as she was supposed to have done?" snarled the colone!, gallantly. "I shall just do as I like, and I'm not going to be dictated to in my own home."

But he went and wrote a note to Mr. Croddock in almost the identical words dictated by Julie

dictated by Julia.
Which note old Craddock dutifully

handed over to Miss Mazurka.

"All right," said that astute young lady. "Now you go down to Deercombe and get that Wold ready, and mind, not a word to anyone!"

Old Craddock, vowing obedience, went

down to Deercombe and set a small army of charwomen and decorators to work, and in half an hour's time the news that the Wold was being got ready reached the colonel, and, all on the qui vive, down he came.

"What's all this nonsense about my ward, Craddock?" he demanded, rushing into the hall, where the old man stood

in the midst of the confusion.

"Nonsense, colonel? It's the truth!"
said old Craddock, peering at him side-That poor girl we saw wasn't Miss Ohmsby at all. Thank Heaven, she's alive and well." and he cast up his eyes to the celing in pious gratitude. "Oh, you've seen her, have you? Where

Yes, I've seen her, colonel, and she's among friends.

nong friends."
"And is that all you're going to tell
ie?" demanded the colonel, wrathful"Please to remember that I'm her

Old Craddock drew the colonel's letter from his pocket and showed his teeth in

"You've renounced that guardianship, rollve renotinced that guardiansmp, colonel," he said, leering up at him. "Best ask no questions and make no fuss. I've had my orders, and I mean to stick to them," he added, resolutely. "Miss Joan's come to life again, and you've washed your hands or her, and there's an end of it."

'Oh, is there? We'll see!" exclaime! "Yes, I think you'll see," remarked old Craddock, significantly; "and if the sight don't open your eyes wide," he add-

ed, as the colonel bounced up and down "my name isn't Craddock." "I don't know what you mean, and I don't care. As to washing my hands of her, I don't know much about that! But a girl who's disgraced herself as Joan Ormsby has can't be expected to be taken back into a respectable family. My daughters wouldn't stand it!"

"Very good, Colonel Oliver—very good," said Craddock, grinning. "I'll tell Miss Ormsby what you say when I see

"So you may," snapped the colonel. And so Lord Villiars is coming back,

"I didn't say so. Now don't go and say I said so," said Craddock, fearfully; "hecause I didn't."
"What are you making all this fuss and getting the place ready for, then."

lemanded the colonel. "I'm getting it ready for the owner," 'And that's Lord Villiars," said the

colonel. "Well, it's time he came back.
I've got no quarrel with him."
"Although he ran away with your ward," slyly remarked the old man.
"That's his business and her fault,"

said the colonel, coloring.
"I daresay; anyway, it isn't mine," ereaked Craddock. "I've got my orders, and I'm going to carry 'em out."

this out of him ,and went away, fuming | position. and storming, to carry the news to the

girla. The dependent of the Olivers, as had fled from their tyrauny, we turning as the mistress of the wild hope. "He's coming to settle down and the owner of all the Arrowfield pro-

now, papa, depend upon it." colonel succred. "He's going to be married to an actress—a Misa Mazurka," he said, signifi-

contly.

"Oh, that's newspaper rumor," said
Julia, impatiently. "He's single at pre-

Julia, impatiently. "He's single at present anyhow; and, papa, we shall want a fittle money for new dresses." Which remark sent the colonel grum

bling and snarling back to his club with the fear of Miss Mazurka before his eyes, old Craddock urged the work-men at the Wold in such good earnest that even they, who were supposed to be the slowest of Devonshire men, suc-

in getting the old place into something like order. blazed in the huge hall, for the weather was still chilly, though the spring sun shone through the painted oriel window and ht up the splendor of the gilded carving and the tattered flags which de-pended from the vaulted roof.

All Deercombe was in a state of the catest excitement and curiosity, adies piqued to fever heat by the abso bute lack of information, for old Grad-dock had kept his counsel in a manner to win the approbation even of Miss Ma

was generally understood Lord Villiars was coming down-for where else. Indeed, should these preparations be made? But was he down alone or with a party? Had he married, and was he going to bring his

wife with him? Old Craddock had engaged a small aff of servants, but to none of them

did he vouchsafe any information.

They were to be in readiness to receive someone on Monday, and that was Meanwhile Bertie and Miss Mazurka

were carrying out their conspiracy with the greatest pains.
On Saturday she went to Joan, and in

her impulsive way, exclaimed, "How long will it take you to pack

Joan smiled gravely. "Falf an hour, Why?"

Because we are going to take a jour ney" asked Joan, while finily stood open mouthed and

"Go where?—go and drown yourselves is she was supposed to have done?" like that!" for Joan had flushed and inried the colone!. gallantly. "I shall just do as I like, and I'm not going to be dictated to in my own home."

But he went and wrote a note to Mr. Proddock in almost the identical words lictated by Julia.

Which note old Craddock dutifully anded over to Miss Mazurka.

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"All right," said that astute young ady. "Now you go down to Deercombe and get that Wold ready, and mind, not word to a very server."

Mazurka. "Now, don't start and look in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan had flushed and in the like that!" for Joan genity. "And does he wish me to go there?"

"Of ccurse he does," responded Miss Mazurka. "He and I are working hand in hand in this business. He sent me here to-day. Why shouldn't you go down to the Wold?—it's your own place!"

place!"

Joan shook her head. "Not yet," she said. "It still belongs to-Lord Villiars."

"No it doesn't," said Miss Mazurka sharply. "He relinquishes his claim to it. He's seen the lawyers, and he is perfectly satisfied—"
"That—that I am Joan Armsby, Lord

Arowfield's granddaughter?"
"No," said Miss Mazurka, slowly. "He thinks it is Miss Ida Trevelyan; doesn't know that the heiress is called Joan Ormsby."

Joan went to the window. "I will do as you wish; I don't understand what it is you are doing—"
"But you will on Monday!" said
Miss Mazurka, coaxingly. "I'll explain
everything on Monday, not that it will
want much explaining. And you will go down by the mail train to-morrow

"I and Emily," said Joan, putting her arm round Emily's waist.

"Emily, of course," said Miss Mazurka. "And I'll come too, if I may?"

"Certain'y!" said Joan, with a smile.

"We should not know what to do without our directress!"

"Very well, then," said Miss Maz-urka. "Pack up your things and leave the matter to me. Don't ask any ques-tions and you'll hear no stories; for if you did ask questions I should certainly tell all sorts of fibs."

Joan smiled rather sadly.

"I will not ask anything, and I will do as you and Lord Bertie wish till Monday; after that——" and she paus-

"You shall be your own mistress and do as you like," said Miss Mazu ka;
"that's a bargain," and off she weut.
Emily clapped her hands and struck an attitude

It's better than a play," she exclaimed. "Oh, Ida, fancy me going down to your ancestral home! How delightful it must be! I've never even seen such place as the Wold must be-off the stage; and now I'm going there as the friend of the owner. I hope I hall be-have myself. They say the servants at

these grand places are awfully sharp and rude if you are not quite the gentle-"I don't expect there will be any ser vants there," said Joan. "We shall go down and see it, just to please Miss Mazurka, and come back straight to Vernon Crescent. But if there are any servants there I don't think they will be sharp or rude to my Emily, or the will meet with more than their match! The three girls went down by the

mail train. Joan was very thoughtful during the journey.

She was going back to Deercombeto Deercombe, in which she had spent so many sad, and a few-very few -

happy days.
What would the Olivers say when they saw her and heard the news? ing to carry 'em out."

Her brain grew confused and bewildered as she tried to realize her altered

She who had been the drudge dependent of the Olivers, she who

perty But she thought little of this; every mile that lessened the distance between her and the place drow her thoughts towards Stuart Villiars.

It seemed at one moment an age since she had walked on the cliffs with him and listened to his impassioned plead-

At the next it was as if only a week or two had passed and all that had oc-curred since their parting was the nase-

less fabric of a dream. Where was he now, she wondered, and should she ever see him again? They reached the station in the ear; morning, and found a closed carrage

awaiting them.
So secretly had Miss Mazurka matured her plans that not a soul in the place knew that the visitors for whom the Wold had been prepared had actually arrived; and as the young lady, as she passed from the platform to the carriage, wore a thick veil, the porters did not recognize Miss Joan Ormsby.

In silence and suppressed excitement the three were driven up the stately ave nue, and the carriage stopped at the

great door.
Old Craddock came out and, with timid look at Miss Mazurka, received them with fawning serv ity.

No servants were drawn up, but a footman and a maid conducted the 'ades to the drawing-room. Joan lifted her veil and looked ver proud, with a sense of unreality and de

The place was alight with the mor ng sun, fires burned in the huge grates, he steps and voices of servants could be heard in the hall and corridors, the Wold had awakened from its long sleep. At last Emuy, who had been staring bout her with eyes as wide as saucers, gave vent to her amazement and admir ion in an awed tone:
"Ch! and—and this is really yours

"Yes, it is really hers!" said Miss Ma

"Oh, it's beautiful, lovely! Oh, grandr than anything they put on the stage, ven," said Emily, in a hushed whisper. "Why, I'm afraid to speak above m breath! And this all belongs to Ida-Joan, I mean! It's like a dream! Oh, "To Decreembe Wold," replied Miss do you think the servents will mind?"

Joan smiled rather sadly as she put SHE LEARNED FROM her arm round the little waist,
"The servants won't mind, Emily," she
said. "Yes, we will go and look over it."
Mr. Craddock entered, bowing and HER LITTLE GIRL

craping.
"Breakfast is served, Miss Ormsby,"

"Very well," said Joan, quietly, as if she had been used to such state and homage all her life, as Emily inwardly noted. "We will come directly. Let us go and look over the house, Emily."

"I've done everything right. I've car-ried out your instructions to the letter, Miss Mazurka!" said old Craddock, rubbing his hands nervously and looking up at her from his small, ferrety eyes. "I hope you will find everything satisfac-tory—"

"I hope so-for your sake," said Miss Mazurka, sharply. "Yes, so far you have done your duty. But mind, make one slip and you are lost!"
"I'm aware of that,' croaked the old

man; 'and I'm careful; you'll find me a most trustworthy—"
"And these Olivers—they have no suspicion of Miss Ormsby's real posi-

"Not the faintest," said Craddock. They think it is Lord Villiars who is coming down. The colonel was here the other day trying to pump me, but"—with a grin—"I'm a dry well when I like, Miss Mazurka. Oh, I understand your little game, I beg your pardon, your admirable scheme, and I'm as silent

as the grave" "Or a prison cell on the silent system," said Miss Mazurka.

The old man winced.

"You're not going to be hard on an ald man who has seen the error of his ways and is doing his best to carry out our wishes, miss?" he pleaded.
"No, I won't be hard, but I'm not quite soft either," retorted Miss Mazurka. "Now, you send up to Colonel Oliver and those two girls and tell them to come down here in an hour's time. No, don't send, the servant will chatter and let something out. Go yourself!"
"Very well, miss. Trust me. This is
a part of the job I like," and he went

off with a sinister grin.

Then the three girls went round the house escorted by a neat maid who in formed Joan that she had been engaged Emily's powers of expressing admiration were now exhausted, and she clung to Joan's arm, staring about her open-

eyed and open-mouthed. "It's all too wonderful!" she exclaim ed, at last, with a little sigh. I thought only kings and princes lived in a palace like this. And it all belongs to you! I shall never get it out of my head-1 shall dream of it for weeks! Oh, if Mr. Giffard could only see it, what a scene

he'd be able to make!'

Joan smiled rather sadly; she did not appear to take very much pleasure in the grand old place, and with a little sigh she said:

"Let us go down to breakfast now." Here again Emily was overwhelmed by the sight of the rich plate and old cut glass, which nearly outshone the sil-

ver. It was almost impossible to eat in the state of excitement which had to be carefully suppressed before the stately butter and the grave footmen, and in addition to the excitement there hung over all there a feeling of suspense and expectancy.
What was Miss Mazurka's scheme

leading up to? An hour afterward a ily drove up to the hall door, and Emily ran to the win-

"Oh, Joan, dear, who are these?" she exclaimed. "There's such an elegant, swellish old gentleman with an eyeglass and two old-young girls got up to kill at sight."

Joan moved up to the window, then

drew back and turned pale. "It's Colonel Oliver, my guardian, and his daughters," she murmured, and her

bis daughters," she murmured, and her breath came in little pants.

"All right, my dear," said Miss Mazurka, rising and nodding confidently; "I sent for them. I'll just go and see of the New York Hippodrome this

you."

The Olivers had been shown into the library, the two girls all in a flutter of excitement and beaming with smiles at receiving an invitation to call so quickly after Lord Villiars' supposed arrival; and the colonel, stiff as a poker in his stays and with his extra-varnished manner full on, advanced, as the door slow-ly opened, with extended hand.

He stopped short and stared at seeing a handsome young lady, with big-black eyes, instead of Stuart Villiars, and, sticking his eyeglass in his eye, turned for an explanation to Craddock who, with his hands behind his back, stood surveying the group sardonically. "Colonel Oliver, I believe?" said Miss

Mazurka, composedly. "Yes, madam, I am he," said the colonel. "And you are—good heavens! is it possible that Lord Villiars is mar-

ried? "It isn't possible," said Miss Mazur "My name is Mazurka. You may have heard of me. I am a friend of Lord Villiars, and I asked you to call that I might tell you of a change in his circumstances which I thought would interest you."

The colonel bowed, the two girls gaped curiously and suspiciously.
"You are an old friend of Lord Villiars," continued Miss Mazurka. "I believe that there was a slight suspension of your friendship."
"Yes—ahem!— most unfortunate

ahem!-but actually owing to the conduct of a-er!-a ward of mine.' "A Miss Ormsby?" said Miss Mazur "Yes-er-a, I regret to say-vour

person who has so misconducted herself that I have been compelled to disown her," explained the colonel, eagerly.

"So I have heard," said Miss Mazurka,
still amiably; "and from what I have
heard of you I must say that such a
course is just what I should have expected from you,"

The colonel bowed and smiled with gratification. You do me honor, madam. I-er-

trust that my friend—very old friend, Lord Villiars—also endorses your opin-"He shall speak for himself," said Miss Mazurka.

"Is he here?" asked the girls, eagerly.
"Not at present," said Miss Mazarka, eyeing them with that calm, cold fixity of scrutiny which she had acquired on

Dame Bouchard found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured Her Daughter's Kidney Disease and She Tried Them Her-self, With the Result That Her Backache and Heart Trouble Are Gone.

Jonquieres, Chicoutimi Co., Que., April 24.—(Special.)—Encouraged by the fact that they completely cured her little girl of Kidney Disease, Dame Jos. Bouchard, of this village, is satisfied she has at last found permanent relief from the heart trouble and backache that have troubled by for so less that troubled her for so long.
"Yes," Dame Bouchard says, in an in-

terview, "I am happy to tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills have made me well. They completely cured my little girl, twelve years old, of kidney disease, so I made up my mind to try them for my backache and heart trouble. I have taken twelve house and feel was the taken

ache and heart trouble. I have taken twelve boxes and feel sure that they will completely cure me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing a great work in this neighborhood. They have yet to find a case of kidney disease they cannot cure. Whether the disease takes the form of Backache, Lumbago, Rheumtism. Urinary Trouble or Bricht's Disease. amtism, Urinary Trouble or Bright's Dis ease, it is all the same to Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure it.

the stage, and which made both wince rather uncomfortably.

"Ahem!—you expect him, I suppose'
I shall be—my daughters and I shall b

his ancestral home!" (To be Continued.)

GERMAN SAVINGS.

People of the Fatherland Put By One Billion Dollars a Year.

When the German Reichstag a few veeks ago discussed the introduction of American securities in that country there was general surprise at the am-

ount of eGrman capital which was shown o be invested in foreign paper.

But the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. But the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Dedbrueck, stated that the people of Germany are saving every year about \$1,000,000,000, and that necessarily a large part of this amount must gabroad to find profitable investment. These sayings go into other avenues besides the mere purchase of securities.

In 1905, according to a writer in Moody's Marazine Comman investment.

Moody's Magazine, German investments in foreign countries, outside of holdings of securities, amounted to about 9.225 millions of marks (2.201.6 millions of dollars), in which the United States and Canada were represented by at least 2,750 millions of marks (\$656,300,000). The holdings of foreign securities were estimated at more than sixteen billions of marks, or some millions less than four hallions.

billions of dollars. The real aggregate of all investments, however, is higher still than these figures express, as not all German participation in commercial or financial enterprises in foreign countries could be taken into account. Scarcely anywhere in the world is a large issue brought out without the German capitalists being invited to participate. Only a short time ago a large Hungarian learn

Hungarian loan was placed in Germany and over-subscribed for several times, a Turkish bond issue of large amount was willingly taken, and just when "the emigration of German capital," as they used to call it over there, was being discussed in connection with the proposed listing of St. Paul shares on the Berlin ex-change, papers reminded the banks that they had to be in readiness for



dictressing manner. An officer of the society for prevention of cruety to Animals demanded that "Tom" be removed "Tom" be removed from the stage. the horse away his foot became well; and, just to show that he wasn't lame "Tom" did a cake-walk and two-step in the

In a cer-

Reeded in Every Family When you have been exposed to and cold, and your muscles are full of pain, nerves are jumping with neuralgia, then you should have ready at hand a bottle of Nerviline. It robs pain of its terrors, gives relief to all suffering, terrors, gives relief to all suffering, brings ease and comfort wherever used. No care or expense has been spared to secure for Nerviline the purest and best materials. It is prepared with a single aim to restore the sick to health. This cannot be said of the preparation that an unscrupulous dealer may ask you to accept instead of Nerviline, so warn you it is the extra profit on in ferior goods that tempts the substitutor. Of him beware. Get Nerviline when you ask for it, then you are sure of a remedy that will cure all aches, strains, swellings and the pains of rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago. Large bottles cost twenty-five cents.

WASTED ENERGY

"I give you my word," said the milk toast philosopher, "that when I dis-covered that the clock I had been careful to wind every night for ten years was an eight-day clock I was inclined to be petulant."—Browning's Magazine.

Shiloh's Cure

We can always greet disappointment with a smile, if it happens to be some fellow's disappointment.

MRS. DARCY'S AFFLICTION. Mrs. Darcy was rich. She was very

In fact she was so rich that it made her sick. She suffered from fatty de-generation of the bank acount. She had been everywhere, she had seen everything, she had done everything. There was nowhere she couldn't go: there was nothing she couldn't de

It bored her to ride and to drive : it bored her to stand up, and it bored her to sit down. It bored her to eat and to drink, and to sleep.

So she sent for the doctor—Dr. Black. He gave her pills. She grew worse. So she sent for a second doctor—Dr. Greene. He gave her powders. She still grew worse.

Greene. He gave her powders. She still grew worse. So she sent for a third doctor — Dr. White. Dr. White was a modern doc-tor, a very modern doctor, an ultramod-sern doctor. ern doctor.

'What is the trouble with you?' said
Dr. White. "Everything!' said Mrs. Dr. White. "Everything! said Mrs. Darcy.
'You have a beautiful home! said Dr. White. 'I'm tired of it,' said Mrs.

Dr. White. "Everything! said Mrs. Darcy.

'You have a beautiful home!" said Mrs. Darcy.

'You have beautiful jewels! said Dr. White. 'I'm tired of them,' said Mrs. Darcy.

'You have beautiful jewels! said Dr. White. 'I'm tired of them,' said Mrs. Darcy.

'You have beautiful face,' said Dr. White. 'I'm tired of it,' said Mrs. Darcy.

'Can you help me?' said Mrs. Darcy.

'Can you help me?' said Mrs. Darcy.

'Can you help me?' said Mrs. Darcy.

'Can try.' said Dr. White.

Mrs. Darcy gave the prescription to her secretary. The secretary gave it to the butler. The butler gave it to the butler. The butler said the said. The maid gave it to the butler. The chemist looked at the scrap of paper, and read what was written on it, appeared very much surprised, and then hended it back to the page. This is no tfor mc. said the chemist. It is for-Mrs. Darcy.

'So the page tork the prescription back to the butler. The butler gave it back to the maid. The maid gave it back to the secretary. And the secretary gave it back to the says it is for you.

'For me!' said Mrs. Darcy. 'The chemist says this is not for him, said the secretary. 'He says it is for you.'

'For me!' said Mrs. Darcy. What a nulsance! I am so bored. I am so weak. I am too tired to read it. You must read it for me. What does it say?'

The secretary looked at the scrap of vaper and became very red in the face. 'What does it say?' demanded Mrs. Darcy. 'Why don't you read it to me?' !-I don't understand it!' said Mrs. Darcy. 'If it is for me. you are not supposed to understand it! If it is for me-I will understand it. Mrs. Darcy, with Dr. White's cempliments. Do something for somebody!'

'What does that mean?' cried Mrs. Darcy, 'If it says,' said the secretary. 'Perscribtion for Mrs. Darcy, with Dr. White's cempliments. Do something for somebody!'

'You have does the words ringing in her ears. saw the words dancing before her eyes.—'Do something for somebody!'

The idea! When she was too sick even to do anything for herself!—Harold Susme". In 'Smart Set.'

In Three

In Three Accidents

It would seem that Zam-Buk, the famihealing balm we hear so highly ous healing balm we hear so highly spoken of everywhere, is particularly useful in the family circle. A report sent by Mrs. E. Davey, 786 Ellice avenue, Winnipeg, will illustrate this. She says: "My little boy, of three, while playing, fell from a high verandah to the ground, cutting his forehead badly. Instead of calling a doctor who would undoubtedly have put in a number of stitches, I bathed the wound well, and applied Zam-Buk. The little fellow, although suffering keenly, soon had relief from his pain. In the course of three weeks, by applying Zam-Buk daily, the wound was nice

Since then I have also used Zam-Buk for a boil which came on my cheek, and which proved very painful and looked unsightly. Zam-Buk soon drew boil to a head and it then quickly ban-

"Another time my baby was scalded on her left thigh and calf of leg with boiling water. Directly it was done I thought to use Zam-Buk, and spreadome on lint, I wrapped up baby's limb. Next morning she rested much easier, and I applied a fresh bandage with Zam-Buk. I kept this I kept treatment up daily, and was rewarded y seeing a great improvement each time dressed the wound. In a very short

space of time the scalds were all nicely healed. "I cannot recommend this wonderful healing preparation too highly for family ise. and I have such great faith in its

healing powers that my house is neve without a box." For all skin injuries and diseases les, eczema, salt rheum and face sores Zam-Buk is absolutely unequalled. box, all druggists and stores, or pos free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto Try Zam-Buk Soap, too! Only price. 25c. tablet.

IN THE FAR EAST. Traffic is suspended on the Pekin-Mugden Railway in Manchuria owing to dangers from the plague. Serum is being freely sent from Germany and Aus-

This fiscal year over \$4,000,000 is be ng expended by the Philippine Bureau of Public Works. The work includes some irrigation and ninety-seven barrio ome frigation and finety-seven parrio chool buildings. On December 31, 1910, Australia had

population of 4,474,000, an increase in en years of about 700,000. The greatest gain, 305,000, was in New South Wales, gain, 305,000, was in New South Wales, followed by Victoria with 127,000.

This season the Mauritius output of cane sugar will be 200,000 ons, with enormous stocks still on the docks.

Prices will probably decline.

A Japanese glassworks in Manchuris is on the cards to compete against Ger-man and Belgian window glass in Man-churia, Corea and China, as far as the Yangtse River, German engineers and factory overseers will be employed at first. The real founder of the undertaking is the president of the Japanese South Manchurian Railway. At present Japan is importing \$1,500,000 worth of foreign glass a year, says our Consul at Coburg, Germany. In the neighborhood of Tientsin, China, are five glass faccories, two of which are in Japanese ands. Another is to be built and will mploy over 1,000 workers. Chinese cool ies are employed, who work for still smaller wages than the Japanese. Siam has about 6,000 acres under to

bacco cultivation.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Use flarsh Purgatives-A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick — but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite sickle, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rhamatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order; that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble.

Don't dose yourself with purgatives as so many people do in the hope that yo ucan put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What you need in the spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the this medicine helps to make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite, and makes tired, depressed menwomen and children bright, active and strong Mr. B. Martin, Deux Rivieres, Que., says: "About a year ago I was all run down. I was pale, weak, and had but little appetite. I also suffered from a severe pain in the back, and though I tried several medicines nothing helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these soon fully restored my health. I can strongly fully restored my health. I can strongly recommend these pills to every weak

person."
Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams for \$2.50 from The Dr. Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Husbands and Wives. Prof. William James, Harvard's bril-

liant psychologist (just died), often il-lustrated a truth with a story. "The most ghastly superstition," Professor James said recently, "has often its base in a ludicrous fact. It is like the case of Jones.

"'Jones,' said a man, 'tells me that his wooden leg pained him horribly last could his wooden leg pain him? "'His wife,' the man explained, 'hit him over the head with it."

"What's the meaning of the Guv-nor giving you his good eigars to smoke?" asked one office boy of another, who was smoking while on duty. "Oh," answered the second youth," "his wife is coming down to touch him for some cash before she goes shopping, and he wants her to think he is out."—London News.

"What do you think of the weather, "Oh, horrible! horrible!" "And how is your wife?"
"Oh, much about the same, thank

Mrs. Quackenness-Am vo' daughtah happily married, Sistah Sagg?

Mrs. Sagg—She sho' is! Bress goodness, she's done got a husband dat's

She-Before we were marired you said was the light of your eyes.

He—Did I? Well, I see now that I was only dazzled.—Boston Transcript. Singleton—Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and re-

penting at leisure?
Wedderly-No, I don't. After a man marires he has no leisure.

Mrs. Youngwed (nervously)—What do Mrs. Youngwed (nervously)—What do you think of my biscuits, dear? Hubby—I never give an off-hand opinion on weighty subjects, my love.
"You never have an argument with

your wife?" ' replied Mr.

"How do you avoid it?"
"I start right in by admitting that I am wholly in the wrong."

Mrs. Goodwun—I wish to select a birthday present for my husband, and I can't think of anything. He doesn't smoke or drink nor go out nights nor

play cards."

The Salesperson-Is he fond of fancy work? Mrs. Benham-Do you remember that it was a bright moonlight night when you proposed to me? Benham—The night might have been

bright, but I wasn't .- Pathfinder. THE INNUITS.

THE INNUITS.

In the Northland, miles and miles away the winters are long and cold, and oftentimes the sun does not shine for months at a time. The land is covered with snow, and the sea with ice. The frost king reigns supreme. He watches over a peopie who calls themselves Innuits, but we term them Eskimos. How short and fat they look in their fur clothes! Their faces are dark and oily, they have small black eyes and straight black hair. They can neither read nor write, but they can on many things that we cannot; for they build their homes, make their garments, obtain all their food, construct tools, weapons, in fact, almost everything an Eskimo uses has to be mads with his own hands. The Innuit is a patient worker.

His home! The children of this country would think it an ideal playhouse—but it is a real home. It is made of snow, not high enough for a person to stand upright. Carefully and patiently the Eskimo cuts out the blocks of snow and puts them together, forming a foundation, and then more blocks until it looks like a hut. Only one small room, no windows, walls and floors of snow. They crawl in the doorway, which is closed with the skin of an animal. At one side of the room is a bed—a bank of snow piled solld against the wall. Over it is thrown the skin of a bear, a fox, or a musk ox, and at night the children fall fast asleep in the warm furs, dreaming, perhaps, of the days when the hunters strong and bold.—Exchange.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cure colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

HIS SIMPLE WAY.

Mrs. Given-"Will you remove the snow for a dollar?"

weary Wille—"Yes'm. Me method is to pray for rain."—Harper's Bazar.

Blobbs—Bjones is a terrible egotist. Slobbs—But he has an impediment in his speech. Blobbs—Yes, but not in his I's.