted them grandly to a table for two; and the waiter fluttered about them with extraordinary consideration.

They had a plenty to talk of in prospect and retrospect. They both felt sure that a minister lurked among the cars somewhere, and they ate with a great pretense of ceremony, arguing the best place for it, and quarreling amorously over details. Mallory was for one of the vestibules as the scene of their union, but Marjorie was for the baggage car, till she realized that Snooziums might be unwilling to attend. Then she swung round to the vestibule, but Mallory shifted to the observation platform.

Marjorie had left Snooziums with Mrs. Temple, who promised to hide him when the new conductor passed through the car, and she reminded Harry to get the waiter to bring them a package of bones for their only "child," so far.

On the way back from the dining car they kissed each other good-bye again at all the trysting places they had sanctified before. The sun was radiant, the world good, and the very train ran with jubilant rejoicing. They could not doubt that a few more hours would see them legally man and wife.

Mallory restored Marjorie to her place in their car, and with smiles of assurance, left her for another parson-hunt through the train. She waited for him in a bridal agitation. He ransacked the train forward in vain, and returned, passing Marjorie with a shake of the head, and a sour countenance. He went out to the observation platform where he stumbled on Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattis, engaged in a conversation of evident intimacy, for they jumped when he opened the door, as if they were guilty of some plot.

Mallory mumbled his usual, "Excuse me," whirled on his heel, and dragged his discouraged steps back through the Observation Room, where various women and a few men of evident uncleanliness were draped across arm chairs and absorbed in lazy conversation or bobbing their heads over magazines that trembled with the motion of the train.

Mrs. Wellington was busily writing at the desk, but he did not know who she was, and he did not care whom she was writing to. He did not observe the baleful glare of Mrs. Whitcomb, who sat watching Mrs. Wellington, knowing all too well who she was, and suspecting the correspondent—Mrs. Whitcomb was tempted to spell the word with one "r."

Mallory stumbled into the men's portion of the composite car. Here he nodded with a sickly cheer to the nose occupant, Dr. Temple, who was looking less ministerial than ever in an embroidered skull cap. The old rascal was sitting far back on his lumber vertebrae. One of his hands clasped a long glass filled with a liquid of a hue that resembled something stronger than what it was—mere ginger ale. The other hand toyed with a long black cigar. The smoke curled round the old man's head like the fumes of a sultan's narghile, and through the wisps his face was one of Oriental luxury.

Mallory's eyes were caught from this picture of beatitude by the entrance, at the other door, of a man who had evidently swung aboard at the most recent stop—for Mallory had not seen him. His gray hair was crowned with a soft black hat, and his spare frame was swathed in a frock coat that had seen better days. His soft gray eyes seemed to search timidly the smoke-clouded atmosphere, and he had a bashful air which Mallory translated as one of diffidence in a place where liquors and cigars were dispensed.

With equal diffidence Mallory advanced and in a low tone accosted the newcomer cautiously:

"Excuse me—you look like a clergyman."

"The hell you say!"

Mallory pursued the question no further.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the Composite Car.

It was the gentle stranger's turn to miss his guess. He bent over the chair into which Mallory had flopped, and said in a tense, low tone: "You look like a 'eroughbred sport. I'm trying to make up a game of stud poker. Will you join me?"

Mallory shook his heavy head in refusal, and with dull eyes watched the man, whose profession he no longer misunderstood, saunter up to the blissful Doctor from Ypsilanti, and murmur again:

"Will you join me?"

"Join you in what, sir?" said Dr. Temple, with alert courtesy.

"A little game."

"I don't know," the doctor smiled, rising with amiable readiness. "The checkers are in the next room."

"Quit your kiddin'," the stranger coughed. "Mow about a little freeze-out?"

"Freeze-out?" said Dr. Temple. "It sounds interesting. Is it something like authors?"

The newcomer shot a quick glance at this man, whose innocent air he suspected. But he merely drawled: "Well, you play it with cards."

"Would you mind teaching me the rules?" said the old sport from Ypsilanti.

The gambler was growing suspicious of this too, too childlike innocence. He whined: "Say, what's your little game, eh?" but decided to risk the venture. He sat down at a table, and Dr. Temple, bringing along his glass, drew up a chair. The gambler took a pack of cards from his pocket, and shuffled them with a snap that startled Dr. Temple and a dexterity that delighted him.

"Go on, it's beautiful to see," he explained. The gambler set the pack down with the one word "Cut!" but since the old man made no effort to comply, the gambler did not insist. He took up the pack again and ran off five cards to each place with a grace that staggered the doctor.

Mallory was about to intervene for the protection of the guileless physician when the conductor chanced to saunter in.

The gambler, seeing him, snatched Dr. Temple's cards from his hand and slipped the pack into his pocket.

"What's the matter now?" Dr. Temple asked, but the newcomer huskily answered: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute."

The conductor took in the scene at a glance and, stalking up to the table, spoke with the grimness of a sea-captain: "Say, I've got my eye on you. Don't start nothin'."

The stranger stared at him wonderingly and demanded: "Why, what you drivin' at?"

"You know all right," the conductor growled, and then turned on the befuddled old clergyman, "and you, too."

"Me, too?" the preacher gasped.

"Yes, you too," the conductor repeated, shaking an accusing forefinger under his nose. "Your pals have been suspicious from the beginning. We've all been watching you."

Dr. Temple was so agitated that he nearly let fall his secret. "Why, do you realize that I'm a—"

"Ah, don't start that," sneered the conductor, "I can spot a gambler as far as I can see one. You and your side partner here want to look out, that's all, or I'll drop you at the next tank." Then he walked out, his very shoulder blades uttering threats.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Minute Men.

The so-called organization of Minute Men came into existence shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution. The patriots of Massachusetts and other New England colonies banded themselves together, obtained arms and pledged themselves to the defense of the colonies "at a minute's notice." From this pledge to take up arms "at a minute's notice" they got their name.

The Minute Men were enrolled in pursuance of the act of the Provincial congress, which was passed on November 23, 1774. Many names that were destined to become famous in the Revolution appeared in this roster of patriots. In the beginning they were expected to serve only in the New England colonies, but when the conflict came no thought was taken of this. The Massachusetts Historical society has a list of the patriots who were enrolled as Minute Men.

Must Be Go.

"Sadie," said a mother to her small daughter, "why is it that you and your little brother are always quarreling?" "I don't know," replied Sadie, "unless I take after you and he takes after papa."

In a list of the twenty greatest women on the stock should come first.

SUCCESS FOLLOWS JUDICIOUS FARMING

IN WESTERN CANADA IT IS CERTAIN.

The story of the Big Farmer in Western Canada, and the immense profits he has made in the growing of grain, has been told and retold. He has been found in all parts of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. His splendid farm buildings have been pictured, his traction outfits described and his princely surroundings, resultant of his success in growing grain, have been portrayed by letter, press and camera. It certainly is not to his discredit that by successfully applying common sense and up-to-date methods to the conditions that climate, a good soil, and splendid market have placed at hand, that he has made the best use of them. He is not too proud to admit that he came to the country a very few years ago handicapped as to money, leaving behind him unpaid mortgages in his old home land (which are now wiped out), and he is still today the same good-hearted fellow he was in the days that he had to work for a neighbor, while the neighbor broke the land on his homestead, which went to make up the settlement duties.

Then, there, too, is the farmer and the farmer's son, already wealthy, who has bought large holdings in Western Canada, in either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, who has made forty to one hundred per acre on his investment, whose big grain crops and whose immense cattle herds are helping to improve the country. Health and strength, energy and push, and bull dog grit are as essential in Western Canada as in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, or any of the states from which so many of these people come, and then, when you have added to that a fair amount of means, with which to make a start, the land which is only waiting for the skill of the husbandman will quickly respond.

But there is the smaller farmer, the man who has not made sufficient in four or five years, that he might comfortably retire if he felt like it. There are many of them in all the three Provinces. It is not the less to his credit that he has earned his homestead by the three years residence, that he is free from debt, and has a reasonable bank account. He, too, came to the country handicapped by debts, and with very little means. He is contented, has a good home land free of encumbrance, some stock, and with good prospects. One of these writes: "I formerly lived near Dayton, Ohio, on a rented farm, had as good a chance as the average renter, but after ten years of hard work, satisfied myself that if I ever expected to secure a home, I would have to undertake something else. Hearing of Western Canada, I investigated, and seven years ago last Spring settled in a homestead and purchased (on time) an adjoining half section, arriving with a carload of household effects and farm implements, including four horses and three cows, and $1,800 in money—my ten years' work in Ohio.

"The first year our crops gave us feed, the second year 160 acres of wheat gave us $1,600; no failure of crop since starting here. I have now 22 head of horses, 15 head of cattle, and 35 hogs. We own 1,120 acres of land, and have same all under cultivation. Was offered at one time $35.00 per acre for a half section where we live, and all the other land could be sold today on present market at $30.00 per acre. Should we care to dispose of our holdings, could pay all debts and have over $30,000 to the good, but the question is where could we go to invest our money and get as good returns as here?

"We have equally as good, if not better prospects for crops this year, as we had three years ago, when our wheat reached from 30 to 48 bushels per acre. I never believed such crops could be raised until I saw them myself. I had 15 acres that year that made 50 bushels to the acre. Our harvest will be ready by the 12th. We have this season in crop 400 acres of wheat, 125 of oats, 90 of flax, and run three binders, with four men to do the stooking.

"We certainly like this country, and the winters, although the winters are cold at times, but we do not suffer as one would think. What we have accomplished here can be duplicated in almost any of the new districts. If anyone doubts anything I have said in this letter, tell them to come here, and I can prove every word I have written."

The name of the writer can be had from the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, who can give the names of hundreds of others equally successful. Adv.

Diplomacy in Small Things.

Little Eloise Cave, aged seven years, was visiting her grandmother in Madison, Va., and was sent to carry a saucer of ice cream to a neighbor. By the exercise of infinite care she conveyed her burden safely to the house and gave it into the hands of the lady for whom it was intended. The lady, however, was less careful than Eloise had been, and dropped the saucer and broke it.

"You needn't mind about that," said the little diplomat, without an instant's hesitation, "I think grandma has a cup to match the saucer. If she has I will go right home and break it myself."—Popular Magazine.

Bad Luck.

"They oughtn't to call that railroad special the Comet."

"Why not?"

"Because comets nearly always have their trains telescoped."

WOMAN SICK TWELVE YEARS

Wants Other Women to Know How She Was Finally Restored to Health.

Louisiana, Mo.:—"I think a woman naturally dislikes to make her troubles known to the public, but complete restoration to health means so much to me that I cannot keep from telling mine for the sake of other suffering women.

"I had been sick about twelve years, and had eleven doctors. I had dragging down pains, pains at monthly periods, bilious spells, and was getting worse all the time. I would hardly get over one spell when I would be sick again. No tongue can tell what I suffered from cramps, and at times I could hardly walk. The doctors said I might die at one of those times, but I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got better right away. Your valuable medicine is worth more than mountains of gold to suffering women."—Mrs. Bertha Muff, 508 N. 4th Street, Louisiana, Mo.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female illness known, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Go South, Young Man

Don't Freeze To Death Trying To Make a Living

Go to Mississippi or Louisiana where you can be outdoors all the time. Where you can grow two to four crops a year and where the fertility of the soil is inexhaustible. Land is cheap now. Go and look at it before it is too late. The road to the south is the sure highway to fortune. Write today for illustrated booklets and full information about the money-making opportunities in these states.

J. C. CLAIR, Immigration Comm., I. C. R. R. Room H600, Central Station, Chicago.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

REAL ESTATE

Texas—Philippo Co., Ark., 320 to 640 acres, $20 to $30 a. Short winter for stock. If you are of Mt. Louis, 1-2 r. Easy terms. Write for list. R. S. Campbell, Helena, Ark.

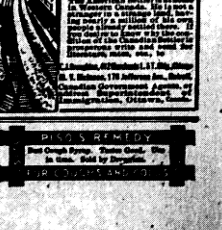
Choice Town Lots Today's prices $17.50 to $25. Monthly payments, $1 to $2. In rapidly growing city. Big profits certain. Write me. John W. Baughman, Bank Bldg., Beaver "A," Okla.

For Sale—24,000 acres or any part thereof, located southern Alabama. Ideal for colonizing proposition; offered at bargain; terms reasonable. For particulars address H. H. WEFEL, Jr., Owner, Mobile, Alabama.

400 Acres Adjoining Dedoto, Ia.—Fine improvements; best land; lays fine. Within pole auto road; price, $175 per acr. 300 acr. improved farm, good land, price $140 acr. fine farm, $125 acre. C. J. Jordine, Dedoto, Ia.

CANADA'S OFFERING TO THE SETTLER

THE AMERICAN RUSH TO WESTERN CANADA IS INCREASING



Free Homesteads in the new District of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are 160 acres of Free Homesteads left, which can be had free in 3 years time. Still in some districts land can be purchased at from $10 to $15 per acre.

EXCELLENT RAILWAY FACILITIES

In many cases the railways are building branches, which will advance the value of settlement, and in a short time land will be as near a settler's door as need be more than one can receive benefit from the use of railway. Railway fares are reduced to Settlers (Conditions).

Social Conditions

The American Settler is always in Schools, Churches, Society, and change is a stranger land, but change is a stranger land, but change is a stranger land, but