

A Clever Advertisement
may induce you to buy and try a packet of

Blue Ribbon

TEA

But after that its UNVARYING GOOD QUALITY will succeed in holding your trade.

TRY THE RED LABEL. ONLY ONE BEST TEA. BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

LOVE AND A TITLE

Modern fashion has decreed that it is not at all impolite to talk while another person is singing, and Mr. Lambton, in a scarcely subdued voice, is talking now.

"Glad to see you at the Hall, Mr. Vane," says he, "what he deems the old English gentleman tone."

Vernon Vane, who has been looking absently at the quiet Jeanne, awakes, and rather suddenly, but composedly, murmurs that Mr. Lambton is very kind.

"Not at all—not at all!" returns that gentleman, condescendingly. "Always pleased to make the acquaintance of clever men. I'm an admirer of art, Mr. Vane, and like to encourage it when I get a chance."

Vernon Vane inclines his head.

"Bought a good many pictures in my time," goes on Mr. Lambton, looking earnestly at the serious room. "Some of 'em rather valuable—some flatter myself. That there Rubens, for instance," and he nods to a hideous copy of one of that master's best known works, which hangs up on the glittering wall, and had been bought by Vernon Vane during the whole of the time he has been in the world—"That's a genuine Rubens; cost me a small fortune, though I say it. What do you say of that, now?"

"A remarkable picture," he says grudgingly.

"Yes sir," assents Mr. Lambton, complacently. "A remarkable picture, as you say; I've got lots of 'em stuck about the place. Money ain't no object with me when it comes to buying lettings. I have the best money can buy, I say; if it's pictures or saucenaps—the best that money can buy. That's my principle, Mr. Vane, and when I heard from my daughter, that you were an artist, I said: "Invite him to the 'Alf, let us encourage art, we as can do it without hurting ourselves."

"Very kind," says Vernon Vane again, his eye wandering from the commonplace face to the face lost to the quiet figure by the table.

"And," continues Mr. Lambton, "if you've got any pictures on your hands that's worth buying, I'll look at 'em. I don't expect you to sell them, but Mr. Vane," he adds, nodding his head confidently, "you won't see no bad ones in my 'case."

Vernon Vane glances around the walls, and looks at the lifeless copies and still more awful originals with which the apartment is adorned, and maintains the discreet silence. Maud, having arrived at the end of her ballad, rises with modest manner, awaiting applause; and Vernon Vane sits down at the table at which Hal is turning over the pages in a scrapbook.

The boy looks up and welcomes him eagerly. To tell the truth, Hal battles his will, and has endured much since summer time. It is his, as it is Vernon Vane's first dinner there, and Hal means violently vexing that it shall be the last; the ready smile dazzles him, Maud's half-baited him, too, and his own temptations madden him. But his sulky face lightens as Vernon Vane bends over him and looks down at the scrapbook.

"Well, Hal," he says, with a quiet smile, "are you quite absorbed in it?"

"Nothing," says Hal, in a gasp; "no, never! but anything is better to look at than to sit listening to this stupid music. Aren't you sorry you came, Mr. Vane? You can't care for this sort of thing?"

"I am not sorry I came, Hal," says Vernon Vane, and he glances at Jeanne, who is talking to Mr. Fitzjames.

"Then I am," retorts Hal; "I'm bored to death here, and then the Latin grammar. Why don't you come sometimes—play speculation, or something?"

"Cards are tabooed on these occasions," says Vernon Vane, with a smile.

"All the better for the cards, then," responds Hal. "All I say is that if this sort of thing comes of being rich, I'm glad we're poor, for all Jeanne may say."

Vernon Vane bends lower, and turns over the pages of the scrapbook.

"Does Jeanne wish to be rich?" he asked, quietly.

"I suppose so. She is always talking about what one could do with money—why ever she gets it and what you could see. I tell her she ought to marry Mr. Fitzjames and try it."

"And what does she say to that?" asks Vernon Vane.

"Oh, I don't know," says Hal, carelessly. "Look at him now, Mr. Vane. Isn't he an idiot?"

At this moment the Honorable Fitzjames is bending over Jeanne with his most fascinating smile, his white hand resting lightly on her waist, and Jeanne is looking up, astounded, smiling.

Vernon Vane looks across at them and smiles grimly.

"Your sister does not seem to think so," he says.

Hal grunts.

"Women will forgive any amount of stupidity in the son of an earl," he says, with precocious wisdom.

"So it seems," says Vernon Vane.

"You're here because she's under his breath," here's Georgina going to give notice! She'll strum away for a quarter of an hour! It's awful! I say, Mr. Vane, why don't you play or sing? Do it! I'm tired of such a relief. I'll ask Mrs. Lambton to sing." He looks at them.

"Not for a kingdom," says Vernon Vane, emphatically, and he lays his hand upon the boy's arm. There is a momentary struggle, and Jeanne, attracted by the sight of her brother, intervenes, saying Mrs. Fitzjames dangling his spectacles.

"What is the matter?" she says, dropping her white hand on Hal's shoulder.

"We're both bored to death, Jeanne!" says Hal, in a whisper, "and I want Mr. Vane to play or sing, and he won't!"

Jeanne looks up, and then down again at Hal.

"Are you so bored?" she says, addressing Vernon Vane.

"I did not say so," he replies.

"You are sorry you came?" she says.

"They are so far from the rest that they cannot be overheard in the din with Georgina is making at the piano. Very kind of her," he answers.

A great deal of Miss Lambton, to ask permission of Miss Lambton, to ask permission of Jeanne looks at him with her questioning gaze.

"And still you are sorry that you came, why did you come?"

"It was one of those straightforward questions; one that Vernon Vane finds difficult to answer as he looks into the frank eyes expectant of a reply.

Jeanne looks around the room, thoughtful.

"It is a change for me," she says. "It is all so bright and gay, and it is so quiet at home."

"You like brightness and gaiety—it's only natural," he says.

"There is something in its tone, a twitch of regret, that brings Jeanne's eyes upon it again.

"Is it wrong?" she asks. "If you had lived all your life at the Gate House, would you all like a change? Is it wrong to wish to be rich?"

"Do you wish to be rich?" asks Vernon, watching her face.

"Yes," says Jeanne, with a little candid laugh. "It must be delicious! Think of it! I should have money to spend! Oh, yes, it must be nice to be rich!"

A slight shade, almost too slight to be perceptible, crosses Vernon Vane's handsome face. Is the child already grown into woman?

"Tell me," he says, "what would you do if you were rich—as rich as Mr. Lambton, say?"

Jeanne laughs softly. It sounds like an idle question, and he answers lightly: "I should like to see the portrait of the man who gave the Nancy Bell painted and have her new sail; then I'd build a big house with a laboratory for Uncle John—and then, whichever one could go, and what one could see. Where do you know I have never been to London?"

Vernon Vane smiles.

"No," says Jeanne, and she leans against the half-open French window, and turns her face up to the moon that shone dimly on the soft spring sky. "No, I haven't yet lived, and I don't like it." Mr. Fitzjames says so; he says that I have been asleep, and living in dreamland here at Newton Regis; is that true? Is the world so very different from what I know at home?"

Vernon Vane folds his arms and leans back, with a frown on his forehead.

"Mr. Fitzjames appears to think so," he says, and says: "and, at any rate, he is asleep."

Jeanne speaks up with faint surprise at the touch of sternness in his voice.

"But go on," he says, "you have not told me half of what you would do if you were rich?"

"I don't know," says Jeanne, with a smile. "there was the big house—ah, then, I would get some dresses. Do you know?"—and she holds out her arms toward him with a frank little smile—"that is all I want for frocks!"

He looks at her, takes in at a glance the exquisite, supple grace of her attitude, which, unknown to her, has thrown that soft, dark dress into clinging, graceful folds; and his eyes light up and smile.

"It is a very pretty dress," he says.

Jeanne laughs.

"But one gets tired of it, you see, just as one gets tired of Newton Regis, pretty as it is. Oh, yes, it must be nice to be rich—to see what you think so?"

He smiles.

"How scandalous a poor artist knew anything about it. Miss Jeanne? Now, Mr. Fitzjames could tell you, perhaps—he is the one to ask!"

"Oh, yes," says Jeanne misnigely; "he has been telling me about Castle Fort, his father's place; and about the opera, and the London balls, and the theatres; and of which I must see, he says, before I was married to him."

She laughs softly, unconscious of the dark cloud which has settled upon her companion's brow.

"Mr. Fitzjames' words are the words of wicked-woman's wit," he said, "and in due time you will see London, and find happiness."

Jeanne laughs and shakes her head.

"That is not at all likely. Hal will go to London and to college, because he is a boy, and still he will be there, and I shall remain at Newton Regis, asleep all my life, making uncle's toast and sailing the Nancy Bell."

Vernon Vane looked at her with a curious, doubtful scrutiny. There was a wild, almost sad, reflection upon him on her beautiful face. What had come over the spirit of her dreams? What did the slight gleam across her half-parted lips portend?

Vernon Vane stepped out on the balcony and paced up and down in silence, asking himself these questions. A few weeks ago he had found her a girl—a child, playing at snowballs with her brother, laughing at the bright laughter of a restless heart, and his lips and now—Had the life chatter of a London flirt changed her?

A voice sounded behind—the Honorable Mr. Fitzjames had come up behind him.

Vernon Vane turned, and the exquisite

"The girls, drawing tones murmured in the ears of the girls, and they filled the listener with annoyance and irritation. Suddenly Jeanne went back into the room, and she saw the ingenuously stepped out on the balcony with aawn.

"Hullo!" he said, catching sight of Vane's tall figure leaning over the railing, "getting a breath of fresh air, or resting your eyes, Vane?"

Vane was worthy of remark that the tone and manner in which Clarence Fitzjames addressed men were very different to those which he used when conversing with the fair sex. To Vane his manner was slightly patronizing, the early age of the ingenuous painter, though he was quite wise enough to see that Vane was a gentleman, and sometimes was rather nonplussed by the quiet, high bred air of the artist.

"You're coming home," he said, "it's enough to blind one, isn't it?" He went on, lounging over the balustrade. "It gives me an attack of dyspepsia, sometimes, although I am no artist. To you, you know all about proper colors and tints, and the blaz of crimson and metal and crimson must be quite too unendurable."

Vernon Vane's lips curled.

"I should scarcely have thought you felt the superabundance of color so keenly."

The Honorable Clarence looked around at him.

"Because I'm here so often, you mean," he said coolly, "perhaps it suits my purpose, my good fellow; besides, it's rather amusing; the old boy is good fun with his bad grammar and his pomposity, and there's a decent cook; the girls are a—er—an awful bore, but there's been something of the dancer in the other one put in an appearance." By Jove! she's a perfect find in a place like this. Wh'd' guess that such a hole as this could produce such a thoroughbred specimen? It's a shame she should be born to blush under the influence of her ownness on—the what do you call it—desert air, you know."

"Are you speaking of Miss Bertram?" said Vernon Vane, grimly.

"Of course," assented the Honorable Mr. Maud or Georgina?"

"Scornfully. "No! I wish, by George, they were, either of them, a patch upon her! I'd make up my mind then, it's better difficult to do this while Jeanne is by Jove! I'd never then than he's trying to swallow a dose of medicine to have a glass of champagne stuck at this end. He's likely to toss down the medicine bottle, and leave the medicine alone away. By Jove, she's too charming. And her brother badly hit, my dear fellow!"

Vernon Vane still stares at the view with his hands in his pockets.

The Honorable Clarence waved.

"You don't seem to sympathize, Vane; don't go in for this sort of thing, perhaps? By George, I'm rather glad you won't, for I should be inclined to be jealous of the fellow who would be rather a favorite, teaching her brother and all that sort of thing, you know, eh?"

Still Vernon Vane does not speak, but leans over the balcony and peers into the shrubbery lying some distance beneath.

"I caught a cigarette here, I suppose," mutters the Honorable Clarence, languidly. "Yes," he continues, watching the thin cloud of smoke as it floats away from the spring air; "yes, she's very tempting, and if I ever might do anything but fling her her handkerchief and settle down... But, by Jove, what is a man to do when people have made up their minds that he's to marry for money? The Honorable Clarence has the trouble to choose from "Have a cigarette?" Something that sounds like a curt No!" is the reply.

The Honorable Clarence goes on again.

"If I might do worse; but, after all, don't you see, I've got a love is rather risky, eh? There's a temptation now. By Jove, she's very enticing! wonder what my people would say if I tried to make a fool of myself and marry her?"

Vernon Vane moves slightly and straightens his back.

"What are you looking at down there?" asks the Honorable Clarence.

"I'm wondering," he says, with quiet attentiveness, "whether the woman were a neck."

The Honorable Clarence stares and looks his moustache with an insolent frown.

"Don't know," he says. "Let's go in, and he pitches his cigarette away."

"Yes, I think we had better," assents he other, with a significance which is fully lost upon the self-satisfied Honorable.

Vernon Vane's handsome face looks grimmer as he strides across the room, and looks, as Miss Georgina whispers in sentimental gigue to Jeanne, who has finished her song and is saying good-night to her friend, and proclaims:

"He is very handsome, really, my dear Jeanne!" whispers Georgina, "and quite so charming, don't you think? It's like a play that he's only an artist, and not a real one."

"Is he, is it?" says Jeanne, with a little start, and she raises her eyes to the face that looks, indeed, singularly handsome and noble in contrast with the commonplace countenances of the pill-boxed and powdered women.

"Good-night, dear—dear Jeanne," simmers Georgina and Mand.

"You are quite sure you won't have the carriage?" says Mrs. Lambton, looking at her sister-in-law with dangerous eyes; don't you think so, Mr. Vane?"

"Oh, it is quite warm," says Jeanne; and so they take their departure, the Honorable Clarence accompanying them.

"I'll arrange your cloak, Miss Bertam," he pleads, as they stand upon the steps. Then Jeanne draws away a little, and the Honorable Clarence's hand falls on the Honorable's shoulder instead.

CHAPTER IX.

"Thank goodness that's over!" exclaim-Hal, leaping into the road. "Never again with you, Robin for me, Jeanne. I shall be able to get a drink at the corner of the Park; not that it was a bad one—I don't say that—but it wanted box of Lambert's pills to digest it, and all that glare and glitter."

"Hush, Hush, you shoudn't say such things. It was very kind to ask you—a boy."

"Oh, very much," says Hal, the incredulous look of that sort of kind-ling would be enough to make any man, Mr. Vane!" And he clings to Jeanne Vane's arm.

It is one of those nights when one feels the smile of the coming summer in

the air, and hears the music of her breath among the trees, through which the stars shine like the shimmer of diamonds in a woman's hair.

Jeanne looks up and draws a long breath, and Vernon Vane, looking down, watches the rapt beauty of her face.

"You are very beautiful in many ways," but whether her beauty night or Jeanne's upturned face, he did not explain.

"Beautiful!" echoes Jeanne, in a whisper, and in her eyes shines the shadow of happiness which knows no past. To Jeanne the spring brings no memory of sorrow, of bitterness, or disappointment.

She cannot tell why, but that spirit of unrest which fell upon her an hour ago has vanished, and she feels at peace.

"You are the first," she says, "I never saw lovely in the spring!" she says to Vernon Vane; "but wait for the summer!"

"The summer," he says, looking far away ahead. "Yes—perhaps—I am afraid I will not be here in Newton to see the summer."

He speaks, as she has done, almost in a whisper, and for a moment Jeanne does not realize the meaning of his words; but when the spring brings no memory of sorrow, and turns her face.

It is not pale, it is not flushed—it is simply startled and wondering—as if she had suddenly heard the solemn tones of a great bell. She looks up at him with the awakened, unaffrighted look while one could count twenty, then her head droops and she sinks in measured accents, and her words are falling low and distinct:

"Are you coming down from the mountains?"

Vernon Vane looks down moodily, with his hands thrust into the pockets of his dress overcoat. He has not seen the sudden, startled look, he does not know anything but the slow, sweet, accents of the musical voice.

(To be continued.)

PALE, FEEBLE GIRLS

A Great Responsibility Rests Upon Mothers of Frowning Girls

A great and serious responsibility rests upon every mother whose daughter is passing the threshold of girlhood into womanhood. She is at a critical, and if she is to be a healthy, happy woman, she must develop rightly now. She must not be pale, sunken-eyed, nervous, languid and bloodless at this time. She must have additional strength and health, pure blood to help her to strong, healthy womanhood. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new, rich, healthy-giving blood, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every pill helps to make rich, life-giving blood, that brings strength to every organ in the body and the glow of health to pale, sorrow-choked. Thousands of pale, anemic girls in all parts of Canada have been made well and strong throughout the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Rachel Johnson, Heford, N. S., says: "As a result of overstudy in college, the health of my daughter, Ellen, became so feeble that she was almost perpetually nervous, was pale and thin, and suffered from most severe headaches. We had no appetite and notwithstanding all we did for her in the way of food, and medicine, her suffering continued, and I began to feel that her life was hopeless. Indeed I began to fear her mental powers were failing, for one of my friends strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I thought it was worth a try, I bought a box to help her for a supper and found that the pills for less than a month, we saw that her vigor was returning, and in less than three months her health was fully restored. Considering the fact that she had been ill for two years, and that her doctor's treatment did not succeed, I think her case speaks volumes for the wonderful merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

It is the new blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give to the whole system, the secret of their great power to cure diseases. That is the reason these pills cure anaemia, heart palpitation, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, neuritis, kidney troubles, and a host of other ailments. But be sure you have the pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, write direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Worcester, Ont., and the name will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

LIFE HANGS ON THE MINUTES.

Time saving is one of the most important considerations in all surgery. A major operation lasting more than an hour and a half entails an additional danger; in operations of long duration the chances of recovery are comparatively small. This is due to shock, to the cumulative effect of anæsthetic, to the loss of blood and to lowered temperature of the patient's temperature by the exposure of internal organs to the air. Because of this the best surgeons work with a mechanical precision and economy of motion. Everything is ready before the operation commences, an assistant is at hand to look after the details of anæsthesia, work, such as holding back the tissues of the incision, adjusting the ligatures, etc.; an expert in anæsthesia watches the patient and watches the patient's pulse and respiration and orders the pulse and respiration to be devoted wholly to one point, and a deft nurse, in the use of every instrument, chemical and chemical preparation, is at hand to do anything that is required in a word—sometimes the surgeon's shifting instruments already filed in order of their probable use.

Two visiting surgeons, at one of the New York hospitals, got a markedly interesting percentage of mortality in the common abdominal operation of the appendix. What is the difference between the operations? I asked one of the use staff in attendance.

"About twenty minutes," he said, smiling.

"—Samuel Adams Hopkins, in *McClure's*.

A Hall Cane Joke.

Mr. Hall Cane, in opening up a banquet at the New York City Hotel, recently made a neat little speech and then, to the amusement of the smaller, a friend boy named Willie came forward, a small, timid boy and asked his address.

"Well, my name I must do." "Oh," replied the speaker, "I am glad to hear you are a boy. You look like a hand gently, put your hand in the water." "Not quite like," answered the boy, "I am a girl."

"Well, my name I must do," he said, "I am glad to hear you are a girl."

**MODERN CLOWNS A
WONDER.**

[illegible]

his head in his bald wig, and presses a bulb in produce the shower.

The clown rehearses four weeks before the circus goes on tour the art of being funny, and he rehearses every morning to keep in practice and keep up with the times. When he isn't rehearsing or performing his own act he is more likely to be seen as a clown, wearing as the front legs of the trick donkey, or the hind legs of the educated giraffe.

GIVE IT ROOM.

Don't Crowd Your Advertisement, is the Expert's Advice.

Many buyers of advertising space make the mistake of trying to get more than the worth of their money in type. The reading public is always looking for advertisement, it's force of habit whether they want to just at that particular moment or not, but they are not looking for inches of solid reading matter set in such small type that only a person of exceptional eyesight or with a very strong pair of glasses could read it through.

Small solid type and white space are very much more attractive and will always be so than any small type that can be used in an advertisement. The public don't read one advertisement set small where they read ten that are clear, brief and attractive.

Just because a man pays \$500 for half a page of advertising space is no reason why he need to put 3,000 words on that same space when 500 words or less would do the same and tell it better. No person cares to read through a long drawn out story to find in the end that the same thing could have been told in a half dozen sentences.

And besides, what is the good of putting the advertisement in a paper with a large circulation if the advertisement is written in such a way that less than 10 per cent. of the readers ever attempt to read it? The sight of thirty minutes' tedious reading in an advertisement will discourage more people than are interested they may be in the article advertised.

Even supposing a man does pay for a few inches of white space, that is not the best type, he is not losing any money, for the brief, well displayed adv. is one that the public reads and the adv. that is read is the one that will bring the returns.

Get to the point immediately. Tell the people what you want them to know, using only such words as are necessary and don't fool yourself into thinking that you are getting more for your money when you pay for expensive space containing in all the words in the dictionary.

Mere words are never convincing and advertising space is only expensive when the advertisement is not read.—White's Sayings.

HAPPY DAYS FOR BABY.

The healthy child is a happy child. All its little troubles vanish when it is digesting its food well and is free from childish ailments. The greater part of these troubles, feverishness, teething and colic, Baby's Own Tablets can cure. In these cases, and when children are restless at night they always give sound, refreshing sleep. Mrs. A. McPage, St. Florence, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have given me marvelous results in the case of my two youngest children. He was nervous, troubled with colic and badly constipated, but after giving the Tablets he began to improve at once and is now in good health. I also gave the Tablets to my one year old boy who was troubled with worms, and they cured him as well. Both children are now the picture of health, and I am always praising the tablets to my friends." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any drug store, or direct from the manufacturer, a box by writing the "Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CARE OF THE STRAWBERRY PLANTATION.

By H. S. Pearl.

(Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College.)

May is the best month for planting strawberries. As soon as possible after setting the ground should be cultivated to a depth of about two inches in order to loosen up the soil. Cultivation should be continued at intervals of about ten days during the summer, so that a fine sandy earth mulch may be cultivated and the weeds held in check. Runners should be cut much more quickly in loose soil than in that which is uncultivated. Any blossoms which may appear should be pinched out before the first frost. During the winter season weaners should be cut, and reduce the crop for the succeeding year. The first runners should be permitted to grow, as the earlier the runners root the longer the plants will be. An average of eight or ten plants from each one cut should give a row sufficiently thick for a good yield of fruit. Late formed runners should be cut off because they form plants too weak to be of any value, and they also draw nourishment from the plants already formed.

Mulching is of first importance in strawberry culture. As soon as the ground becomes frozen fairly hard in the fall one desires to show a few inches of mulch of straw manure or manure hay. This will protect the ground from the alternate freezing and thawing, which leaves the plants out of the soil, breaks the roots and causing reduced yields. Then about the middle of November, on a cloudy day, the mulch should be raked off the rows into the paths between. As the fruiting season approaches, more mulch should be put over the rows, and in the following spring moisture and to keep the sand off the berries and the pickers.

It is seldom advisable to harvest more than one crop from a plantation, but if one desires to show a few more the second year, the old rows should be narrowed down to about six inches, the weeds and any of the old plants taken out, and just enough old plants left to start a new stand. Keep a ground well cultivated to the ground the second year, runners, the plants which will bear the next season's crop. Then mulch again in the fall the same as the previous year.

Love may be blind, but it will generally find a way.

PALE, FEEBLE GIRLS

A Great Responsibility Rests on Mothers of Growing Girls

A great and serious responsibility rests upon every mother whose daughters are using the time-tested blood into womanhood. She is a caregiver, and if she is to be a healthy, happy woman, she must develop rightly now. She must not be pale, sunken-eyed, sallow-skinned, and listless. To be a mother, she must have additional strength and rich, pure blood to help her to strong, healthy womanhood. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new, rich, life-giving blood into the system, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every pill helps to make rich, life-giving blood, that brings strength to every organ in the body and the glow of health to pale, sallow cheeks. Thousands of women, of all ages, of all climes, of all countries have been made well and strong through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Rachel Johnson, Hemford, N. S., says: "As a result of overstudy in school, the health of my daughter, Ellen, became greatly impaired. She grew extremely nervous, was pale and thin, and suffered from most severe headaches. She had no appetite and notwithstanding we did our best for her in every way, medical attendance and all other means failed, and I began to feel that her condition was hopeless. Indeed I began to fear her mental powers were failing. One of my friends strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was willing to do anything that might help her I sent for a supply. After using the pills for less than a month, we saw that her vigor was returning, and in three months her health was fully restored. She is now as healthy as she had been all for two years, and that doctor's treatment did her not one particle of good, I think her cure speaks volumes for the wonderful merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." The new blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make, is the whole secret of their great power to cure diseases. That is the reason these pills cure all the troubles of the head, nerves, and backaches, rheumatism, indigestion, kidney troubles, and a host of her ailments due to bad blood and weak nerves. But be sure you have the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills full name, and the name of the "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills" wrapper around each box. If you will, write direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the name will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

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Two visiting surgeons, at one of the New York hospitals, got a markedly varying percentage of mortality in a common abdominal operation. One of the visiting surgeons, between the two operations? I asked of one of the staff in attendance.

"About twenty minutes," he said, seriously.—Samuel Adams Hopkins, in *McClure's*.

A Hall Caine Joke.

Mr. Hall Caine, in opening up a bazaar for Mrs. Caine, recently, made a neat little speech and told a funny story, favoring of a little of the style of his own. He said, "A smaller friend Jim and asked his audience to tell me what I must do." "Oh," replied Jim, "take her hand gently, put your fingers in her hair, and say, 'My dear, the water.' " "Not fairly lively," answered the audience, "but lively enough." "In that case," said Jim, "just shove her in."

HAPPY DAYS FOR BABY.

The healthy child is a happy child. All its little troubles vanish when it is digesting its food well and is free from childish ailments. The greater part of all diseases arise from stomach and bowel troubles, fever, indigestion and worms. Baby's Own Tablets act like magic in these cases, and when children are unwell at night they always give a good answer at night. Mrs. A. LePage, St. Florence, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets had marvellous results in the case of my two month's' old baby. He was very nervous, fretful, fussy and badly constipated, but after giving the Tablets he began to improve at once and is now in good health. I also gave the Tablets to my five year old boy who was troubled with worms. They cured him as well. Both children are now the picture of health, and I am always praising the tablets to my friends." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or direct by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CARE OF A STRAWBERRY PLANTATION.

By H. S. Peart.

(Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College.)

May is the best month for planting strawberries. As soon as possible after the ground has been cultivated to a depth of about two inches in order to loosen up the soil. Cultivation should be continued at intervals of about ten days during the summer, so that a fine crust of earth will be maintained and the weeds held in check. Runners root much more quickly in loose soil than in that which is uncultivated. Any blossoms which may appear should be pinched out before the first frost sets in. An average season weakens the plant and reduces the crop for the succeeding year. The first runners should be permitted to grow, but the earlier the runners root the better. The planter should select from eight or ten plants from each one that should give a row sufficiently thick for a good yield of fruit. Late formed runners should be pulled out because they form plants too weak to be of any value, and they also draw nourishment from the plants already formed.

Mulching is of first importance in strawberry culture. As soon as the ground becomes frozen fairly hard in the fall, the plants should be covered with mulch of straw, manure or marsh hay. This will protect the ground from the alighting and freezing of the snow, which leaves the plants out of the soil, banks up their roots and causing reduced yields. Then about the middle of April, preferably on a cloudy day, the mulch should be raised and the plants left in the paths between. As the fruiting season approaches, more mulch should be put between the rows, to assist in holding the temperature and to keep the sand off the fruit.

It is seldom advisable to harvest more than one crop from a plantation, but one desires to take a crop the second year the ground should be narrowed down to about six inches, the runners of many of the old plants taken out, and just enough old plants left to start a new stand. Keep the ground well cultivated enough to keep the formation of new runners, the plants which will bear the next season's crop. The mulch again in the fall the same as the previous year.

Love may be blind, but it will generally find a way.