

THE TONGUE THAT GIVES STRENGTH

After Acute Diseases the Blood Must be Built Up Before Recovery is Complete.

Fever and other acute diseases like pneumonia and influenza, leave the patient weak, with thin blood and unsteady nerves. The period of convalescence is often long and trying, and years of poor health have frequently followed as brief an illness as an attack of influenza or pneumonia.

Much of this sort of misery could be avoided by taking steps to build up the blood so that it can carry to the nerves and other tissues of the body the elements they need to restore their normal functional activities. To build up the blood and restore it to its rich, health-giving vigor, no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From first to last it is their mission to improve the blood and thus restore good health and vigor.

The value of these pills in conditions described above is shown by the statement of Mrs. Rebecca O'Brien, Pembroke, Ont., who says:—"In Nov., 1923, I was stricken with pneumonia, and at the time but little hope was held out for my recovery. However, with the best of care I was able to walk about after some months. But I did not recover my strength. The doctor told me I was anemic. My appetite was poor, I grew nervous and restless. I was deathly pale and practically gave up hope of ever being strong again. However, remembering that in my girlhood I had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with decided success, I decided to try them again. By the time I had used two boxes there was no doubt the pills were helping me. Continuing their use I was soon able to attend to my household duties. I continued taking the pills, however, until I had used twelve boxes, by which time I was enjoying better health than at any time in the previous ten years. In gratitude for what the pills have done for me, I give this statement in the hope that it may point the way to health to some other weak, despondent woman."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cts. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Love in Vain.

To love in vain is one of life's tragedies. So often it brings a train of disastrous effects. Ambition is killed; sufferers become sour and embittered; life slumps into a joyless existence.

The poet Cowley wrote:
"A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that love to miss;
But of all pain, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain."

Quite true; but why "love in vain"? To that the reply may be given that if a man loves a maid, and she cannot return his love, that's "love in vain," with none to blame. But wait a moment!

What would you say to anyone who bought a grand piano and then could not get it into the house? Or to someone who bought a hat without trying it on. Or to a skater who got a ducking because he failed first to test the ice?

You see the moral? Those who suffer from loving in vain do so because they took a risk—and hurt themselves. Love is nearly always preceded by "liking," and it can—and ought to be—held in that stage until it is discovered that the person liked is free to be loved, and free to love in return. Then love has a chance. Not in every case, of course, does the chance come off, but that the love-quest held hope, or the reverse, would soon be apparent, and a retreat could thus be made before the heart was hopelessly involved. A passing disappointment is very different from a life tragedy. Most of those who "love in vain" have been too rash—too premature. It's in-springing to fight for the attainable; a tragedy to pursue the unattainable. So look before you leap—into love!

Clarinet.

He held an ebony clarinet
In white and tapering hands.
His fingers delicately met
The silver of the keys.
His eyes beheld uncharted lands
By undiscovered seas.

Above a brown and pointed beard
His face was thin and sad;
He had the look of one who feared
Some vaguely dreadful thing.
And all the while his notes were glad
As awakens on the wing.
—Thomas Kennedy.

Jumpers as worn by naval sailors will in future have their V-shaped openings altered in depth according to the total length of the garment; at present every jumper has an uneven, hunch opening.

FOR SALE

Pair Poison Iron Works 22"x50" right and left hand Brown Valve Engines, coupled together, 162, a 48" Fly Wheel, total 700 H.P., 84 R.P.M. Also Canadian Westinghouse 55 K.W. Direct Current Generator, 125 V., 440 Amp, 550 R.P.M. Running now. Open for inspection.

FIRSTBROOK BROS., Limited
220 King St. East Toronto 2, Ont. get out.

Contentment.

Money and fame and health shall
Are not enough for a man to covet.
For healthy men are heard to sigh,
And men of wealth go frowning by,
And one with fame will play his part
With a troubled mind—and a heavy heart.

If these three treasures no joy possess,
How shall a man find happiness?

Health comes first in the famous three,
But cripples can smile, as we all must see.

Fame is sweet, as we all must own,
But the happiest hearts are not widely known.

Money is good, when it's truly earned,
But peace with fortune is not contended.

For the bravest and loveliest souls we know
Have little of silver and gold to show.

Yet there must be a way to the goal
We seek.

A path to peace for the strong and weak,
And it must be open for all to fare.

In spite of life's sorrows and days of care,
For those who have suffered the most the while

Look out on the world with the tenderest smile,
And those who have little of wealth to boast

Are often the ones that we love the most.

So I fancy the joy which men strive to win
Is born of something which lies within.

A strain of courage no care can break,
A love for beauty no thief can take.

For they are the happiest souls on earth
Who gather the treasures of gentle worth.

The pride of neighbors, the faith of friends,
And a mind at peace when the sun descends.

Bermuda-Blue.

If turquoise-stone were fluid
And if exquisite silence
Turned into the color
Of Bermuda's islands
There would not be a druid
And no Prospero's eye
But that this were magic
Would quickly recognize.

It is not the Bermudas;
But the ocean that is vexed;
It is not only Shakespeare
Has Ariel for text,
Raleigh many times would please
Sweet Will with stories
Of these same Bermudas
And their color-glories.

Lovely, the Bermudas;
Beyond turkis,
Sapphire and lazuli,
They can tell what blue is.
—Isabel Fliske Conant.

CHILDREN LIKE THEM

Baby's Own Tablets Are Effective and Easy to Give.

You do not have to coax and threaten to get the little ones to take Baby's Own Tablets. The ease with which they are given, as compared with liquid medicines, will appeal to every mother. None is spilled or wasted; you know just how big a dose has reached the little stomach. As a remedy for the ills of childhood arising from derangement of the stomach and bowels they are most satisfactory.

Mrs. Rose Veyer, Willmantic, Conn., says:—"I used Baby's Own Tablets in the Canadian Northwest and found them a wonderful medicine for children's troubles, especially indigestion and constipation. I have also given them to my children for simple fever and the restlessness accompanying teething and they always gave relief. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold at medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Actually!"

Recently one who had retired to the country, after a busy and crowded city life, wrote of his first experience of gardening. He had been particularly impressed by the friendliness of the birds. They had watched him with curiosity, perhaps, he said, thinking he was a novice at the business and wondering at his frequent spells of rest. "During one of these rests a robin actually came and perched himself on my knee." That was apparently the greatest surprise of all. Actually! The man for whose fellowship thousands of people would have been grateful, found unmeasured joy in a robin's friendly trust.

And trust is a lovely thing. It is not the least gift of a garden. It is a comradeship that can be cultivated. The birds will come and be our friends, if we invite them, and turn the crumbs from our table into songs.

A single pair of elephant tusks will make sufficient keys for between thirty and forty pianos.

The mouth of a full-grown whale, when wide open, measures 12 feet by 18 feet.

Some inside stories don't deserve to get out.

WOLF WITH POLE AT POLE EVENT

Timothy Rupert, who was elected Pole Event, R.C., and I recently returned from the Pole Event, and should like to share with you some of the interesting incidents in Northern British Columbia.

The carved figure seen on the top of the pole represents the principal deity in the legend of the origin of the family. The owner of the totem pole belonged to the "Wolf Clan."

The principal legend which explains how the wolf was adopted for the family crest is as follows: One day, long years ago, a great lava eruption took place, at Situmilligan, on the Upper Nass River. The molten mass pushed the waters of the river back across the valley to the mountain-side and formed a great lava plain, which extended from the head waters of the Kishich to the canyon, at Gwinahla. The fiery flow overwhelmed the villages and fishing hamlets in its path, and the people fled to the surrounding hills. Among the fugitives was an Indian chief named Gum-lu-gidis, the ancestor of the owner of the pole.

Gum-lu-gidis fled, with his family, to the highlands of the Shikama River where they camped. Night after night they had no rest, but were disturbed by weird sounds and voices accompanied by the beating of tomtoms. At length the chief and some of his braves determined to set out and discover where the sounds came from. The legend describes how they found themselves in the abode of "Luluk's." Spirits of the Dead, where they beheld many strange things. Escaping from these haunted regions, Gum-lu-gidis, overcome by fear, again took up his flight, this time across the Green Trail to the Skeena River, leaving the winter snows had melted and the ice had left the river, Gum-lu-gidis and his companions travelled down the Skeena River, in dugouts made from cottonwood trees, until they reached the island of Kherm, now known as Kaim Island, on which Prince Rupert is situated. Not very long after they had settled at Kherm, Gum-lu-gidis' rest was once more disturbed, this time by the nightly howls of wolves which seemed to be calling Gum-lu-gidis by his name. The old fear overcame him once more, for he thought the spirits of the lava had again found him out. After the howling had continued for two nights, the old chief determined to meet his fate. Dressed in his ceremonial dancing robes, with face painted and his long hair tied in a knot, after the manner of the warriors of his tribe, he set out alone from the camp armed with his Chief's tomahawk, set with abalone shell.

Following the direction from which the sounds proceeded, Gum-lu-gidis came face to face with a large white wolf. Raising his tomahawk prepared to defend himself he noticed the animal was in great pain and unaware of his approach, as it was trying in vain to dislodge a sharp piece of debris from its throat.

Gum-lu-gidis said to the wolf "Brother, do me no harm and I will remove the bone which otherwise will cause your death." After Gum-lu-gidis had removed the bone, the wolf became very friendly, and each time the chief went out hunting, the white wolf killed a deer for him; thus supplying him and his family with food.

So, the legend states, Gum-lu-gidis adopted the white wolf for his "Aukuk" (spirit) and in his ceremonial dances always wore a white wolf skin robe.

After some years of peace, Gum-lu-gidis became homesick, and he returned to the Nass, for he longed to fish once more in the waters of the Kishich, where the "hanginwesch" (white salmon) spawn.

At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is fawced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which governs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our chow and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. —Emerson.

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The Best Trick of the Week—The Coin Disappearance.

Place a number of coins in a hat, and ask that one coin be removed, marked, and passed around for identification. When this has been done request one person to hold it in his hand, and press his hand against his forehead, for a few seconds. Then the coin is put back in the hat with the others.

With your eyes blindfolded, and your hand tucked away, you may then reach in the hat, and bring out the chosen coin, mysteriously finding it from among the others.

The secret: When the coin is passed around and held by one person, it becomes quite warm. All the other coins in the hat will be cold, so you can easily discover the chosen one.

Really digested food, acidity of the stomach, and sluggish liver cause headaches. Salsol's Syrup will remove these causes. Any drug store.

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