

HEART PALPITATED

FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS.

WOULD FALL DOWN IN FAINT.

Palpitation of the heart is very often accompanied by weak, faint and dizzy spells, and is generally caused by some sudden fright, or associated with conditions of a nervous breakdown, but whatever the cause, it is of considerable importance that the heart should be strengthened, and brought back to its regular beat.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just the remedy to do this for you.

Mr. Henry Fawcett, Killam's Mills, N.B., writes:—"I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for heart trouble. I was very weak and run down, my heart would palpitate, I would take faint and dizzy spells, and sometimes I would fall down in a faint. I started to take your pills and I must say they have done wonders for me. I will always speak a good word for your Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

piece with Billy Bratton's handkerchief, and then I could be thankful without half trying. Oh, I wish I was dead and buried!"

It was that gingham frock that brought on Kate's fit of humor. She had asked to wear a silk one in honor of the Thanksgiving festival, but her mother had said it would be foolish to wear a silk in the woods, where the chances were she would have it ruined before the day was over, and that a gingham would be much more suitable, even though her only clean one, according to her brother Tom, bore a striking resemblance in pattern to the Madras handkerchief sometimes sported by the half-breed who supplied the Durham family with venison and wild

"No, you ain't," was the encouraging reply. "You wade ashore while I catch your boat. Shallow salt water good for chil'un. Cure the chill and mek 'em grow."

Then, to Kate's surprise, she found that though she was a considerable distance from shore, the water was only up to her waist. It was weary wading, but as she went forward the water was waist deep, knee deep, ankle deep, and at last, with a gasp of relief she stepped out on a shell bank the most doleful picture imaginable, but no longer in fear of death by drowning. Tom, who met her in the wild orange grove between the river and the house, called her a drowned rat, but he was too eager to get down to the wharf to meet Billy Bratton (they were going fishing together) to say anything more. At dinner, however, when she made her appearance in that blue silk frock (thanks to her gingham being now non-presentable) he asked if she were returning thanks because she wasn't wearing Billy Bratton's handkerchief and she replied: "No, but I am truly thankful that I didn't have a chill this morning and that the river is so shallow."—"Christian Intelligence."

THE SOUTH-WIND

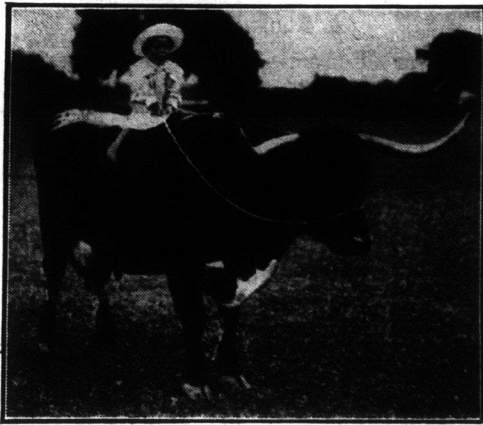
By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Made of a mist of jewels,
The moth on a wondrous wing
Sang to the South-wind, "Oh, lift me
In your skiey wandering!"
And the beautiful vagrant at dew-fall
Fluttered a broken thing.

And the live-coal whispered the South-wind,
"Fan me to life, I pray;
Blow me to large and splendid flame
Bright as the plumes of day!"
And white and dead, when the wind had
passed,
The ash of the live-coal lay.

And the red rose breathed to the South-wind,
"So sweet the gardens are,
Fain would I send my fragrance
Into some farther star."
And the wind, for the burden stooping,
Tore her, and scattered her far.

And the lady sighed to her lover,
"Love me, love, while you may!
Though the cup of loss be bitter
When the trembling lip is grey,
I shall have drunk deep of gladness;
I shall have had my day!"



Over the top.

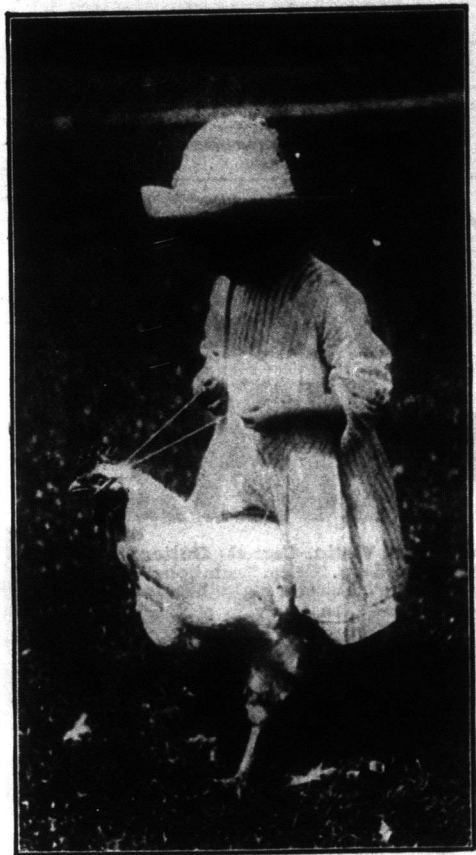
turkeys during their residence on the Florida coast, where they had gone to spend the winter on account of Mrs. Durham's weak lungs. Kate's freckles were an old-time grievance and the chills and fever she did not so much mind as naturally she was let off from lessons on her chill day, but to have to wear "Billy Bratton's handkerchief" on such an occasion as this when there hung in the closet a blue silk she had worn to church on the preceding Thanksgiving (when the family were at their home in the city) and had not yet quite outgrown, this was an indignity not to be lightly borne, and as Kate sat rocking herself in a skiff that was not very securely fastened to the rickety old wharf near the palmetto leaf thatched shanty, where the family were marooning, and, as Tom expressed it, wearing out their old clothes, she began to wonder how her mother would feel if her only daughter were to be found drowned in that dark swift-flowing tide. "She smiled," said Kate, "when Tom called this old thing I am wearing 'Billy Bratton's handkerchief,' but she wouldn't smile when she was trying to take it off of me, all wet and messy. The freckles would show worse than ever on my white dead face, but I shouldn't care then, no matter if people did say Tom had his mother's complexion instead of me. No, I haven't anything to be thankful for, and I might as well be dead as alive. Ugh! what was that?"

That was the splash of the rope's end in the water, for the careless fastening had become loosened and the skiff was now floating down with the tide. The oars had been removed, and as there was no one within hail, Kate was helpless. To be found drowned did not present the comforting prospect now that it had done a short time ago, and Kate was quite willing to spare her mother and brother the pangs of remorse she knew they would feel at the sight of her lifeless form, arrayed in that bedraggled old gingham. The inlet was scarcely two miles away, outside of which were great, fierce breakers and she was approaching it as rapidly as the rushing tide could take her.

"I won't go out to sea to be drowned anyway," she exclaimed after there was such a wide waste of water between her boat and the wharf that all hope of rescue had deserted her. "I know a little about swimming and if I can't swim I'll drown here in the river, closer home."

Kate was not the girl to deliberate long, and an instant after she took this resolve there was a splash into the water and the little girl began to move her arms about like mad. The method didn't seem to work, but just then a log came floating by which Kate grasped with all her small strength, thus keeping her head above water. A moment later Billy Bratton's canoe hove in sight from behind a small island, densely wooded with mangroves.

"Save me, Billy Bratton. I am drowning!" spluttered Kate.



Ride a cock horse.

They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parlee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and mandrake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available to-day. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the ailing than anything that can be written of these pills.

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My husband suffered terribly from bronchitis, and did not know whether he was going to recover or not. At my druggist's, Mr. J. H. Dickey, I was advised to try your syrup, which I did, and am so thankful that I cannot recommend it highly enough."

Many people on the first sign of the slight cold or cough neglect it, thinking, perhaps, it will disappear in a day or two, but the longer it is let run the worse it gets until it settles on the lungs and serious results ensue.

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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

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