

Is the baby too thin? Does he increase too slowly in weight? Are you in constant fear he will be ill? Then give him more flesh. Give him more power to resist disease. He certainly needs a fat-forming food. Scott's Emulsion is just that food. It will make the baby plump; increase the weight; bring color to the cheeks, and prosperity to the whole body. Thin children take to it as naturally as they do to their milk.

CROWN OF THORNS.

The lily-shadows, one by one, Fade from the lone tomb floor. Where Mary, from the dead, saw brown, Loosened the crown of thorns. The sunset lends a saddened glow To the pale, worn face of Him Who lies in death, and lights the task For her, whose eyes are dim. With weeping, while with breaking heart The thorns she slow untwines. And all the pain His temples felt Her tender soul sustains.

March, April, May, THESE ARE THE MONTHS IN WHICH TO PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

This is the season when your blood is loaded with impurities, accumulated during the winter months from close confinement, rich food, and other causes. These impurities must be driven from your system or they may breed serious disease and cause untold suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest and best blood purifying medicine it is possible to obtain. It is what the millions take in the Spring. It will purify and enrich your blood, create an appetite, tone up your system, and give you sound, robust health.

A WAYSIDE PATIENT.

For half an hour past Doctor Sanborn had been certain that he was on the wrong road. The main highway ran straight to Winchester, but he had come upon unfamiliar dips and turns soon after leaving his patient's house. Rather than risk another mistake, he drove straight on. There were only a few villages all about the city, and before long he must reach some thoroughfare leading toward home.

It was nearly midnight. The sky was thick, and a lantern hanging over the dasher barely showed the breadth of his forest bordered way. The reins hung slack from the Doctor's hands, and suddenly he tightened them and, grasping his whip, leaned forward to pierce the darkness ahead. Between the logging steps of his horse he had caught the sound of quick, soft footfalls upon the dust of the road.

It was a time and place of evasion, Doctor Sanborn presently saw a man's figure on the road before him. He held the whip ready to lash the horse onward, but the stranger turned to one side and halted at a discreet distance. "Say, are you a doctor?" he called out, breathless with running. "Yes. What do you want?" Without relaxing his guard at all, Dr. Sanborn pulled up his horse.

"For God's sake, come with me! There's a fellow taken sick a little way above here. I'm afraid he's got pneumonia." "Who are you?" the Doctor asked, distrustfully, for the man was too ragged and unkempt to be an honest farm hand. "Oh, I'm a tramp," he acknowledged hurriedly. "Never mind about me. Help the fellow on the road, too, but he's a fellow worth saving. Won't you come?" His voice quavered, but quickly ran true again.

"You wouldn't let even a tramp die like a dog, you wouldn't, Doctor?" "That's so! Well, I'll see your friend, go ahead and lead the way." "Thank you, Doctor, it isn't far." With a look of relief he faced about and ran on just in front of the carriage. Mean while strange stories were flashing through Doctor Sanborn's mind. On such pretense men had been enticed away and robbed; yet he resolutely quelled all suspicion and touched up his horse. The tramp's face had been sharp with unfeigned distress.

Soon after emerging from the woods the man ran off to one side and stood in a driveway leading back to some building. "To here, Doctor," he called, as the carriage drove up. "We crept into an old barn for the night. Let me hitch your horse and cover him." With medicine-case and lantern in hand Doctor Sanborn followed the guide. Swinging the light around he saw that the barn was used for storing bulky farming tools and the poorest hay.

The tramp shut the door carefully and held up his hand. For a moment the two men stood still in listless. Out of the gloom beyond them came a weak, incessant cough which fell ominously upon the Doctor's ears. "He's breathing worse," whispered the tramp, and, running ahead, he jumped over into a partly filled hay.

"He's breathing worse," whispered the tramp, and, running ahead, he jumped over into a partly filled hay. A young man hardly yet of age as he propped against the haymow. He was panting rapidly and his dusky face turned from side to side in a search for air. "I've brought a doctor," the tramp said; how are you, Will?" "Air, Dick! I can't breathe!" the boy whispered; and Dick snatched off his hat and knelt down to fan him.

The Doctor bent over his patient. Time was precious and a moment of listening revealed all that was needed to know. The disease worked swiftly. In an hour or two the crisis would come. He opened his case and took out a little tablet doubtfully. "Can you swallow it?" Before long this would have become impossible, but the young man nodded. With momentary sentences he glanced at the physician, and then closed his eyes wearily.

For the present everything had been done, and the watchers stepped back. All around them lurked heavy shadows, and their little circle of brightness framed a strange scene. Through the ohinks and offshoots of the barn the light wind of the night blew freely. Dick had thrown his coat over the sick man and shivering slightly, he moved closer to the Doctor.

It was a silent plea for sympathy. All that was best in life he had long since flung away, but there were still human ties to which he could appeal. From his friend's unconscious face he glanced, in some hesitation, at Dr. Sanborn. "Will he be better soon?" he ventured, speaking softly. "No, I fear not," the Doctor heistated. It seemed cruel not to offer the comfort of simple friendship. "It is all I can say," he added, with an impulse of good will. "At best the matter is serious, and I can't tell what may be back of this."

"Is it pneumonia?" Dick asked, after a short silence. "No; it's worse than pneumonia," Doctor Sanborn returned to his patient. It was time for some improvement, but an hour passed by in apparently fruitless ministrations. Never had disease seemed so merciless or the strongest drugs so impotent.

Dick stood by, ready to give aid when needed. Presently he dropped upon his knees and impulsively clasped his friend's hand. His very touch seemed to awe him, and, looking up, he asked one tremulous question: "Doctor, is he dying?" There was no answer, and, shaken by an irrefragable sob, the man crept away.

With every sense intent upon the slightest changes of pulse and breath, Dr. Sanborn took no heed of his going. The silence grew oppressive. Dick soon returned, and, sitting down, bowed his head upon his hands. "I hate to see Will this way," he said, mournfully. "We've been together a long time now. Will ran away from home because he thought his father was working him too hard, but it wasn't easy to find work elsewhere, and he took to tramping with me. This last year he's been getting tired of it. Many a time of late he's said to me: 'Ah, Dick, a man can't get anything worth having unless he works for it steady.' All this passed the Doctor's ears unheeded. He was reading a more absorbing story, and its climax was near at hand.

"There lies the romance of a physician's life. The night's adventure and its strange surroundings scarcely moved Dr. Sanborn's imagination, but it stirred his blood to feel the pulse growing stronger under his fingers and the dead's chill passing away. For, almost inconspicuously, he admitted the fact: It had been a long fight, and his eyes sparkled with triumph. "Dick was still talking. It was only a variation of the old, old story, but something in his manner of speech seemed incongruous, and the Doctor flashed a critical glance over him.

"You were a man of some education?" he remarked, abruptly. "I?" Dick queried in surprise. "Oh, I had an academy course." He gave a sham, uneasy laugh. "They used to think I'd study for the ministry." "Where are 'they' now?" said the Doctor, quietly. "Dead." A moment passed in silence. "There wasn't any trouble with my scholarship. I lacked something else, I guess. Well, I've spent my ohance."

A shade of genuine regret clouded his face, but he turned the subject and went on: "It was different with Will. He never forgot the folks, and maybe, if they were kind, he might pull up again." "Then his parents are living?" "Yes; that's why he came this way. Will wasn't meaning to see himself, but just to be around till he caught sight of them. 'It will do me a world of good just to look on my mother's face,' he kept saying yesterday, and he was full of plans to get a job somewhere and then come home. Well, we made a long day of it, but Will was sickening all the time and we had to stop here, though the Forrester house is not far ahead."

"What is his father's name?" demanded the Doctor. "Nathan Forrester. Do you know him?" "Indeed I do!" But I didn't know his house was so near. I have always come around the other way." With a new interest he studied his patient's face. Under its mask of pallor there were familiar features. "I knew there was some trouble in the Forrester family," he mused. "The mother is broken by her sorrow. The father has sent his grief in silence." "It seems to me his folks ought to know of this," Dick suggested. "He made me promise I wouldn't tell them!" "I haven't promised," the Doctor rejoined decisively. "However, I can't leave him yet. There is a good chance for recovery now and we must fight it out alone."

An hour later the sick boy opened his eyes and half-consciously raised both hands to his temples. "My head aches," he muttered drowsily, and soon dropped to sleep again. "It is the medicine," Dr. Sanborn explained. "He has had enough now; you can watch him till I return. I am going for help," he added with a meaning nod. His horse neighed impatiently as he stole out of the barn. How cold the night air was! Drawing a long breath of relief, he wrapped his overcoat closely about him, uncovered his horse and drove away.

In the darkness it would have been easy to miss his destination, but he kept a sharp lookout, and at last described the Forrester house looming indistinctly upon the night. The night was still, but no one seemed to be roused by his coming. He walked up the gravel path to the front door, and drumming soundly on a panel, stepped away to watch the upper windows. Presently a light was raised above his head.

"Who is there?" asked a well-known voice. "I am Doctor Sanborn. Mr. Forrester, I have urgent business with you." The window was closed and a faint murmur of voices dropped out into the hush. Doctor Sanborn fastened his horse and went back to the door step. Knowing Will's father as a stern and silent man, he had already begun to doubt the issue of his intervention.

A glimmering light shot through the closed shutters of the hall and descended the stairs. There was a rattle of bolts, the door was opened and a tall, spare man came forward, hastily clothed, but erect and dignified. "You may enter," he said, gravely. In austere silence he led the way to the parlor and solemnly confronted his visitor as one who expects the worst. In the chill of the early morning he looked old and gray.

"Sir, are you a messenger of good or evil?" he asked. "Perhaps of both," the Doctor replied. "Mr. Forrester, have you a son?" The man's stern face softened a little as his wife entered the room and came quickly to his side. But he had been deeply wounded by Willie's desertion. "I had a son," he answered, grimly. "Don't say that, father," his wife pleaded. "He is always our son. Oh, Doctor, have you any news of Willie?"

One could read unspoken love in her appealing eyes. Doctor Sanborn's smile was sufficient reply, and with a glad and grateful look she hurried from the room. Her husband's lips were still set in unrelenting lines. He was a proud and a just man and he waited for some token of Will's repentance. "Mr. Forrester," said the Doctor impressively, "do you believe in the prodigal son?"

It was a touch upon the quick and the father bowed his head. "Oh, if he would only come back!" he groaned. "He has come back," said the Doctor. "Tonight he lies sick in a barn just fit for your stable. He has fallen by the way, but he is coming home if only to look upon your face again."

The old man raised his hand; he could bear no more. Soon a light touch "clung" upon the Doctor's arm and Mrs. Forrester stood beside him, hastily dressed for the night air. Her worn face was fairly aglow with joy. "Doctor, I'm going to my boy!" There was a deep thrill in her voice which strongly moved the younger man. "Where is he? What shall I take to him?"

"Some one must stay here and prepare for him," was the gentle reply. "You can do that best. Your husband will go with me." With a quick, nervous stride Mr. Forrester started for the carriage, while his wife started to get the necessary wraps. It was all gone to her so long as she could work for Will.

They drove in silence. The roll of carriage wheels announced their coming, and Dick was waiting outside the door. "Where is the son?" Mr. Forrester asked hoarsely. "Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous and run down."

"I suffered very much from indigestion, accumulation of gas in the stomach, and was in almost constant distress. I consulted with some of the best physicians in this city; but got no relief until I began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am pleased to say that they have completely cured me."

"My appetite is restored; my nervous system has been toned up to its old-time condition, and I have no more trouble from the indigestion and can eat anything I choose."

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Ask for Minard's and take no other. You don't know when Diarrhoea or Dysentery may attack you, so always be prepared to check them at once by having on hand Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

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For breakfast we have: Pettijohn's Breakfast Food, Necker's Breakfast Hominy, Self-rising Buckwheat, Tillson's pan dried Rolled Oats, Fresh Ground Oatmeal, Gold Dust Corn Meal, Rolled Wheat, Wheat Farina, Wheatlets, BEER & GOFF, GROCERS.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. The agony of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago or Neuralgia. Milburn's Rheumatic Pills cure you effectively—no matter what other remedies fail. Price 50c., all dealers.

Minards Liniment Relieves Neuralgia. Mrs Joseph Langtry, Brockville, Ont. writes: "I have used Dr. Low's Worm Syrup and I can say that it has done my children good. It never fails to set promptly." Price 25c.

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GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

Shattered Nerves and Weakened Heart—A St. John Lady Tells About It.

Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 30 Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: "Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous and run down."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Lady of the House—You have been out of work a long time? "Yes, I have, for 35 years." "Why, how are you?" "Thirty five, mum."

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SAVED THE BABY. "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth, and was taken ill with Diarrhoea very badly. My sister advised Fowler's Strawberry. I got a bottle and it stopped the trouble at once." Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont.

BOILS DISAPPEARED.

Mr. James Elliot, White P. O. Ont. writes: "Last fall while I was through I became troubled with boils, which got so bad I could not work. I started taking Burdock Blood Bitters and before I had finished one bottle the boils entirely disappeared."

Every eczema should carry a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It has no equal for taking out inflammation, reducing swelling or relieving pain. Price 25c.

Take B.B.B. This Spring. Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather. There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing. Of all "Spring Medicines," Burdock Blood Bitters is the best. It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.



The above is the name and trade mark of the original Kidney Pill. The only reliable Kidney Pill. They were placed on the market by Mr. James Doan, Kingville, Ont., February, 1888—long before other Kidney Pills were thought of.

Their phenomenal success in all parts of the world, as well as in Canada, has brought forth many imitations. Take nothing that has a name that looks or sounds like D-O-A-N-S. Always ask for D-O-A-N-S Kidney Pills of a bad attack of Rheumatism which laid him up in bed for weeks.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and Nutritive Properties. Specialty grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying. Cairns & McFadyen. June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

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