

WHEN JEFF OVER SLEPT.

The day was warm, and Jeff was not used to going to church in the afternoon; so he kept nodding every time he sat down. At last, when the people rose to sing a hymn, his mother told him to slip out and go up to Aunt Annie's.

"You can take supper there, and father will come for you before bed time."

The village church stood halfway between Jeff's home and Aunt Annie's, and he would not have far to go. So he slid to the floor and went out in his own particular way, which was a rather funny way. The church was very old, with deep pews that were something like boxes; and whenever Jeff grew restless during the service, he would crawl from the floor of his own pew to the floor of the next pew to the right, which was generally empty, and then slip down to the rear door. His mother turned, as she did to-day, to watch his yellow head bob down the aisle.

But when Jeff reached the doorstep he missed the nickle he had brought for the offering, so he went softly back, crept into the empty pew and, lying flat on his stomach, began to look for the lost coin. There was nothing like a nickle anywhere to be seen, but he was interested to notice that the carpet had odd zigzag markings, and he began to trace them carefully with his finger. The people seemed to be singing a long time and very faintly. Before the hymn was over he had fallen fast asleep.

When he waked he sat up and blanked for a while, trying to remember where he was. The sunlight was all gone, and everything was very quiet. He stood up on the seat and looked round; the church was quite empty.

Jeff was only six years old, and at first he cried a little. It was very clear to him what had happened—that he had gone to sleep while he was tracing the zigzags on the carpet, and that his father and mother and big brother, thinking him safe at Aunt Annie's, had gone home when the others went. And Aunt Annie of course thought that he was at home.

He dried his tears on the corner of a cushion and made a little prayer. Then he began to call louder and louder, until the gallery sent back an echo; but there was no reply from outside. At length his throat grew too tired to call any more.

"I will make them hear!" Jeff said to himself, for a great idea had come to him; he would ring the bell!

He felt his way down the dark aisle, opened the little door that led to the belfry, and began to climb the stairs, as he had often done behind the sexton. It was very dark now on the steps, but he whistled to keep up his courage. The bell rope was easy to find but ringing the bell was another matter. The bell was not large, but neither was the boy, and though he tugged hard with both hands he could not stir it at all.

Jeff stopped to get his breath. "I believe I'll try the stepladder," he said. It was a small stepladder, but when he had climbed part of the way up he felt very high indeed. Then he grasped the rope with both hands, shut his eyes tight and swung down.

O joy! The rope jerked, the bell was moving! It rang two short, funny little notes and then stopped. Jeff climbed the ladder again and swung down a second time. Again the bell made two little, short strokes.

"It's a sound, anyway," Jeff said aloud. He waited and listened. Then, just as he was getting ready to ring the bell for a third time, he heard voices outside. Someone was calling his name; it sounded like Brother Tom.

Three minutes later he was out in the yard himself, telling the story to Tom. "My, I'm glad I weigh so much!" he said.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The United States has voted \$18,000,000 to defray cost of taking census in 1920. Over 100,000 enumerators and clerks will be employed.

HAD TO GO TO BED KIDNEYS SO BAD COULD NOT STAND STRAIGHT.

Women should not despair even if they are troubled with severe pains in the side or back, and not able to attend to their household duties.

The kidneys of course, are to blame nine times out of ten, but they can be promptly and permanently made healthy by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. H. M. Jansen, Pathlow, Sask., writes:—I feel it my duty to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone having weak kidneys, as they have been a great help to me. A month ago my kidneys were so bad that I had severe pains in my sides and back, and it was impossible for me to stand straight. I then got so bad I had to go to bed, and was that way for a week. We sent for some Doan's Kidney Pills, and I have taken just about one box, and now I am able to be up and do my own work. I am certainly grateful for the good they have done me.

To ensure getting Doan's Kidney Pills when you ask for them, see that they are put up in an oblong grey box with our trade mark of a "Maple Leaf" on the label.

Price 50c. per box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Godden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run-down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GODDEN, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.



Such annoying symptoms as heat flashes, nervousness, headache, irritability and "the blues," may be speedily overcome and the system restored to normal conditions by this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.

THE CLUB'S HAPPY EASTER.

Let's do it," cried Jeannie, when the Crescent Club met for the weekly practice.

"Do what?" asked Ada calmly. "Why! go out calling to the shut-ins and sing for 'em," Lida said.

"Let's go to four places," suggested Kittie, the contralto, "one place for each of us." Her dark eyes shone with enthusiasm.

The other girls agreed to this, and the quartet practiced very carefully.

"I dread to go to Aunt Jane's," Ada confessed, "so let's go there first."

"We're willing," chimed in Ada's companions. So the members of the club knocked at the door of a cottage on Easter morning. Tall pines grew about the house and seemed to guard it stilly.

"Come in," called a harsh voice.

The girls filed in looking as serene and smiling as if they had no fear.

"It's a pleasant day," Jeannie said.

"Oh! the wind is in the east," groaned Aunt Jane. "My rheumatism is allus worse when the wind's there."

The poor woman's hands were misshapen from the dread disease.

"How'd you happen to come to see a cross old lady like me?"

"We are calling on several of our friends to-day," Lida answered sweetly.

"Shall we sing, auntie?"

"O! sing 'There's a Land that is Fairer than Day.' I think of that sometimes and I forget my pain. I don't care for music, generally, but your voices are sweet," the invalid said later. "Sounds like one voice. It's fine."

When the girls left the worn face of the hostess had brightened. She thanked them for coming, and added, "I'll have something to think of now."

Next they called on Mrs. Schaffer whose children were all away from home. One son was a soldier. For her they sang "America."

"It does me good to see the young faces and hear the fresh voices," she said.

Next, the group of girls went to Mrs. Baker's. She was nearly blind but her room was in exquisite order.

"You must have a cup of tea," she smiled, "and some English buns. I know you're tired." So she and the girls got out the tea-things. "The dearest little teaspoons," Kittie whispered.

"Now if you're rested, girls, I wish you'd sing 'I'm Far from My Home, and I'm Weary Oftentimes.' That's the way I feel; far away from my old home in England. But I trust I'm not far away from my heavenly home. Please sing 'Rock of Ages.'"

The girls felt refreshed when they took their leave. "We've saved the best for the last," they said.

A sunshiny home they entered next. The sunlight seemed brighter here. There were flowers in the windows, a canary trilled cheerfully, but the owner of the home had seen much sorrow. For half a century she had cared for an invalid, having little to brighten her life. Yet she was patient and sweet throughout it all.

The badge of the Crescent Club is a star and a crescent. "That is a fitting badge for you," said Mrs. Brooks.

"Now, I want you to sing for me. 'Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?'"

Almost in tears the quartet obediently sang this beautiful song. They were thinking as they sang of the influence this saintly woman had in the village.

"God bless you all," she murmured as the girls bade her good-by. She gave her hand to each in turn. "You have brought me such a pleasant glimpse of the outdoor world that I see so little of. I can't thank you as

I'd like to, but there is One who will reward you for this day's work. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' dear girls, 'and you will find it after many days.' 'Stranger hands that you have strengthened may strew lilies over you.'"

As the girls went down the little walk each was radiant, for they felt they had painted a bit of rose-color on lives that were gray indeed. For the Crescent Club, too, the Easter bells rang out that day sweeter, more joyfully, than ever they had in all the past.—From an old Northwestern Christian Advocate.

THE TANGLED YARN.

Wait a moment; that chair is not an easy one," and Mrs. Pembroke hurried into the little parlor off the sitting-room, and brought out a deep wicker rocker for her caller, Rosamond Elkins. "Here, take—this," energetically brushing off with the corner of her freshly done-up gingham apron imaginary specks of dust. "You'll find it more comfortable to sit in—I'm sure—after your walk."

"You shouldn't have taken all that trouble, Mrs. Pembroke," gently remonstrated Rosamond, as she took the proffered chair. "I can stay—but just—a minute."

"So?" and the older woman looked a bit disappointed. "I thought we were going to have an old-fashioned homey afternoon together. I've nothing in the world to do—not a thing, but wind this yarn," indicating several skeins in a basket on the table beside her, "and then I could just knit and talk."

"Everything for supper's ready; all but putting it on the table—and that will take but a jiffy. Hadn't you better take off your things—and stay?"

"I wish I could," was the girl's eager response; "but I hardly think I can—today. I've a letter I must post; I'm on the way there now. It will have to go out on the four-fifteen mail. I felt that I just couldn't go by without running in for a moment; it wouldn't seem natural."

"I should—say—not," agreed Mrs. Pembroke, with cordial emphasis, taking from the basket a partial skein of the soft gray yarn and a half-wound ball. "You won't mind if I go on straightening out this tangle—while we talk?"

"Surely not," smiled Rosamond.

"Don't let me hinder you—a particle."

"I presume you are going to play at Virginia Payne's musical?" inquired Mrs. Pembroke.

"No-o. I had intended to," replied Rosamond. "But I found out yesterday that Helen Townsend is to be there. She's been invited to sing, and I've decided not to go. Somehow—perhaps my prejudice on my part—I can't bring myself to appear on the same program with that girl."

"This is my errand to the post office—to send Virginia my regrets. O course, I'm sorry—having to disappoint Virginia, after I promised to play; but I didn't know that she had invited Helen Townsend, Thursday evening."

Rosamond picked up from the table a well-worn copy of "Jane Eyre."

"I realize," she continued, after a pause, "that Virginia will not take kindly to my refusal. One who knows Virginia wouldn't have to be told that. She'll resent it for a while, and sever all diplomatic relations with me—as Uncle Jerry would put it—for a time. But Virginia'll get over it, and we'll be on just as good terms as ever."

"I wonder," and there was a tone of doubt in Mrs. Pembroke's quiet remark.

"But we've always been the best of friends, ever since—"

"I know," interrupted Mrs. Pembroke, as she worked at the tangled yarn in her lap; "and that's why I wouldn't want to cause a rupture in a cherished friendship—even a slight one."

Rosamond was silent.

Then, after a pause, "But Helen Townsend is so distasteful to me. You have no idea—not having met her—how disagreeable her know-it-all attitude is."

"Possibly."

"Virginia's such a dear, she won't harbor resentment very long. I—I just—"

"This yarn is in such—a tangle," was Mrs. Pembroke's low interruption.

"Why not cut that strand you're holding?" suggested Rosamond.

"Then the rest will be easy to straighten out. You can tie the two pieces together, and it will look just as well after it's in the sock—or what you're going to make it into."

"On the outside—yes," with a smile born of wisdom. "But on the inside, dear, there will always be a rough, hard

SELDOM SEE ABSORBINE

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

will clean it off without laying up the horse. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions, and Book & R. Free. ABSORBINE, JR., the anti-septic liniment for man, horse, dog, cat, bird, fish, etc. Enlarged Glass, Wax, Brushes, Various Vials, Alloy Pans and Inflammation. Price \$1.25 a bottle at drug stores delivered. Liberal trial bottle sent for 10c.

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MARTIN-SENOUR 100% PURE PAINT & VARNISHES. The Paint That Costs The Least. is guaranteed to be exactly as represented. The purity of the White Lead and Zinc Oxide—the high quality of the Linseed Oil—the minute fineness of the grinding by powerful machinery—insure a paint that gives years of protection and beauty to your home. Why use cheap paint—that is expensive to put on—when Martin-Senour "100% Pure" Paint wears nearly twice as long? TRURO HARDWARE CO., TRURO.

FUSSY WILLOW.

The brook is trimmed with melting snow.

The maple sap is running.

Am on the highest elm the crow

His coal-black wings is sunning.

A close green bud the Mayflower lies

Upon its mossy pillow;

And sweet and low the south wind

blows,

And through the brown fields calling

goes:

"Come, pussy, pussy willow;

Within your close, brown wrapper stir,

Come out and show your silver fur;

Come, pussy, pussy willow."

Soon red will bud the maple trees,

The bluebirds will be singing,

And yellow tassels in the breeze,

Be from the poplars swinging.

And rosy will the Mayflower be

Upon its mossy pillow;

But you must come the first of all—

"Come, pussy," is the south wind's call—

"Come, pussy, pussy willow!"

A fairy gift to children dear,

The downy firstings of the year

Come, pussy, pussy willow

Come, pussy, pussy willow

—M. A. J. apollis Tribune.

Mrs. Alfred Haines lost by fire her fine home at Poplar Grove, Hants County, on the 6th. The fire started from a chimney. It is but a short time since Mrs. Haines lost her husband by death. She has, indeed, been deeply afflicted.

"BIG FOUR" TOWNS PASSED THROUGH A BLAZING DANGER ZONE.

Sunday at noon Stellarton, New Glasgow, Westville, and Trenton suddenly, as if by magic, became surrounded by bush fires, which raged throughout the afternoon, and again Monday afternoon, and for a time, especially on Monday the situation looked serious. The first news of the conflagration came Sunday from Eureka. There was a call for help from that direction to which the firemen of Stellarton, New Glasgow and Westville gave prompt response, while in the meantime Trenton firemen were busy at home fighting the fiend.

The first report from Eureka, was that the Village was burning, but we are thankful to be able to say the situation was not that bad.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon that fire was under control, and the firemen returned only to fight fires back of Stellarton, and the west side of New Glasgow. For a time outlying houses in those directions were in great danger, but they all escaped, in fact so far as The Federationist was able to learn no buildings were burned.

Monday afternoon the situation in the vicinity of Stellarton, and New Glasgow again became serious, more so than on Sunday. The fire alarm on the post office clanged all day, and the firemen worked like trojans. For a time it looked dangerous for the back mines, and for the west side of New Glasgow. That part of the country near the two towns was enveloped in smoke, and cinders fell in the streets but in due course the fire spent its fury and the danger was past.

The daily papers of Monday and Tuesday brought news of bush conflagrations all over the province.

In Guysboro houses, and a church were burned.

The fact that the fires all over the province started about the same time led many to be suspicious that it was the work of German spies, but we scarcely think that is correct, though the circumstance is worth investigating.

We must bear in mind that there

was a great draught and that forest fires have been known during a severe dry spell to start from spontaneous combustion, for instance the rubbing together of dead tree limbs dried to a tinder.

Then again sparks from a near-by chimney carried by the wind into dry dead brush sets fires and then too it is fishing time and there is the locomotive spark—reason too.

ADD TO THESE YOUR STORE OF KNOWLEDGE.

More than 2,800 miles of American railroads were equipped with block signals in 1917, an increase of about 700 miles from 1916.

"It takes but one-twentieth of a second for a wireless signal to pass from Washington to San Francisco."

"The United States transport Levianton, formerly the Vaterland made the round trip between New York and France in eleven days recently."

"Four new leathers have been added to the number used in 1916; they are mottled sharkskin, walrus hide, ostrich leather and sea-lion hide."

"The total subscription to the second Liberty Loan was \$4,617,352,300."

If every member of our International Union had said at February 28, 1917: "I am going to secure a new member before this date in 1918," and had made good, the membership would have been twice 65,196, on February 28, 1918, providing, of course, our locals held their own and did not suspend members faster than they added new recruits.

Two Champion "Fisher Girls" on Victoria Day on a Branch of the North River, bagged 122 trout. As the Law only allows 30 trout each on one excursion we therefore do not give the names of these "Sports" nor the Branch of the River from which they were taken; but these jolly fish-las-ers are "in it"!

12 Tumors Removed Without An Operation

Dear Mrs. Currah—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women the world knows.



use in my case caused 12 tumors or growths of some sort to be expelled, and others smaller, down to the size of a walnut. You may use my case in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and pen cannot describe all the good it has done for me. Mrs. Louise E. Bote-ridge.

This letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an applied treatment and comes in direct contact with the suffering organs. It produces results from womb, irregularities, leucorrhoea, etc.

I will send a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it if she will send me her address. Enclose 5 stamps and address.

Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.