Saved From the Sea

"You pique my curiosity amazingly, Uncle Roland," laughed his ward, ringing the bell for the removal of the breakfast things as Mimie left the room.

"I'm going out now for a blow and a cigar, my dear," said her uncle, amused; "but I won't be long. I'll try to get some news of the other shipwrecked creatures; they were all housed somewhere."

Certainly great calamities bring out the best side of human nature, and prove the Creator has not left himself without witnesses on earth in the hearts of the created.

CHAPTER III.

When Clifford came back again he found his patient—still pale and languid—ensconsed in a huge easy chair by the fire—Mimie kneeling on the rug, and Blanche sitting opposite with some fancy work.

"That's right," said Dr. Clifford, sitting down beside Mrs. Errington, and taking her hand. "I see my girls have taken care of you."

"Oh, you are all too kind," faltered Christine; "but I shall be able to go to London this afternoon."

"Go to—fiddlesticks!" said the doctor, gruffly. "Your pulse is very low and weak still, and no wonder. You don't leave here till I think propor."

"But, Doctor Clifford, please listen. I must go; you have all done to much already for a perfect stranger of whom you know nothing— Nay, hear me!"

"Oh, I'll hear you, if you're a veritable sea lawyer, but as to knowing nothing—h'm!—you are proud, and have a will of your own"—lightly touching the resolute but tender mouth—"and so have I. Physicians are autocrats, and you don't go till I choose—that's flat!"

"Doctor Clifford," said Christine, desperately, "I feel under false pretences till you hear me. I was not a passenger aboard the Undine, but only her stewardess, shipped for the home trip."

"Very good, my dear Mrs. Errington; and an honest, respectable berth, too," said the physician, composedly. "The ups and downs of life have no law but necessity; you are none the less a well-born, well-bred lady because Dame Fortune chose somehow to make a football of you and kick you out of your proper place into the berth of a stewardess; and I'll be bound you did your duty as such, too. You stuck by your ship and skipper like a brick, too!"

She flushed up.

"That was only my duty, as belonging to the ship," she said, quickly. "One more in the other boats would have periled them. Besides, every one else had friends or relatives to mourn and suffer by their loss, and I have none, as I told you."

"I scarcely took that literally—quite so literally," said Clifford, huskily, glancing involuntarily at the wedding-ring. "You are so young."

Christine saw that glance, and her teeth set close for a moment; then she said:

"I meant it literally. I am twenty-four, and I—I lost my husband years ago."

"Years ago!" repeated both father and daughter in a breath, as if they could not have heard aright.

"Yes," she said, quietly; but, like her face, that rich, low voice of hers had a world of suppressed passion and force underlying it. "Nearly six years ago I married, just over sixteen, a young artist, and in barely two years he died."

"Good heavens! a widow at eighteen!" muttered the doctor. "What could you do?"

"Ay, I had to face it soon enough," she said, still looking steadily into the fire. "I went back to the old aunt who had brought me up—the only relative I had—but in a few months she too died, and with her her income; but I had a little—about fifty pounds a year—of my own, so I was able to think what best to do. Ah! pardon me——" she paused abruptly; but those three deeply interested faces and the doctors' earnest "Please go on!" made it almost incumbent on her to continue the explanation of the anomalous position in which she admittedly stood.

"I could not live on that," Mrs. Errington went on. "I was highly educated and accomplished, very musical, I spoke several languages, and I had traveled. I was too young to teach, and I hated it; the humdrum life would have maddened my restless spirit."

"I am certain of that," said Clifford, sotto voce.

"But what else could you do, then?" asked Blanche Leroy, in genuine surprise.

"Several things, Miss Leroy. I could go as a traveling companion, lady-courtiere, and I did so; and as I never minded how I made myself useful, and if the exact berth was not to hand, took what was, I have seldom been long out of employment. But I was hard driven this time in New York. I had been travelling in Europe with an American lady and her daughter, and had taken them back to New York, where I was to be paid up the greater part of salary due to me. When we arrived, lo! the husband had failed utterly—and, in fact, they all disappeared. I tried to get something before my small funds were gone, but in vain; my last reference, too, was nil, and any other was across the Atlantic. At last I had not enough to pay my passage to England. One evening I heard that the stewardess of the Undine, Red Star liner, for London, had been run over in Broadway that day, her leg badly broken, and she had been taken to a hospital; also that the boat must sail next morning, and her captain had not been able yet to get a stewardess. I at once went down to the Undine and offered myself for the berth, telling Captain Sebright the exact truth, which my boarding-house people could verify. How he laughed! but he had got a lot of lady-passengers and his own wife aboard, and was in a corner; so he shipped me, and I joined that night."

"Quite an adventure," said the doctor. "Dear me- and then to be shipwrecked, and lose everything—clothes and all!"

"Not much, luckily," said the fair couriere and ex-stewardess, smiling. "I never travel with a large wardrobe, and I had sent over here before I left Paris all save what was absolutely necessary for the run to New York and back. And I always wore that belt with whatever money or valuables I had in it. Besides, I shall be paid, of course, directly I get to town."

"I am glad, indeed, to hear that your loss is not so bad," was the hearty reply.

Mimie asked:

"But how came a steamer to be so helpless—such a wreck? Was the captain in fault?"

"Not a bit of it, Miss Clifford. But we had had a very rough passage, especially up Channel; and that gale of the last forty hours was about one of the heaviest I have ever been in. If we could have kept her engines going, all might have been well strained though she was; but early last evening she took green seas on board, and one, that nearly pooped her, rushed down into the engine-room and swamped out the fires, besides carrying away the binnacle and damaging the steering-gear. Then, of course, she wouldn't keep steerage way, and became unmanageable, driving helplessly before the gale—on, on to this lee shore. Then our skipper fired two signals of distress, and got the boats ready—with little hope, though, he todl me, of their living in such a sea."

"Oh, how terribly frightened you must have been!" the girl cried, with dilated eyes.

"No," said the other, quietly, "I did not fear. I was unconscious of any feeling but a strange, calm self-possession. I suppose I had too much to do to think of fear and death sentiently. You see, I was a sort of she-captain," she added, with a slight smile, "and had my poor, frightened women-passengers and young children to encourage and control. Poor things! it was hard enough to keep some of them from shrieks and confusion, which bewilder the men, and too often loses all chance of rescue. But Captain Sebright was so cool, so splendid, that it inspired everybody to be brave!" she said, enthusiastically. "It was such an example!"

"So, I suspect, was somebody's else—quite as much," said the doctor, significantly. "Then you are out of work again, Mrs. Errington?"

"Yes."

Clifford got up, and began walking up and down slowly, with his hands behind him, and a puckered brow, cogitating over something.

His daughter turned; but at that moment a waiter entered, and said that a gentleman wished to see Dr. Clifford; he was in the next room (used for dinner by the Cliffords).

"Excuse me, then, ladies," said the physician; and went away into the other sitting-room, where he found a middle-aged man—unmistakably seafaring—awaiting him.

"Sir," said he, warmly grasping the other's hand, "I believe I owe you double thanks; for I hear that you not only helped pull me and my gallant fellows ashore last night, but took charge of my stewardessa—a grand creature, sir!"

"Ah, you are, then, Captain Sebright!" exclaimed Dr. Clifford. "I am delighted to know you, for I have just been hearing about you from your stewardess. She says you inspired them all."

"Nonsense! I only did my duty," said the other, quickly. "But she—she's a splendid woman! She doesn't know what fear or losing her head means. I believe she was invaluable all the voyage, and when the gale caught us, and that awful wreck came, she was just the right hand of us all, and saved me half my care and anxiety for the passengers. She inspired us, I think. She kept up the men by a word or look—as cool as a cucumber. She kept the women quiet, under control, so that we men could act unhampered. When the boats came alongside, she stood ready, and handed them on to us at the gangway, steadily—wouldn't let 'em hurry, push, scream, and would not leave the ship till the last of us. 'Give 'em the chance, cap'n, she said, in that determined way of hers. 'They've friends; I've none. And if you lift me in by force, I will jump overboard.' She would, too, sir, I tell you. She's as brave as she's handsome—that Mrs. Errington!"

"I am sure of that, Captain Sebright. I hope none of your people are hurt?"

"Thank you, doctor—no. All getting on well. I've been looking round after them, and arranging for their going on to London. Everybody is so kind to us shipwrecked folks! How is Mrs. Errington? Could I see her? As the company's agent will be down soon."

"Certainly. I'll go and send her in to you. And when you have settled your business, she must bring you to be introduced to my girls."

"If the ladies will excuse my unfashionable appearance, then," said the captain, glancing laughingly at his dress. "It's dry, and that's all, doctor."

"All right, captain."

And away went Clifford to send in beautiful Christine Errington, and tell his girls what the captain of the "Undine" had said of her.

"And it confirms you in some project that popped into your head, pap," said Mimie, slyly. "Don't deny it, Doctor Slyboots."

"Miss Sauce-box," said he, "you're right. But you won't know it for a few days, when, perhaps, I will propound my project to our guest. Hush! here she comes with Captain Sebright."

* * * * *

One thing more connected with the disaster: All attempts entirely failed to discover who was the stranger who had aided the life-boat's crew, and then rescued the stewardess so desperately. He went as he came—unknown!

CHAPTER IV.

The evening of the day after Captain Sebright's visit, Mrs. Errington herself unconsciously gave her host an easy opening for propounding his wishes.

"Doctor Clifford," she said, "I am quite strong again, and I cannot any longer intrude on your generous hospitality. To-morrow, please, I must go to London."

Te girls cried out:

"Oh, no—no!"

He looked at them, and instantly though of Sebright's expression, "that determined way of hers."

"Want to look for another berth, eh?" said Clifford, leaning his arm on the table.

"I shall have to directly, certainly," answered Christine, smiling.

"Ah! I suppose you wouldn't care for a situation that made England—London—its headquarters?"

"I should not mind it at all," she said, quite unsuspecting his drift, "if it were one I could take. There are one or two of my former employers to whom I can refer."

"Very good; that simplifies matters. To be plain and to the point, Mrs. Errington, it is myself and my two girls I am thinking of. I sometimes want the assistance of a secretary, and the girls need a married lady as a companion and chaperon, to walk, ride, drive with them, take them to amusements, into society, and assist Mimie to play hostess in home society. In fact, be like a married elder sister. She and Blanche are only nineteen and twenty, you see, and only left governess and masters this autumn. They are on life's threshold, at the age to be spreading their wings, while I am fifty, and beginning to fold mine. And if you would come to us, I think we should all pull very well in the boat."

Mimie could hardly for joy no longer. She jumped down, threw herself on her knees before Christine, and fairly embraced her round the waist.

"Oh! how jolly! Ah, you must—must say yes, Mrs. Errington!"

Christine's dark eyes had sparkled, and her soft cheeks flushed while the doctor spoke, and now she stooped and kissed the lovely girl at her feet with tremulous lips, and her voice was a little unsteady as she answered the physician:

"You are very, very kind, Dr. Clifford. But surely I am—you must think me too young for such a responsible position."

"No, I don't," said Roland Clifford, brusquely. "I don't want a frump for my children's friend. I want a woman, young, clever, faithful, with a heart as well as brains—a woman of the world, who knows when to loose reins, and when to draw them in. Come on trial, at any rate, and if either party finds it a failure, we can part company. I'll pay you a handsome salary, and write to your references at once. I can't speak or act more fairly, can I?"

"No, indeed—no, indeed, Dr. Clifford," said Christine, earnestly. "I accept your offer, then, subject to replies from my references, of course."

"Very well. Now, do you stil insist on leaving us to-morrow?"

"Why, yes, Dr. Clifford. For one thing, I have no clothes here at all, save these," said Mrs. Errington, smiling, "and I must go to our shipping office, and report myself in accordance with Captain Sebright's letters. Yes, I must go, please, to my lodging. I will give you all the addresses."

"And I, mine. Mimie, my desk, dear."

* * * * *

But that night, alone in her room, that handsome woman stood before the mirror, pale as death, and wrung her hands in passionate agony.

"Great heavens!" the bloodless lips muttered, "what if he should ask me for my marriage certificate! Why didn't they let me drown? Oh, heaven! why didn't they let me drown?"

Ah, me! ah, me! So young and fair! What was her untold story?

CHAPTER V.

"I declare Mr. Falconer St. Maur, you are the coolest, most audacious scamp that ever lived!"

"My good fellow, have you only just found that out?" said the other, opening wide a pair of great dark eyes veiled by long, dark lashes.

Kenton Morley raised his bright eyes, and scanned the speaker, from the mass of wavy locks, all

"Golden where the sunlight played,
But where tendrils sought the shade
Dark and very beautiful,"

to the small, well-shaped foot that rested on the carpet.

"H'm!" he said, with an odd little dry smile, "I don't think it took me as many months as I have of years' knowledge of you to find that out. I don't need to be told at this time of day that you are up to everything, and something more besides."

The other laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Thanks—a compliment—with the barsinister through it. Anything more, in a small way, while we're on that subject?"

"Yes. On my word, this evening I do not know whether I am most amused, most aghast or most angry with you."

"Be all three, if you like, Ken," returned the unmoved Falconer, stroking the soft, drooping moustache that shaded his lip. "I don't care; though, for the life of me, I can't see why you're so down on me this time. I told you when I came in, that I only wanted two thousand pounds before I go down to Newmarket."

"Only!" repeated Morley, leaning one arm on the large office secretaire at which he sat. "Have you forgotten that you are pretty deep still in my debt, in spite of what you have paid off from time to time? This drawer here contains your bills, etc., to a heavy tune, my friend. And what are they worth as security, really? Your heirship to an uncle who may at any moment cut you off with or without the proverbial shilling."

"For which chance you get suitable interest, remember," suggested the younger man, with a sarcastic curve of the haughty lip, and a quick flash in the dark eyes. "The advantage isn't all on my side, is it? Also, you hold heavy insurance on my life, the premiums of which half absorb my uncle's allowance. Also, as I have, in the long run, both skill and a lucky hand at le jeu and on the turf (though I don't care so much for that kind of gambling, I keep your bagatelle of interest fairly paid up; and if I don't—pouf!—over it goes into the capital, to stand against me. Fair play is a jewel, Ken, and you must confess that, taken all in all, we are at even odds."

"I don't deny it, Mr. St. Maur; but, still, I don't feel at all inclined to draw so large a cheque this evening."

"I am sorry for your 'feeling,' then, since I feel absolutely inclined to indorse the said cheque and sign the necessary bill belonging to the same. Get out both papers quickly, old Ken Morley; my patience is nearly exhausted, if yours isn't; so hand over, like a jewel—and you can't refuse, you know."

"But I will, then!" said Morley.

"But you won't!" returned the other.

The two men looked at each other steadily for fully a minute; then the elder's lips gave, his eyes wavered, fell, and he leaned back in his chair with a half laugh.

"They say there is no fool like an old fool, and only on that ground can it be, I suppose, that I have let you get round some unguarded, soft corner long ago, and keep your hold. Heaven only knows why I like you, for I'm sure I do not!"

"I'm very certain I don't!" said Falconer, gazing on the speaker in utter surprise, but with an instant softening of eye and lip that was almost in itself some light key-note to the riddle. "I had not even the least idea that you had any such liking for me, but I am grateful for it. Thanks!"

There was a courteous grace in the last words all his own.

The money-lender smiled, and began unlocking one of the secretaire drawers before him.

"Why don't you get clear of all this vortex, St. Maur?"

"Easier said than done," answered St. Maur, dryly, "by such a sinner as I am."

"Easily done," amended Morley, quietly, as he drew out a cheque book and a bill form, "by such a handsome sinner as you are."

"I should like to know how, then, friend Kenton."

"You ask that! Are there not heiresses—rich widows? Marry, man, marry!" retorted the money-lender, covertly watching the "handsome sinner."

He saw him start slightly, and wince as if the sharp point of a weapon had touched his breast; but he said, with a bitter, cynical laugh:

"Thank you for nothing, Ken. Who in that market would marry a reckless gambler to pay his debts? Heiresses generally have confounded guardians, and rich widows are 'cute rather, most of them. If I must be euchered, I must; but, by heaven! I'm not bad enough for sinner as you are."

(To be continued.)

THEY TOOK HIM OUT OF HIS BED

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mr. F. McAuliffe's Lumbago.

Lachute Man, After Fourteen Years Suffering, Finds Health and Strength in an Old Reliable Kidney Remedy.

Lachute, Que., April 12.—(Special).—After fourteen years of suffering, which started from pleurisy, followed by dropsical swellings, and culminated in Lumbago, and confined him to his bed, Malachi F. McAuliffe, a well-known resident of this place, has entirely recovered his health, and he says without hesitation, "I am sure I owe it entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I was laid up with Pleurisy, which affected my kidneys," Mr. McAuliffe continues. "I suffered a great deal of pain, especially in my back. I was also terribly troubled with dropsical swellings, and finally, after many attempts to get rid of my trouble, I found myself compelled to give up and was confined to my bed with Lumbago. I tried many medicines but they failed to do me any good. Then I turned to Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking one box I felt greatly relieved. I took several more boxes and found myself completely cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure any and all forms of Kidney Disease.

A Stirring War Whoop.

At the siege of Fredericksburg, when the Confederates were enduring even more than their usual pangs of hunger, one of the Southern skirmishing parties made a sudden raid on an unsuspecting Federal brigade.

After some interchange of firing the assailants rushed upon their disconcerted enemy. One emaciated "Johnny" hurriedly emptied the knapsack of a prostrate soldier, and straightening up, regardless of blades and bullets, waved his booty above his head.

"Charge 'em, boys, charge 'em!" he yelled. "They've got cheese!"—From Lippincott's.

DRAFT FROM THE GALLERY.

(Chicago News.)

The leading man in the barnstorming New England drama halted in the wings.

"I guess I'd better go back for an encore," he announced proudly. "I still hear the wind hissing in the blizzard scene."

"You blockhead!" snorted the irate manager. "That isn't the blizzard—that's the audience."

SUMMER BOARD.

(Washington Herald.)

"I'm an author, you understand, spending my vacation on a farm to get local color. How much will board be?"

"Ten per week," replied the farmer, "and $2 extra if we're expected to talk dialect."

Weak Heart, Poor Blood

Shortness of Breath a Symptom.

"It was a good thing I began taking Ferrozone when I did, or my condition would have fallen into Pernicious Anaemia, and this disease I am told is incurable," writes Mr. Samuel S. Michaud, of Pembroke. "I am thankful both for recovery and escape from a disease that surely runs its course in a brief time. The first symptoms that gave sign that my naturally great strength was failing, developed from climbing to the fourth floor in an office building in Montreal. When I got to the top, a blindness seemed to overcome my eyes. I breathed heavily and my breath was very quick and short.

"My blood had turned to water, I was told, and I needed the very best tonic obtainable to vitalize it. You can imagine how run down in quality my blood was when it seemed that I was suffering from Pernicious Anaemina. Ferrozone worked wonders. Every week I could see how my blood was making my constitution stronger. I hadn't any heart disease. The palpitation was caused by poor blood—so was the shortness of breath. Ferrozone has made a new man of me. I am as hearty, ruddy and vigorous as I was twenty years ago. I urge every man and woman in poor health to build up with Ferrozone."

No tonic is so certain as Ferrozone—just one or two tablets to take at meals. 50c per box; six for $2.50, all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

Pride of Profession

(By Harold Carter.)

When Larry Callahan left the protection of the large building "up the river" which had been his home for four years and ten months on the indeterminate sentence plan, the governor had a farwell talk with him.

"Go straight, Larry," he pleaded earnestly. "You've had a good record while in Sing Sing, and you've been promised a job by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. You're too intelligent a man to run crooked; besides, remember, sooner or later you get caught. Keep away from the Bowery, and good luck to you."

So Larry came to New York wearing his new suit, new hat, new shoes and new underwear, with a new life before him and nearly five years of discharge money in his pocket, which, with the few dollars he had had on entering, which the government had kindly kept for him, amounted to sixty-seven nineteen.

He meant to run straight; he had vowed so honestly to the pardon board. Yet it was hard that he, the cleverest pickpocket who ever went 'up," who had counted his income at a good "fifty per' all the year through, should start out afresh on ten a week running an elevator. He did not want to go to work so soon, not while that $67 reposed in his pocket.

So on the first evening his feet led him, almost against his will, to the vicinity of Chatham Square. There he picked up some pals and disgusted them with the information that he was going to run straight.

"Aw, come off," said one. 'You, Larry, that can live on the fat of the land! I thought you had some pride."

Larry stumbled out into the night, those words ringing in his soul. Aye, that was the crux of it. It was sheer pride that led him to clip the gold repeater from the fob, to snatch the magnate's pocketbook from the inside pocket

AND NEITHER SPOKE; ONLY LARRY AND HIS INTENDED VICTIM EYED ONE ANOTHER UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE STREET LAMP.

of his coat. Should he, the peerless pickpocket, throw up this old life and start running an elevator?

At that same instant a portly, undersized gentleman with a long beard strolled by. Larry's fingers itched. His resolutions were forgotten, for the breast of the frock coat bulged with what his expert eye told him was a fat wallet. Softly he crept up, drew abreast, jostled his victim in the crowd—and the trained fingers crept over the lapels deftly, only to be seized in a sinewy grip.

That grasp was like steel. And neither spoke; only Larry and his intended victim eyed one another under the light of the street lamp. Gradually the stranger's eyes grew wider in surprise.

"Larry Callahan! O, Larry Callahan!" he ejaculated. "And to think you would pick an ex-detective for your work. O, bungler, bungler. Well, what have you got to say?" he said, in a sharp tone of command. "Come, for old times' sake, I'll put up a a drink before I take you to the station. No, an ice cream soda," he continued, as Larry edged toward a saloon. "Intoxicants are an abomination. Yes, Larry, I am an evangelist now. And before I shut up your body I would try to save your soul."

"Religious guy," thought Larry, "I'll work him if I can." And, seated side by side before the soda counter in a dingy drug store, while the ex-detective's revolver pointed its mouth menacingly at Larry's breast, the strange pair held communion.

Larry was not wholly insincere in telling his tale. How he had just been released, how professional pride and the instinct for theft had overcome him at sight of what seemed to him an easy victim. He blamed it to that $67 in his pocket, which had induced him to take a holiday. He pleaded for a chance. He had thought long of running straight, had wavered; now, if released, he would go straight to the society and secure his job. And, as he spoke, a kinder light came into his captor's yes. They rose up.

"Larry, I'll give you the chance you ask for. Go," said the ex-detective.

And Larry walked away free, but utterly dispirited. He would run straight indeed. With that $67 in his vest pocket—the other pocket—his coat pocket then——

The money had gone. Callahan, the shrewdest thief on the Bowery, had met his match; he had been hoodwinked, cheated, plundered!

The man's pride in his craft was broken at last. He wheeled upon his heel and started off in the direction of the society with a light of new resolution in his eyes.

HOW BEES FIND WAY TO HIVE.

Special Sense of Direction—Not Guided by Sight or Odor.

The directive sense which is possessed by bees is the object of researches made by M. Gaston Bonnier, of Paris, and he seems to prove that bees possess a special sense like that of carrier pigeons.

Bees can fly for two miles from the hive and are then able to return after gathering their supply of honey. Langstroth and others suppose that vision comes into play and that bees can see for a great distance and can also note objects on the way so as to find their path. Others, with Dadent, suppose that the bees are guided by the sense of smell and that they can smell flowers at one and a half miles.

The author makes experiments to prove that bees can return to the hive without using either sight or odor. At to sight, he takes bees to a distance of one or two miles from the hive in a closed box. They always fly back to the hive when released. The same is true when their eyes are covered, so that sight is not essential. As regards odor, experiments seem to prove that bees perceive odors at only short distances. When a needle dipped in ether is brought near the head of the bee, it shows signs of perceiving the odor, but not so when the needle is placed back of him or near other organs.

Besides, when the organs of smell (antennae) are removed entirely the bees will return to the hive. M. Bonnier makes the following experiment. At 600 feet from the hive he places a supply of syrup, and the bees soon find it, proceeding to and fro to the hive. Such bees he maks with green colored powder. He then places a second supply of syrup at the same distance from the hive but spaced at twenty feet from the former. Other bees are now engaged in the to and fro movement to this point, but these are not the same individuals as the green marked bees, who are still working on the first supply, and the marks these in red.

We thus have two distinct sets of bees and we see that they can distinguish two directions which form a very acute angle. We seem to have here a special directive sense which does not reside in the antannae but probably in the cerebroid ganglia. Other facts may be cited in evidence of the directive sense of bees.

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

In the Spring Most People Need a Tonic Medicine.

If you want new health and new strength in the spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Following the long, indoor winter months most people do feel depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood is impure and watery. It is this state of the blood that causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheumatism and lumbago; the sharp stabbing pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite, frequent headaches and a desire to avoid exertion. You can't cure these troubles by the use of purgatives; you need a tonic and a tonic only, and among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic, life-giving, nerve restoring powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired out, ailing men, women and children. If you are feeling out of sorts give this medicine a trial, it will not disappoint you. Mr. Paul Charbonneau, a young man, well known in the town of St. Jerome, Que., is one of the host who bear testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "When I left school I became a bookkeeper in an important office. Probably due to confinement, I began to suffer from indigestion and loss of strength. I became pale and seemingly bloodless and was often seized with palpitation of the heart and violent headaches. I tried several remedies, but they did not do me a bit of good. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so, and the use of eight boxes brought me to perfect health and strength. I have since enjoyed the best of health and cannot say too much in praise of this valuable medicine."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HARD-SHELLS IN KENTUCKY.

Captain Tracey, who lived down in Kentucky, was a good old Hard-Shell Baptist, who occasionally would tell a story at the expense of the brethren. Years ago they were not so conspicuously orthodox on the temperance question as they are in our time.

"On one occasion," said the Captain, "the brethren in my region were about to have a grand church gathering, and all the faithful in the neighborhood were expected to exert themselves to entertain suitably and hospitably the visiting brethren. Two of my neighbors met each other just before the grand gathering. One of them said:

"'What are you going to do?'

"'Well,' replied the man, 'I've laid in a gallon of firstrate whiskey.'

"'A gallon!' retorted his neighbor with a look of contempt; 'why, I've got a barrel, and you are just as able to support the gospel as I am.'"

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