e of Life. as. Barclay

of Life and suffered from nervousness andotherannoying symptoms, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham'r Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, mit restored my heafth and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's nd has done for me period. Complete th means so much ake of other sufferrilling to make my you may publish.

e for woman's ills wide-spread and unent. No other medhas such a record ills as has Lydia E. ble Compound. 30 years it has been mplaints such as eration, local weak mors, irregularities, ckache, indigestion stration, and it is rrying women safely d of change of life. le to try Lydia E. suffering women.

ted to all lines. Victoria reporte isay tres and throughout mes excellent. to Bradstreet's sav cession upset business

rt of the week. s say a steady tone is usiness, but the turner were it not for the ther has acted against fail goods. Groceries are moving brickly. a favored by weather try trade in the diecollections are gener-

say the general state s very satisfactory. w that while business ng well there is some e score of the retail

MISTAKE.

on Fire and Son and furned to Death.

ine, Nov. 14. - Misin a pan for water. ood, wife of a lobster ed the liquid over a. the kitchen of her id in the explosion. er 7-year-old son and ighter perished. Mrs. eriously burned that

n to modern medicine rinciple which makes IVES effective, they never tiveness. One of the . . Montreal.

Pink Eye, Epizootic.
Shipping Fever,
and Caterries Fever. er how horses at any age are y. Cures Distemper in Dogong live stock remedy. Cures ling live stock remedy. Cures kidney remedy. soc and st s Show it to your druggist elegists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S.A.



When you have sold the 8 m this handsome Air Riffe, back whatyou cantot sell, 57 Toronto. Ont.



mp, sold at a low price, see letter lame made at any plated easily kept clean; as of the RAYO I amp as a light. y, Limited,

Right at Last

little pants, the color rose and waned hard at work. on her cheeks, her eyes expanded, then hid themselves behind their long lashes; the music, the full meaning of his words | and laughter once more in the old place, fascinated, overwhelmed, took absolute and all shall go as merry as marriage possession of her: but she could not

"And you, Joan," he asked, eagerly humbly, "chall I tell you how you shall know whether you love me a little just a little? Yes? Were you glad to see me the other night, or did it matter nothing to you that it was I who stood beside you instead of some other man? Are you glad to see me now? Would you be sorry if I said 'Good-by,' and you! knew that I was going, never to 1eturn Tell me, Joan!

Silent still, she looked out to sex. watching a curlew as it rose above the eliffs and soared over the down.

"No." he murmured, "you would not care! Then, indeed, you do not love me in the least, Joan, and never will. Love comes at first sight, or never at all! You do not love me, Joan! And it is good-by-and forever-' and his hands grew loose on hers.

With a faint little erv she turned to him, and her hand clasped his, but still held him off.

"Yes!" she panted. "I know! I love you! If-if all you say is true-I love

He caught her to him, and she let hez head rest upon his breast, but as his lips bent down to kiss her, put up her hands to keep them off, in simple maiden modesty.

"Oh, my darling!" he murmured. passionately. "Is it true? Can i'. be true? I have thought of this, dreamed of it. and has it come true? Joan, my darling! My love! Tell me once more! Whisper, 'Stuart, I love you!' Her head drooped lower for a mom-

ent, then she raised it till her lips were mear his ear, and whispered the confession that cost her more than he could

"Stuart, I love you!" and twice she repeated the sweet words, "I love you! I love you!'

His passionate kisses could no longer be kept back, and they rained upon her face and hair, until, trembling and alarmed, she strove to free herself, and

Forgive me, Joan! I did not mean to frighten you! There, one kiss more, and I will be content for a time. But, oh, Joan, if you know how happy I am!

"Perhaps I can guess by my own heart." she said, with innocent frankness. "Ah, how strange it seems! And -and you have cared for me all this

"Yes," he said, fervently; "from the first; from the very first, Joan. My heart spoke plainly enough that night; So I walked down to the village it said aloud, 'Here is my mate.' But on I went, like an idiot and a clod. I would not listen! I would not believe! Fool that I was; I tried to argue it down! But-" He stopped and drew the hood around her tenderly, with an sir of appropriation, which made her thrill through and through with a nameless delight.

There was silence for a moment, then she said, softly, as if see were communing with herself :

"I cannot understand why you should care for me; you who have seen the world, and have met so many beautiful She stopped, and a little shudder ran throung her, a cold thrill of maiden-ly jewiousy. "But perhaps you have loved-I am not the first --"You are the first in my heart, the

first woman I ever really loved, Joan, be said, answering her unfinished question with the alacrity of passion eager to please and satisfy. "The very first! You reign alone queen of my heart Joan, and you--

She looked up at him in simple faith and truth, and smiled a sweet, solemn

"I did not know until to-nigirt what love meant," she said, softiy. Presently she started.

"I must go," she said, reluctantly, almon's sorrowfully, as Eve might have spoken when the hour arrived for her departure from her paradise.

He struck a maten and looked at his watch, and while the light burned looked at her face with all a lover's passionate hunger. "So soon!" he said. "We seem to have

been here scarcely a minute. Let me wrap your cloak tightly around you. and under the pretence he folded her in his arms for a moment. "Joan, to-morrow I will come for you, and we will come here again, stand on this very spot, and you shall tell me once more that you love me! How surprised Coione! Oliver and the two girls will be! And yet I don't think they will," and he laughed with a quiet enjoyment.

"You-you will tell them?" she said, "I will not if you wish it, dearest," he said. "Let us wait until the day after to-morrow. It will seem all the sweeter, having our secret to ourselves." "Yes," she assented, with a great uplifting of the heart. "Until the day after to-morrow, and they shall know.'

and she eighed frintly. "And you will meet me to-morrow. dearest?" he said.

They had re cold the skirts of the viliage, and the Lights of the Elms shone anead of them

"Yes," she assented, obediently. "Where ?"

"Come to the stile by the park," he said. "We shall be alone these; come early, Joan. I shall he there at eleven, and we can take a long walk, we two together and alone. And give me one parting kise, Joan. Good-night, my dar-

ling—good night!"

He held her in his arms for a moment. his lips pressed to hers, and then she slid from his embrace "like a moonbeam," gasped Juiia. "And you can stand there fitted away from him, and was lost in

He waited until he heard the gate "Shameless!" the word broke from her shut behind her, then turned and walke! lips in a gaso.

Her breath came forth in short, quick | rapidly toward the Wold, his brain still

"I will persuade her to marry me soon," he said, "and the Wold shall be made fit for her; there shall be music bells. Oh, Joan, Joan, my simple, inno-cent darling, you have made a new man of Stuart Villiars."

And so, manufacturing good resolutions as he went, he unlocked the door and entered his lonely rooms to throw himself in a chair by the fire, and call up a sweet vision that only a few moments ago nestled against his heart. If it be true that the road to hell paved with good resolutions, how sadly and with what infinite despair must those who have reached the Dismal Gates look back upon the way they had trodden!

CHAPTER XII.

Joan opened the door softly, and as softly she stole along the passage. If she could only reach her room and be alone with the new, strange joy which suffused her whole being! To be alone, and yet not alone

for would not his face, his voice. be always with her, night and day from henceforth, and from hence forth to be welcomed by her and hugged and cherished as something belonging to her-to her, Joan, the happiest of heaven's mortals?

She longed to reach her flowers and whisper her love to them; she longed to be at the open window, that she might look down at the spot where they had stood and the strange, sweet, almost painful joy had first come to her!

But evil chance had willed otherwise. As she reached the parlor door, the voices of the two girls were raised in unlovely shrillness over some dispute: the sound smote upon Joan's ears-filled with the music of her lover's voice-and made her shudder and hurry past; but the door was ajar, and Julia caught sight of her dress, and called to her in trident tones:

"Is that you, Joan? Come here." She turned and slowly, reluctantly, pushed open the door and entered. The two girls were seated at the round rickety table, and the garish light of the ugly, cracked lamp fell upon a miscllaneous litter, conspicuous among then he soothed her back to courage which were a pair of wool work slippers and a hideous smoking-can.

> "Look here, Joan," said Emmeline, holding the hideous cap in a protesting kind of way. "Julia and I have been quarreling, as usual. It occurred to me the other day that, as Lord Villiars had been so extremely kind and-and-attentive--

"He has spoken about twenty words to her," interpolated Julia, with a disagreeable sueer.

"That I ought to make some return. a pattern of a smoking-cap in canvas. I don't suppose he particularly wants a cap; but all the same, I thought it would look as if I were not insensible to his kindness. Well. I set to work and filled it in and made it up, but instead of keeping the thing to myself, I mentioned it, like an idiot, to Jue, and I need scarcely tell you, who, know her so well, that she instantly went and copied my idea. Bought a pair of slippers, if you please! As if he hadn't enough slippers. And she must needs try and steal a march on me.'

"I should be sorry to steal anything of yours, my dear Em !" remarked Julia, parentlietically.

There was something so grotesque, so comical in the scene that Joan, looking from the can to the slippers, and from those objects of art to the inflamed faces of the girls, felt the spirit of mirth rising within her, and suddenly broke into a peal of laughter.

Like unfamiliar music the laugh ran through the room, and the girls, after staring at her in amazed silence, turned pale with anger and commenced to pour out the vials of their wrath upon her

devoted head. "Oh, you laugh, do vou?" exclaimed Julia, starting up and clutching the slippers; "that is all the sympathy we get from you!"

'We are laughed at in our own house!" said Emmeline; "and by Joan. We have sunk low indeed. I suppose you will say that it doesn't matter whether Lord Villiars gets our presents or not?" Joan might truthfully have answered

in the affirmative, but stood silent. "And I suppose you will say that he has not hown us any attention " said Julia; "and considering the shameless way in which you ran after him, it is wonderful that he has had the courage to speak to us at all.'

Joan's color rose and fell. "I wonder you haven't thought fit to make him a present," said Emmeline,

with a sneer. "I?" said Joan. "Yes. I have no doubt that your selfconceit is equal to the occasion." The gray-green eyes scrutinized Joan's face as she spoke. "Where have you been to-

night, Joan?" 'On the cliffs," said Joan, and her eyes drooped under the bold, cruel scru-

Have you been alone to-night?" demanded Emmeline, sharply. "No. I have not been alone," Joan, quietly, her eyes fixed on the

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Julia; "and

who accompanied you, please: "I have been with Lord Villiars."

The two girls turned green with jealous envy, and then pale with fury, and fixed her with the stare of a couple of basilisks.

Emmeline, as usual, was the first to epeak. "With-Lord-Villiars!" she exclaimed

under her breath. "To-night, at this time, on the cliffat"

most shameless girl in Christendom!"

"Yes, shameless! But there shall be

an end to this. We don't choose that Lord Villiars should be hunted out of the place by you. Yes, hunted!" almost shricked Julia. "Pil tell papa! He shall

send you away, and at once! You shall

go to-morrow, or we will. Joan, you are

"An impostor!" repeated Joan, stand-

"Yes, an impostor. Oh, we are not de-

shall leave Deercombe to-morrow. Wait

Joan looked from one to the other,

her beautiful face pale and sad and in-

felt as if she must cry aloud, "I am his!

I am Lord Villiars' future wife!" but it

seems to her as if the declaration would

be simple sacrilege at such a time and to

She turned and walked to the door,

The truth trembled on her lips.

till papa comes home!".

silent and passed out.

some face of her lover.

in a would-be careless voice:

"Marazion?" said Joan; scarcely know-

"Yes," she said, fumbling with his eye-

glass, "Marazion-just the place for you.

know some people there who would

take charge of you; of course, it will

cost me something-lodgings are awfully

dear now everywhere-but I don't mind

Lord Vililars, and I'd better tell you at

know, and I shouldn't countenance or

give my consent to-to-anything of

the colonel got up and left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

liars there. She could hear his voice, see

his face no more-for four months were

is good, or as bad, as eternity to her.

nut her under close espionage and

watch? She would be a close pri-

close that though her lover might be

ever so near, she would not be permitted

Her heart, brave as it was, sank under

the prospect, and was as heavy as lead

She reached the stile, and a moment

"My darling, and you have come!

he said, his strong arms thrown around

a smile. "But it is for the last time."

"Yes, I have come," she said, forcing

"The last time!" he echoed, smoothing

"Colonel Oliver is going to send me to

"It is on the Cornish coast; and-and

because he they think that I am

"Oh, they do! Let me look at you

"Oh, no!" she breathed, unconsciously

"Yes, that is what they mean to do.

but they shall not! Only say the word

-sav it after me-'Stuart, they shall

now to put your oath into effect! Joan,

"To go with you instead of going to

Marazion?" she echoed, looking up at

ing! Say the word! See, I am at your

And for answer she leaned over him

He stood silent for a moment or two.

restlessly, and his quick brain wa

"Yes," he said. "Listen, Joan,

are you brave enough to come with me.

her soft, silky hair from her forehead.

"To Marazion? Where on earth

that?" he exclaimed. "And why?"

too-too-friendly with you!"

they been browbeating you?"

of you! They mean to part us!"

not; nothing shall separate us!"

instead of going to Marazion?"

don with me and be my wife?"

her cheeks flamed.

her hands.

and murmured:

"Yes, I will come!"

work planning their flight.

shooting coat.

separate us!"

pressing closer to him.

later Lord Villiars was by her side.

as she put on the old frieze cloak and

went down to the park.

"What do you mean?"

soner wherever they sent her.

to see him.

Joan could not hope to see Lord Vil-

dionant.

plates.

on her plate.

such as these

ing pale, yet firm in the girlish lamp-

Hamilton Man Badly Injured

Reuben Atherton, of 367 Ferguson avenue. Hamilton, an employee of the Otis Elevator Company, sustained serious in-jury while at work. A plank fell from a neight on to his right foot, crushing it ceived! We see what you are aiming st.
But to-night's work settles it. You badly. He was taken home, where Zam-Buk was applied, with good result.

Telling his experience of the balm, he said: "After the doctor had dressed the damaged foot with some preparation of his own I was in great pain, and as day after day I seemed to get no relief I left off medical treatment and tried Zam-Buk. From the very first application I traced an improvement. Zam-Buk really seemed to act like magic cleaning all the unhealthy matter from the wounds, drawing out all discoloration, inflammation and soreness; and

the eyes of the girls following her with started healing in quick time. In two deep jealousy burning in each; then she weeks the toe and foot were well again. paused, her lips parted as if she was go-Zam-Buk Balm is certainly a wonderful ing to speak, but instead she remained healer, and I would not care to be without a box in the house. You can use She went to her room, the sneers and the above statement in any papers, books fury of the girls pursuing her; and it or publications, as it may lead some othwas hours before she could forget them er sufferer to use Zam-Buk and get relief and recall the passionate voice and hand- as I did."

All workers should keep Zam-Buk Pale and distrait, she came down to handy. Applied to a cut or wound, it breakfast on the morrow, and amidst a stops the pain, commences healing, and what is equally fine-it prevents all dense silence took her place at the table. possibility of blood-poisoning. Zam-Buk The two girls shot a couple of venomous glances at her, then stared at their s equally good for skin diseases, and cures eczema, itch, ulcers, abscesses, vari-The colonel—who had lost heavily at cose ulcers, sealp sores, abscesses, variloo at the club on the previous evening etc. It heals colds, cracks, chapped hands, growled at the toast and swore at the frost bite; cures piles and all inflamed bacon, but carefully refrained from adconditions of the skin and tissue. Fifty dressing her until he rose; then he said, cents a box, from all druggists and stores, but avoid imitations and substitutes, "Oh, Joan, by the way, you look as if some of which are highly dangerous, and you wanted a change. You have got been yourself lately. What do you say to going down to Marazion, in Cornnone are beneficial.

Five minutes passed in absolute si lence; then he said in a low voice, in ing what she was saving, her eyes fixed which entreaty and command were skilfully mingled:

"Joan, you must be very brave, dear est! You will not be afraid?" "Why should I be afraid?"

"Why, indeed! I am big enough to take care of you, certainly. But all the same, you will need all your courage. You'd better go to-morrow-the ten-Is there an early—a very early train Look here, Joan; I've from here?" eleven train. Look here, Joan; I've heard all about your goings on with

"Yes, the mail train, at 4 o'clock." "We shall have to go by that, dearonce that it's of no use-just a waste of "Yes," she said unhesitatingly; "it

time and energy. You're my ward, you will be quite dark." "All the better," he said, gravely. "Listen to me. Joan. Are you brave enough

the kind, even if Lord Villiars wished it: to steal out of the house to-morrow at and from what I know of him. eh? Oh. half-past three, and to come to the end look here, it's no use, you know-Julia of the lane by the hill? We can reach and Em are both o'der than you are, the station in half an hour or less, and and-eh? Better go to Marazion, Joanbe half way to London or further before you understand; stop there for three or they miss us." four months, and eh? I'll drive you A faint shudder ran through her. over to catch the train to-morrow." And

"They cannot overtake us?" she whispered, the colonel's furious face and The two girls stared at her with a mathe two girls' bitter voices rising before icious smile, and Joan, drinking a cup of milk, got up quickly and silently left the Trust to me." he arswered. "No

they cannot overtake us. They might She went up to her room and looked telegraph, perhaps, but I can beat them out at the sea in deep, distracted even there," he added confidently.

"I fear I must go now, darling," he said, reluctantly. "There are all sorts of arrangements to make; and-and we must not be seen together to-day, in case they should grow suspicious." He held her for a moment, then released her, and watched her as her slim. She pictured herself alone on the bleak Corrish coast and Lord Villiars miles girlish form sped up the slopes. (To be Continued.) away. No more meetings and walks on

the cliffs, 'no sweet words or kisses fraught with love! For would not the colonel, prompted by the spiteful girls,

Sure Relief For Suffering Women is Found in Dodd's K dney Pills.

Miss Kathleen Murphy Tells How She Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tangier Mines, Halifax Co., N. S., Nov. 14.—(Special)—There is no longer any utes alone remained. He again stepped doubt that of the thousands of suffering up to the desk. romen of Canada, mine out of every ten owe their troubles to Kidney Disease. For that reason it is grad tidings that Miss Kathleen Murphy, of this place, is no," was again the reply of the desper sending out to her suffering sisters. "My troubles started from a cold,"

Rhenmatism and Diabetes Snally devet- merry you! oped.

Joan, my darling! You look pale. Have Then I started to take Dodd's Kid-She was silent, her long white fingers toying with the great buttons on his brought back my health. "Joan, they mean to make a prisoner

"I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills, for I have given them a thors claimed for them."

The secret of health for women is to keep the kidneys strong and healthy. Healthy kidneys mean pure blood, abundant energy and a clear, healthy com-"Stuart," she repeated, "nothing shall plexion. The one sure way to keep the kidneys healthy is to use Dodd's Kidney "Good, my darling!" he said. "And Pills.

Keeping Dandelions From Lawns.

There are those who say the dandelion cannot be killed. I know better-I've tried it. I have a lawn 200 feet by 150 feet without a dandelion, and I didn't rin up my lawn, either.

How do I keep the dandelions out? darling! Instead of going to Marazion, where you will be a prisoner, and shut up away from me, will you come to Lonkeep a close watch for their reappear ance during the summer, thus avoiding "Your wife!" The words dropped the seeding. Every spring I scatter plenty of blue grass seed on my lawn from her lips syllable by syllable, and and thus supply it with seed that is lost to it by reason of frequent cutting.

Not only that, but when I am diggine "Yes," he urged, "my wife! Sav the word. Joan-my dear Joan-my dari-

dandelions I have a pocket full of sead feet!" and he knelt to her and kissed handy and drop a pinch of seed in each hole I make when I extract the dander lion from the sod. New grass grows up quickly, fills the hole and chokes the dandelion.-Denver Post.

smoothing her hair as she nestled beside him her dark eyes fixed on the sky. across which dark clouds were sweeping

(By H. H. Hudson.)

The state bar examination was in progress. The watchful eyes of the mem bers of the examining committee were upon each candidate. The applicants were ambitious in the best sense, Many would be heard from in the years to

John Harding, esq., was one of the exminers. Harding was a broad man. One candidate before him enlisted his sympathy. This man was Victor Hope. There was a story back of the young mhan. Hope was a bank teller and had



WHY DON'T YOU ATTEMPT TO AN-SWER QUESTION 13?" HE AGAIN ASKED

maintained a widowed mother while pursuing his studies. He had studied n an evening school.

Another fact was also known to the examiner. Hope was in love with an attractive and deserving stenographer, who worked in a busy law office. While some of Hone's friends were somewhat skeptical, Myrtle Willow had never lost faith in him. The world did not understand. The examiner did. A hero sat before him.

The Hen. John Harding observed the youth a slave to ambition. Was it a good thing for a young man to be ambi ious? Still, from such material as this the world had ever derived its greatest

The examiner stepped to the window. The squirrels were playing about the lawn which surrounded the capitol building. The autumn lawes were already falling. He remembered his experience in the years gone by. Time was a precious asset. He again pictured the group of boys he had known; the eager scanning of questions; the waiting for the posted bulletin in the hotel, which would seal their fate. Some of them were dead. The court records alone bore testimony to their zeal. The examiner realized the happiness which would come to the girl who had linked her future to the young man before him Here was tragedy. Three years of patient study and anxiety, a countsand times no. He might save him and

still be true to his trust. The Hon. John Harding sauntered down the aisle. Victor Hope sat with his legs twisted about his chair. The tension of mind and body was apparent. Moisture stood on the brow of the courageous student. The examiner inspected his paper. Question 13 was unanswered. Ten minutes alone remained. "And why don't you attempt to an-

swer question 13?" asked Harding. The eyes of the troubled student met his, "Because,' was the reply, "I don't know whether to say yes or no." The examiner paced up and down the

aisle. It was a critical moment. Might there not be some suggestion that could be given-some hint that could brought to bear without breach of trust on his part? He thought of the widow and the girl. How eagerly they would scan the list of those who passed in the evening papers. His brow contracted. Suffered and How Easy and Com- This very question might lose Hope his plete Was Her Cure by the Great degree. He pictured the failure and discouragement, with months of further toil and anxiety.

He glanced at his watch. Five min-

Why don't you attempt to answer question 13?" he again asked. "I don't know whether to say yes or

"You don't know?" repeated the Hon. says Miss Murphy in an interview. "I John Harding "Didn't your girl know had pains in my head and back, and what to say when you asked her to

When Harding looked over the papers the next day he found that the quesney Pills and they cleared out my Rheu- tion had been answered in the affirmamatism, cured my Kidney Disease and tive. It further appeared that the correct answering of this question alone | er counted twelve of them still in the saved the standing of Victor Hope. Six months later Hope was appointed asough test and found them to be all that sistant to the United States district attorney but his wife doesn't know to this day that she set the example which made her husband an honored and successful member of the bar.

Apple Pie.

Hornets in the fence post, locusts on the Fiddles at the barn yard, why do you wait? Coen face and cross-barred, covered it you like.
Annle pie army is a-comin' down the pike;

Apple pie, apple pie, cinnamon and spice, Butter in the middle and a wee dream hid Down in the sweet, deep juice and nice Where the bubbies bounces and neat

Baked ham cooling in the sideboard, you Baked ham cooling in the sideboard, yoh;
and sweet potatoes 'most done
Bumble bees drowsin' in the honeysuckle
vice and butterflies bobbin' in the sun;
Fishermen hungrier than Prophet Job, the
twilight in the glide.
Apple pie army on the homeward way with
the old fishpole brigade;
Annie pie, apple nie, music if you will,
Clder in the third day, sparklin' bright;
Wore in the barrel and more in the mill.

More in the barrel and more in the mill.

And the old moon's full as a goat to-night:

Maryland's an apple and an apple pie, and the home of the pie is she;

the home of the pie is she;
There's a roast goose now in the oven, dear,
and the duel lasts good to me;
If we don't all burst and we don't die com
we'll never grow old or gray.
For the sole pie brings us the gift o' the
green and the breath of the rose o' May
Apple pie, apple pie, hold up your plate,
Golden as butter, and the sweet lips sing;
Howerts in the fence nosts, locusts at the Mint in the patch by the old, cool spring!

GOOD HEALTH **FOR YOUNG GIRLS**

What is Needed is the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Perhaps you have already noticed that your daughter in her "teens" has developed a fitful temper, is restless and excitable. In that case remember that the march of years leading her on to womanhood, and at this time a great responsibility rests upon you as parents. If your daughter is pale, complains of weak-ness and depression, feels "all tired out" after a little exertion; if she tells of headaches, or backaches, or pain in the side, do not disregard these warnings. Your daughter needs help for she is most probably anaemic that is bloodless.

Should you notice any of these

signs, lose no time, but procure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for her unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich impoverished blood and by doing so they repair waste ad prevent disease. They give to sickly, drooping girls, health, brightness and charm, with color in the cheeks, bright eyes, a lightness of sten and high spirits. A case typical of thousands cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is that of Miss Grace Cunningham, Winnipeg, Man., who says: "I really cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as have made me feel like a new girl. I was pale and almost bloodless and think that on an average I missed at least three school sessions a week, because I felt like a broken down person, and too weak to do anything. The doctor's medicine I took did little more than keep me in hope: it certainly did not cure me. Then I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon made me feel like a new person. Day by day I gained strength and color, and I have your medicine to thank for it."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Gems from Ruskin.

Consider whether we ought not to be nore in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than from our ancestors thinking it better to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born; and striving so to live.

Do you think you can know yourself by looking into yourself? Never. You can know what you are only by looking out of yourself. No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's

love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her descretion. Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital quesfion for individual and for matron, is

never "how much do they make?" but, "to what purpose do they spend?" To give alms is nothing unless you vritten, not "blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but, "blessed is he that considereth the poor.' And a little thought and a little kindness are often worth

more than a great deal of money.

SHORT LIVED. (Montreal Witness.) Why are athletics so often comparatively short-lived We have seen over and over again the seemingly robust break down at fifty or thereabouts, and have learned that they had been strenuous runners or players in former years. Prof. Hugo Munsterburg, the Harvard psychologist, asks in connection with athletics and health, "Must it really be kept a secret that the dogma of physical exercise is a fabric of the imagination?" He goes on to say that millions of people are running wildly to catch a ball, lifting weights in fullest perspiration, trotting with gasping breath, and doing a hundred other useless stunts simply because a meaningless fashion has cruelly thrown them

into such a habit. Nightingales from China.

An interesting attempt to acclimatize the Chinese nightingales in Vienna was made last week, writes our corresponddent, when thirty of the pretty green birds were set at liberty in the city park, where it is hoped they will take up their abode.

At the end of the week the park keenneighborhood of the tree where they had been liberated. The remainder apparently are exploring Vienna. Reports of their visits have been received from several public gardens. If the birds stand the variations of the Viennese climate and agree to live in the parks a large number are to be imported.-London Daily Mail.

Grape Juice Punch.

This is excellent and has the merit of being non-alcoholic. Cook together one pound of sugar and half a pint of water until it spins a thread. Take from the fire and turn over a large cup of strong tea. Add the juice of six lemons and the same number of oranges, with a quart of grape juice, and stand aside overnight. When ready to serve add sliced fruits and the water, plain or mineral, with ice in the punch bowl. If desired, cut a half-pound of marshmallews into quarters and allow three to each glass.

Wrong Figure. "What ails me, doctor, is that I have been burning too much midnight oil." "Not at all, my young friend. It's a candle you are using, and you have been burning it at both ends."

CURE FOR ANES.

A small quantity of tartar emetic, as much sugar, and cover with water. Put in a small dish or tin and set where the ants are found, and in a short time they