"After the birth of my baby--"

To gain thirty pounds in three months, and win back health and strength was the happy experience of Mrs. Margaret Brethour of Cornwall, Ont., who gives all the credit for it to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"After the birth of my baby, I was in the hospital four months," she wrote, "and came home weighing only sixty-five pounds. I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and it wasn't long until I weighed ninety-five pounds and my general health was of the best. Every Spring since then I take the pills as a tonic, and wouldn't be without them, no matter what they cost; I strongly recommend them to all mothers."

Buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now at your druggist's or any dealer in medicine or by mail, 50 cents, postpaid, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS

"A HOUSEHOLD NAME IN 54 COUNTRIES"

Ribbons of Iron

It is at all times interesting to watch the construction of great works, the carrying out of important enterprises. From a scenic standpoint, save the Bailkal, nothing could be more monotonous than this Siberian Railway to the ordinary traveller, to the thousands for whom these wild steppes and forests are dumb, yet so many, great is the interest in the railway, in the daily contemplation of the long ribbons of iron as they stretch away behind the train, or reach out before it in the expectation of what is to come, and of the final moment when the waters of the Pacific Ocean will wash the eastern end of the line—all this is of intnse interest. All the equipment is to be inspected, and a satisfaction derived when it is found that much for the eastern half comes from our own land. . . .

While my father was building the Kansas Pacific Railway it was his custom to send his sons from the East in his private car, which on arrival at the end of the track was attached to the construction train, and there we passed many happy vacation months in summer, an experience never to be forgotten, and never in this world repeated by man. How it all comes back to me! Day after day the vastp lains rising to the horizon like a bowl . . . . in its centre the crawling construction train, leaving its streaks of iron behind it, and ever reaching out mile by mile in front — a moving town, noisy and humming with the work of construction, guarded by both cavalry and infantry from the hordes of savages whose signals were often seen ascending straight upward in a thin spiral of smake no matter how windy the day. Michael Myers Shoemaker, in "The Great Siberian Railway."

BALANCES

The balances of God never lose their adjustment. With them a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity.—Talmadge.

Booze and the Plane

The Careless, Drunken, or Untrained Pilot Will be a Major Problem of the Future

This gasoline age has already produced, one would imagine, a sufficiency of terrors in the way of reckless, unskilled, and even drunken drivers of automobiles. But present problems, things Charles J. V. Murphy, writing in the "Outlook," are of small import, compared with what we may expect from the joy-pilot of the airplane of the future. For instances of the type of accident already being brought about by these gentry, Mr. Murphy paints an alarming picture of what is likely to happen.

"Human beings, a conscienceless and erratic lot, have now a vehicle which can hedge-hop meridians as easily as an automobile used to lope past the suburbs. They command a machine which gives them a new and dangerous mastery over nature. Their egos will expand still further.

"The airplane, even now, gives indication of what the future holds. On any Monday your newspaper will provide you with a recapitulation of week-end accidents in aviation. . Six die in air crashes. . . . Pilot flies into mountain, narrowly escaping crowded bus. . . Unlicensed pilot kills four. . . Boy pilot killed when plane spins. . . . and so on. Such reports have become as regular a factor in the day's news as the weather forecast, or the Sunday motor death list.

"Indeed, we have already begun to make our sacrices for aviation's excellent contributions, and life in this crowded age is still more trying.

"The noise of the airplane is becoming a disturbing note in this nation of raucous noises. Mail planes, flying low, are nightly awakening fretful children. On the shore, where I spend my week-ends, seaplanes and circling land planes have driven out all the peace and quiet the place used to have. Occasionally an interstate passenger plane throbs noisily overhead, but its deeper note is no more than a phrase in the greater, penetrating dissonance of pleasure craft.

"Laws forbidding flying below a given altitude over certain areas have already been written into the law books of the more forward-looking cities, but pilots are prone to overlook them. With irritating abandon, they sunt and dive over passing sailboats, and over country estates and over parks. Not yet are the airways policed like the highways and, besides, the pilot is yet something of a demi-god, to be pleasantly chided, rather than punished, for his recklessness. It is a dangerous and useless business.

"In Garden City, home of the Roosevelt and Curtiss flying fields, this business of flight has brought new nuisances. Members of the golf course are are up arms, like the embattled farmers whose apple trees are plundered by wayfaring motorists. It seems that pilots prankishly glide, with throttled motors, across the putting greens and then zoom up with ear-splitting suddenness. The golfers' games have gone to pot, their blood pressures have reached new highs, and they have sworn to build fences 100 feet high if the aviators do not put an end to their indulgence in this silly fun.

"That lowest form of murderer—the hit-and-run driver—has already had his prototype in aviation. In the lower bay of New York, not long ago, a seaplane sliced through a motor boat, killing a man aboard, and flew away into the fog. On the strength of the fact that the pontoon of his boat was dented, possibly in a collision, a pilot has been arrested, charged with homicide, and is now awaiting trial. But he has insisted that he was not the offender.

"And just the day before, another seaplane, sweeping out of fog with dry fuel tanks, shot into the crowded surf at Coney Island, killing two persons and injuring half a dozen more. This pilot, too, was arrested. But of what? Was it his carelessness or was it an act of God? It must have been difficult to determine; at any rate, he was exonerated by the court.

"Regardless of where the responsibility rests, the fact remains that the Gasoline Era has introduced a new and, at times, terrifying unexpected risk into the normal routine of life.

"There is the factor of drinking, again. Heaven knows, the drunken driver is a sufficient curse until civilization; but a drunken pilot, in a vehicle capable of travelling over 100 miles an hour, which cannot be landed at a speed less than forty of fifty miles an hour, is a still greater curse. And since human nature shows little sign of improving overnight, we may as well expect him. Flight, therefore, will have a fearful responsibility.

"On the West Coast I heard from several sources a ghastly story. I was unable to check it up, but the sources were trustworthy. It seems that several young lads, who owned an airplane among them, arrived at their hangar not long after dawn, after a fairly enthusiastic all-night party, and insisted upon taking the plane for a hop.

"The night watchman tried to reason with them. They overruled him, climbed into the ship and flew away. Presently they appeared over a field where laborers were working. A rare sport occurred to them. They dived headlong upon the workers, and as they scattered, the young men in the plane could be heard cheering. The dives grew longer—the plane came out of them nearer and nearer the earth. It was not long before the inevitable occurred. This time they rode right in. And that was the end of all of them.

"Then again there is the story of Lieutenant Sweely, who grimly stuck it out to the bitter end rather than forsake a stupid passenger; and he must have considered himself lucky to be alive.

"Sweely flew a passenger across the heavily forested section of California. Motor trouble developed, no landing place was available, and the pilot, after vainly struggling to keep the motor going, motioned to his passenger—who wore a parachute—that they would have to go over the side. The passenger had been instructed in how to use it before.

"But no. The man cowered in the cockpit and refused to move. Sweely first coaxed, then threatened the man. At last, exasperated, he straddled the cockpit and actually tried to push him out. The passenger just secured a death-hold on the cowling, and held on.

"The ship then began to edge into a spin. Cursing, Sweely gave up and returned to the controls. He must have done some serious thinking. A crash was certain, perhaps it would cost them both their lives. It would be a simple matter for him to quit the plane in safety and let the stupid ass pay for his unreasonable cowardice. But Lieutenant Sweely seems not to have been that kind of a man. He stuck with his ship.

"With rare skill and courage, he pancaked the ship into the cushioned top of a group of closely meshed pines, which greatly broke the force of impact. Sweely was terribly hurt, but lived. The passenger was no more than scratched. Life is like that.

"These, however, are individual cases. Nothing is settled yet. The status of the parachute in aviation has long been puzzling. Here is a safety device that has had a remarkable record, that has already saved more than 200 lives with a remarkably small percentage of failures. It is not inconvenient to wear, and is not uncomfortable to use.

"And yet, for years, commercial operators shunned it, because, first, it cost several hundred dollars, and, secondly, because they reasoned that to compel every passenger to wear one would be an open avowal that even a routine flight has the element of danger.

"Fortunately, this ostrich-like attitude is passing. Practically every mail line now provides their pilots with parachutes. Schools are compelling their students to wear them.

What other imprints the Age of Flight will leave upon the nation, it is too early to predict. If the automobile accomplished the decentralization of cities, and made us a nation of gypsies, then it seems reasonable to expect that the airplane will carry out this movement to its logical conclusion. As airplanes become cheaper, easier to fly, as another decade www endrdNI? fly, as another decade or two should establish, more and more people will use them."

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Unemployment Insurance

Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman (Cons.): The Insurance Fund is not in present circumstances on a sound actuarial basis. It might be if it applied to casual unemployment only, but on Mr. Thomas's figures, 400,000 or 500,000 may be grouped as permanently unemployed, and no fund can bear such a perpetual drain. The Government's hope that before the £8,500,000 set apart to meet this vampire bleeding has been exhausted unemployment will be diminished, is hardly likely to materialize unless Mr. Thomas can do something more than talk of big schemes on the horizon or of cutting off the pin-money of frugal women so that men may get their jobs.

A City Tree

When I behold an aged tree
Fettered secure in streets of stone,
I think that Thames must surely be
For her a stream of Babylon,
And that in dreams, tearless and vain
She scents far pastures in the sun,
And forest stillness, and pure rain
That falls not here in Babylon.
—Eric Chilman in Glasgow Herald.

Minard's for the Ideal Rubdown.

Never Seen by Ordinary Means

CLOSE-UP OF MIGHTY MYSTERIES OF BIG DIPPER

Striking photograph, taken at Mount Wilson Observatory, Washington, D.C., showing spiral nebula in Big Dipper at what is believed about 2,000,000 light years away.

THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS USE NO OTHER MEDICINE

Canadian mothers are noted for the care they give their little ones—the health of the baby is most jealously guarded and the mother is always on the lookout for a remedy which is efficient and at the same time absolutely safe. Thousands of mothers have found such a remedy in Baby's Own Tablets and many of them use nothing else for the ailments of their little ones. Among them is Mrs. Howard King, of Truro, N.S., who says:—"I can strongly recommend Baby's Own Tablets to mothers of young children as I know of nothing to equal them for little ones."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Will you make any New Year's resolutions, Mr. Swift?"

"Oh, yes. I'm going to be more persistent in proposing to you this year than last year."

COMPANIONS

A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon another next morning; nor men that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they will be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast."—Izaak Walton.

WRATH

Let not the sun in Capricorn go down upon they wrath, but write thy wrongs in water; draw the curtain of night on injuries; shut them up in the tower of oblivion, and let them be as though they had never been. Forgive thine enemies totally, and without any reserve of hope that, however, God will revenge thee.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Falling Hair—Just try Minard's.

INEQUALITY

A man who is willing to work and is unable to find work is perhaps the saddest sight which fortune's inequality exhibits under the sun.—Carlyle.

"Having been a watcher of weddings for many years, I find myself less impressed with the judgment of maturity and more confident of the impulses of youth."—Bruce Barton.

ISSUE No. 1—'30

Ishbel MacDonald Greatly Honored

Peak in Rockies Named After Daughter of British Premier

Ottawa. — Ishbel MacDonald, the daughter of the British Prime Minister, is going to have her name perpetuated for all time in a Canadian Rocky Mountain peak. It will commemorate her visit to Canada last fall.

"Mount Ishbel," as the peak is to be called, is located in the Rockies, 12 miles west of Banff. It is visible from Massive on the Canadian Pacific and also from the roadway between Banff and Lake Louise.

The mountain peak has a height of 10,000 feet and stands out boldly among the others. The announcement was made at the Interior Department and the news has been duly cabled by the Prime Minister to Miss MacDonald.

REASONABLY PRICED

The evening service was being conducted for the women of the parish. The parson being a little deaf had asked the clerk to give out the notices, adding that he was to recommend certain new hymn books which had just been published. The clerk began by announcing the hours when babies could be baptised. Then the parson, thinking that the clerk had spoken about the hymn books, stood up in the pulpit and said: "I would like to add for the benefit of those who have none that they may be had any evening between 4 and 5 o'clock at the vestry. The ordinary little ones at 1s. each, and the little ones with red backs at 1s. 4d.

SECOND LIFE

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high Ambition, or a thirst for Greatness:
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse;
I feel it here: my Resolution melts.
—Addison.

Recent events in Wall Street have made many bulls bare.

LUXO FOR THE HAIR

Ask Your Barber—He Knows

Classified Advertisements

SITUATIONS VACANT

MORE MEN WANTED QUICK. BIG pay, easy work. Earn while learning barber trade under famous Moler American plan, world's most reliable barber school system. Write or call immediately for free catalogue. Moler Barber College, 121 Queen West, Toronto.

The Country of Paris

I have always felt Paris to be a country more than town; the country of Paris is distinct from the country of France. Its aspect is . . . made up of so many divers landscapes. It is not one place but many. Never, as in London, a monotonous plain of masonry, where the points of the compass are the only guides, and the lonely wandered migh find himself bushed in a labyrinth of brick or stucco.

Then again I think of Paris as a huge library to explore. The streets are golden books that keep their sage counsel till we open them—books of varying size and splendor. The folios are the great avenues that lead one on for ever, made for the marching feet of the victorious armies of France; the small streets are the insignificant due-decimos, tucked away on the top shelf. Then there are the noble volumes enriched with plates, books of history. The Place des Vosges, the Ile St. Louis, the Quais are the manuscripts, mediæval, illuminated.

There are streets in Paris which are not streets at all, but little bits of the province that have strayed into the heart of the town, and are scared and bewildered at nding themselves here. They have silly little shops where you can buy nothing you want—village shops, drapers who keep a few kid gloves, all one size, a lace collar, and a woollen fichu or two. Yet this country cousin of a street may be rubbing shoulders with the sophisticated Boulevards. In these small streets one is, however, most conscious of . . . Paris. Some quest may have brought us here—the search for a framer, an antique shop, a small lingere or furrier—to one of these dark court yards where one passes the concierge churning a little water and mud together with a broom outside his lodge. Inside it, in a penumbra redolent of ragout, canaries flutter aimlessly in a cage and peck at a branch of millet. Ill-favored buildings on three sides of the court form the exterior of a hive of industry. There is no buzzing iutsire it, but inside each storey is a separate cell in the vast honeycomb. For the bees that have visited the anthers of the flowers are busy distilling their nectar.—Barbara Wilson in "The House of Memories."

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be got out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other convenient to have near, they are not friends, they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of a rainbow for its pot of gold. A true friend is always useful in the highest sense; but we should beware of thinking of our friends as brother members of a mutual benefit association with periodical demands and threats of expension for non-payment.

VIRTUES AND VICE

Men have their virtues as their heroism, their [illegible] they possess and exercise [illegible] good and all that is bad [illegible]
—Napoleon I.

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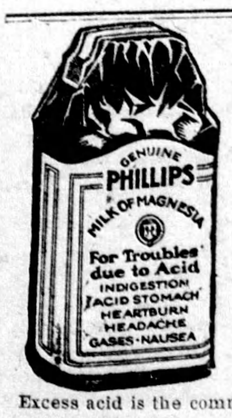
Rub joints and muscles with Minard's to avoid stiffness and ache. Hockey players recommend it.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT



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.

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