A WONDERFUL HEALING INFLUENCE IN KIDNEY TROUBLES.

A year and a half ago I was taken with a severe attack of kidney trouble that pained me to such an extent that morphine had to be given me. Was attended by a doctor who pronounced it as stone in the bladder and prescribed Lithia Water. I took Lithia Water and tablets for some time and received no relief from them. I stopped taking medicines for some time and having some of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root in the house, I decided to try it and felt much relieved; while taking the second bottle commenced to pass gravel, in all at least a half dozen or more and have not suffered the slightest since and in all have taken one bottle and a half and feel very grateful to Swamp-Root. Yours very truly,

H. W. SPINKS,
Camp Hill, Ala.

Personally appeared before me this 16th of August, 1909, H. W. Spinks, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that same is true in substance and in fact.

A. B. LEE,
Notary Public.

Letter to Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y.

Proof What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Denied the Allegation.

"You are being trodden under foot," howled the campaign orator. "You are surrounded by neurotics—there is a paranoiac standing at your very elbow, an—" "Stop roight there," yelled Pat, "stop there. There's not a par—por—there's not one of thim there fellers in the whole crowd. Me and Mike don't associate with such bloomin' furriners."

Baby Cried Day and Night

with Colic till she was 3 months old, then we got Kopp's Baby's Friend and that cured her. Used it also when she was teething and cannot speak too highly of it, so writes Mrs. L. P. Plummer, Rockland, Me. Sold by druggists, 10c., 25c. and 50c., or sent direct by Kopp's Baby's Friend Co., York, Pa. Sample by mail on request.

Supply Cleaned Up.

"Goin' fishin' next summer?" asked the man who tells tall stories.

"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "If you caught all the fish you said you caught last summer, there won't be any use of going fishing next summer."

For COLDS and GRIP

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

Poor Fellow!

"He has no control over his limbs."

"You wouldn't if you had had your leg pulled as often as he has."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The more a trust magnate wants the less the other fellow gets.

To overcome constipation and resultant ills, take Garfield Tea, a pure herb laxative.

A man isn't necessarily worthless because his neighbor is worth more.

YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITAL

Tells How Sick She Was And What Saved Her From An Operation.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to housekeeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, my sides ached, I had bladder trouble awfully bad, and I could not eat or sleep. I had headaches, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so, when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done as you told me. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and now I have my health.

"If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief."—Mrs. BENJ. H. STANSBERY, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give every one confidence.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

For SPRAINED ANKLE.

Chas. B. Wheeler, Haines City, Fla., says: "Several days ago my horse sprained his ankle and your Mexican Mustang Liniment helped him very much. Please send me your circular about poultry ailments as I intend going into that business soon."

25c. 50c. $1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

DROPSY TREATED. Give quick relief, usually remove swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 15-45 days, trial treatment FREE. DR. GREEN'S SONS, Box A, Atlanta, Ga.

Pettit's Eye Salve QUICK RELIEF EYE TROUBLES

ISLAND THAT IS DREADED ALIKE BY THE SAILOR AND KEEPER

MONTREAL, QUEBEC.—That was a thrilling story which came from Halifax concerning the heroism of Mrs. Peter Borque, widow of the keeper of the lighthouse on Bird Rock in the Magdalen islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but it is only one of the many tales of death and disaster that can be told of this barren and isolated bit of land.

After her husband had been washed overboard and drowned during a storm that threatened the demolition of the lighthouse Mrs. Borque kept the beacon burning for ten days, and thus probably saved several vessels from piling up on the rocks. Both she and her young baby suffered severely from exposure and hunger and she was so weak when rescued by the government steamship Seal that it was necessary to carry her on board. The authorities say that the courage of this woman is unsurpassed in the history of the Canadian lighthouse service.

"For a time I thought I would go mad," said Mrs. Borque after her rescue, "but I knew I had to do my duty. My baby suffered terribly from the cold, but I held it as tight as I could. It was a terrible task to crawl with her into the light chamber to keep the lamps trimmed, filled and burning. There was food, but you couldn't cook, and the baby cried constantly. Many times I heard the whistles, but they went away when they heard the bell ringing and saw the light."

The Magdalens are a group of 13 or 14 islands that lie almost in the center of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Their position makes them dangerous to vessels and so many are the wrecks thereabout that they have been styled by sailormen the graveyard of the gulf.

Inaccessible Bird Rock.

Bird Rock is the most northerly island of the group and is little more than a huge rock rising abruptly out of the sea to a height of 140 feet, on which the Canadian government maintains one of the most inaccessible lighthouse stations of the Atlantic coast. Thousands of gannets, murres, kittiwakes and other sea fowl hover over it at all times, while beneath on its rocky ledges they have built myriads of nests in a series of tiers. The sides of the rock are very precipitous, and until a few years ago, when a roadway was blasted out of the solid rock leading to the top, all visitors and supplies were taken ashore by a cage lowered to the water and hoisted up by means of a windlass. The waves that generally break upon it are so tremendous that it is only possible to effect a landing in calm weather.

But it is such a wild and desolate spot that the man in charge of the lighthouse must make it his home during the entire year. Jean Quette, the first keeper, remained one summer with two assistants. Then the solitude preyed so upon his mind that he went insane. He recovered his reason only when he returned to civilization.

Keeper Perished With Son.

Pierre Wealen, the next keeper, managed to hold out for nine years. He came to a tragic end in 1880. In the spring of that year he, his son and an assistant ventured out on the ice surrounding the Bird Rock during a blinding snowstorm and lost their way. The assistant succeeded in returning to the lighthouse in safety. Wealen and his son perished.

Charles Chaisson, the third keeper of the lighthouse, was killed on August 13, 1881, by the premature discharge of a signal gun he was preparing to fire. His son and an assistant were badly injured in the same accident.

Telesphore Turbide, the next keeper, remained in charge of the lighthouse for over 16 years, but even he did not escape the dangers of his calling. On June 24, 1891, he was putting home a charge in a signal gun when it exploded and blew off part of his right hand.

Another tragedy of Bird Rock occurred in March, 1897. In the spring of the year the hooded and harp seals come down on the ice from Labrador and Anticosti, and hundreds of men and boys from the Magdalens go out to hunt them for their pelts and oil. These seal hunts are attended by many dangers. A storm is liable to come up and drive the hunters out to sea on the moving ice. Snow covered fissures may mean death in case of a misstep. The danger of drowning is ever present.

Fatal Seal Hunt.

In March, 1897, Damien Cormier, an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, started out on a seal hunt accompanied by Charles Turbide, a lad of 17, and Arsene Turbide, cousin of the latter. Cormier's wife was left in charge of the lighthouse during his absence. They had noticed a large number of hair seals lying on the ice to the eastward, and proceeded in that direction, dragging behind them a small boat for use on the open glades of water.

The hunters reached the seals and made many killings. Finding night approaching they stowed their spoils in the boat and headed homeward. But they had not noticed the threatening look of the sky nor the increasing wind while engaged in the hunt, and a furious snowstorm from the northwest struck down upon them suddenly.

Bending their heads lower the men plunged onward aimlessly. But there was no use in attempting to force their way through that endless drift. So Cormier and his companions determined to fight the blizzard just where they were. They halted and overturned the boat and made a sort of shelter.

Two Die in Storm.

The storm raged more violently. The cold became intense. An icy numbness seized the feet of Cormier and his two companions. In agony the men jumped up and down on the ice, beating their arms across their chests and pounding together their frozen hands. At length Cormier tumbled over in a heap. Charles Turbide fell unconscious at his side. Before daybreak both were dead.

Then Arsene Turbide went out into the snowy waste and looked about him. The storm had abated by this time. The snow had ceased to fall. He could see clearly now and quickly realized that it was impossible to return by the route he had come, as the north wind had forced his ice floe far out in the gulf.

In the hazy direction of his home a rough sea tossed, piled up with ragged fragments of ice. No boat could live in such waters. His only chance for salvation lay in the hard, frozen gulf toward the shore of Cape Breton, even though that shore was 70 miles away.

Arsene buried the bodies of his comrades underneath the upturned boat. Grasping the bludgeon he had used in the slaughter of seals, he turned his face in the direction of Cape Breton and started on his long journey.

Made Brave Fight for Life.

All that cold day Arsene trudged over the rough ice with neither food nor drink. Sometimes he plunged through deep drifts, sometimes he glided more easily over windswept surfaces. As the day wore on he was assailed by frequent spells of drowsiness. But he was determined to fight and struggled to the end. When night fell he dozed as best he could, but always standing, for he knew that once he stretched himself upon the ice it would mean his last sleep.

The next morning he crept up on a seal and clubbed it to death, drank the warm blood. He did not know that his garments, his face and his hands were smeared with blood, but he did realize that he had secured renewed strength and courage to continue his journey. Late that afternoon he reached Meat Cove at Cape Breton, and scarcely able to drag himself along, staggered to the first house in sight. Opening the door, he entered, not knowing the appearance he presented to the inmates. They questioned him, but he could not speak. So thinking him either insane or a murderer, they thrust him out and slammed the door behind him.

Found Refuge Too Late.

Arsene struggled on again. When the door was opened to him at the next house, he rushed in headlong, flung himself down before a fire and at once fell into a sound slumber. When he awoke he narrated his story, and then word was telegraphed to Grindstone island, one of the Magdalen group, to send speedy relief to the woman who had been left alone at the lighthouse on Bird Rock.

Arsene did not recover from his experience and within a fortnight died from its effects.

Many stories might be told of the other Magdalen islands. For many years they have been inhabited by a few thousand natives who are descended from the Acadians who settled in New France under the leadership of Champlain and De Mont. Since the first settlement in 1763 generations of the same families have raised meager crops in the valleys and fed sheep and cattle on the high cone-shaped hills which form a prominent feature of an insular landscape. Year after year fathers and sons have gone out upon the white capped waters of the gulf for the cod, mackerel and lobster on which their livelihood depends. Ancient language and customs prevail among these people, and the spinning wheel and hand loom still provide homespun for both men and women.

Hard and Precarious Existence.

In seasons when the fishing is good the average Magdalener makes sufficient money to supply his wants. In poor years they sometimes suffer dire distress. During the "Great Misery" in the winter of 1882, and again in 1897, food became so scarce that the Canadian government was obliged to send supplies to the islands to prevent a famine.

The inhabitants of the Magdalens are completely isolated from the world for six months in the year. In the summer a small steamer subsidized by the government plies semi-weekly between the islands and the mainland of Nova Scotia. During the long winters this service must be abandoned, and persons on the island remain there until the boat resumes its trips in the spring.

The telegraph gives them the news that is going on in the world during their isolation, but of course there can be no exchange of letters. Sometimes this mode of communication fails, as in 1910, when the cable to the mainland broke and could not be repaired for weeks. The natives in this instance resorted to very ancient methods. A heavy barrel containing 30 or 40 letters sealed in cans was dropped overboard in the waters of the gulf and trusted to fate. Ten days afterward the tide carried it to the mainland 60 miles away and the letters were sent to their addresses. Unfortunately the southern drift of the gulf prevented any answers from being sent in reply.

British Consumption of Fish.

It is a question whether John Bull is not more deserving of the name of fish eater than he is of beef eater, for during the past year fish valued at $35,000,000 was landed on his shores for food.

FISH MAKES SWEET SOUNDS

Scientists Know There Is Such a Specimen of the Finny Tribe, but Cannot Name It.

In no class of the animal kingdom are there so many curious examples as that which comprehends the finny tribes of sea, lake and river. Of these there is none more remarkable than the so-called musical fish.

If there is one common characteristic of all marine animals more noteworthy than another it is their absolute silence, or voicelessness. The only exception to this is the fish that sings. Its music is only heard at night, or in the evening after the sun has set, and particular places appear to be frequented by the fish, for on sailing away from them the sound becomes inaudible, and on returning it is heard again. In long notes, low and clear and perfectly distinct, the sounds always seem to come up from the surface of the water.

At one locality, Chilka lake, an inlet of the sea on the east coast of Ceylon, the musical fish gives forth sounds like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed by a wet fingertip—a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. The fish appear to abound off the Cingalese coast, and they have been met with out at sea in deep soundings, at least 100 miles from Ceylon.

Their strange music has also been heard in the muddy creeks near Bombay and Salsette, and at Vizagapatam and along the Coromandel coast. It is audible on a calm night among the islands of the Mergui Archipelago, off the coast of Burma, and, too, in the fresh water of the Sarumoth river to Borneo; and the notes have been compared to the rising and falling of an Aeolian harp, or to music borne on the wind from a distant shore.

What manner of fish it is that produces the sounds has, as yet, not been definitely ascertained. American naturalists generally postulate that the musical fish of their coasts and of the West Indies, in especial of the Bacos islands, near Trinidad, where it abounds, is a large fish known to zoologists as the Pagonias chromis, growing to five feet in length, and swimming about in shoals. In the gullet of the fish are three movable plates, covered with large teeth, and it is supposed that it is the action of these that produces the sounds. As, of course, sound travels a great way under water, the slightest note is distinctly heard by any one on the surface.

The fishermen of the Bay of Paiion say that it is a white fish with bluish spots on the back, and about ten inches long, which they catch on the spot while it is singing. But as regards their statement the great difficulty is that the mere hooking of such a fish near the surface is no proof that it is the fish which is a melodist, for the first might have been swimming near the surface, while the second, the real performer, is feeling quietly at the bottom. Anyhow, it has been conclusively ascertained that there is a fish which sings.

It's difficult for a man who is broke to break into society.

"Pink Eye" is Epidemic in the Spring. Try Murine Eye Remedy for Reliable Relief

Talent in the kitchen and a balance in the bank should form a combination for generating domestic bliss.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Nothing disappoints some women more than to find that a scandal isn't after all.

Pure blood is essential to Good Health. Garfield Tea dispels impurities, cleanses the system, and eradicates disease.

The most visionary thing about the average man is his estimate of himself.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and the most effectual form. For grown people and children. 50 cents.

Midnight Scare.

Knicker—Did your wife hear a burglar in the cellar?

Bocker—No, she heard a burglarette in the cellarette.

A splendid and highly recommended remedy for tired, weak, inflamed eyes, and granulated eyelids, is Paxtine Antiseptic, at druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Quiet is a Rule.

"What sort of town is Squidgeville?"

"The sort of town where a funeral is a social event."

A Quarter Century

Before the public. Over Five Million Free Samples given away each year. The constant and increasing sales from samples proves the genuine merit of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for Tired, Aching, Swollen Tender feet. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Incident of Traffic.

"Didn' you tell me dat speckled hoss you sold me was gaited?" asked Uncle Rasberry.

"Dat's what I told you," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "and dat's what he is. He's variegated."

The Sailor's Chest.

Bobby—This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Bobby—Because the book says, "Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest."—Sacred Heart Review.

Convenient Code.

Frank I. Cobb used to be a reporter in Detroit and knew intimately a former governor of the state of Michigan, who was renowned among other things for his ability as a free-hand swearer.

One night Cobb was dining with the ex-governor and his family. A messenger came in to tell the host that one of his pet political schemes had just been defeated through the bungling of a lieutenent. The old man ripped out a string of dark blue ones.

"Now, pa," said his wife, "you promised me you would quit cursing."

"Marie," said the ex-governor, "I'm not cussing—this is just the way I talk!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Two Smiles.

Ezra Pound, the poet, was talking at the Authors' club, in New York, about Shelley's cremation.

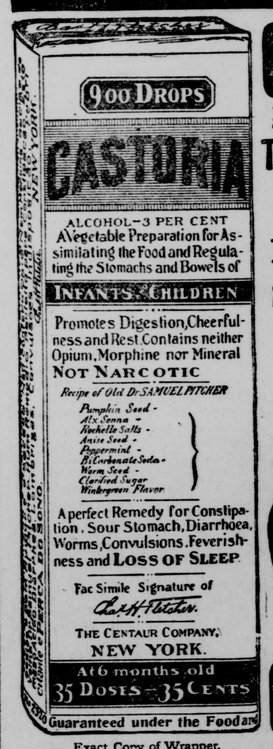
"Cremation, although beautiful," he said, "lends itself to ribald jest in a way that sepulture doesn't.

"Who can forbear a smile at the thought of that devoted young matron, who, her front steps being covered with sleet, sprinkled her first husband's ashes over them in order that her second husband might descend in safety?"

Smiling himself, Mr. Pound resumed:

"And who could forbear another smile at the thought of the young widow on the blustery March morning who entered her drawing room to find that the wind had overturned the vase which contained her husband's remains?

"'Pshaw,' she said, 'now isn't it just like George to throw his ashes all over my new Kirmanshah rug!'"



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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Reduce The Feed Bill—Improve The Animals

Horses and Mules do more work; **Cows** give more and better Milk and Butter; **Sheep and Goats** grow better fleeces; **Hens** lay more eggs, and all as well as **Cattle and Hogs** take on more flesh and fat, and develop more rapidly and keep in better health and condition when fed on

Cottonseed Meal and Cottonseed Hulls

For Breeding or Nursing Stock, Mares, Cows, Sows or Ewes, it is especially valuable. Much better than Hay, far cheaper than Corn.

Write for free Booklet containing much valuable information to Feeders and Stock Raisers to

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LIQUOR HABIT CURED BY NEAL METHOD

A Safe, Sure and Permanent cure, saving time and money. The NEAL is a physician's cure for drink and drug habits. Most modern and perfect of known treatments. Write for particulars. Phone Madison 2658. NEAL INSTITUTE, York Road & Oakland Ave., BALTIMORE, MD.

AS TO REALISM.

Reggy—How is this in the second chapter of my great story: "The beautiful girl dropped her eyes?"

Peggy—How pathetic! Were they glass eyes?

Logical.

The car labored heavily over wet and deeply scarred roads.

"Have you any idea where we are?" asked Blinks.

"No," said Garraway, "though the roads suggest we are near either Waterville or Rutland—I don't know which."—Harper's Weekly.

We always feel sorry for a stuttering man who is trying to put in a good word for himself.

It would save people a lot of trouble if they could be born with their wisdom teeth already cut.

Misunderstood 'Gator.

The winter afternoon was like June, and, taking tea under a palm on the lawn of the Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach, a sportsman said:

"This morning I photographed an alligator. My boy, to get him, stripped and waded into the water up to his chin. The boy felt about with his feet in the mud till he found a big 'gator. Then he ducked down, grabbed the 'gator by the nose and dragged him slowly ashore to the waiting lens."

"But," said a girl in white, "wasn't it dangerous?"

"Not a bit."

"But I thought alligators ate you!"

"No, no," said the sportsman. "You are confusing the alligator with the crocodile. The Indian crocodile eats men and women, but the Florida alligator is as harmless, literally as harmless, as a cow."

His Number.

He gazed tenderly into her eyes as she spoke.

"Life," she murmured dreamily, "is, after all, nothing but a romance in which we are characters, moving hither and yon as the supreme author of our being directs."

"And in the novel of your life," said he, tenderly, "where do I come in?"

"You?" she answered with a smile. "Oh, you are—let me see—one, two, three—you are Chap Seventeen."—Harper's Weekly.

Accounted For.

"The boy has the aviation fever."

"That accounts for the rise in his temperature."

The man who argues with his wife is one kind of an idiot.

Why Should a Chicken Lay a Soft-Shelled Egg?

Because, Willie, the chicken don't know how to create a hard-shelled egg unless it has some food with lime in it.

So chicken-raisers often provide limestone gravel, broken oyster shells or some other form of lime.

Let the chicken wander free and it finds its own food and behaves sensibly.

Shut it up and feed stuff lacking lime and the eggs are soft-shelled.

Let's step from chickens to human beings.

Why is a child "backward" and why does a man or woman have nervous prostration or brain-fag? There may be a variety of reasons but one thing is **certain.**

If the food is deficient in Phosphate of Potash the gray matter in the nerve centres and brain cannot be rebuilt each day to make good the cells broken down by the activities of yesterday.

Phosphate of Potash is the most important element Nature demands to unite albumin and water to make gray matter.

Grape-Nuts food is heavy in Phosphate of Potash in a digestible form.

A chicken can't always select its own food, but a thoughtful man can select suitable food for his children, wife and himself.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan

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