

For Pain in the Back Try

the famous remedy GIN PILLS, known from coast to coast. Pain in the back and sides, aching limbs, swollen joints, lumbago, rheumatism, are all the result of impure blood, which in turn means that the kidneys are out of order and are not purifying the blood stream as it passes through them every three minutes.

Gin Pills heal and soothe the kidneys and thus remedy the trouble right at the very root. If you are suffering from any of the troubles mentioned above, take the advice given in hundreds of letters we have here on file, and try Gin Pills.

Your money will be returned if you are not absolutely satisfied. 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50 at all druggists, or a free sample upon request to

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ont.
U. S. Address—Na-Dru-Co. Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

GinPills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

Get it from your dealer or from us.

Every reader of this paper may secure

\$5.00

DURHAM DUPLEX

DOMINORAZOR

FOR \$1.50

Outfit consists of one Durham Duplex Double Razor with white American ivory handle safety guard, stopping attachment and 6 Durham Duplex Blades, packed in a guaranteed leather kit.

DURING THE LIFE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO. Ltd., 43 Victoria St., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

The very highest point in a wheat food has been reached in Krumbles.

made only of the whole of the Durum wheat, plus a new and delicious flavor

Look for this signature

W.K. Kellogg

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Every Jar Counts

Each jar of preserves stored for winter use helps out our food supply. Preserved fruit is not only delicious and wholesome but is a valuable element in the diet. The prudent housewife will preserve as much fruit as her time and means permit. A plentiful fruit year is predicted. Preserve some of every kind.

"Pure and Uncolored"

is unquestionably the best preserving sugar. Its purity, its high sweetening power and its "FINE" Granulation are all appreciated by the observing housewife. Original packages with the red ball trade mark in suitable sizes for every family.

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Thus, although it is late, we stopped at the best quarters in the town. The sense of obligation to any one but our boatman was considerably relieved when next day we paid what we owed for our lodging. Also, had it not been for Talbot and Johnny, I am sure Yank and I would have taken to the jungle. There seemed to be required so much looting, snatching, punctiliousness and elaborate complimenting that in a short time I felt myself in the precise mental attitude of a very small monkey sinking the bars of his cage with all four hands and gibbering in the face of some benign and infinitely superior professor. I fairly ached behind the ears trying to look sufficiently alert and bland and intelligent. Yank sat stolid, chewed tobacco and spat out of the window, which also went far toward stampeding me. Talbot and Johnny, however, seemed right at home. They capped the old gentleman's most elaborate and involved speeches, they talked at length and pompously about nothing at all, their smiles were rare and sad and lingering—not a bit like my imbecile though well meant grinning—and they seemed to be able to stick it out until judgment day. Not until I heard their private language after it was all over did I realize they were not enjoying the occasion thoroughly.

At dusk millions of fireflies came out, the earth grew velvet black, and the soft, tepid air breathed up from the river. Lights of the town flickered like larger yellower fireflies through the thin screen of palms and jungle, and the various noises, subdued by distance, mingled with the voices of thousands of insects and a strange booming from the river. I thought it very pleasant and wanted to stay out, but for some reason we were held within. There the lamps made the low room rather dim. We sat on real chairs, and the stifled exchange resumed. I have often wondered whether our host enjoyed it or whether he did it merely from duty and was as heartily bored as the rest of us.

A half naked servant glided in to tell us that we were wanted in the next room. We found there our good padrone and another, a fine tall man, dressed very elaborately in short jacket and slit loose trousers, all sewed with many silver buttons and ornaments.

"He my fren," explained the padrone. "He have dose milas."

With the gorgeous individual Talbot concluded a bargain. He was to furnish us riding animals at \$10 each per

the three ragged, laxy natives. So curious did this seem that Talbot inquired of the leader why it was allowed.

"Whither would a thief run to? How could he carry away these heavy 'ingots?' the man propounded.

Often around subsequent campfires we have in idle curiosity attempted to answer these two questions successfully, but have always failed. The gold was safe.

We arrived in Panama in the afternoon, and we were all eyes, for here was a city taken directly from the pages of the "Boy's Own Pirate." Without the least effort of the imagination we could see Morgan or Kidd or some other old swashbuckler, cutlass in teeth, pistols in hand, broad sashed, fierce and ruthless, rushing over the walls or through the streets, while the cathedral bells clanged wildly and women screamed. Everything about it was of the past, for somehow the modern signs of American invasion seemed temporary and to be blown away. The two story wooden houses with corridor and veranda across the face of the second story, painted in bright colors, leaned crazily out across the streets toward each other. Narrow and mysterious alleys led up between them. Ancient cathedrals and churches stood gray with age before grass grown plazas. And in the outskirts of town were massive masonry ruins of great buildings, convent and colleges, some of which had never been finished.

We stopped over one day at the Fonda Americano and then, realizing that we were probably in for a long wait, found two rooms in a house off the main street. These we rented from a native at a fairly reasonable rate. They were in the second story of a massive stone ruin whose walls had been patched up with whitewash.

Outside the walls of the city was a large encampment of tents in which dwelt the more impetuous or more economical of the miners. Here too had located a large hospital tent. There was a great deal of sickness, due to the hardships of the journey, the bad climate, irregular living, the overeating of fruit, drinking, the total lack of sanitation. In fact, only the situation of the city—out on an isthmus in the sea breezes—I am convinced, saved us from pestilence. Every American seemed to possess a patent medicine of some sort, with which he dosed himself religiously in and out of season. A good many, I should think, must have fallen victims to these nostrums.

Each morning regularly we went down to harness the steamship employees. Roughly speaking, some 300 of us had bought through passage before leaving New York, and it was announced that only fifty-two additional to those already aboard could be squeezed into the first steamer. The other 248 would have to await the next. Naturally every man was determined that he would not be left, for such a delay in such a place at the time of a gold rush was unthinkable. The officials at that steamship office had no easy time. Each man wanted first of all to know just when the ship was to be expected, a thing no one could guess. Then he demanded his accommodations and had a dozen reasons why his claim should be preferred over that of the others. I never saw a more quarrelsome, noisy dog kennel than that steamship office. Why no one was ever shot there I could not tell you.

In the evening the main street was a blaze of light, and the byways were cast in darkness. The crowd was all afoot and moved restlessly to and fro from one bar or gambling place to another. Of the thousands or so of strangers we came in time to recognize by sight a great many. The journey home through the dark was perilous. We never attempted it except in company, and as Johnny's name was called by a certain game called Mexican monte, we often had to endure long waits before all our party was assembled.

One morning our daily trip to the steamship office bore fruit. We found the plaza filled with excited men, all talking and gesticulating. The much tried officials had evolved a scheme for deciding which fifty-two of the 300 should go by the first ship.

By next morning the transportation officials had worked it out. We could not all get into the office, so the drawing took place on the plaza outside. As each man's name was called he stepped forward, showed his ticket and was allowed to draw a slip from a box. If it proved to be a blank he went away; if he was lucky, he had his ticket vised on the spot. Such a proceeding took the greater part of the day, but the excitement remained intense. No one thought of leaving even for the noon meal.

Yank drew passage on the first steamer. Talbot, Johnny and I drew blanks.

We walked down to the shore to talk over the situation.

"We ought to have bought tickets good on this particular ship, not merely good on this line," said Johnny.

"Doesn't matter what we ought to have done," rejoined Talbot a little impatiently. "What are we going to do? Are we going to wait here until the next steamer come along?"

"That's likely to be two or three months—nobody knows," said Johnny.



With the Gorgeous Individual Talbot Concluded a Bargain.

Why You should drink

BAKER'S COCOA

There are no drawbacks to its use, it does not over-stimulate, it does not disturb the nerves or disarrange the digestion, it won't keep you awake at night, nor will it cause the most delicate stomach the slightest inconvenience. It supplies the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition in an agreeable form, it has a most delicious flavor and aroma, its color is attractive, its purity is unquestioned and its healthfulness is vouched for by the universal approval of the best physicians and food experts of the world.

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2 IN 1 WHITE SHOE DRESSING

White Cake 10c. White Liquid 10c.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday at the home of Chief of Police and Mrs. George A. Phillips, Smith's Falls, when their daughter, Ida May, became the wife of John H. Hynes, of Brockville, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hynes, Cobden.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. and Mrs. J. E. Connors, Smith's Falls, when their eldest daughter, Lillian Edna, was united in marriage to Talbert B. Dorman, a C.P.R. brakeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Kelly, Merrickville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Elda Beryl, to Norman J. Bradford, Smith's Falls, the wedding to take place quietly in June.

Mrs. James W. Robinson, Perth, died on Tuesday. She was born at Parham fifty-one years ago, her maiden name being Annie Ryan.