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Regards, I remain,

'Hesketh Carton.'

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R XXVII.
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# IN THE SPRING

**(Paul Seaton in Home Chat).**

Of course, it was all the fault of the spring. When almond-blossom is set against a changeful April sky, when the trees are veiled in green at its tenderest, when the breezes blow wooingly—well, you know, you have done mad things yourself, haven't you, in the spring?

It seemed such a glorious way; too, to finish a wooing that had in truth not been long a-doing—to walk from the bright out of doors to the dim glory of a church with Gerald—just Gerald, and no one else, and to come out—well, Mrs. Gerald.

The rapidity of it all, the absence of fuss, appealed to Gerald—the flair, the mystery, the madness appealed to Daphne.

To step out of one's house as if for a morning's shopping, not a soul knowing—guessing, of course,—to go gaily through with the great adventure, and later to announce the important event by telegram. No tiresome explanations or expostulations.

Of course, it was rather startling for parents and aunts, poor things, but these are startling times. If people are not prepared to be startled by now——

• • •

She had been pale and alluring in church—she was pink and alluring now, seated by her husband's side in the otherwise empty compartment. Yes, I said "empty."

Guards — especially excellently-tipped guards—are omnipotent beings.

And then somehow, some way, he blundered—he, Gerald, who thought he knew the meaning of her slightest look, the significance of her faintest gesture.

He blundered because he was not a woman. A woman would have understood instinctively the "paniciness" of that just-married hour—would have given also instinctively the necessary coaxing and petting.

Yet, after all, it was Daphne herself who widened the breach.

She said:

"When I go back to the office——"

And Gerald, in the midst of rifling a luncheon-basket, said aghast:

"When you go back! But you're not going back to the office."

Daphne settled her chin—and a very determined little chin it looked at that moment—coslily among her furs.

"I knew you'd oppose the idea," she said calmly. "That's why I didn't tell you before; but I intend to go back. The chief is willing to have me any time." Gerald's own chin was looking aggressive by now.

"It's not to be thought of!" he said emphatically. "I shouldn't have married if I couldn't provide for my wife comfortably, without——"

"It isn't that." Daphne had flushed deeply and becomingly. "It's that I like it. Besides, while you're away it will help me to forget. When you come home it will be different, of course."

Gerald's fine brows drew together.

"But it was an understood thing that you lived at home with your parents until my return."

"I shall live with them," said Daphne, "until or unless I get a fresh post."

Gerald's frown grew more pronounced. "There's no question of any post at all so far as you're concerned, Daphne."

From under drooped lashes she flashed him a defiant glance.

"Don't be tiresome, Gerald. I've made up my mind!"

Gerald's handsome face darkened curiously.

"And I've made up mine!" he said, firmly and very quietly. "Understand, Daphne, you're not going back to the office——"

"I am!"

"You're not—pardon me!"

"Then—then——" Divided between tears and anger, and at the very end of her emotional tether, the girl delivered her ultimatum. "Then I'm going back home!" she gasped defiantly at last. "I didn't know being married was like this—having a man domineer over one."

She wanted—wanted badly—to say some more, but she knew if she attempted it that her lips would quiver, and her voice likewise. So she began to collect her suit-case and the few etceteras of luggage she had brought with her.

Gerald Adeane's jaw fell. He said:

"But you—you can't! You're married to me."

The girl gave a shrill little laugh, turned and faced him. High up in either cheek appeared a charming patch of color.

"Unfortunately," she said, coldly and quietly. "But—no one knows it. Moreover, no one need know. I am often out as long as this—and the telegrams are not sent."

The train drew gratingly into a station. Phlematic porters called clippingly:

"'Pstow! 'Pstow!"

Daphne looked out of the window.

"Chepstow," she said. "It's a junction. I shall get out here and take the next train back."

Even as she spoke she was on the platform—Gerald close behind, uttering vain expostulations.

Even then, if it had not been so fatally easy, if the next train back had not actually been standing in the station, the thing—the horrible, unheard-of thing—might even then have been averted.

So Gerald though later; at the moment of the unlooked-for crisis he did not think at all—was not, indeed, capable of thought—only followed her miserably, his young eyes tragic, his brows knitted in moody indecision—and indecision was certainly not a weakness of his.

The station was crowded. Only once he managed a hurried, unhappy sentence:

"Daphne, you can't mean——"

She turned on him swiftly.

"I do mean it!" she cried stormily. "Don't you see I—we've made a mistake? Ah, here's a seat!"

Quicker than the words were spoken she had taken her place in the crowded compartment, uttered a constrained "Good-bye!" and was suddenly part and parcel, as it were, of the snorting monster that was bearing her away.

And, standing there as useless and immovable as a tailor's dummy—as he afterwards told himself—Gerald let her go.

What else, indeed, was there to do? Even as the train started he had seen her swiftly pull off her left glove, and instinctively he knew that she had drawn off her wedding-ring with it.

CHAPTER II.

That particular Blighty leave of Gerald Adeane's was ever afterwards a subject on which even his best and dearest pals care not tackle him.

"Shuts his mouth like a trap," said one of these worthies, "if you so much as mention it, and looks like a horse that's going to be nasty."

As for Daphne Adeane, she resumed her well-paid post, and tried hard to forget dark-blue eyes, lengthily lashed, and a mouth that was very firm yet could be very tender.

She did not (in approved fashion) wear her wedding-ring hung round her neck, but kept it in a little, worn, old thimble-case she had at home. It was, of course, entirely her own affair that the thimble-case in question was, after a period of three months' promoted from the darkest corner of a little-used drawer to a snug little bed in her suede bag (day-time) and an equally snug bed beneath her pillow at night.

And if only that "half-hoop" could have "auto-biographed," it might have told a tale of tear-sodden white cheeks and reddened eyelids to a world that looked anew each morning upon an apparently carefree, happy "nothing-left-to-wish-for" young person, officially known as Daphne Trent.

It was chiefly pride that urged Daphne onward and upward in her career. Of course, Gerald would never seek her again but—well, if he did (woman like, wasn't it?) he just had to find her "making good."

And one day, in a scented April of golden gleams and glittering showers (which, somehow, reminded her of another April day all gleams and no showers), she reached the summit of her ambition in occupying the proud position of private secretary to a prominent statesman.

• • •

Yet there were grey days when she asked herself if her success really meant to her the joy and the triumph she had assumed it would—greyer days still when the taste of it all was as Dead Sea fruit in her mouth.

For Gerald never wrote—except once, directing her draw the separation allowance—never came.

And she never wrote, but went about the business of living gallantly, her head held high, only her eyes as expressionless as some deep, dark pool, which hides.

And then, a year later, inexplicably beneath its still beauty secret things enough. Fate chose to take a hand in the game, and the spot she chose to play it in was a London restaurant.

The place was crowded, and Daphne watched the throng of lunchers and would-be lunchers with languid amusement, which presently quickened into something like interest as her eyes followed a man in khaki—a man, by the way, whom khaki became mightily—threading his way between the crowded tables.

She could really see very little of him, for his back was towards her, and he kept getting lost to view and re-appearing in the most mysterious and delightful fashion; but what she saw she liked. The set of his shoulders reminded her somehow of Gerald.

At that moment the pursy-looking dame who had been occupying the other seat at Daphne's small table rose, and took her leave.

The man who had awakened her interest and admiration emerged from the crowd at the same moment, and headed straight for the vacant space at her whelmed her.

For the man—the set of whose shoulders reminded her so of Gerald—had Gerald's broad brow, Gerald's hair, Gerald's firm, indomitable chin, Gerald's unforgetable eyes; all he lacked was Gerald's smile.

Feeling that every drop of blood she possessed was in her face, Daphne reached for her bag, drooped her head, and pretended to ransack its contents.

Gerald Adeane seated himself and scanned the menu. A second later—like steel to magnet—gaze leapt to gaze.

She watched atonishment and some expression she could not fathom mingle in his face.

He half-rose, then, conscious of the crowded room, reseated himself. With a smile she had so terribly missed these two years, he held out his hand, while she blessed his savoir faire.

"This is very unexpected and delightful," he said, in a low, pleasant tone, albeit the red had crept to his cheek-bones—"for me, at any rate." A tinge of pride came into his voice. "And I hope you understand that it was entirely unintentional on my part."

Her violet eyes holding the old fighting light he had loved to provoke, she said quietly:

"I can understand that."

He went on, in a controlled tone:

"And if you wish to be—to be alone, I will go at once. You have only to say the word."

She had recovered her poise magically—superbly, as a woman will.

"I couldn't be so cruel," she declared laughingly. "If your appetite is anything like mine, you want your lunch."

He ordered it. (She had already got hers.)

• • •

Because they were both terribly afraid of silence, they talked of Armistice Day, of the election, of the difficulty of getting a decent meal in London—and, somehow, they left together.

Once fairly outside, he said:

"If I'm not actually repulsive to you—that is—I mean, couldn't we do a show together somewhere?"

Aware of devastating emotions around her, no less than within her, she assented somehow. A supper followed the show.

She was conscious that she was looking her best, and was suddenly fiercely glad of it.

Gerald was delightful—carefully courteous, chivalrous, as was his wont—according her just the right amount of attention.

Under all his self-possession there was a hint—no more—of something fascinating and dangerous held in leash. In the dim intimacy of the taxicab a sudden thought—was it fear?—assailed her. Suppose he should kiss her!

One look at his face reassured her. In every fine line of it pride gazed back at her; he would take nothing unless it were gladly—oh, so gladly!—given. Would he take it then? she found herself wondering. To that his face gave no answer.

During the short drive he was entirely charming; she had asked to be put down at the end of the road where she stayed, and he obeyed her instructions to the letter.

But the next day when they met—according to arrangements—for lunch, he said, abruptly:

"Of course, you needn't tell, but I think I've a right to know. Just what you are doing in London?"

She told him promptly enough, with a tinge more color in her cheeks—realizing that this was a hair of the dog that bit him.

"I'm secretary to Cyrus Linklater."

He didn't like that; if she hadn't known it instinctively, his knitted brows would have told her.

"But is it necessary? You—you've received my allowance, of course?"

Very levelly she met his gaze.

"I haven't touched it, Gerald."

"In heaven's name, why not?" he flashed irritably.

She said, still steadily but rather low:

"I—I couldn't use it. I didn't feel entitled to it."

"I thought as much," he said unexpectedly. His look smote her suddenly to the heart—so terribly hurt it was, yet shot through with tenderness.

"Kiddie," he said, "you did treat me abominably, didn't you?"

She couldn't bear it—simply couldn't; she wanted to sob out on his shoulder how sorry—how terribly sorry, she was. You can't do that in a crowded restaurant. So she said distantly instead:

"It was your fault at first. You were abominably tactless, Gerald."

"I?" he said, with a sudden self-loathing in his tone. "I was a perfectly priceless ass. But I—I couldn't make allowances, because I didn't know. And—and you punished me because I didn't know."

"Has it been punishment?" she asked very low.

His lips twisted—his bronzed face was oddly white.

"Hasn't it?" he said.

She was so desperately near to tears that she had to—simply had to—achieve the commonplace.

She did it—boldly and badly, but she did it.

"Don't—oh, please don't!" she said. "I do so want my lunch!" which effectually silenced him—rather too effectually, indeed. She thought him offended until, at parting, he asked her to drive with him to-morrow.

She acquiesced eagerly.

## Nakhichevan

"Never heard of Nakhichevan?" says a bulletin from the U.S. National Geographic society. "Well, first consult Genesis viii-4, for the district in question lies at the foot of Mount Ararat and the town of Nakhichevan contains the alleged graveyard of Noah. The builder of the Ark, local tradition affirms, went down into the land that now seeks the wing of the United States and died of thirst in the parched plain after his ark had broken up on the snowy peak of the world's most famous mountain."

The bulletin continues with a description of the region by Maynard Owen Williams, who was the last American to carry on relief work in Armenia, to which land he went from Nakhichevan just before Christmas, 1917. Quoting Mr. Williams, the bulletin says:

"The Nakhichevan district, inhabited by Tartars, when peace comes will be bounded on the north by the Armenian district of Erivan. It is bounded on the south by the Arax river which is the subject of many an Armenian song, and which here forms the boundary between Asiatic Russia and Persia. In the hills to the northeast is Shusha, a strong Armenian centre, where the Armenians held out against a circle of foes in the summer of 1918.

"When Russia's power in the Caucasus declined and the soldats flowed back from the former Russian front in Turkey through the Nakhichevan district, the traditional hatred between the Armenians of the Erivan district and the Mohammedan Tartars broke out. This closed the carriage road to Tabriz and later closed the railway. At great risk several members of the American committee for Armenian and Syrian relief committee with headquarters at Erivan went to Tabriz and brought back several million roubles in a train that was so crowded with retreating Russian soldats that one of the committee members, upholstered with hundreds of thousands of roubles, was forced to sleep on the roof of the car in a temperature near zero. Within a week the railway service was stopped by Armenian-Tartar fighting.

"The uprising of the Nikhichevan Tartars was ill-timed. German propagandists had placarded the district with posters exhorting these Tartars, who are related to the Turks and are of the same religion, to arise against the Armenians, whom the retreating Russians had left to their own devices. This they did. But the Armenians had spent the winter in raising an army to take over the former Russian front and about 25,000 of these volunteers were assembled in Erivan.

The Tartars advanced along the railroad (Tiflis to Tabriz) and met serious resistance first at Kamarlyu, 80 miles from the city of Nakhichevan. There was some spirited fighting and the Tartars were soon defeated and at least one well was filled with their dead bodies. Women and children were not touched by the Armenians. By circling between Kamarlyu and Mount Ararat along the wide plain of the Arax, the Tartars reached the junction of Ulukhanlu and burned the railway station there, also cutting the Indo-European telegraph line which joins Tiflis to the rest of the world. This necessitated the sending of Vice Consul Doolittle to Teheran in order to establish connection with Washington at a time when all Americans were being forced to leave Tiflis.

"When I crossed the Igdir plain, where Armenians are starving to-day, these much persecuted people were having their innings and the smoke from a score of burning Tartar villages could be seen. Tartars with arms were allowed to live if they surrendered their guns and women and children were not touched, but their villages were looted and burned by the Armenians. This was in March, 1919. All the Tartars retreated to the Nakhichevan district where they formed a majority of the population. There they have remained. Hatred between them and the Armenians is strong but due to the greater strength of the Armenians there are no atrocities.

"The whole problem is made difficult by the diversity of the population. In the mountain villages the Kurds are most numerous. A strong hand will be necessary to control these several tribes. The Kurds have been forced to be butchers by the Turks, who gave them guns as their only tools and who kept agriculture and education from them. Their condition is as bad as that of the Armenians and when I crossed the Turko-Russian boundary I saw scores of Kurds with only one garment and barefoot at an altitude of 7,000 feet in March."


## CUTICURA HEALED BABY'S RINGWORM

**On Head. Cross and Fretful. Hair Fell Out.**

"When my baby was three months old her head broke out in little red pimples and then in a week it broke out in ringworms. The ringworms were very large and there were several on her head, and her scalp would bleed. She was very cross and fretful at times, and her hair was falling out.

"I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after I had used one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Lelah Sargent, Nampa, Idaho, Feb. 24, 1919.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



## A Cure for Bad Breath

"Bad breath is a sign of decayed teeth, foul stomach or unclean bowel." If your teeth are good, look to your digestive organs at once. Get Seigel's Curative Syrup at druggists. 15 to 30 drops after meals, clean up your food passage and stop the bad breath odor. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles. Do not buy substitutes. Get the genuine. 6



## ASTHMA

TEMPLETON'S

RAZ-MAH Capsules.

are guaranteed to relieve ASTHMA, don't suffer another day.

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Reliable druggists sell them at $1.00 a box.



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79 NIAGARA SQUARE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

**Men, Are You In Doubt**

As to your trouble? Have you some skin eruption that is stubborn, has resisted treatment? Is there a nervous condition which does not improve in spite of rest, diet and medicine. Are you going down hill steadily? ARE YOU NERVOUS and despondent, weak and debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory gone; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; lack of energy and confidence? Is there failing power, a drain on the system? Consult the old reliable specialists.

SYMPTOMS OF VARIOUS AILMENTS

Weak and relaxed state of the body, nervousness, despondency, poor memory, lack of will power, timid, irritable disposition, diminished power of application, energy and concentration, fear of impending danger or misfortune, drowsiness and tendency to sleep, unrestful sleep, dark rings under eyes, weakness or pain in back, lumbago, dypepsia, constipation, headache, loss of weight, insomnia. Dr. Ward gives you the benefit of 29 years' continuous practice in the treatment of all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases. The above symptoms, and many others not mentioned, show plainly that something is wrong with your physical condition and that you need expert attention.

Men, why suffer longer? Let me make you a vigorous man. Let me restore your physical condition to full manhood. Don't be a weakling any longer. Make up your mind to come to me and I will give the best treatment known to science—the one successful treatment based on the experience of 29 years in treating men and their ailments.

Dr. Ward's Methods Unrivalled, Thorough and Permanent.

Do you realize that you have only one life to live—do you realize that you are missing most of that life by ill health? A life worth living is a healthy life. Neglect of one's health has put many a man in his grave.

I have been telling men these things for many years but still there are thousands of victims who, for various reasons, have not had the good sense to come and get well.

Specialist in the treatment of nervous conditions, nervous exhaustion, backache, lumbago, rheumatism, stomach and liver trouble, acne, skin disease, catarrh, asthma, rectal troubles, piles, fistula and blood conditions.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

FREE CONSULTATION EXAMINATION.

Before beginning treatment you must make one visit to my office for a personal physical examination. Railroad fare will be considered as part payment of fee. Canadian money accepted at full value.

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## Women of Canada Who Testify

Tillsonburg, Ont.:—"Ever since I can remember, Dr. Pierce's medicines were used in our family at home and they never failed to give good results. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' was used as a tonic and blood purifier and for bronchial trouble, and it proved excellent. I have personally taken 'Golden Medical Discovery' for bronchial trouble, and the 'Favorite Prescription' to build me up when I was run-down and they both were very beneficial. Mother always used Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed for pain; it also was very good. I feel safe in recommending all of Dr. Pierce's medicines knowing them to be good."—MRS. CLIFFORD MITCHELL.

Central Butte, Sask.:—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery for a number of years and am pleased to recommend it as a blood purifier. I know it has no equal, as I used it for my boy for tuberculosis of the knee joint. My neighbors and friends were surprised with the results; in fact, I do not think he would be alive today had it not been for the 'Medical Discovery.' I also keep it on hand for coughs as it differs so from other cough medicines, instead of upsetting the stomach as most cough syrups do it is good for the stomach. I only wish I had known about Dr. Pierce's medicines sooner."—MRS. PERCY WOOD.

When you take Golden Medical Discovery, you are getting the benefit of the experience of a doctor whose reputation goes all around the earth. Still more, you get a temperance medicine that contains not a drop of alcohol or narcotic of any kind. Long ago Dr. Pierce combined certain valuable vegetable ingredients—without the use of alcohol—so that his remedies always have been strictly temperance medicines.


## NURSES ADVISE

Zam-Buk, because they have proved that it does what is claimed for it.

Miss E. L. Doxey, graduate nurse, of 3220 Michigan Ave., Chicago, says: "I have a patient who suffered terribly with piles. Zam-Buk is the only remedy that gave her relief.

"I have used Zam-Buk myself for the same ailment, also for sores and burns, and have the greatest confidence in it."

Zam-Buk


## BRAZIL

The U. S. National Geographic society has issued the following bulletin concerning what it terms "the giant republic of South America":

"Giant-like, but far from sleeping, our equatorial sister-republic is as large as the entire United States, except for Alaska. It borders on every South American country save Chile; it has the longest river in the world; it has the oldest post-Columbian civilization and is among the newest republics of the western world; and were it as densely peopled as Massachusetts its population, now about a fourth of that of the United States, would equal that of all Asia, Europe, Africa and America together.

"Revise your notions of jungles and aboriginess and primeval fastnesses if you would get a correct picture of Brazil. Those things are to be found in Brazil as are Indians, prairies and forests in the United States; but they are only the national parks, partly unexplored as yet, of a nation which ships its rubber, its diamonds, its manganese and its hides to all quarters of the civilized world; does its shopping in Europe and in the United States; and has for its capital that jewel the Atlantic,' Rio, in a natural setting of rarest beauty, rich, prosperous and beautiful with its boulevards, its stately homes, and its sky scrapers, less lofty, but vastly more decorative than many of the northern sort.

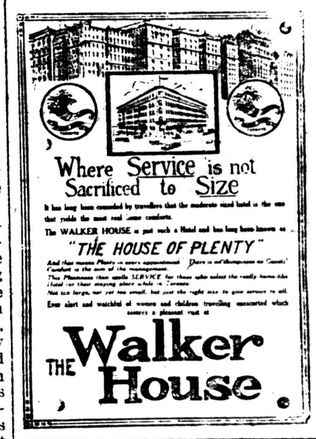
"Its people are hospitable and generous, apt in the ways of trade, but persisting in a wholesale love of play, mixing friendship and business, courtesy and commerce, sometimes to the discomfiture of the 'whirlwind' type of salesman, but convinced of the wisdom of their attitude, which, as summed up by one of them, is, in effect, that the American may choose the shortest road to a given end, if he will, but the Latin-American prefers to seek the prettiest.

"If America is a melting pot Brazil literally is a mixing pot, for there a new racial experiment is in process which would delight a Darwin could he live for enough centuries to observe it—that experiment of literally mixing ancient Portuguese and pre-Columbian Indian stock with that of other European and North American political democracy in a social democracy which does not flinch at the acid test of inter-marriage.

"Those who do their arm-chair travelling with only the fiction romancers for guides, and so conclude that Latin-America is an area of revolution and transplanted aristocracy, should read the history of that comparatively peaceful, steady evolution of the Brazilian republic, undisturbed by revolts or important civil wars. Brazil's constitution is modeled after ours. Sometimes whole passages will be found word for word, and her plan of government is strikingly similar, even to such details as provision for a capital which some day is to be built for the purpose, as Washington was, but in the central inland district, as Washington was not. Divergencies due to national temperament exist. There are no parties in Brazil, as we know them. The Latin-American prefers personal leadership to abstract platforms. Thus opens a fascinating field for the student who would observe what fruit two racial branches will bear after being grafted on the same constitutional tree.

"Industrially Brazil has been a boom country, as growing countries are apt to be, and each boom—coffee, diamonds, rubber, dye woods, cotton and gold—added force to the huge, industrial snowball which is 'rolling down to Rio' from a hinterland of unknown wealth and resources almost as limitless and diverse as those of the United States.

"Note, too, on your map, that in all this vast land there are no deserts, like those of Africa; that the mighty Amazon has some 200 tributaries, of which half now are navigable; and that the Amazon is but one among the roster of Brazilian rivers, such as the Negro Madeira, the Parana and the San Francisco."



## STATE CORPORATION

### On Giant Scale, to Restore Germany.

A Berlin cable: The Saxon state railways show a deficit of 300,000,000 marks for the past year.

The Government is contemplating the organization of a giant corporation, in which the nation and private individuals can participate, for the purpose of taking over the military, naval and industrial plants, and for the conversion of available army supplies into marketable commodities. A plan has been proposed to give the federated states and individual communities an active interest in the operations of the proposed organization, which promises to become one of the most gigantic enterprises in Europe.

The production of sugar in Germany in the past year shows a decrease of 30 2-10 per cent. as compared with 1918. Vast quantities of beets have not yet been uncovered. The number still buried in Silesia is estimated at 100,000,000 pounds.

## AN IDEAL TONIC FOR WEAK PEOPLE

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Act Directly On the Blood and Nerves.

Food is as important to the sick person as medicine, more so in most cases. A badly chosen diet may retard recovery. In health, the natural appetite is the best guide to follow; in sickness the appetite is often fickle and depraved.

Proper food and a good tonic will keep most people in good health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most popular tonic medicine in the world, harmless and certain in their action, which is to build up the blood and restore the vitality to the run-down system. For growing girls who become thin and pale, for pale, tired women, and for old people who fail in strength Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic. Thousands of people have testified to the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in many homes they are the only medicine used. Among the homes in which the benefit of this medicine has been proved is that of Mr. E. A. Underwood, Kingston, Ont., who says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the most beneficial results. As the result of hard work I was very much run down, and my appetite was very poor. I got a supply of these pills, which I used regularly for some weeks, with the result that they restored me to my old time strength. They also proved a blessing to my daughter, who was in a very anaemic condition, and who seemed not to get more than temporary relief from any medicine until she took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She took the pills for about three months, and is now enjoying the best of health. For these reasons I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

At the first sign that the blood is out of order take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and note the speedy improvement they make in the appetite, health and spirits. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Original Potato King.

John Pounds, an English cobbler, was the original potato king. He cobbled shoes for sailors in Portsmouth and was grieved by the sight of the ragged boys who ran about the quays. He set himself the task of rescuing them. A hot potato was a wonderful delicacy for these youngsters. John Pounds set his bait. He offered hot potatoes to boys who would come to him and be taught to read and write. Often he was seen pursuing a boy along the wharves holding out a potato like a farmer trying to catch a colt with a feeding of oats. Usually John crowded his narrow workroom with his charges. When he died it was reported of him that he had saved 500 children to useful citizenship.

PRINTERS' FUN.

"There never is any variety in this bill of fare," growled the pessimistic patron.

"You forget the typographical errors, sir," replied the facetious waiter.

"What?"

"We have a new lot every day, sir, and upon my word, some of them are most amusing."

Muggins—Old Gotrox ought to spend some of his hush money. Buggins—What d'ye mean, hush money? Muggins—He made his money in a patent soothing syrup.