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you can do a great deal of good in the world by telling your friends about Blue Ribbon beylon Jea.

# The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"The rain is only occasional drops, Preston," Gillian says, impatiently, "and the rain and the wind will do me good! Give me my furs, please," "But you won't walk far ail alone, ma'am?" implores Preston, who had been the pertest of waitingwomen when she entered Miss Deane's service, and is now—to her mistress at least—as affectionate and considerate as the faithful Susan Nipper ever was to gentle Floreace Nipper ever was to gentle Florence Dombey. "You won't go out in them lonely woods, or anywhere far out of sight, will you, ma'ann?" she urges. "Let me come with you, or keep call of you, Miss Deane; do, please."

please."
"I am not going beyond the shrub-bery, Preston." Gillian answers quietly, "and I would rather be alone, thank you."
The cold wind blows in her face,

and the rain patters down now and again from the storm-rent clouds, but Gillian feels the sympathy of the storm, with the surging and beginn storm, with the surging and beating of the other storm pent within her breast, as she walks to and fro in the sheltered shrubbery paths, and the wind howls through the bare the sheltered shrubbery paths, and the wind howls through the bare woodlands beyond, and breaks in a tempest of sound amid the thick-clothed boughs of the great laurels and hollies, and laurestinas that skirt the lawns.

"He insulted me, cruelly, needlessly insulted me," she says over and over to herself in mournful repetition, trying to persuade herself she is strong in pride and indignation against him.

"My love was a valueless, worthless thing to him from the first. He never wanted it, he never wanted me. That

thing to him from the first. He never wanted it, he never wanted me. That wanted it, he never wanted me. That wretched money tempted him awhile at first—he was so poor. Oh. George! I would have given you a world, if I had it, for the least little bit of your love, and thought nothing of the gift! But no money could tempt him to carry out the deception. I am glad of that, though I might have married him happy in my delusion. He could have deceived me easily. I would have been glad to be deceived. I might have been like wife a few short happy months or years, and then died, and never known that he never cared for me!"

At this point, the girl who has come out to nerve herself for cold, proud decision in her future eonduct toward the man who has well-nigh broken her heart, finds herself shedding weak, piteous tears over the fancies of that sweet impossible future which her words have conjured up.

"I am weak, I am a fool, I am a mean, poor, craven thing:" Gillian says, furiously, the hot blush of anger and shame drying the tears on her pale cheeks. "I cannot have one atom of pride and self-respect!" and the tears start once more and blind her as she walks on hurriedly, scarce seeing whither she is going. "He never cared for me! Never! Never! Is not that enough that I must still regret him and grieve for him? Poor, miserable, craven-spirited girl that I am! Oh, George!"

And then the "poor, craven-spirited girl passes lust by that with wretched money tempted him awhile at first —he was so poor. Oh.

Oh, George!"

And then the "poor, craven-spirited gir!" pauses just by that white gate in the shrubbery where she had parted from him that morning long ago, and looks down the long vista of the lonely woodland road with wistful, hopeless eyes. The winds roar and rage through the trees in billows of dreary sound, the cold and gloom of the stormy evening surround her like a pall, the chili rain mingles with the tears that wether sad, fair little face.

Alone in the world—unloved, unprized, uncherished.

"Ah, what shall I be at fifty

what shall I be at fifty Should nature keep me alive, If I find the world so bitter When I am but twenty-five?"

sings the poet.
And alas! and alas! for the wear-And alas' and alas. for the wearisome desert of life, when the roseate mirage of morning is gone, and
all of its fair illusions
and golden bopes—high as heaven—
are vanished away before the sad
eyes of "sweet—and—twenty."

And, meanwhile, through the misty, stormy afternoon, George is returning from Darragh, along the narrow mountain road that winds past the bare uplands and the coverts into the Mount Ossory woodlands.

He has been spending a few hours in the society of his friends— Captain Patrick Bingham Lacy and his newly-wedded wife, in that pleasant and comfortable home which Anne's love has already created for her beloved out of the scant mater-

ant and comfortable home which Anne's love has already created for her beloved out of the scant materials at her command. It is true the new married couple are very poortain lacy knew himself to be in the whole course of his impecunions life. They are so very poor that the gallant ex-captain of laneers is grateful and full of wonderment at possessing the simple comforts of his very simple daily existence.

For Anne's def fingers and clever brain, her abilities and shrewdness, mental and physical resources, are all at the utmost strain of their capacities "to love and to cherish" him whom she has taken until death them do part.

The do part.

The document of the scant material and a sight whom is help to sure in the composition of the removal to remove; this is an ever-fixed mark, That looks on tempests and is never shaken; the star to every wandering barque, whose worths unknown, although his helph to taken."

George laughs and flushes again, as men do when they confess to an honest emotion of tenderness.

"No. indeed, Anne!" he says, cosely, but talking huskily, and rising and fingering his hat hervously." Other received mark, That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

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"No. indeed, Anne!" he says, cosely, but talking huskily, and rising and fingering his hat hervousless that the control of the removal to remove; the control of the removal to remove; the composition of the removal to remove; the control of the removal to remove the control of the removal t

and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

\* "The rain is only occasional drops, of the old costle are beautified, and preston," Gillian says, impatiently, and the rain and the wind will do not revolutionized, as a vulgar taste would make them; they are adorned with Anne's few dainty belongings, and Anne's faultiess taste, and Anne's and Anne's faultiess taste, and Anne's artistic ideas, and the result is that captain Lacy's home is one no man need be ashamed that friends or accompliances should see in which no

artistic ideas, and the result is that Captain Lacy's home is one no man need be ashamed that friends or acquaintances should see, in which no gentleman should sigh with regret to see his wife installed; and a wife like Anne no man on earth could feel ashamed to own, Anne is a gentle-woman in every instinct of dress and deportment; Anne is comely, graceful, and well-bred; Anne is growing handsomer, fairer, brighter, more gracious and wianing lu manner sice she married the man she adores.

That Anne is clever in management—that Anne is clever in management—that Anne is a brilliant housewife, "a woman with a faculty," as Americans say, may be easily guessed.

That when a wife is a treasure of treasures to a very poor, very fastidious gentleman, may be easily guessed likewise.

So that George, sitting down with his friends to their simple early dinner, is scarcely surprised, however much he may admire Mrs. Lacy's surroundings. She presides at the daintily laid table like a duchesse-except that duchesses are not often so graceful, so we I bred, and so happy—and looks like a woman in a pleture in her well-made black velveteen gown, her freshly-folded white lace scarf, with a cluster of pale golden crocuses in her brooch.

And that simple early dinner of roast mutton and vegetables, and a morsel of succulent entree and a dainty pudding, and a bottle of cheap and good claret, is a feast in its appetizing perfection. "A dinner that, on my honor, din't cost five shillings, wine and all!" Lacy tells George impressively afterwards. "By Jove, I think sometimes Anne's a witch," he

on my honor, din't cost five shillings, wine and all! Lacy tells George impressively afterwards. "By Jove, I think sometimes Anne's a witch," he continues, with the urorlous pleasure which admiring husbands take in bragging of their wives to chosen friends. "I don't know how it's done, so don't ask me, George; but on my honor, Anne has kept house for us both, and the servant maid, for three weeks on five pounds! Sir Harry gave us seventy-five pounds, my quarter's salary, in advance, when we were married, and of course I gave it to Anne to lay out to the best advantage, and she divided it into four sums—twenty pounds to be pail to Mathers, that confounded tailor fellow—he's been getting awfully troublesome, and I owe him two hundred—twenty pounds laid aside to pay for extras, rent, wine and clothes, and fifteen to me and twenty to her to keep house on for a quarter of a year. What do you think of that for financial arrangements, my boy?" Lacy asks, exultingly, "Why, with that sort of management, and the money I shall get—my commutation allowance—I shall be out of debt in a few years—perhaps three years if we are very careful. Anne says,"

"You are a jucky fellow," George says, briefly, with a deep sigh. "Well for you you did not find out the mistake you were making when it was too late."

"Take warning, thea," Lacy says, curtly, but langthing.

too late,"
"Take warning, then," Lacy says, curtly, but laughing.
But Anne says more than this, and when her husband has ridden away on business to a distant farm, she sits beside George and talks to him long, and kindly, and earnestly, as a sister might speak.

might speak.

"I'll do everything you tell me,
Anne," George says, frankly, "I owe
you more than that for all your
years of kindness to me in the days
when you were my one friend and
confidante."

when you were my one friend and confidante."

"I had this in my mind, too, when I when my husband and 1—wrote that letter to you begging you to come home," Anne says, laying her white hand, with its soft, cool mesmeric touch, on his. "I thought not only of your reconciliation with your poor father, George—the poor, erring father who wronged you and loved you all your life—but I thought, too, of your reconciliation with the dear, gentle little girl who loves you so well and so truly, and who never wronged you in deed or word."

"But I we wronged her in deed and word," mutters George, penitently, flushing through the bronze on his fair face up to the close-cut tawny hair. "I don't see how she can ever get over the way I treated her last night, and she giving me all the welcome of her loving heart without one depreciators, thought!"

"And you wonder at that?" Anne questions, with a smile and a sigh. "It is only women, then, who feel that—"Love is not love."

at the utmost strain of their capacities "to love and to cherish" him whom she has taken until death them do part.

The dar sparsely-furnished rooms

Stops the Cough

Stops the Cough

Stops the Cough

Stops the Cough

Stap "No. indeed, Anne!" he says, jocosely, but talking huskily, and rising and fingering his hat hervously. "Other people beside you, and Gillian peane, and Will Shakespeare, know all about the ever-fixed mark and the guiding star "love". I assure the cough Shakespeare, know all about the ever-fixed mark, and the guiding star 'love' I assure you they do, Mrs. Lacy."

"I am glad of that, and I quite believe it," Mrs. Lacy answers softly.

"Are you going back to Mount Os-

sory now, George! Good-bye, then, and my best wishes go with you. And, George, you will remember what you promised me? Giffian has a great deal to forgive, and you yourself have heaped up the difficulties in the way. Romember, George!"

"Oh, yes. I will romember, "George says, smiliog and grasping Anne's hand fervently," "I promise everything, Anne. Patience and tenderness and humility. Pil eat humble pie lavishly, Anne. I vow, and never wince at it. I deserve to have it to eat."

With which cheerful assurance, and

with which cheerful assurance, and looking very brave, and bright, and honest, George bids his friend goodbye, and sets out to walk back to Mount Ossory in the stormy, murky afternoon, with the light of a true and tender purpose in his blue eyes, and the warmth of a tender, remorseful love in his heart.

and the warmth of a tender, remorseful love in his heart.

"I will do all I can to make amends: I have offended her deeply, I know," George says to himself, contritely, as he strides along. "I was a fool—a cad—to attempt to ask a favor of her this morning, before I apologized to her for my behavior last night. I was rude, and unkind, and ungentlemanly, in trying to be honest. I'll apologize now, on my kness if she likes, to my dear little girl—my dear, insulted little girl!—if I can only get the chance." He instinctively hurries faster, breathing quicker at the thought. "She may have left since I have been at Mount Ossory; but she wouldn't have been in time for the stamer to-day, I know, and if she has gone I'll go after her to Ballyford," he deeides. "I may see her in that room where I met her first—my gentle little darling. There was love for me in her sweet eyes from the first moment we met. I have been a fool, and I have blundered, and I have done wrong, but I'll try and make amends to her at least as far as a man can!" George says, hurrying faster, with bent head against the blast, that tries in vain to retard him. "I'll be patient and gentle as I promised Anne, even if dillian is very scornful and has hardened her tender heart very sternly against me. I'll take patiently whatever she chooses to say to me. I'll speak humbly and entreat her forgiveness, ayon my knees if she will, and if she has left the house I'll follow her to Ballyford this very evening, and—"

He is within three or four yards of the howing wind and rustling foliage of his approaching footsteps.

And this is how George "humbly asks her forgiveness."

He gets over the intervening space between them in two long strides, and is close beside her in three sec-

He gets over the intervening space between them in two long strides, and is close beside her in three sec-onds of time.

And then the dark, startled eyes meet his in a half-terrified flash of recognition. There is a pause for perhaps two or three rapid heart-beats, and then——

and then—
"The spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips," and deorge clasps his little sweetheart in his arms with quite ferocious suddenness, and all reproaches or apologies, all words of rebuke or contrion, if any such be indeed even thought of by either, are stifled out of existence by a score of mutual kisses.

kisses.

So that when she is at last released she has no breath to speak
for a few moments, and when she
can speak, Gillian puts up her hands
to her face, fair and rosy flushed as
a wild apple blossom, and utters her
words of cold, dignified repuision to
the lover who has offended her pride
so depuly.

the lover who has offended her pride so deeply.

"Dearest decorge," suc says, smiling and trembling, and looking up at him with radiant eyes, "I didn't think it was you; I never heard you coming, my darling."

It is just as well, perhaps, that love should laugh at lovers' broken vows sometimes.

CHAPTER XLIX.

What matter lowering skies, and moaning winds, and drifting rains, when it is summer in one's heart and all the birds are singing and all the roses of life are blooming? When one's path stretches on through a fair, imaginary land—a narrow, flower bord red was force as the control of the con er bordered way, fragrant, warm and sheltered, where only two can walk side by side?

er-bordered way, fragrant, warm and sheltered, where only two can walk side by side?

The night is closing in, dark and wet and tempestuous, when Gillian and her lover quit the rain-drenched shrubberles and the damp avenues, and soddened lawns, through which they have been wandering for the last two hours, unheeding wind and weather, wrapped up in each other's society and conversation—vague and very disconnected, and very egotistical, as that conversation certainly would sound to unprejudiced earsglad and gay, and warm with the vital warmth of happy pulses in spite of the chill northwest wind and the dropping rain.

It is half-past six when they finally return to the house, with Gillian's sealskin and George's ulster in a rather soaked condition; with muddy boots and rain-drops on Gillian's short curls and George's big moustache, but with gay voices, and radiant eyes, and warm, flushed faces, Oh. life in life's early summer! Oh, youth! Oh, love!

Ten minntes' hurried toilet is sufficient, however, to make brilliant eyes, and smiling lips, and delicate, rose-flushed complexion look all the lovelier in a handsome gown of rich black silk, with black lace ruffles and jet stars, and then Gillian comes downstairs softly and shyly, and comes into the diaingroom, a very shy, fair maden, conscious through all her glad throbbing pulses of his presence—her lord and master—with his keen blue cyes fixed on her with a hidden smile.

George has made himself needless George has made himself needlessiy beautifu! and fascinating in a
well-cut black coat, and dark gray
trousers, in place of his rough ulster and muddy leggings.

His bright hair is crispy golden
and shining, his handsome moustache, his spleadidly-shaped head

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tab-lets. All druggists refund the money, if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's sig-nature in on each box. 25c.

When a mother puts a thing emphatically it is because she knows what she as talking about. Mrs. J. F. Harrigan, Huntingdon, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets in our house for over a year, and I can say that they are all that is claimed for them."

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a feet medicine for children of all ages," wrr. Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., "an I would not be without them in the house They are truly a comfort to baby and mother's friend."

Mrs. Ed. Jones, 55 Christic street, Ottawa, says:—" Have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing for baby."

my little ones,"

Mrs. Hunt, Dumfries, N. B., says :- "I am glad to say that I have used Baby's Own Tablets with satisfactory results."

and throat. are quite sufficient to award him the palm for good looking big menwithout even the addition of his symmetrical limbs, and his bold, bright face.

But there is even more than that, this evening, for those shy, brown eyes to admire and delight in.

The few months of travel and mingling with social equals and superiors have brushed off rustic shyness, and given him more self-possession, and a better tone and bearing; and, beside this—since last year George has learned the tenderest, as well as the fiercest, passions of the heart—has learned, by bitter experience, what love, and hate, and grief, and despair mean, and this teaches a man more in a year than he could learn in a lifetime without his graduating in that bitter school. And now, since last night, though he will not acknowledge it fully, even to himself or the friends who respice with him, a galling load, a cruel weight hims been lifted off his heart, and his smile is brighter, and his voice gayer, and his thoughts kinder, and his smile is brighter, and his voice gayer, and his thoughts kinder, and his smile is brighter, and his voice gayer, and his thoughts kinder, and his smile is brighter, and his voice gayer, and his thoughts kinder, and his words more gentle to all the world around him.

(To be Continued.)

A BATTLE FOR THE

SABBATH IN CAPE BRETON.

In Which the General Mausger of a Railway is Brought to His Knees.

The following graphic story of the interesting campaign in defense of the Lord's Day paganst its descerating the lawyer, he turned the turned that this was the first time at circum, and had interition of the combined in that the was not accombined in that this was the first time at circum, and had not been prosecuted directly, and a good test case made out. We simply informed him that we were not trying "a test case," that the lawyer had not been prosecuted to know was plain; that every transgressor was menable, and that we were not care with the manned out. We simply moved the company that he had against that this was the firs

The following graphic story of the interesting campaign in defense of the Lord's Day against its desceration by the "inverness & Richmond, cape hreaton, kanlway Company" will be read wit; keen interest by all lovers of the Christian Sabbath.

The story is best told in the words of the Kev. D. McDonald, B. D., of Strathforne, N. S. It was not written for publication, but Mr. McDonald has kimily consented that it should be in the hope that others may be cheered with the news of victory.

"Sinday work was carried on to a limited extent in 1900 between Port Hastings and Mabou. The, head men were evidently feeling their way. This summer (1901) in order to have the railway completed by the specified time and to have the clearest right to the county bonus of \$1,000 a mile, and in order to make money faster, work was carried on night and day, and a few men were working on Sundays for a while in May and June. Freight was brought from Hastings to Broad Cove Mines on Sunday. Gravel-trains went from the gravel-pt behind the Strathlorne Hill to Mabou and Port Hood. Construction material of different kinds were carried hither and thither. The people were Sunday work was carried on to a terial of different kinds were carried hither and thither. The people were shocked by such bold transgression of law, I went two or three times to see the General Manager, but falled to find him. I preached repeatedly on Sabbath observance. Some of the railway men ridiculed the idea of insisting on no Sunday labor in railway construction. The work went definantly on, I put up a notice between the Manager's office and the line of railway pointing out that Sunday the Manager's office and the line of railway pointing out that Sunday labor was contrary to the laws of God and of this country, tended to lower the physical, moral and spiritual standing of all concerned, and you was at best but a form of Mammon was at best but a labor was contrary to the laws of God and of this country, tended to lower the physical, moral and spiritual standing of all concerned, and was at best but a form of Mammon worship, and that all Sunday workers might expect to be taken to account by God and man, and dealt with according to law. That was on Saturday. Next day work went on again. A day or two later papers were served on the section foreman at the gravel-pit, on the walking boss of the whole line, and on the iseneral Manager. The two latter did not appear at the first court, but the section foreman was fined \$3 and costs—about \$6 in all. He paid without delay. As the others were reported to be away from home when the papers were served, and would be away on the day of trial, we appointed another trial two days later. At this trial the General Manager appeared, and evidently intended to brow-beat the court. He told the Maristrates

creak?"

The little shormaker looked up and smiled for a moment and then went on for a time with his tapping. It was an old, old question, and it was an opeal. The General Manager wanted to appeal before the trial. Then he walking boss before he can appeal. The General Manager wanted to appeal before the trial. Then he walking boss, as he did not come to the court either day, although a home. The General Manager undertook to defend the Walking Boss. We, however, made him give evidence as a witness in the case, and his own evidence was enough to convict his client, who was fined, \$10 and costs. The General Manager paid the amount and got his receipt. He also signed a bond of \$100 that he would appear either personally or by coursel in his own trial next week. He funded considerably, and claimed the right, under our bominion Raliway Laws, to do on Sandays just as he had done whatever our Provincial law might be: remarking that street carry were running on Sunday in Toronto in spite of opposition. Mr. McDougall pointed out that these carry were run under a local law and not under Raliway legislation by the retort. "I know more law than you do." Then, after a little more parand evidently intended to brow-beat the court. He told the Magistrates

the Gospel on the Sabbath, and he, an official, I beneve, of a charch in Toronio the Good, should have been present to hear, instead of desecrating the Lord's Day behind the hill, and violating the laws of the country on that subject, as I am prepared to prove he has done."

"When the next trial came off, the Manager was fined. He was not present, but his counsel was there, and gave notice of appeal. Later, he sent for the necessary papers, and got them. Some days later still, the counsel intimated that the manager had accepted the suggestion of his lawyers to let bygones be bygones: had promised that no more Sunday work would go on unless "absolutely necessary," and that he heped wholesale prosecution of the men would not take effect.

"There the maiter dropped. The Walking Boss, who maintained before the trials that they would work on Sundays in spite of ministers, priests, people and law, and who remained at home, on the day he was fined insulted a Newfoundlander, and in turn was kicked around the gravel-pit before the Manager returned from court. Both went in the evening to one of the Magistrates to have the kicker arrested, and to get a special constable appointed for their own work but this was in vain. They were completely humiliated, and the Manager was in church on Sabbath to hear a sermon on Isa, Ivili, 13-14: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the Holy of the Lord honorable; and shalt honor shalt thou delight theyself in the Lord; and I shall cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of

the Lord hath spoken it."

"We have had quieter Sabbaths since, and we are thankful to God that He gave us the victory, and that the Sabbath is now more respected here than it has been perhaps for a long time."

Well done! That is what we might expect of Cape Bretoners. And may the God of the Sabbath have all the praise!—Lord's Day Advocate.

#### SQUEEKING SHOES.

Cause of the Noise-Once the Swell Thing-Shoes Get Tired. "What is it that makes my shoes

The little shormaker looked up and

comes from the chafing of the two
pieces of leather that compose the
sole, not counting the welts. If left
to themselves, these pieces will sooner
or later part sufficiently to make
a space about the point where the
ball of the foot comes, where there
is not perfect contact—and this is
where the noise comes from.

"The cheapest soles should be the
noislest, for the leather their soles
are made of is tanned in hemiock bark.
This makes what we call red leather.
It is rough and harsh. The next
grade is Union, a combination of hemlock and oak bark for tanning giving it its name. The next highest
grade is white oak, and with this we
have the least trouble so far as
squeaking is concerned.

"When the public made up its mind
that its shoes must not squeak, we
had to stir about and find something
to put between the soles. For the
cheaper grades we use leather chips
and for more expensive shoes we have
cork, and then there is this
specially prepared tar paper. We
put a little of any of these materials
between the two soles and there's
an end to the squeak usually. Sometimes, however, the chips of the paper get out of place or are ground
into powder and then the creaking
is heard from.

"It is very strange how some shoes
will wear for six months without a
murmur and their owners' will traad
life's pathway in peace and comfort.
Then, without the slightest apparent reason for it, they will set up
such a din that the wearer's life will
be made almost unendurable if he
be a nervous man.

"It seems almost as if they were
tired and wanted a rest, and I honestly believe shoes do get tired.
Sounds odd, but I'm satisfied it is
a fact. Chuck a pair of shoes into
the closet and let them alone for a
couple of weeks and see how comfertable they'll feel when you put
them on again."

Can't Find Any One of 37 Children.

Can't Find Any One of 37 Children.

Mrs. Mary Elvira Gillespie has been admitted to the hospital in Denver at the age of 84. She is the mother of thirty-seven children. She is very reticent about her tife, but says all her children were born in

is very retacent about her the, our says all her children were born in twenty years following her marriage to Col. William Gillespie, of Virginia.

During the war and but a year before the death of her husband in the Battle of Vicksburg the fifteenth pair of twins was born. All but a few of them lived, she says, but as soon as they were able to go they were turned loose to shift for themselves. Mrs. Gillespie does not know where a single one of her progeny lives, at one time she lived in New Orleans;

She wears a heavy gold locket attached to a gold chain around her neck, but will not speak of the portraits of two beautiful young women on the inside.—Pittsburg Despatch.

### SPRING DEPRESSIONS.

## People Feel Weak, Easily Tired and Out of Sorts.

You Must Assist Nature in Overcoming This Feeling Before the Hot Weather Months Arrive.

It is important that you should be healthy in the spring. The hot sum-mer is coming on and you need strength, vigor and vitality to resist it. The feeling of weakness, depression and feebleness which you suffer from in spring is debilitating and dangerous. You have been indoors a good deal through the winter months, haven't taken the usual amount of exercises. doors a good deal through the winter months, haven't taken the usual amount of exercise perhaps, your blood is sluggish and impure and you need a thorough renovation of the entire system. In other words you need a thorough course of Dr. Williams Pink Pills. If you try them you will be surprised to note how vigorous you begin to feel, how the duil lassitude disappears, your step becomes elastic, the eye brightens and a feeling of new strength takes the place of all previous feelings. Thousands have proved the truth of these words and found renewed health through the use of these pills in spring time. One of the many is Miss Cassie Way, of Picton, Ont., who says: "A few years ago I was cured of a very severe and prolonged attack of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis, after all other medicines. I had tried failed. Since that time I have used the pills in the spring as a tonic and blood builder and find them the best most.

other medicines. I had tried failed. Since that time I have used the pills in the spring as a tonic and blood builder and find them the best medicine I know of for this purpose. People who feel run down at this time of the year will make no mistake in using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills are not a purgative medicine and do not weaken as all purgatives do. They are a tonic in their nature and strengthen from first dose to last. They are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, sciatica, nervous troubles, neuralgia, indigestion, anaemia, heart troubles, serrofula and humors in the blood, etc. The genume are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Or-