SAME SYMPTOMS IN MANY CASES

An Anaemic Condition Easily Recognized — Calls for a Blood Builder.

In most cases of anaemia the symptoms are almost the same. The sufferer grows pale and is easily tired after the least exertion. The appetite is fickle and the patient loses in weight. Sometimes there are headaches, and often inability to sleep well. As the blood becomes thinner the symptoms become more pronounced and often there are fainting spells. All this shows that the blood is thin and watery, and at the very first symptom of this condition the patient should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the most reliable blood-builder and nerve tonic known. The sole mission of this medicine is to enrich the blood and when that is done all the distressing symptoms disappear. Among those who have reason to praise this medicine is Mrs. M. E. Patterson, Shanklin, N.B., who says:—"About four years ago I became very much run down, I could not eat, sleep nor rest, and I grew so nervous that the smallest things would annoy me. Eventually I grew so weak that I did not have strength to move about without help. I was just a miserable wreck, and became very much discouraged as I had tried many medicines which failed to help me. In this wretched state a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and before long found they were helping me. Gladly I continued taking the pills until I fully regained my health and strength and I have since continued in the best of health. Later my daughter became anaemic and six boxes of the pills restored her to health, strength and color. Naturally, I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a blessing to weak, run-down people."

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine o., Brockville, Ont.

HE DIDN'T SHAKE—MUCH

Sam had passed through a harrowing experience. He had seen a ghost.

"Ah jes' come out of de cowshed," he said, "an' ah had a pail of milk in mah hand. Den ah hears a noise by de side of de road an' de ghost rushes out."

"Did you shake with fright, Sam?" asked one of his dusky audience.

"Ah don't know what ah shook wid. Ah hain't sayin' for suttin' ah shook at all. But when ah got home ah found all de milk gone, an' two pounds o' butter in de paid."

The British custom of serving 4-o'clock tea in business offices is fast "taking on" in Canada. Many Canadian, as well as British-born, executives now order Red Rose Tea for their office staffs, because it is the same quality as the finest English teas. Sold by all grocers, in bright, clean aluminum. 15EW

How Much Water Should Baby Get?

A Famous Authority's Rule

By Ruth Brittain

Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eight pound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.

Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't, give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper—and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold.

Just a word of caution. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package so you'll be sure to get the genuine. The forty cent bottles contain thirty-five doses.

A Lesson in Self-Reliance

An Interesting Study by a Correspondent to the Christian Science Monitor from Old London

STEADY AND SURE

One may see anything in London if he waits long enough—anything whatever; because that city is a compendium of the round world and a summation of history. It is a good place, therefore, in which to practice Horace's nil admirari by being surprised at nothing, and an equally good place for the equal wisdom of finding everything strange and new. This is the reason why London has been so rich in philosophers, who are never surprised, and also in poets, who always are. Anything can happen there, and eventually everything does happen. A Londoner may have been so lulled by humdrum days as to conclude with Hamlet that all is "stale, flat, and unprofitable upon this sterile promontory, the earth," and then one morning—well, let me cite an example.

I was standing at the corner of Southampton Row and Tavistock Square, waiting for a conveyance to take me northward. The great street was flowing like a stream in spate with taxicabs, buses, and automobiles all making steadily southward. Hoots and cries, rumble and road of wheels, screaming of brakes, filled the morning air. As I looked down the thoroughfare it seemed to be tightly packed with vehicles from curb to curb. All London had decided, apparently, to travel down Southampton Row to Kingsway and the Strand. so that if any recalcitrant person should wish to go in the opposite direction he would have to wait, it seemed, for the turn of the human tide. One huge purpose was working there, and anyone who set himself against that would soon learn how little a single man counts against all men.

Whats Coming?

But wait! What is happening far down there by Russell Square? Is there not a slight rift in the solid mass of traffic, as though someone or something had mightily determined, cost what it might, to come this way? Who can have had the temerity to set his puny purpose against all these thousands? And yet it is clear that a different idea, some sturdy bit of individualism is struggling down there with the concerted mass of opinion. Someone intends to get to Euston Station in spite of the fifty thousand others who hold with perfect unanimity that the only thing to do is to get to Kingsway and the Strand. A thrilling thing it is, always, to see one purpose pit itself against thousands. And look, now. The traffic that was a solid mass before, wedged tight from side to side of the road, has somehow managed to leave a free channel. The huge buses achieve wonders of agility in wriggling off toward the curbstones, and taxicabs dart away into side streets which a moment ago they would have disdained. Who or what can it be that is shown such deference? Is it a police patrol? Is it a donkey cart? Is it the King?

I cannot yet be sure, for the buses still block the nearer view. Whatever is moving there is no hurry; it comes on no faster than a man might walk, dividing the traffic before it as a whale does the waves of the sea. But now, at last, there it is! Now I understand. A vast and lofty brow, serene, majestic, imperturable, looms all at once above the hubbub. One glance at that lofty forehead explains why the crowd of vehicles opened so obsequiously below and why the little taxicabs darted off into obscure byways. If I had been a taxicab bound along Southampton Row for the City and I had met an elephant coming up Southampton Row en route for the Euston Station, I should probably have adopted the same prudent course.

An African King

For there is an air of command about that massive brow that is not to be lightly gainsaid, and there is a look of absolute self-sufficiency in the small determined eyes which seems to say: "I am bound northward for reasons that seem good to me, and I propose to move in that direction at my own accustomed pace. If all London chooses to go at the same time in the opposite direction, that is London's privilege, but London will have to make room for me." And behold, London does make room.

How composed and collected the huge beast is as he shuffles past me on the flexible trees he uses for legs, looking sagaciously out of his little eyes at the most wonderful city men have made, as though he had taken our measure and was not at all impressed. How small and trivial and hurried a man looks beside this majestic animal. Yes, any man—even a policeman. Directly before the elephant now, in the very path of his irresistible march, stands the stately official who directs the traffic of the street. Motors are banked up twenty deep on either side of the row, honking impatiently for their turn to cross. What will the stately official do now, he who has never been at a loss before? What signal will he give in this situation, which is certainly unprovided for in his code of instructions? Oh, if he would only hold up that mighty white-gloved hand to the elephant and bid him to stop, so that we might see the rare spectacle of the irresistible force confronting the immovable post! But no, that spectacle is denied us, for he is an English policeman and the English always temper their law and logic with common sense. He makes no signal whatever, but retires with as much dignity as possible to one side of the street while the elebhant, who is dignity incarnate, tramps on without a second's pause. All things considered, I feel that the policeman chose wisely.

Happy Philosophy

And now the clutches grip the gears once more and the wheels begin to roll. On the faces of the people in the street I see no more surprise than there would be if Southampton Row were a run leading to a saltlick in Central Africa and a thoroughfare for elephants. I reflect that probably all these people are philosophers, who know that everything whatever is to be seen in London sooner or later and that therefore an elephant was to be expected. My own philosophy is not so complete, however, that I can forbear gazing after the huge gray shape that is shambling leisurely toward St. Pancras Church. What thoughts are his, I wonder, and what shadowy recollections? Does he compare the crowded clanging street with the jungles of his babyhood? (Merely to think of that walking hill as having once had an infancy is startling enough!) Does he liken the hoot of the claxons, rather contemptuously, to the cry of tigers and the roar of lions in the southern night? If he does, then it is not strange that he should ignore even the dignity of a traffic policeman. What a seasoned and veteran traveler he must be, moreover! He who has sailed the seven seas and tramped the five continents, who has ridden thousands of miles in box cars and has been hoisted out of steamships innumerable times by specially constructed derricks—such an elephant, certainly, has got past marveling at Southampton Row. Or perhaps he has long been a London citizen, and so is a philosopher by natural right.

The Moral

"Trust thyself," says Emerson; "every heart resounds to that iron string." Well, one heart does at any rate, and to me that steady march of the great gray elephant right against the whole current of the morning's traffic was a perfect symbol of the purpose that always finds a way. Never hesitating, never for an instant doubting that the throng would open before him, he kept "in the midst of the crowd, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude." That is the way in which great things are done, and not by flaccidly deciding that the way everyone is going must, of course, be the right way for one to go. Of course, one may say that the problem of independence is somewhat simplified if one weighs several tons and stands ten or twelve feet high, but mere bulk is not the essential thing. A donkey scarcely larger than a Newfoundland dog would have had the same success if he had been actuated by the same indomitable purpose. Indeed, I am confidently expecting to see a donkey pit himself some day against all the southward-setting traffic of Southampton Row, in London, where everything happens.

TOOK ONLY WINE

"When you were in Japan did you take a jinrikisha often?"

"No—confined myself strictly to wine."

Don't Do This—

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LEONARD EAR OIL

An ear oil of great benefit in cases of Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises. Simply Insert in Nostrils and Rub in gently back of Ears. Soothing and Penetrating. On the market since 1907, and many thousands have written of the relief obtained. This treatment is recommended by Dr. John Bergeson, the eminent Ear Specialist. Price $1.25 at drug stores. Folder about "Deafness" on request.

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70 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Gretna Green Retains Fame With 9 Marriages in Week

Gretna Green, Scotland—Whereas the vicar of a Middlesex village is complaining that there has not been a marriage in his parish for more than a year, Gretna Green, famous in song and story as the mecca of runaway couples, is enjoying traditional popularity as a marriage centre.

Nine marriages have taken place at the Gretna Green blacksmith's forget within one week this "season."

With the passing of the Marriage act in 1856, which makes it compulsory for one of the contracting parties to have been resident in Scotland for twenty-one days before the ceremony, a death blow was dealt to the custom of uniting young couples at any hour of the day or night, "and no questions asked."

Nevertheless Gretna Green has continued to uphold its reputation.

GIVE CONFIDENCE TO YOUNG MOTHERS

By Always Keeping Baby's Own Tablets in the Home.

A simple and safe remedy for the common ills of babyhood and childhood should be kept in every home where there is either a baby or a young child. Often it is necessary to give the little ones something to break up a cold, allay fever, correct sour stomach and banish the irritability that accompanies the cutting of teeth.

Experienced mothers always keep Baby's Own Tablets in the home as a safeguard against the troubles that seize their little ones so suddenly and the young mother can feel reasonably safe with a box of these Tablets at hand and ready for emergencies.

Baby's Own Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative that act without gripping and they are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates or other harmful drugs. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

At Six Bells

This is not a sea story, as the title might suggest, but the story of a holiday in Switzerland. It is a very old custom and is celebrated during the last of April. The Guilds of Zurich burn up winter, which they think has lasted long enough!

A huge bonfire is laid in the square before the Opera House, and on top of it is placed what looks like a large snowman, but he is in reality built of chicken wire stuffed with fireworks and covered with white paper.

The guilds—and there must be about 20—all meet, arrayed in the most gorgeous costumes, each union having its own ceremonial uniform, some of which are preserved in the museum and used only on this day.

The procession marches into the square and groups around the bonfire—after circling slowly and impressively around it—and the townspeople on foot form a ring on the outside. When the clock strikes six the fire is lighted, and as it burns the men and horses commence to circle about, going faster and faster.

Then the snowman catches fire and begins to blow up, and everyone joins in the cheering, for winter has gone. Finally, bunches of flowers are thrown and the cry goes up that summer has begun.

Closing House

Preparing for a vacaion in the summer may be a mere matter of packing but your thrifty housewife knows it involves much more than that. Here are a few of the more important things that must be done.

Lock all the windows, and if there is no open fireplace, fasten a top floor window open at the top for circulation. To forestall spontaneous combustion, place floor dusting mopheads in covered tin cans, burn oily polishing cloths and throw out any paper and light trash that may have collected. Blankets, if they are first cleaned and sprayed with insecticide, are safely stored in chest or linen closet.

Ranges should be given a thorough cleaning and coated with stove oil to guard against rust. Motors must be oiled, vacuum cleaner bags emptied. If you have a mechanical refrigerator, pull out the electrical plug or turn out the gas. Foods and soaps should be left in mouseproof containers, the flour bin should be emptied and all paper packages replaced by jars or cans. Furnishings, of course, need protection against dust, moths, and sunlight. Old slip covers suffice for wicker, while over-stuffed furniture should be vacuum cleaned and sprayed with insecticide and put out of reach of the sun. The windows should be hung with clean old curtains. Carpets and rugs are safer on the floor, with the shade half drawn, than when they are rolled up and put away.

Finally, notify the local police department that there is to be a vacant house. When you leave, make sure, by curtaining the windows, and pulling the shades only halfway down, that the house does not look vacant.

Minard's Liniment for Toothache.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The Orange Pekoe is something extra—a special tea

In clean, bright Aluminum

14

Western Islands of Scotland Have Grave Grievance

British Postmaster-General's Proposals Opposed by All Parties in Parliament

London.—Western islands of Scotland, the defects of whose sea communication have been a grievance to those associated with that part of the world for a generation are at last to be completely overhauled.

This is the outcome of a spirited debate in the House of Commons, in which such strong opposition from members of all parties was shown to the Postmaster-General's proposals for a new contract with the existing steamer service, that the Government agreed to withdraw the scheme and appoint a select committee to investigate the entire question of the traffic along the coast and to the islands.

In the debate, Frederick Masquisten for the Conservatives told of two horses having to be sold to meet the freightage of 12 stable companions.

Walter Runciman, for the Liberals, referred to fish sent to Manchester selling for 19s. 6d. which cost £1 2s. 6d. to carry there, and quoted Sir Harry Lauder for the statement that farmers refused to send cattle by the steamers.

James MacPherson, another Liberal, said that the average age of the existing steamers was 68 years, ranging from a "Patriarch" of 84 to a "flapper" of 18.

Thomas Johnston, for Labor, added a story of a candidate now in Parliament who was marooned for 10 days on the Island of Tiree in the Hebrides during the height of an election.

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Firestone Dealers offer you a complete line of tires, each supreme in its class, headed by the famous Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon. All are made by Firestone in the world's most economical tire plants—an assurance of the most for your money.

Firestone distributes tires only through regular service-giving dealers direct from Factory branches and authorized distributors — never through mail order houses or so-called special jobbers.

See the Firestone Dealer nearest you. He is prepared to serve you better and save you money, no matter what price tire you want to buy.

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BABY CHICKS

WE HATCH FOUR VARIETIES. Write for free catalogue. A. H. Switzer, Granton, Ontario.

Speak Gently!

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

—G. W. Langford.

Minard's Liniment for insect bites.

Taking 10,000 orphan children to the circus as did a Philadelphia man recently must have been a circus in itself and a happy one.

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Our breeders are bred for high egg production. White, Brown and Buff Leghorns, Barred and White Rocks, R. I. Reds, Anconas, Buff Orpingtons, White Wyandottes. 9c and up. 100% live delivery guaranteed. Write today for FREE CHICK BOOK.

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Soap and Ointment Work Wonders

Try Our New Shaving Stick.

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Make sure no infection of cuts and wounds takes place, by applying Minard's Liniment.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

GOOD ADVICE FROM MOTHER OF SEVEN

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Toronto, Ont.—"I began taking Vegetable Compound for nerves and other troubles and I must say I felt different after the first dose. I have been told this last six months that I look twenty-five, although I am now forty-seven and have had seven children. I have taken the Vegetable Compound regularly for some time and sleep well, rise early and feel young."—MRS. MCKEE, 18 Laurier Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Acid Stomach

Excess acid is the common cause of indigestion. It results in pain and sourness about two hours after eating. The quick corrective is an alkali which neutralizes acid. The best corrective is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained standard with physicians in the 50 years since its invention.

One spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia neutralizes instantly many times its volume in acid. It is harmless and tasteless and its action is quick. You will never rely on crude methods, never continue to suffer, when you learn how quickly, how pleasantly this premier method acts. Please let it show you—now.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. Each bottle contains full directions—any drug store.