I as follows:

\$1.50 enca. ty take off. \$5 to (e ou, No. 1, onis to 0 to \$4.50. y sheepskins, \$2 to pskins, soc to \$3. macred, soild in barstock, solld in bare, No. 2 5 1-2 to 7e; 0 8 1-4c, No. 2 7 to armer pedlar stock, 37

fleece wool, as to per lh.; washed recotted, chaffy, area, hed floce wool, as to : northwestern unto quality, 23 to 33e. y Market Report.

#### MARKETS. RAIN OPTIONS.

en. High. Low. Close. 114, 143 1114 1125 124, 144, 142, 1437, 08, 140 148 085 951, 1 9634, 1 9574, **1 96** 97 | 1 98 | 1 97 | **1 9734** GRAIN MARKET. at-May, \$1.18 to \$1.16 o. 1 hard, \$1.21 No. 1 to \$1.19; No. 2 do., \$1.13 o 3 yellow, 73 to 74c. 42 to 42 1-2c. Flax-Flour-Unchanged:

arrels. Bran-\$18.25 to RAIN MARKET. Vo. 1 hard, \$1.18 1-8; to \$1.14 1-8. Linseed 2.18 1-2; May, \$2.18 1-2;

LIVE STOCK.

LIVE STOCK. Y., Despatch-Cattle active. \$1 to \$10.25. 9 head; active; heavy \$10.05; yorkers \$9 to \$8.75; roughs \$8.90 to \$7.50.

receipts 1,600 head; nchanged. PRODUCE. y. s. 7d. s. 3d. n. Winter—Hs. **8.L** 

- U.II-118. 44.

-its, 6d. 14 to 16 lbs. -88s. cut, 26 to 30 lbs.-

4 lbs.-71s. 16 lbs.—90s. s. light, 28 to 34 lbs. . heavy, 35 to 40 lbs.

16 to 20 lbs. -82s. 11 to 13 lbs.—71s. ern, in tierces, new— -74s S. in boxes-72s, 9d.

finest white, new-

in London—50s, 6d. —51s, 6d. -11 1-4d.

LIVE STOCK.

st \$7 to \$8; good \$7.46 um \$6.50 to \$7; rough to \$6.75; medium \$6.25; canners \$4 to \$5.

to \$11.50; rough and \$10.75; common \$10; ceripts \$10. Receipts 5 1-2 to 8 1-2 Ren the just and the good descen. Yes for it and on these

## TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

With noiseless touch she pushed your father, Younge, and 'my protty open the yielding sash, and found her- Jane, and Sir George eloquent on self part of the silent, star-lit night, with a faint wind fanning her and the deadness of sleeping nature all around. A tall, slight, dark-robed figtights?" ure, she stood with one hand -scarcely less white than the rays that covered it resting on the balustrade, her eyes wandering restlessly over the dress you see belongs to Frances Sylshadowy landscape. A perfect queen

of night she seemed, or very fitting Julier had there but been a Romeo. Presently, with steady, eager steps, came Denzil Younge toward her, and took up his position by her side. "Dreaming, Miss Trevanion?" he

Mildred started perceptibly. Perhaps her thoughts-whatever they were had been far away-perhaps herself with a visible effort before she answered him.

"Almost," she said, "although the night is somewhat chilly for such romantic nonsense. However, you have shown me my folly, so there is little danger of my repeating it. Shall we return to the drawing-room?"

"In one moment," he answered, hurriedly; whereupon Miss Trevanion turned back once more, and, pausing with wondering eyes, laid her hand again upon the balustrade.

Denzil appeared a little pale—a little nervous perhaps—in the moonlight. go again so easily? No, come in this but that was all; and his voice, when | moment when I desire you, and show he spoke though low, was quite dis- yourself to the company in general. I "Why will you not be friends with

me?" he asked. "Friends with you!" Mildred repeated, with calmest, most open-eyed Come darling-do." astonishment, raising her face to his. "Why, what can you mean? Have I Deverill retires in confusion," Charles offended you in any way? If so, I am murmured, and followed his sister sorry, and, believe me I did not mean obediently into the warm, handsometo do so. I fancied I was treating you | as I treat all my other acquaintances."

"No, you do not," he rejoined, with an odd repressed vehemence asserting itself in his tone; "you treat me very differently; as it seems to me. Why, laid his hand lightly on her shoulder. smiles, a few kind words at least, while on me-Miss Trevanion, I wonder-I wonder, if you could only guess how much your simplest words are to me, would the revelation make you a little less chary of them?"

Al do not understand you," she said of the olden days.

Lady Caroline turned, and half with angry rapidity; "and I believe cried aloud in her intense surprise fully turned his back upon her.
you yourself do not know of what you and joy. He was her eldest-born, the "Surely you will tell me?" so

other woman. I would almost have less, perhaps, Miss Sylverton, who, your hatred than what I fear now— once her astonishment at his sudden

moments they were left in comparative darkness. Miss Trevanion's heart was beating loud and fast; the cloudy drapery that partially concealed, but Charles said, presently; and Frances scarcely hid, her delicate nock and put her hand coldly enough in his. shoulders was strangely agitated. She could not see her companion's face, but felt that he was trying to pierce the momentary gloom to gain some insight into her soul. He should read no thought of hers, she told herself, with proud reliance on her own short your absence has been," Fran-

When once more the moon asserted herself and shone forth with redoubled brilliancy, Denzil gazed only-on a calm statuesque figure and haughty unmoved features that gave no index to the heart beneath. She seemed a beautiful thing, a piece of nature's most perfect work-but a being hard, unsympathetic, incapable of any divine feeling.

He gazed at her in silence, wondering how so fair a creature could be so. and as he gazed, a man's step sounded lightly on the gravel beneath them. As she, too, heard it, Miss ed; her face was lit up with sudden animation, and took an eager expectant look that rendered her ten times more lovely than he had ever seen her. She moved lightly to the top of the stone steps that led to the grounds, and walked with impatience until a gray-colored figure emerged from the darkness, and, seeing her.

took her gladly in his arms. "Charlie!" she said, rapturously,

"Don't be alarmed," said the newlike my grammar, don't you, Mildred? How are you, old boy? Glad to see while getting through the agreeable upon you spooning with my sister in the monlight, but accidents will have pen. Are they all quite well, Milly?"

"Quite well," Miss Trevanion answered, feeling rather disgusted and sore about the moonlight inqueado, and indignant that Denzil should stand there silent and allow it to pass for granted; "but you need not accuse me of flirting so soon, Charlie. I am not given that way, as you know, and Mr. Younge came out because he felt the zight nterely

warm. "Just so," said Charlie. "Odd how one always does feel the night warm open letter with a pained gravity unwhen there's a girl on the balcony! And so," glancing in through the

Southdowns, and hare, to excite my curiosity, the end of a blue silk dress, and there I say, Mildred-come here. Who is the young person in

"That's young Mason, of the 10th," said Miss Trevanion, "and though he deesn't intend to, his clothes always do seem too small for him. The blue verton."

"Oh, does it!" exclaimed Charlie, turning away abruptly.

"Come in and show yourself," suggested Denzil. "You can't think how awfully glad they will be to see you. It was only yesterday your mother was complaining about the short leaves of absence you get, and your coming now so unexpectedly will ennance your value doubly."

"My dear fellow, consider-I'm in morning costume," protested Charles, gay!y. "Would you have me throw discredit on the house of my father? Why, these Deverills are so nice they would not know exactly how to treat a fellow who could so far discard appearances as to turn up at half-past 9 in gray tweed. Mildred, I will bid you a fend good-night, and be visible again some time to-morrow, when you have gently broken the news of my arrival. Is my old room appropriated by any one? Can I have it?"

"Syer mind your room yet," said Mildred-"do you think I can let you would not miss mamma's look of surprise and delight for anything; so 1 insist on wour obeying me-and, besides, you look charming in gray.

"Well, on your head be it, if Mrs. -furnished drawing-room.

Miss Sylverton, sitting just inside the window, looked up with a sudden start as he passed her and, crossing the room to where his mother sat,

He was not a handsome young man was, in fact, the plainest Trevanion toward his mother was full of such tender, heautiful grace as might have belonged to the most polished courtier

beloved of her heart, and she welcom-"Yes, I do," he affirmed, pas- ed him accordingly; indeed, every one sionately; "I know I would seemed only too glad to see once rather have your most careless more Trevanien's fair, sunburnt face, friendship than the love of an and hear his honest, harpy voice, unto help you." appearance was at an end, appeared The moon had disappeared behind a to lose all interest in his presence, sullen dark-gray cloud and for a few and went back to her rather onesided flirtation she was holding with

"the man in tights." "How d'ye do. Miss Sylverton" "Have you been getting on pretty well? You cannot think how happy it makes a fellow to be heartily welcomed after a long absence, as I have

been welcomed by you!" "I cannot say how long or how strength; he should not learn from ces retorted, "as I have had no means her face how deeply his words had of remembering when it was you went.

"Whose fault was that?" he said, gently.

"Was it mine?" There was just a suspicion of tears under the long dark lashes. "I don't think I ever forbid you to come and say good-bye at Sylverton, did I?"

"No, not exactly, perhaps; but there are more ways of forbidding than those expressed in words. I have a dim recollection, a faint idea, that Eddie said. somebody told me, a few months ago, that she hated me."

"And I dare say she will tell you so Trevanion's whole expression chang again before she dies," returned Frances, with a little low, happy laugh: "meantime I am very, very glad indeed Charie, to see you home again. "Are you, Frances?" said Charles,

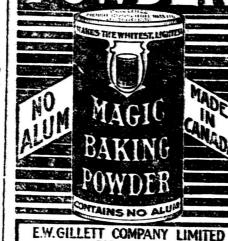
After that, the young man in closefitting raiment got very natio of Miss Sylverton's society.

CHAPTER VI. Trevanion became aware of a certain managing it? Let us think well before and when he had half pushed her little failing of Eddie's about which we give up in despair." from his embrace, she put up her the had hitherto been ignorant. it hands and smoothed back his sunny came to her knowledge in this wise: I have long overdrawn my year's albrown hair from his forehead, and One hunting morning, during the lewance, and the governor is too kissed him three times fondly; after chilly early breakfast, at which she hard up to advance, even if he would, always presided, her father having a another fifty-to say nothing of zil's presence, and, drawing back, prejudice in favor of the coffee ad- what I want. Besides, Mildred, ministered by her fair hands, it so I-I could not bear to tell him happened that the post arrived rather of it; he has so often warned me comer—"its only me, and not the more than twenty minutes before the against gambling on account of that long-expected come at last in the usual hour, and consequently the various letters were handed to the assem-

> task of devouring cold game-pie. "Two for you," said Sir George, and he flung Eddie a brace of missives that fell a little short of his coffee cup, and iay with the blank sides turned uppermost. One had a large square envelope, and crimson splashing crest and coronet, singularly unfeminine, which attracted general attention for a moment.

Mildred, idly toying with a teaspoon, looked up a minute later and noticed that the lad's face had grown wenderfully dull and pale for him. and that he was staring at the now usual in his case.

And so," glancing in through the bright red curtains that concealed the ion?" asked young Cairns, with a gay. That was the evit of the thing, you have been going in heavily for society to night. I can see Mrs. of the table, where he sat mar two Devertil and a fat young man, and other men of his regiment staying at deserted me and left me as hear to watch the demolition.



King's Abbott for a few days' hunting. Regularly knecked you over, eh? You

look like it." "Not quite so bad as that," Eddie answered, the dejected expression disas pearing altogether from his countenance with such rapidity that Miss Trevanion, still watching, concluded lieved them. I think"-to Eddie her fears had been groundless, and dismissed the incident, as meaning nothing, from her mind.

Later on toward the evening, however, wandering leisurely up-stairs to dress for dinner, and having occasion to pass through the picture gallery, beyond which lay many of the bedrooms, her own amongst the number, she beheld Eddie at a distant window, his head pressed against the painted glass, his entire attitude suggestive of despair. Even as she looked there arose before her a vision of broken bread and half-cut pasties, with much plate and china, and a guadily-crested envelope lying in their midst. She went up to him and laid her

hand upon his shoulder. "Anything the matter?" she asked. real trouble.

He turned and faced her, thereby displaying a countenance betokening younger sister. So he took his scoldanything but that inward peacefulness commonly supposed to come from the possession of a quiet conscience.

"Why, Eddie," Miss Trevanion exalone?"

extreme; after which he most angrate-"Surely you will tell me?" sne exrostulated. "It can be nothing so away from the side of the oaken win-

"Nobody can help me," said Eddie. "Nonsense! It isn't like you to be "Nonsense! It isn't like you to be so down-hearted—is it? and I can Manitoba Woman

generally assist everybody, you know; so let me try with you. You will confide in me, dearest, will you not? Indeed I cannot be happy when you look so miserable." "Just so." broke out Eddie at last with the reckless scorn people gen-

erally indulge in when conversing with best friends have succeeded in driving them into a corner-"and of course you will have no difficulty whatever in putting your hand in your pocket now this moment and giving me three hundred pounds on the spot."

"Oh, Eddie, what is it you mean?" Miss Trevanion asked, now thoroughly frightened, ready money being an article very scarce and difteing well known to the older memters of the family.

"I mean that I have been gambling and lave lost three nundred pounds,"

And then Miss Trevanion felt that the trouble was a very real trouble, indeed. She could not speak to him for a moment, and so kept silence. Presently he spoke again.

"There is nothing to be done, Mildred, that I can see," ne went on-"nothing. I have no means of paying this money, and so I suppose the sconer I proclaim myself a blackguard and get out of this country the better for you all."

"Do not say that," Mildred said It was just at this period that Miss in a low voice. "Is there no way of

> wretched old story about Willoughby Trevanion. I think it would almost break his heart if he fancied the family curse had broken out again in me, and—oh, Milly, I swear to you I never meant it; it all came about so suddeniy, so miserably. I had always been proverbial for my luck,until that evening at the viscount's rooms, and then I lost my head, I think; and the worst of it is Powntz is just now so deuced-ly tied up himself that he can't afford

to wait." "For how long has this-this gambling been going on?" Miss Trevanion asked. "About a year and a half."

"And how have you managed to pay your debts during all that time?" "I never lost, much before, and, when I did, I was always sure to win it back again the following night. I am now, hopelessly in debt, and dishonored, and — and so

on," wound up the poor boy, with a miserable choxing sensation in his "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" sung bonny Mahel, at the top of her clear sweet voice, the words, singularly appropriate, albeit unmeant, as they were, echoing merrily through the chamber as she came swiftly toward them through the gathering gloom. Her advent, unexpected as it was, eft Eddie and Miss Trevanion speech-

"Why, you two," she said-"are you struck dumb that you both stand there so silent in the twilight? Has the holy friar' of our establishment appeared unto you and deprived you of the organs of speech? Mildred, you remind me of some stricken saint, leaning in that position, with the painted light of that window falling full upon you in such a dim religious ghostly sort of manner; while Eddie-Good gracious, Eddie, what's the matter with you?"

Miss Trevanion glanced at her

brother, and he said-"Oh, tell her-there is little good in keeping it secret now, when every one will know it soon"; and so "the queen" was enlightened forthwith, and, contrary to all expectations -as she was generally the most easy-going of the Trevanions-was supremely indignant on the spot.

"Well, I have never heard anything so disgraceful," declared that august young personage, when the recital was finished to the last word-"never! And if any one but you had told me of it, Mildred, I should not have be-"you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself when you know poor papa is in such difficulties, and no earthly way of getting out of them. No, Mildred, I won't stop; it is useless to shake your head at me behind his back; I mean to say just what is on my mind-and I think too much could may spend your life glossing over other people's faults, but I am not an angel, and cannot; besides, what is to be done? How the money is to be paid 1 cannot imagine, I'm sure; and, in fact, I have no patience with him?" concluded Mabel, slightly out of breath, but with a finishing touch of scorn that would have done credit to a Par-

liamentarian. "I don't suppose you have," said the scapegoat, very submissively, being so lightly enough, not anticipating any far "down on his luck" just now as to render him patient toward any indignity, even when administered by a ing with meekness, and made no open show of resistance or disapproval, though in his inmost soul he resented the treatment hotly, only he turned claimed, "what is it? What has hap- away from Mabel, and addressing him ally and you'll never catch cold; that of them all—but the action he used pened? Why are you standing here self once more to his first confes-"Why don't you abuse me, Mil-"Nothing has happened," returned | dred?" he said. "Am I beyond your Eddie, in a voice that perfectly suited | censure, that you refuse to say anyhis face, and so was lugubrious in the thing to me? Have you given me up altogether? If you have, I know it is only what I deserve."

Miss Trevanion moved abruptly dreadful as your manner seems to dow-frame, against which she had been leaning, and went up to where he was standing rather apart. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

Sends Message

TELLS SUFFERING WOMEN TO USE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

their best friends-that is when their Mrs. F. J. Garlis, Who Suffered With Backache, Says That the Results She Got From Dodd's Kidney Pills Were Wonderful.

Stewart Valley, Sask., April 3 .-(Special)-Mrs. F. J. Garlis, wife of an estimable resident of this place, is enthusiastic in her praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have helped ficult of attainment in the Trevanion an interview. "A year ago I was so household, and Sir George's private bad with my back I could hardly affairs and general "hard-uppishness" move. I took four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped me more than I can tell you."

Mrs. Garlis is now able to attend to her household duties as well as nurse her fine big baby boy and she feels that she cannot recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly.

Backache is the bane of the average woman's life. It is accompanied by a weakness and lassitude that makes life a burden. But thousands of women all over Canada are telling their suffering sisters that relief and cure is to be found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cure the kidneys and nine tenths of women's ills come from diseased or disordered kidneys.

THE SONG OF THE PLOW. I cut through the furrows.
The brown loam springs high:
The sunlight is golden.
The blue of the sky

Or fruit and of grain.

cut through the furrows,

It's springtime again!

I cut through the furrows: The flash of my steel The Hash of my steel
Is sword-like, but beaceful:
How happy I feel!
The winter is over,
The summer is near;
I cut through the furrows.
For springing is bore!

For springtime is here! I cut through the furrows

I cut through the furrows
As if in a dream—
I see the corn waving
The faint golden gleam
That blooms in the summer—
I hurry and hum;
I cut through the furrows,
The springtime has come! The springtime has come! cut through the furrows

Cut through the furrows
With joy in my soul:
I wish the whole world
Might be happy and whole.
I wish that the swords
Of the nations might be
Just plows—and the springtime
Might come o'er the sea.
—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in The
Caristian Herald.

Proof Against Wasp Stings. A Scotch naturalist in a paper on the habits of wasps, tells how a blackbird will stand at the side of a hanging wasne' nest and deliberately tear it in pieces in order to get at the



A particularly distinctive afternoon gown is illustrated here. It is of a satin and metal striped material, in combination with ecru lace and chiffon. The colors are silver and helio. The metal striped material is confined to the tunic in back, while the never be said on such a subject. You lace and chiffon forms an apron effect in front.

RUNKING MOSE COLDS CURED

SNEEZING STOPPED INSTANTLY

The worst of a cold is how suddenly it comes. No time to hurry to the drug store, croup develops, the lungs or two at the margin of the area covare affected with pneumonia or tuberculosis and it's too late. Keen Catarrhozone on hand-it kills colds instantly. Something magical about the way it cures catarrh and bron- mai volcano in southwestern Alaska chitis. Catarrhozone is the best remedy because it cures in nature's way: it heals, soothes and restores permanently. Carry a Catarrhozone inhaler in your pocket, use it cceasionis worth remembering.

Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for GENUINE CATARRHOZONE, which is sold everywhere; large size, containing two months' treatment costs \$1.00; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

## Winter's Poem

In the Sunday edition of the New York Times unusual space and prominence are given to a poem by William Winter, entitled "My England." The fact that he is an American, of course, makes his utterance upon the war the more remarkable. This is his poem;

My England! Not my native land.
But dear to me as if she were.
How often have I longed to stand
With those brave hearts who tight for
her!

Bereft by Fortune, worn with Age.
My life is all I have to give.
But freely would that life engage
For those who die that she may live.

Mother of Freedom! Pledged to Right! From Honor's path she would not stray. But, sternly faithful, used her might To lead mankind the nobler way.

Her task was hard, her burden great, But 'round the world her edict ran That reared and ruled a Sovereign State, Securely, on the Rights of Man.

No vandal foot should treat her land,

No despot hold her realm in awe; The humblest beasant should command The shelter of her righteous law. In vain her lion port was braved!

Her pennant streamed o'er ev'ry sea.
And wherespe'er her ensign waved
All fetters fell and Man was free. To-day be all her faults forgot,-The errors of her nascent prime, Or willy politician's plot, Or blunder that was almost crime.

To-day when desperate tyrants strain.—
By Greed and Foar and Hate combined,
To blast her power and rend her reign.
She fights the fight of all mankind.

She fights for us—for this fair clime.
Cur home belov'd, where freemen dwell.
Columbia, grandest born of Time,
That Teuton malice burn; to quell. My England! should the hope be crost In which she taught the world to strive.

Then all of Virtue would be lost

And naught of Manhood left alive.

But 'Us not in the Bock of Doom 'That Justice, Honor, Truth should fail, That earth be made a living temb, And only bruial Wrong prevail. It cannot be the human race.
Long struggling up to Freedom's sun.
Is destined to the abject place
Of vassal to the murd'rous Hun!

In ev'ry land that knows the ills Of bondage, and has borne its aches,
The deathless pulse of Freedom thrills
And Reason's noble rage awakes.

See splendid Itely advance.
And, grimly issuing fom his lair
Te grasp the hand of glorious France.
Stalk forth the intropid Russian bear: My England!—patience, valiant, true!— No fees without nod frauds within Will shake her purpose to subdue The cohorts of embattled sin.

The swinish horde, the gilded beasts.

In whom no touch of truth survives,
Who ravish women, murder priests.

And strew the sea with infant lives: The Lords of War, who kill and main. Exultant, while their people groan. Steeping themselves in crime and shame. To keep a despot on his throne:

That pigmy, to whose 'wildered brain Himself an Attila appears,
Who takes the name of God in vain,
And drowns the earth in blood and

My England, strike! Droop not, nor pause.
Till triumph on your banners shine!
Then take a grateful world's applause.
Millions of hearts that beat like mine.

"Who wrote that article on how to support a family of six on \$10 a week?"

Port McNichel, Ont. "I tried everything and received medical treatment for some time, but in vain. Finally the doctor advised an operation, which was performed, but instead of improving, the core became worse. I had despaired of ever finding a cure, when a friend recommended Zam-Buk. I tried it, with the result that before long the polson was drawn out and the sore began to heal. Perseverance effected a complete cure, and now not even a scar remains."

Zam-Buk is equally good for eczema, blood-poisoning, ulcers, boils, piles, burns, cuts, and all skin injuries. All druggists, 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

# AMBUK

#### WORK OF A VOLCANO.

#### Result of an Eruption in Alaska Fourteen Centuries Ago.

Every traveler on the Upper Yukon River has noted a conspicuous watte bed, four to six inches in thickness. that occurs on the river banks. This is made up of volcanic ash derived from a volcano located in the northern margin of the St. Elias range, more than 100 miles to the south. Though, geologically speaking, the material is of recent age, yet it was probably rupted 1,400 years ago.

There are, of course, no historical records of this eruption, but in the course of explorations in Alaska much has been learned about the distribution and thickness of the material ejected. It originally covered an area of over 140,000 square miles, and some of it was carried over 450 miles from the volcano.

The deposit varies in thickness from 300 feet near the volcano to an inch ered by it. A rough estimate indicates that over ten cubic miles of material was ejected at the time of this eruption. During the eruption of Kat-June, 1912, about five subic miles of ash was ejected and about the same amount fell from the Krahatoa eruption in 1883. This Yukon eruption is therefore comparable in intensity with some of the larger eruptions of historical time, Geological Survey Reports.

#### They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not" on the War a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee. wee bit excessive?" "Didn't you know the price before

> "Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation. "Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and

you came to me?" asked the master,

with suspicious blandness.

### made an excellent bargain. REPLENISH YOUR BLOOD IN THE SPRING

Just now you are feeling "out of sorts"-not your usual self. Quite exhausted at times and cannot devote real energy to your work. Sleep does not rest you and you wake up feeling "all tired out." Perhaps rheumatism is flying through your muscles and joints, or may be your skin is disfigured by rashes, boils or pimples. Headaches, twinges of neuralgia, fits of nervousness, irritability of temper and a disordered stomach often increase your discomfort in the spring.

The cause-winter has left its mark on you. These troubles are signs that your blood is poor and watery, that your nerves are exhausted. You must renew and enrich your blood at once and restore tone to your tired nerves. or there may be a complete breakdown. The most powerful remedy for these spring ailments in men, women and children is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, because these Pills cleanse bad blood and strengthen weak nerves.

New, rich, red blood-your greatest need in suring is plantifully erested. by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and with this new, pure blood in your veins you quickly regain health and increase your strength. Then your skin becomes clear, your eyes bright, your nerves strong, and you feel better eat better, sleep better, and are able to do your work.

Begin your spring tonic treatment to-day for the blood and nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills - the Pills that strengthen.

These Pills are sold by most dealers, but do not be persuaded to take "something just the same." If ou can't get the genuine Pills from war dealers they will be sent you by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville. Ont.

#### GO TO CHURCH.

(Niagara Falls, N. Y., Gazetto) No man ever suffered, socially, morally or financially, through going to church, but many who have passed out of the influence of the church have fallen into evil consequences of a life which knows

support a family of six on \$10 a week?"

a friend asked Worgles, the editor of
The Ladies' Household Friend. "Bingham, one of our best men." said
Woggles without a smile. "We pay
him \$5.000 a year."—Louisville Courtr
Journal.

evil consequences of a life which knows
not moral restraint.

The church offers surcease from worldly worries and business cares: it offers
a social diversion of a beneficial character it broadens the view and strengthens the fellowship of man. It awakens
the soul to its obligations and responsibilities to God and self.