HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN



og ordeat.

con Plusions exist, write to Lydia
inkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.,
advice. The result of many years
rience is at your service.

CENSUS RETURNS.

Ottawa, Feby. 27,1918. The Census and Statistics Office has published today its annual estimates of farms values in 1917 as compiled from the reports of correspondents at the end of Jany. 1918. The estimates comprise (1) the average values Jany. 1918. The estimates comprise (1) the average values of farm land (2) the average wages paid for farm help and (3) the average values of farm live stock and of wool.

Average Values of Farm Land.

bis \$140. In the last named private the higher average is time to orcharding and from anti-moving.

ArcTorge Wages of Farm Help-Treasure wages paid for farm help during the year 1917 have faceneed have again with \$148,000 as compared with \$14,800,000 at compared with \$14,800,0

According to the returns received, the average value of farm land for the whole of Canada, including land improved and unimproved together with dwelling houses, stables barns and other farm buildings, is approximately \$44 per acre as compared with \$41 in 1916. The average values by provines are as follows: Prince Edw. Island \$43.7; Nova Scotia \$32. - 6; New Brunswick \$28.8; Quebec \$53; Ontario \$55.3; Manitoba \$31; Saskatchewan \$26; Alberta \$26.7; British Colum-

BIG-E-NUFF

THE MOST SATISFACTORY WORK SHIRT MADE

double-L-bow

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE STORES

Across the sea
There comes the call
Of France to me.
I hear the muffled, tender seut
Of little children, undergroun
Denied, bereft of everything:
The right to play, to earn as
sing.

Dear little child Across the sea I'll come to sing And play with thee.

II. From over there,
I hear the call
From France in prayer:
The women calling for their

mate,
Now widowed by the Huns of
Hate;
Brides, homeless, childless, all
alonce
Are brooding o'er a pile of
stone.

Herioc souls;
I'll come to share
Thy bitter grief,
And blind despair.

From over sea, There comes sad sound From France to me: The painful peal of broken bells, Now shattered by Satanic

shells; The war-sick wind, that wails and whines

Through battered walls of sacred shrines:
O House of Prayer,
Where God's yet found,
I'll help to heal
Thy wicked wound.

I hear the cry
Of France in pain:
The shrieks from shell-hole,
trench and wire, Men crazed by gas and liquid

fire; nb agonies from No-Man's Low groans beneath the sur-

geon's hand.
O stricken land.
Where evils reign,
Thy call to me Is not in vain

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns Etc.



