

anunuminen miniminen minim Winsome Winnie

I knew you; you must introduce me when we go up, if you please."

He seated himself on a stone beside her, half amused at and half admiring the shy flush on Winnie's demure little face, the evident fluttered girlish sment-poor Winnie was expectthe interruption of Sarah Matilde and Caroline, with their pinafores full of wet sea-weed and live crabs, every of wet sea-weed and live crabs, every moment—struggling with a certain gentle, old-fashioned, sweet little womanliness that seemed habitual to her, as she carefully spread her old shawl and placed thereon the baby that was a alarmingly quiet, gravely stooping to give her a soothing pat, or supply her with playthings in the shape of colored petbles and shells, while she conversed with Captain Treddenick, delighting him with her girlish simplicity lighting him with her girlish simplicity of intelligence, without a fear or an arrierepensee that might have disturbed the communications of a worldlywise woman.

Gravely and unaffectedly, in her ignorance of the succeedat existence of bine-stockingism, she gave him cer-tain learned statements and statistics - quite correctly too-concerning some of the things which surrounded her daily life—the depth of water in the offing, the height of the cliffs and their gigantic formation the force and pre-valence of the winds, and the where-abouts of sunken reefs and rocks and dangerous bars.

"I hear my father and the men talking, you know," she explained: "and then I remember things very well."
Earnestly, in her glowing enthusiasm and pleasure at having found one whose thought, were received to be oughts were responsive to her own and in her innocence of false sentimen tality the little girl in the shabby blue gingham dressed talked to Captain Tredennick, with her dark-gray eyes spark-ling, the color deepening on her thin, pale cheek, and her nervous slender fingers clasping and unclasping in eager

oke as she felt, and Tredennick listened with spo Neephen Tredennick listened with pleased surprise and with a deepening interest — more for the speaker than her words—whilst Winnie Caerlyon talked to him of the beauty of the sea, of the glories of silvery moon risings across the dark, rippling ocean breast, of the more solemn glories of the sleeping dawn, lying in the rosy flush of the brightening east; of summer days, when the waters lay leaden hued expanse all fleeked with of until it came had come, and the foam crests and streamers of froth, as magic of its touch had turned the master foam crests and streamers of froth, as the wild waves rushed on like shricking steeds to battle, and crashed with all their artillery of force and sound against The passionate, girlish heart, in its steeds to battle, and crashed with all their artillery of force and sound against the jagged black rocks of Tregarthen and the great dark precipitous face of Tregarthen a mile beyond them, and rearing itself in pro-

mering waves, glittering phosphorescent trails and sparkles in dark sultry sum mer midnights, white and crimson and purple lengths of trailing seaweeds, and snowy shells tangled in emerald tresser of ocean-grass-she knew them all.

ought to have been a mermaid Miss ('aerlyon," Stephen Tredennick said, with a smile in his eyes; 'you would have loved your occan so dearly. Perare a mermaid-I am half doubtful about it. Perhaps you will begin a siren song presently, and I shall be obliged to follow, under the spell of be obliged to follow, under the spell of your voice, until I sink down in the deep green water out there, and never

But all at once, as he spake, the estreet little enthusiast with the artist yes and the poetic words changed into shy timid little girl in a shabby frock. Winnie remembered the thinness and brownness of her impulsive nervous hands, and folded them closely to try to hide them from Captain Tredennick's

keen blue gray smiling eyes.
"There would be no fear of that," she rather coldly and constrainedly-

'you would not come, sir."
"But I should, though," he persisted, the smile deepening, and a curious sen-sation coming over him of his heart quick-ring, its beatings, as he noticed that the flush on Winnie's pure little face grew swiftly crimson beneath his

The March afternoon was in all its brightness when they met—the March sunlight was shining clear and strong from the west when they rose to part.

Not much more than an hour had they short glimpse into the liden of peuth

"Oh, no, I did not," answered Stephen | sat there together; yet it is probable tredennick, smiling; "I came down after you. I don't know your father, but I know you: you must introduce me that he was the same tredenick had been offered the value of one of the rich Oriental cargoes of his own Chittoor to tell what it was that he had talked about to Winnie Caerlyon, whilst they sat side by side in the sheltering shad ow of the great cliffs behind them, and and their feet

> the waves upon the shore, Like light dissolved in star-showers

he would have found the task nearly an impossibility.

He had spoken about himself a little. about herself a good deal, about nothing in particular most of all. He had found it pleasant to sit there, beside the pretty slim little womanly figure in the shabby dress and with the rusty old hat, with fretted wreaths and broad soft plaits of rien golden brown hair peeping from beneath it—curiously pleasant indeed, possessing for him that depth of interest and power of attrac-tion that quickened so strangely the beating of the strong warm heart in his broad sailor breast.

Pleasant it was to sit there, seeing his own handsome sun browned face reflected in the depths of Winnie Caerly-Hected in the depths of Winnie Caerly-on's beautiful passionate clear dark eyes—they deserved all those epithets he decided—continuing to take this peculiar interest in the girlish pale face under the old black hat—pleasant to sit there—listening to her voice mingling with the murming symptomy of the with the murmuring symphony of the

The pleasure of it prompted him to sit The pleasure of it prompted him to sit there and talk to her-pleasure, kind-ness, liking, pity, admiration, prompted him to sit there, souting out, morally and physically, all the world beside from her sight, save the monotonous ripple of the great ocean, and Stephen Tredennick's smile. Stephen Tredennick's handsome face, his five feet eleven of masculine height and strength, the tones of his kindly contrieous voice, the touch of his warm strong hand.

Yes; kindness, pity, admiration. Yes; kindness, pity, admiration. He liked her so much—gentle, loving, sympathetic girl; he pitied her so much—poor, little, shabby, neglected, lonely, motheless Winnie Caerlyon; admired her so much—clever, inteltigent, odd little creature, with the beautiful eyes and hair, and wistful little white face. Poor little Winnie—Pascoe the nurser's wife, in the formal

Pascoe the purser's wife—in the future!
And she?
Her tender, yearning heart, grown womanly almost before its time in the intensity of her forcests. summer days, when the waters lay intensity of her fervent imagination, her spread out to the purple horizon in a quick intelligence, her gifted brain, had spread out to the purple horizon in a burnished, blinding, dazzling mirror of pellucid blue, darkened here and there into great shadowed patches of clive green from some fish shoal gliding beneath the unruffled surface, of dark winter days, when the sea was a dreary leaden hand evanue, all fleeked with a feather thank and nown undreamt, leaden hand evanue, all fleeked with a feather thank and come and the

wild, strong faith, its quick impulses, its unreasoning instinct, had spring towards him with the kindling flam beyond them, and rearrage the artistic perfection of those glowing, pasionate dark gray eyes beneath the faded black straw hat, with such a pitini scrap of velvet trimming around its rusty crown. Amber sunshine gleaming through the translineert green of the great upraised the sunshine and the great upraised they next met, and he was kinder, pleasting the properties of the great upraised they next met, and he was kinder, pleasting the great and tremulous admiration when they next met, and he was kinder, pleasting the great and counterers. they next met, and he was kinder, pleas-anter, more thoughtful and courteous even than before when the strange delight of his presence bewilderingly charmed away all the cold and loneliness and ed away all the cold and loneliness and dreariness of that cold, dreary walk in the wild March morning—that walk that had seemed in her remembrance since to lie through an enchanted land, until the rude interruption came and she trembled in fear the new strange fear of her uncouth lover's jealousy.

The purser had often hinted before,

The purser had often hinted before, to her burning disgast that the real reason of her exceeding desire to spend so much of her time at Roseworthy was that she might "set her cap at Madam's nephew"; and this before she had much more than heard of the probable return of that stranger realities of her extrances. Trealengies of relative of her patroness, Tredennick

Tregarthen. • The terror of the coarse words, of the coarser insinuations that might follow any avowal of acquaintanceship with Captain Tredennick, had haunted her from the first moment poor, sensitive, unfriended girl and mingled distractingly with the timid, reverential regard and admiration that had faken deep and admiration that had taxen occuprot in her fond, faithful heart such deep root that, all anknown to herself (for such knowledge is apt to linger untage of the formed on self resonation) it had less forced on self-resoration) it had spring up fair and strong and its ten-derness and purity and sweetness had

might have faded, fro mher memory as might have laded from hier memory as time passed on; but thus it was appoint-ed. The goblet of life is held to eash lip; we must each drink as it passes. Deeply or slightly, all must drink of that bitter

Filled with waters that upstart When the deep fountains of the heart, By strong convulsions rent apart, Are running all to waste.

Stephen Tredennick did not know-ow should he? Had he known-could he have seen the end from the beginning —he, the brave, tender-hearted callor, the kind, wise, generous man, the honest, the kind, wise, generous man, the honest, chivalrous gentleman ,would have thought it as right and kind and wise in him to take innocent, lonely, frlendless young Winnie Caerlyon in his arms, and lay her under the cold sea waves in a deep ocean grave, as to follow the pleasant impulse towards her society on this sunlit March afternoon, to seek her presence down on the quiet beach by the murmuring waves, to talk winningly, kindly, tenderly to her in his deep pity and warm liking, to look into the pure depths of her passionate eyes, to softly touch her little thin work-worn hand, and smile at the tremulous flushes on her ingenuous emotional face. He was her ingenuous emotional face. He was not selfish-kind, generous Stephen Tre dennick—whom his sailors loved as a commander who considered his men's welfare as even prior to his own comwelfare as even prior to his own com-fort; by this time he had forgotten to consider the probable cost of what was to him a rare gratification, a hitherto unexperienced enjoyment, as he thought afterwards, laughing at himself for the romantic folly of the thought— "Once as I told in glee Tales of the storm."

Tales of the stormy sea, Soft eyes did gaze on me, Burning, yet tender."

Burning, yet tender."

A pleasure, a gratification, perhaps, something more it was to him, who would not willingly have injured one hair of the fair young head. But, ignorantly—perhaps thoughtlessly—his presence had fallen in a shadow of darkness on Winnie Caerlyon's young womanhood, and his hand had made rough with cruel roughness the lonely path her weary feet should so patiently tread.

CHAPTER VI

CHAPTER VI "If you will stop and take a cup of en with us, Captain Tredennick, we

ten with us, Captain Tredennica, we shall be very happy to have your company, sir."

Lieutenant Caerlyon profered the in-Incidemant Caeriyon proferred the in-vitation himself, after sundry appeal-ing glances and vain waiting for the lady of the house to perform the cere-

But Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Caerlyon, But Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Caerlyon, with the exquisite good-breeding she displayed whenever she wished to punish her luckless hushand—who, unfortunately for himself, happened to be a gentleman by birth and profession—sat at the fire, dividing her attention between some woollen socks which she had drying on the fender, and a baby's flannel petticoat which sine was making fiannel petticoat which she was makir ignoring guest and husband alike after the first brief introduction, and feignng not to hear or notice her husband's ords, although her high colored, sharpfeatured, shrewishly-handsome took a deeper tinge from vexation. Winnie listened whilst her fai

father spoke, and thought with mingled dis-may and despair of that evening meal of which Captain Tredennick was invited to partake—of the seven children clamorous for bread and butter— of clamorous for bread and butter of Choking himself with his tea, and having to be led from the table in a paroxysm of gasps, and cries, and conghs, and tears—of Caroline's tendency to cram her mouth to a painful state of distension with buttered barley-scope—of the coarse table-cloth, the cheap, ill-flav-ored table-cloth, the cheap, ill-flav-ored table-cloth, the cheap, ill-flav-ored table-cloth, the cheap, ill-flavored tea, and her step-mother's utter neglect of all the etiqutte of a hostess—and worst, most dreadful of all—

annt Mary's extravagance, and her cousin Bella's 'young man,'" Winnie said to herself, her checks burning at the prospect before her: "and the best milking is broken, and we have no lump sugar in the house."

But Winnie's misery for the time belief was terminated by Crossing Teach and the same and the s

ing was terminated by Captain's Tre-dennick's polite refusal of the invita-

You know, Miss Caerlyon," said he with a smile, "my aunt dines late and I dare not absent mywelf."

"Oh, I know," responded Winnie, coloring and smiling "Besides, Captain Tredennick, we could not expect you to Tredennick, we could not expect you to care for tea just at your dimer-hour."

Mrs. Caerlyon turned sharply around, disclosing the flannel petricoat and stockings to full view—the augry pink flush on her cheeks rising to her temples, and her light, hard-looking brown eyes sparkling with displeasure.

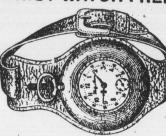
"I think Winniford," she said—she

eyes sparkling with displeasure.
"I think, Winniford," she saidcalled her Winniford very often wher she was vexed "you might allow Cap pun Treddenick to choose whether he would stay for tea with us or not. We shall be very pleased to have his company if he cares to stay; and, if not, why, we must do without him."

And Mrs. Caerlyon. as she spoke, flung the finned on one side, and roll-

ing the pairs of stockings into woollen balls, flung them with a loud "thud"

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What's at the Bottom of For "he who has learned to know"— the depth and darkness of the cup of life's sorrow—"he has not learned to

There are some causes at the bottom of an attack of kidney trouble—over-eating, over-drinking, heavy colds—these and other causes often cause illness such as kidney trouble, gall-stones, kidney stones, gravel, lumbago. But no matter what is at the bottom of the disease, there is now a sure and safe cure one from the disease named above. One Winnipeg lady who is well and widely known, was cured of gall-stones by SANOL after suffering for 12 years. So grateful was she that she sent to us a large number of people to be relieved of similar complaints. We do not care where the reader of this paragraph resides, we can give him or her names and addresses of people in his own town town and sides, we can give him or her names and addresses of people in his own town and locality who have been cured by SANOL. We will also give the name and address of the lady referred to, whose complaint had troubled her for such a long period, and who is now completely cured

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SANOL IS SAFE AND SURE

one after the other into a basket, by way of emphasising her final clause.

"Not this evening, thank you, Mrs. Caerlyon" said Captain Tredennick, pleasantly; "I may come in some other afternoon, when I have given Madam notice that she is not to expect me home at six."

Lieutenant Caerlyon responded ---"Very well, Captain Tredennick - we shall all he most happy to see you, I

am sure. Mrs. Cacriyon said nothing, but pelt-Mrs. Czeriyon said nothing, but pelt-ed the stocking-balls harder, if possible, arching her light eye-brows, and purs-ing her mouth with an air of what she considered to be cold hauteur. "You had better see after the kettle,

"You had better see after the kettle Winniford, and cut the bread-and-butter for the children; the maid can't be back from Thomas' yet this half hour," she said at length in an elaborate manner, ignoring Captain Tredennick's pre-sence, and giving him at the same time a broad hint to hasten his departure. "Good-evening, Mrs. Caerlyon," said with a slight bow.

"Oh," she cried, turning round from the cupboard—"oh, good evening, Cap-pun Thredeanick."

She was ignorant enough, in spite of her cold hauteur, to expect that her strange male visitor would offer her. do not. his lady hostess, his hand, to be shaken The fi in farewell, after the custom of Mr. Thomas Pascoe, Mr. John Williams, Mr.

ored tea, and her step-mother's utter neglect of all the etiqutte of a hostess—and worst, most dreadful of all—of Mr. Thomas Pascoc's probable "drop in" visit, and his and her step-mother's—whose consin he was—holding forth for an unlimited period of time, in their sharp, unrefined, high-pitched voices and strong provincial accent—quite undeterred by the presence of a stranger—on the domestic affairs of splendor. Never mind, but she would stranger—on the domestic affairs of an end to that some day! Making and her step-mother's house and her father's table before ther impudence, making little of her father's table before there impudence, making little of her father's table before there is house and her father's table before first year. Start well, but slow. Build not do, and is costly in the long visitors in there and inviting them to bics. They started first in a practical sway, and each year gained experience. Her winder they show, and each year gained experience. Her winder they show, and each year gained experience. Her winder they show, and each year gained experience. Her winder they show the practical poultry houses. Any old thing will not do, and is costly in the long run. Avoid cheap stock, for somer or later if one stays in the business they will parchase better stock. It costs no more to feed good stock and the results lookout for prospective prize winners look in the look of the stock is the winter. The winter is a house of the way, and each year gained experie

half exhausted itself, as she stood there angrily muttering her ire against "stuckup" people into the sugar-jar and tea-caddy in the cupbeard, while Captain Tredennick and her husband stond talkng on the doorstep outsile, when heard a familiar voice greeting them, a stamp and rush of boots on the door-mat, and "Ha! evening 'Lezabeth," annonneed Mr. Thomas Pascoe's laungry in er man.

was apt to be hungry after his on o'clock dinner of "pasty" or pork pie, and relished with an exceeding appetite

Be it understood, however, amongst the honorable ones of the earth that Mr. Pascoe had no intention of meanly living Pascoe had no intention of meanly living upon his consin's substance as he would have expressed it of thus devouring "cousin'Lezabeth's" barley-scones and "heavy-cake," and libations of the peculitar fluid which she designated "tea," without intending to make her some return. Away with such a base idea. Mr. Pascoe would have indignantly scouted it. His "cousin "Lezabeth" understood him and he urderstood her, and they had settled it quite pleasantly and convenisettled it quite pleasantly and conven

ently between them. In returning thanks for past favors by In returning thanks for past favors he had informed "cousin" "Lyzabeth" of his generous resolve for the future—possibly, continuing the tradesiman-simile, hoping to merit a continuance of the same"—of taking off her hands, out of the overcrowded home, and away from the charges on the overcrowded income, too burdened—two mouths to be fed, two bodies to be clothed and housed at his expense and not hers, from the mohis expense and not hers, from the mo ment he took possession of them. Sure-ly no wonder that "cousin 'Lezabeth," with this hope and incentive to generos. ity before her, buttered for Mr. Thomas Pascoe the best and hottest barley-scone on the dish, did not more than half fill his cup with water when she poured out tea, and cut such thick wedges of "heavy-cake" for his refreshment. (To be continued.)

POULTRY

THERE'S MONEY IN POULTRY.

This is the time of year when many will start raising poultry. Probably no live stock has the following of poultry. Few have not had, at some time in life, eating, over-drinking, heavy colds—these and other causes often cause illness such as kidney trouble, gall-stones, kidney stones, gravel, lumbago. But no matter what is at the bottom of the disease, there is now a sure and safe cure, one that acts quickly and without fail. That remedy is SANOL, which is already well-known to the medical profession of Canada, as well as to thousands of sufferers from the disease named above. One Winnipeg lady who is well and widely known, was cured of gall-stones by SANOL after suffering for 12 years. So grateful was she that she sent to us a large number of people to be relieved of slimilar complaints. We do not care hen fever, and wished to possess a few

To the old-time raiser of poultry as he looks at the present conditions and advantages, and harks back ten or more advantages, and harks back ten or more years at the crude methods then used, and yet with a fair measure of success, it is surprising to hear of many failures to make good in these enlightened days, with the present advanced knowledge of pouitry raising. The beginner to-day has the advantage of the mast. Breedless who have made good are ginner to-day has the advantage of the past. Breeders who have made good are to-day writing of their methods. The experiment stations are solving problems and hadding them out free to the poultry public. The poultry journals and the daily press have engaged men who are averaged in their line. No inwho are experts in their line. No in-dustry obtains the free advice from exin their line that the poultry perts raiser of to-day enjoys. No industry is getting more publicity.

By no means have the problems of

poultry been solved. In fact, from what is to come, we stand, as did the ponl-try raiser of 10 or 15 years ago. So great has been the improvements in poultry culture over the past, however, that the beginner of to-day has a greater chance to succeed. For instance, the poultry house construction has really provided a healthy place for fowls to live m, with their open-front ventilation. This is the first essential in successful poultry, for without health, feed or breeding would be of little use. known that fowls should be allowed at least three square feet floor space-more is better, especially for the beginner. In feeding, the successful breeder and the experiment stations give the amount of mash, grains, etc., that really do produce results, based on experience

s shown by their tests.

Why, then, the failures? Why the failures in any line of business, and you have the answer in a measure. Human nature is the same all over. A great many we know start out after by great many we know start our actor be-coming interested in noultry and have a fixed pet theory—a hobby they try to eide. It is as a rule, so different that they are generally thrown after riding it a while. Some recover and come back-Some recover and come back to earth again, and succeed, and other

The first essential in poultry for profit is common sense. willingness to work, and the third, grit Thomas Pascoe, Mr. John Williams, Mr. Edward Johns, and the other gentlemen of her previous acquaintance. The slight bow and cold smile—very slight, very cold, it must be confessed—although no breaches of etiquette, were to Mrs. Caerlyon nothing less than a flagrant in face of discouragement. And are they not the qualitations of any line conditions, obtain good advice, purchase the best stock that he can afford, house, and will be sent stock that he can afford, house, and will be sent stock that he can afford, house, and will be sent stock that he can afford, house, and will be sent stock that he can afford, house, and will be sent stock that he can afford, house, and will be sent stock that he can afford, house, and will be sent stock that he can afford, house, and the third, grit in face of discouragement. And are they not the qualitations of any line specific the policy of business? "And John Caerlyon to stand by and see him wife slighted in her own house in that manner! Wait until she talked to him! Bringing his grand, stuck-up visitors in there and inviting them to tea; and Miss Winnie, with her airs and

ness several years, one can dispose of the surplus breeders at a fair price, and by advertising sell hatching eggs and day-old chicks. But the stock must be good to obtain a fair price and satusfy the purchaser. There is no good reason why anyone should fail in mak-

ing poultry pay if properly managed. One quickly hears of failures. They are proclaimed from the housetops. Not so with the successes. In all cases Not so with the successes. In all cases, the failure has been due to lack of management. Start now and carefully plan for the coming season. If the poultry horse is completed by y the fowls now and when they are cheapest. Order the incubator and brooder so that it may be ready without delay when you wish to place the eggs in it. It is not too early to place your order for hat-hing eggs or day-old chicks. With the breedcousin 'Lezabeth's' hot-buttered barley'cousin 'Lezabeth's' hot-buttered barleycake,'' or sweet saffron-cake, at six
o'clock when the work-bell had rung and
the mine-work on the upper earth at
least was over for the night.

Be it understood, however, amongst

Shathat Mr.

The hot barley'cousin 'Lezabeth's' hot-buttered barleycake,'' or sweet saffron-cake, at six
o'clock when the work-bell had rung and
the mine-work on the upper earth at
least was over for the night.

Be it understood, however, amongst
start at the proper time. It means
much toward a successful poultry seamuch toward as successful poultry sea-

NOTES.

There will always be a demand for good stock, day-old chicks and hatching eggs. The breeder with a good-laying strain will have the call in the future. The haphzard breeder, large or small, must sconer or later fall by the way-

must sconer or later fall by the waysile, for the progressive, up-to-date
breeder with a good reputation, makes
good. The purchaser of eggs, chicks or
stock can only be fooded once, and then
he is careful to seek the breeder, large
or small, and there are many good
small ones who have an homest-reputation for selling what he salvertises.

This brings to mind also that many
beginners with no experience in raising
chicks or caring for stock, blane the
breeder from whom they purchased for
the fact that their eggs did not hatch
well or their chicks did not grow. They
often fail to realize that they thenselves have been to blame in not propcrly incubating or caring for the chicks
properly. Unless the eggs are properly properly. Unless the eggs are properly incubated, either by hen or machine the hen can go wrong s well as the linen-bator—they will not produce livable chicks. Again, the beginner is often likely to experiment too much in the care of the chicks. After a little ex-

GROWING GIRLS AND ALL WOMEN

Should Keep Their Blood Supply Rich, Red and Pure.

On every hand you see women and growing girls in the deadly clutches of anaemia. Slowly but surely a pallor as of death, settles on their cheeks; their eyes grow dull; their appetite fickle; their steps languid. Daily they are being robbed of all vitality and brightness. The trouble, if neglected, becomes more acute until the signature. ecomes more acute until the signs of becomes more acute until the signs of early consumption become apparent. What women and young girls in this condition need is new, rich, red blood, and there is no other medicine can do the work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in making this new, good blood. These Pills make girls and women well, and bring back the charm and brightness of perfect, regular health. Here is a bit of proof. Miss Lille O'Carroll, Norwood, Ont., says: "About two years ago my health began to fail. I was weak, rup down and had no ambition for anything. I had frequent headaches, would be completely tired out after the least exertion, and had little or no least exertion, and had little or no appetite. A doctor who was giving me medicine finally told me he feared I was going into consumption, which, of course, made me very much downhearted. As the medicine I was taking was not doing me any good, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I shall ever feel grateful that I did so. My story may be summed up in the worls' "ning" may be summed up in the words "nine boxes of the Pills fully restored my health—perhaps saved my life, and I am now as strong and healthy as any girl." Every anacmic sufferer can obtain equally good results through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

perience the beginner will not law the blame on the breeder's shoulders unless

there is just cause.

The Orpingtons still enjoy a popular boom all over the country. Possibly no breed ever had so many rich fanciers to take hold of and boom them as the Orp-ingtons. Printers' ink and good all-around breed have put them where they are to-day, among the leaders and off-times the heaviest class in the show

intended to be used as breeders in the future, above all select those that have the best type of the breed. The day is coming, nay, it is liere, when feathers (while desirable) will be secondary. Shape makes the breed and the judges of international reputation are awarding that way. Those who do not

The late-hatched chicks on well-regu lated plants seem to be making a fine growth, while the early hatches were poor, not one-half the number being hatched. The good poultry raiser, the one who has the practical experience, has succeeded in pushing the youngsters along in good shape, and they will come into profit in the late winter and early spring. It is different with the beginner, who, as a rule, unless he carefully ter, who, as a rule, unless he care ooks after the late-hatched chicks, have a lot of under-sized birds that will not mature until late in the spring. It requires extra attention and sow perience to properly rear late-hatched

chicks. Overcrowding has caused more than one failure. These are the times of big things, and the poultry raiser, too, has caught the fever in trying for large numbers instead ofttimes of smaller and better quality. The poultry raiser should not lose sight of the fact that

for the early winter shows. The steady advertiser is the one who always reaps the benefit in the long run.

GOOD, FOR ALL BABIES

Baby's Own Tablets are good for all lables. They are good for the new-born babe or the growing child—the babe who suffers from constipation or the one whose teething is difficult or who has indigestion, colic, worms or any of the other babyailments. The Tablets banish all these troubles they are perfectly safe: being guaranteed by a Government analyst to contain no opiates of harmful drugs. Sok by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

HARVESTING AND STORING

POTATOES. I dig potatoes when the tubers are thoroughly ripe-about October 15th-choosing bright sun-shiny weather, for this wors. Every second row is dug first, the tuber being left a short time of

"What's your definition of a real gentleman?" "A man who never spen more money than his wife can earn."