DELICATE GIRLS NEED NEW BLOOD

Which Can be Had Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Nature intended every girl to be happy, active and healthy. Yet too many of them find their lives saddened by suffering—nearly always because their blood is to blame. All those with colorless cheeks, dull skins and lusterless eyes are in this condition because they have not enough red blood in their veins to keep them well and in the charm of health. They suffer from depressing weariness and periodical headaches. Dark lines form under their eyes, their heart palpitates violently after the slightest exertion, and they are often attacked with fainting spells. These are only a few of the miseries of bloodlessness. When the blood becomes thin and watery it can be enriched through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the troubles that come from poor blood disappear. In almost every neighborhood you will find some formerly ailing girl who has a good word to say for this medicine. Among them there is Miss Ida M. Withrow, Hardwood Lands, N.S., who says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did more for me than all the other medicine I took, and I cannot praise them too highly. When I began the use of these pills I was in a terribly run down condition, very thin and very pale. My appetite was gone, and I had a tired, worn out feeling all the time. Doctor's medicine did not seem to improve my condition and I was getting greatly discouraged when a friend advised me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After some urging I decided to do so. After taking six boxes I felt like a new person. I gained weight, had a good color, and an improved appetite, and the constantly tired feeling that had made me so miserable was gone. I took a few boxes more before I stopped, and by that time I had never felt so well in my life. I shall always feel very grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and strongly recommend them to those who are run down."

You can get these pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sea Longing.

I am inland born,
And yet,
That the sea sings somewhere
I cannot forget.
Seldom have I known
Salt air,
Yet the memory of it
Is a lovely snare.

In the night I dream
Of sails
White in dripping storms,
Hurricanes and gales
Old Seafaring lore
Has lure
That through all my days
Must I know, endure.

I am inland born,
And yet,
I cannot forget
That the sea sings somewhere.
—George Elliston.

There is often great strain on the buttons of a woollen coat, resulting in a hole in the knitting. This can be avoided if, when the pearl buttons are put on, a linen one of a similar size is sewn on the back, the same thread being used for the two.

FLIT
TRADE MARK
DESTROYS
Flies, Mosquitoes
Roaches
Bedbugs

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)

To Be Happy.

How far we seek it, and how near
Is happiness;
From one kind thought, from one kind deed
It springs to bless.
Yet restless over the world men go,
And everywhere,
Burning themselves out seeking it,
Now here, now there.
Happiness is within men's hearts,
It's not afar
At the end of a shining rainbow or
On some bright star.
Men would try even miracles
For this great boon—
Stop this old world a-turning around,
Or chain the moon
To gain a bit of happiness.
They will not see
That it is seldom to be bought,
Its' given freely
To all who pattern after Him,
Through gain or loss,
The shining One who died upon
A wooden cross.
—George Elliston.

Wings.

Now would I were yon chittering sparrow
That flits along the quay,
I would be flying on the great ship lying,
That speaks of home to me.

Or might I be the gull that follows
So close beside the mast;
No wave should stay me, nor wind delay me
To reach my land at last.

Then would I join the loud lark rising
Above his fragrant nest;
By wood, by tillage, by stream and village
Till wing and heart might rest.
—Douglas Hurn.

My Faith.

My faith is as a victory;
Together we put out to sea,
Nor storm nor sun can separate
Me from my ever valiant mate.

He who has faith in victory,
He who has faith is free, is free
Of dark and pain and earthly sorrow,
He lives to-day in God's to-morrow.
—George Elliston.

To a Sapphire Vase.

Oh, how did you capture that bit of sky
So wondrously tinged with blue?
A fairy bubble to crystal chained
And tipped with a frosty dew.

It grew quite tall in its stem-like grace
As a fairy bubble grows.
And made of its sapphire loveliness
A home for a pale pink rose.
—A. Lewis Colwell.

The Stony Stare.

He—"Maud has a perfect face—looks as if cut from marble."

He—Then that must be why she always gives me the stony stare."

Correct Valance for Curtain.

The correct depth of a valance of a curtain is one-sixth of the over-all height of the window from the floor to the top of the trim. For example, if the window is nine feet high, the valance should be about eighteen inches deep.

Grades.

"I thought you knew the Robbins. Don't you live in the same square?"

"Yes, but not in the same circle."

Judges in Russia.

Of 2,600 judges on the bench of soviet Russia, 1,416 are peasants and 882 are workmen.

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FLEECE WOOL
Harris Abattoir Co., Limited
Strachan Ave., Toronto

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COME TO THE O.A.C.
and
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J. B. Reynolds, M.A., President. A. M. Porter, B.S.A., Registrar. L. Stevenson, M.S., Extension.

PEARLS AND BELLS OF THE HEBREW LADY

The Hebrew women of high rank, in the flourishing period of their state, wore necklaces, composed of multiple rows of pearls. The thread on which the pearls were strung was of flax or woollen,—and sometimes colored. . .

But the Hebrew necklaces were not always composed of pearls, or of pearls only; sometimes it was the custom to interchange the pearls with little golden bulbs or berries: sometimes they were blended with the precious stones; and at other times the pearls were strung two and two, and their beautiful whiteness relieved by the interposition of red coral.

Next came the bracelets, of gold or ivory, and fitted up at the open side with a buckle or enamelled clasp of elaborate workmanship. These bracelets were also occasionally composed of gold or silver thread; and it was not unusual for a series of them to ascend from the wrist to the elbow. From the clasp, or other fastening of the bracelet, depended a delicate chain-work or netting of gold, and in some instances miniature festoons of pearls. Sometimes the gold chain-work was exchanged for little silver bells. . . .

This bijouterie for the arms naturally reminded the Hebrew lady of the ankle bells, and other similar ornaments. . . . These ornaments consisted partly in golden belts, or rings, which, descending from above the ankle, compressed the foot in various parts, and partly in shells and little jingling chains, which depended so as to strike against clappers fixed into the metallic belts. The pleasant tinkle of the golden belts in collision, the chains rattling, and the melodious chime of little silver ankle bells, keeping time with the motions of the foot, made an accompaniment so agreeable to female vanity that the stately daughters of Jerusalem, with their sweeping trains flowing after them, appear to have adopted a sort of measured tread, by way of impressing a regular cadence upon the music of their feet. The chains of gold were exchanged, as luxury advanced, for strings of pearls and jewels, which swept in snaky folds about the feet and ankles.

This, like many other peculiarities in the Hebrew dress, had its origin in a circumstance of their early nomadic life. It is usual with the Bedouins to lead the camel, when disposed to be restive, by a rope or a belt fastened to one of the forefeet, sometimes to both; and it is also a familiar practice to soothe and to cheer the . . . animal with the sound of little bells, attached either to the neck or to one of he fore-legs. Girls are commonly employed to lead the camels to water; and it naturally happened that, with their lively fancies, some Hebrew or Arabian girl should be prompted to repeat, on her own person, what had so often been connected with an agreeable impression in her mute companions to the well.—From "Toilette of the Hebrew Lady," by Thomas De Quincey.

All He Wanted.

Mrs. Wetmore—"My husband didn't tell me he was to bring a guest to dinner so you'll have to take pot luck with us."

The Guest—"That'll be all right, Mrs. Wetmore. If I came for was a hooker of your husband's pre-war Scotch."

The Violet.

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flow'r,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have grac'd a rosy bow'r,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd;
And there diffus'd its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flow'r to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.
—Jane Taylor.

Machine Beats Man.

A machine so delicate that it detects the slightest unevenness in silk thread down to 2-1000 of an inch and counts and classifies under eleven heads any unevenness and other defects in the thread is now in use.

It performs work so minute that it escapes the human hand completely and is visible to the eye only under powerful microscopes. The machine is introducing an unprecedented precision into the testing of silk shipments from Japan.

Essentially it it a machine for winding silk from bobbins into skeins by passing the thread through a grove in a gauge. The groove is adjusted until a feeler, .002 of an inch thick, fits clase enough to just support a specified weight.

As ten threads pass through ten separate grooves the least variation in any thread is detected and immediately the machine stops.

Farming Up-to-Date.

The sweet young thing gazed pensively at the peaceful rural scene.

"Why are you running that steam-roller thing over that field?" she asked at last.

"I'm raising mashed potatoes this year," replied the farmer.

It is better to be able to look back to a day well lived than ahead to a month of promises.—The Lamp.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN
Earn money—and get it every week. Sell fruit trees, flowering shrubs, shade trees, hedging, roses and evergreens. Outfit furnished. Old, established firm has an attractive proposition for man or woman of good standing and energetic.
E. D. SMITH & SONS, LIMITED,
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SIXTEEN YEARS USE OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Has Shown One Mother There is Nothing to Equal Them.

A constant use of Baby's Own Tablets for their children has proven to thousands of mothers that they are without an equal for babyhood and childhood ailments. One mother, Mrs. C. W. Jackson, R.R.1, Gilford, Ont., writes:—"We have used Baby's Own Tablets ever since our first baby was born sixteen years ago. We have seven healthy children and the Tablets is the only medicine they received in their early years. Our baby is one and a half years old, is walking and talking and weighs 25 pounds. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine he has ever had."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to be absolutely safe for even the newborn babe. They are free from opiates and narcotics, act as a gentle laxative on the stomach and bowels and thus relieve constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make baby healthy and strong.

You can get Baby's Own Tablets from your druggist or direct by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dreamers of the Desert.

No people on earth are so poetical in their speech as the Arabs of the desert. Whenever they have anything to say they wrap the story with fancy words, almost in poetry.

Here is an example of a very old one, of an Arab writing of his pipe:

"The Apostrophe of El Din Attar to His Pipe

"O, wife of the soul, thou art wiser than any who abide in the harem. A maker of peace thou art and a builder of prudence between temptation and the hour of decision.

"Can anger abide with the pipe, or a gnat in the smoke of the tent-fire? Lo, wine is but wine for the simple, and a pipe but a pipe for the foolish, and what is a song to the dumb, or a rose to the eye that is blind?

"A bud of the rose findeth June on the breast of the dark-eyed; a song must be sung by the heart of the hearer. And these are the pipe and the smoker. Also of it the kings hath no more joy than the beggar, saith El Din Attar."

The Arab women also write. Here is a sample of woman speaking of woman:

"These women. How many a rich man have they not paupered, how many a powerful man have they not prostrated, and how many a superior man have they not enslaved! Indeed, they reduce the sage and send the saint to shame and bring the wealthy to want, and plunge the fortune-favored into penury. Yet for all this the wise but redouble in affection of them and honor; nor do they count this oppression or dishonor. How many a man hath offended his maker and called down on himself the wrath of his father and mother—Sitt al Mashalikh—the learned woman."

Minard's Liniment for all pains.

Making Her Say It.

The prettiest girl sighed. All through the foxtrot her partner had been relating "curious facts" to her about everything under the sun, from pigs to parliament, till she was bored almost to tears. Now he was on the subject of heredity. "It's a curious fact," he remarked, "but my brother, who was born on the same day of the year as I was, but who's three years older, is my exact opposite in every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," murmured the girl, "but I'd like to."

The first degree of folly is to think oneself wise; the next, to tell others so; the third, to despise all counsel.

Cold Water Always
Joints—beef, mutton, pork and Ham—are perfected by the tang of Mustard.
should be cold to give the best effect and the Mustard should be mixed 10 minutes before the meal.
Keen's Mustard aids digestion

Sunlight After Storm.

It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Slaudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban Mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber; the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep palpitating azure, half aether and half dew. The nnonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering . . . as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak mind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock — dark though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, binding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.—John Ruskin, in "Modern Painters."

Minard's Liniment for Burns.

Mystery Islands.

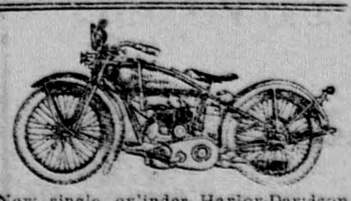
The recent plight of the Argentine hunter who unwittingly set his tent on a moving island and was floated to a marshy tract during the night again illustrates the danger of these "nomadic" forests to the unwary.

Lake Orion, in the State of Michigan, owns, perhaps, the most mysterious as well as the most celebrated of these geographical enigmas. It has long perplexed scientists how this island appears floating on the surface during one period of the year and then disappears to rest at the bottom of the lake for the rest of the year.

It appears on the surface regularly at the middle of August, and remains an island till February 15th each year, when it is engulfed and sinks to the bottom. Many efforts have been made to probe the mystery, but every attempt to control its appearance and disappearance has ended in failure.

As the island is quite an unwanted one, attempts were made at one time to end its career by loading it with tons of stones. The island disappeared as usual at its proper time, but the 15th of the following August found it drying on the surface again.

Another island with a spirit for adventure is the floating island in Henry's Lake, situated in a depression of the Rocky Mountains, called Targee's Pass. The lake has an area of forty square miles, and this floating island keeps sailing around it at an average rate of about five miles a day. Adventurers who have landed on the island without knowledge of its roving propensity have awakened in the morning to find themselves marooned and their small boat floating miles away.


New single cylinder Harley-Davidson Motorcycle, has just won a World's Record for endurance. Less than one cent per mile to operate, and over 100 miles per gallon of gas. $97 cash, balance $20 per month. Price $298.
WALTER ANDREWS, Ltd.
346 Yonge St. Toronto

Clear Shining After Rain.

And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
—Milton.

Carries Eggs in Mouth.

Possibly not one fisherman in a thousand knows what happens to the eggs of the ordinary catfish. What does happen is quite a common thing among fishes of the species. The male takes the eggs into his mouth and carries them around very carefully until they hatch and he lets the little fellows out in life.

BICYCLE BARGAINS

New and slightly used, $10 upwards. Transportation prepaid. Write for Price List.
PEERLESS BICYCLE WORKS
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Stiff Joints
and sore muscles are quickly relieved by a few applications of Minard's.
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

SICK ABED EIGHT MONTHS

After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Could Do All Her Work and Gained in Weight

Melfort, Saskatchewan. — "I had inward troubles, headaches and severe pains in my back and sides. I was so sick generally that I could not sit up and I was in bed most of the time for eight months. An aunt came to visit and help me as I was unable to attend to my baby and could not do my work. She told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles I could get up and dress myself. I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine. When I first took the medicine I only weighed seventy-eight pounds. Now I weigh twice as much. If I get out of sorts or weary and can't sleep I always take another bottle of the Vegetable Compound. I find it wonderfully good for female troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. I will be only too glad to answer any letters I receive asking about it."—Mrs. WILLIAM RITCHIE, Box 486, Melfort, Saskatchewan. C

Face Badly Broken Out With Pimples Cuticura Healed

"My face was so badly broken out with pimples that it was actually disfigured. They first started with a few blackheads on the sides of my face, and festered. The pimples spread to my forehead, chin and neck. They itched and burned so that I could hardly rest. They looked so badly that I was ashamed to be seen in public. The trouble lasted about three years.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment so purchased some. I used about two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and four cakes of Soap and was healed." (Signed) Mrs. John Kelly, Rt. 3, Bay City, Mich., Nov. 5, 1925.

Nothing so insures a healthy, clear complexion, soft, smooth hands and glossy, luxuriant hair as Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when necessary.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.