The Georgetown Herald.

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SPACE.	1 YEAR.	6 MOS.	3 MOS.	1 MON.
20 inches	$50 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
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5 inches	20 00	12 00	7 00	2 50
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.

H. D. WARREN,
Publisher

J. M. MOORE, Ass't Manager.

DIRECTORY.

JAMES GUTHRIE.

Deeds, Mortgages, Wills and Leases drawn Residence, King st. Georgetown.

LEGAL.

GEORGE S. GOODWILLIE, M. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public Georgetown, Ont.

MEDICAL.

DRS. WEBSTER & NIXON.

Physicians, Surgeons and Accoucheurs

Office and residence: North end Georgetown.

DR. A. S. ELLIOTT.

Physician and Surgeon. (Successor to Dr. Sutherland). Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church.

DENTAL.

FRANK H. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.
DENTIST.

Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches. Office over the Post Office.

VETERINARY.

H. H. NICKELL, V. S.
(Successor to H. O. Reed, V. S.)

Office and Infirmary, Mr. Reed's old stand. Cattle dehorned. 'Phone 37.

AUCTIONEERS.

H. MILLIGAN,

Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of Peel and Halton. Real estate bought and sold. Farm stock a specialty. Orders left at the Herald office will receive prompt attention.

J. A. BELL,

Licensed Auctioneer, Halton, Peel and Wellington. Residence, Church st., Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Real Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BENJ. PETCH, Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel. Glenwilliams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at The Georgetown Herald Office, will receive prompt attention.

SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.

Credit Lodge, No. 219, A. F. & A. M., meets on Friday on or before full moon, in the Masonic Hall, McLeod Block. Visitors cordially welcomed.

F. J. Harper, W.M. T. H. Kearney, Sec.

HOME CIRCLE.

Georgetown Branch, No. 61, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the society will be furnished by the following:—

J. Baird, J. Allen,
N. Long. R. Harper.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Court Credit, Georgetown, meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, on the 4th Tuesday of every month. Particulars regarding rates of insurance, &c., may be had from any of the members, or from T. M. Kayney C.R., M. C. Adams R.S., J. W. Kennedy F.S.

BARBERS

G. O. K. BARBER SHOP.

Davis Gant, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 15c. A call solicited.

O. T. MACFADDEN

Barber and Hair-Dresser. Shop Main st., Herald Block. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Guelph Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited.

A. NEVINS
(Successor to R. Gollop.)

Barber and Hair-Dresser. Shop Main st., next Hallett's. Best of satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Rolston Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited. Baths.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. S. GOODWILLIE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Georgetown, Ont.

WM. HARPER & BROS.,

Paper Manufacturers, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

ARCHITECTS.

Laurence Munro William H. Mead
Architects, 10 Main st., east, Hamilton. Phone 1872. 3m.

Lee Sing LAUNDRY!

ROE BLOCK, NO. 1.

Best Workmanship. Prices Reasonable

CALLING CARDS.

A nice stock, plain or printed, for ladies or gentlemen, best quality at the Herald office.

Kennedy's Bakery

HEADQUARTERS

Bread, - Cakes

—AND—

CONFECTIONERY

L. Kennedy,
Baker and Confectioner.
TELEPHONE No. 4.

COLIN MITCHELL

STEWARTTOWN.

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Also a full line of Farm Implements, Wagons and Carriages.

Colin Mitchell,
- - Stewarttown.

Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Laxa-Liver Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

UNEEDA

Cream Separators
the best on the market.

Pianos, Organs, Singer Sewing Machines

Repairs, Needles, etc. for all makes of Machines.

Oliver H. Wright

McKinlay block, Georgetown.

Also agent for first-class Life and Fire Insurance Companies.

Marble and Granite Works

FRED A. CLINE

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Monumental Work.

SHOP AND YARD - GEORGETOWN
Main St., (Next McKinlay's Block).

Ayer's

What are your friends saying about you? That your gray hair makes you look old? And yet, you are not forty! Postpone the looking old.

Hair Vigor

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor and restore to your gray hair all the deep, dark, rich color of early life. Then be satisfied.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my gray hair, and I am greatly pleased. It is all you claim for it."
Mrs. E. J. Vandeusen, Mechanicsville, N. Y.

$1 in a bottle. All druggists. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

for

Dark Hair

Is Your Watch Keeping - Good Time?

If not, take it to T. J. Wheeler and have it properly and promptly repaired.

A nice stock of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Rings, Silverware, always on hand.

T. J. Wheeler

Jeweler,
GEORGETOWN, - ONTARIO

Photographs...

That are LIFE-LIKE, ARTISTIC UP-TO-DATE IN FINISH.

Ferguson
PHOTOGRAPHER

Pupil Illinois College of Photography.
Studio—Main st., GEORGETOWN.

A full line of the newest in Picture Framing.

...FOR...

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps and all Summer Complaints

take

Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effectual in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. Refuse all Substitutes. They're Dangerous.

Mss. Hannah Lyons, Aylmer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in no short time."

HEADACHE

Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by
AJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURE
No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take another, 10c and 25c. All dealers or direct from Ajax Co., Windsor, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

POETRY.

OUR DEAR TEACHER.

Jimmy! it's a long time ago now,
More than twenty years ago, I trow,
Since we had that nice place to go,
Every anniversary day.

Member how the fellows in the class
Always liked to hear her tell of Jonah
and the spacious whale, and
Balaam and his ass,

And little Moses, Pharaoh's daughter found mid bullrushes and bullfrogs and water all around.

Couldn't ever make her very mad.

Sometimes when the class would probe into the things that happened Job, she'd get 'em near as bad,

She'd only say to make less noise and all try to be better boys.

Member the little scripture card,
The picture with the little text for us to learn by Sunday next. It wasn't very hard.

Saved 'em up till we got ten—need to get a big one then.

Recollect the way she used to say
The plucky things that David did were beacon lights for every kid. She used to tell the way

He put Goliath to the mat—all of us were fond of that.

Oft to us did she relate
The way that Ananias lied to everyone before he died.. Now it's sad to state

There are a few, 'twixt me and you, do things that Anny used to do.

Most all of us can see her yet,
The patient girl who toiled along to help us sift the right from wrong. We don't want to forget

How she taught us the golden rule when we were boys at Sunday School.

—Hub.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

The Day Of The Tortoise.

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

WITHOUT much mental effort Mrs. Fraser had named her first three babies May, Augusta and Julia, for the months in which they were born; but she had found herself compelled to take some little thought before the fourth child, whose birthday happened to be November 30th, could be christened. She had risen to the occasion, however, and little number four became Novenda, which, being interpreted, means in Fraser language the end of November.

By the time Novenda, who heartily disliked her name, was seventeen, the adjective most frequently applied to her was the word "slow."

No one meant that the girl was stupid, for her brain was active enough; but in every movement of her body she was so deliberate, so exasperatingly leisurely that her own particular adjective stood greatly in danger of becoming overworked. Whatever she did with her patient, painstaking fingers was beautifully done, when it was done, but in all her movements everybody agreed that Novenda was as slow as the coming of spring.

All attempts to hurry her were futile. When she was sent up-stair for a fresh handkerchief for her tired, ponderous father, perhaps some fifteen minutes later he would be heard to growl, "Novenda, are you hemstitching that handkerchief?"

When she made pineapple-ice the occasion was always spoken of as "Novenda's day in the cellar." When she happened to be the first to begin reading the new book, the rest of the Frasers sat about and groaned because the volume was likely to become last year's literature before the slow-going reader reached the final chapter. But no way of accelerating Novenda was ever discovered.

To be sure, the delayed handkerchief, when it finally arrived, would be free from the holes that the laundress always so artfully concealed by careful folding; the ice, when finished, would be the best possible; and six months later, when the others had forgotten that such a book had ever been written, Novenda—provided one gave her time—could recall all the intricacies of the plot, describe even the least significant of the minor characters, and reproduce the setting, down to small details.

All this, however, did not quite compensate the long-suffering family for the inconvenience of waiting for Novenda to get things finished. Particularly to Julia, whose fingers flew with almost lightning-like celerity, was Novenda a severe trial; and all partnerships between the two were pretty sure to lack harmony.

When Mr. Fraser's trusted clerk speculated in copper, when all the capital so sorely needed in the business went to pay margins and finally vanished completely, and when Mr. Fraser went home one noon, leaving about everything he owned in the hands of a receiver, the hitherto idle family, instead of replying, turned with unexpected cheerfulness to the prospect of bettering the situation.

For many years it had been the custom for the girls to help, each season, in the berry-fields near the city. The Fraser children had never felt, laughingly, that if they only needed money, they would hire to berry-pick as a pastime, because the work was so pleasant and the cost so large.

Side by side in the morning papers of two fateful items. One announced Mr. Fraser's failure, the other stated that the berry-train would make its first trip for the season the following day.

To the enthusiastic girls Fraser the coincidence seemed absolutely providential.

Armed with baskets and their mother's permission, and clad in their simplest gowns, the four Fraser girls promptly purchased round-trip tickets for the berry-fields and courageously boarded the anything but palatial train.

One day of the berry business proved more than sufficient for May, who was over-fastidious and not over-strong. Before the end of the week, however, she had obtained a good position in an office, and was filling it satisfactorily. Augusta, too, had found employment.

But quick-fingered, impetuous Julia and slow-going, overcareful Novenda remained faithful to the berry-fields; and Mrs. Fraser encouraged them because the outdoor life was doing wonders for their hitherto insufficient appetites and pallid cheeks.

The pickers were all women, girls or young boys, unpolished in their ways, perhaps, but safe enough as travelling companions; and all, seemingly, were moved by the one mercenary motive, to pick as many berries as possible in the shortest time. The berries were sold afterward to the regular shipper, who was always to be found on the home-going train.

Both girls enjoyed their days in the open. There was an enchantment about the berry-plains to be found nowhere else. The sandy soil was carpeted with a thick, cushiony, crisp white moss, or lichen, that crunched pleasantly under one's feet in dry weather. The wind, sweeping westward from the lake or eastward from the balsam-covered hills, was fragrant, invigorating and uplifting. Almost the only trees were scattered evergreens, vividly green at the tips with new growth, and there were berries everywhere. The rainy spring had worked wonders for the berry-fields, and the crop was an unprecedented one.

The prices, too, were good—from a dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars and a half a bushel, according to quality. A rapid picker could easily make three dollars and a half a day. The champion picker, a strong, fine looking girl of perhaps nineteen, made considerably more. Julia went home every night with a berry-pickers appetite and two or three silver dollars—she might have had more if her berries had been cleaner. Novenda's proudest achievement had been eighty-seven cents.

As a berry-picker, Novenda was certainly not a success, but Julia, while she jeered at her sister's slowness, was glad of her companionship. Julia was not alone in her scorn, for the other pickers sniffed contemptuously at Novenda's nightly burden. It was not customary—indeed, it was considered almost a disgrace—for any "all-day picker" to board the train as Novenda was doing, day after day, with less than half a bushel of the abundant, easily gathered fruit to her credit.

Until, to the undisguised amusement of the successful pickers, the leisurely Novenda continued to go berrying. She was too painstaking to be rapid. There were no cleaner, evenly big, evenly blue berries than hers, but it was clear that unless berries suddenly soared to unheard-of prices, Novenda would never capture a very large share of the big bag of coin disbursed each day in the "office-car."

There were women who could not read or write, chattering, gum-chewing girls, apparently without an idea in their unkempt heads, and ragged little boys who spent half of each day in the lake; but the poorest, least industrious, least careful picker among them all gathered nearly twice as many berries as Novenda.

There was Julia, for instance, picking with apparent nonchalance, both slim young hands going at once, and her tongue going at the same time, getting four times as many berries as her sister, who went home nightly, tired, soiled, sunburned, weighted down by perhaps eighty cents—minus a quarter for car fare—and a burning sense of defeat.

To be sure, Julia's berries were not paid for at the highest rate because they so often lacked uniformity in size, color and ripeness. Moreover, they were always plentifully interspersed with such extraneous matter as happened to meet Julia's rapid, undiscriminating fingers. If thistle-down grew in her patch, Julia was certain to gather thistle-down. If there were green, unripened berries, the swift-handed girl inadvertently gathered them. If there were fallen needles from the scrub-pines, these, too, were industriously culled.

"What! Only a quart!" Julia would exclaim, when the girls, fresh from a good night's rest, had been picking for perhaps half an hour. "Goodness, Novenda, I do believe you're filling baking-powder cans! Quantity counts, you know, and you have to pack berries to make a respectable pile."

"Well," Novenda would retort, "whoever makes pie out of my berries won't have to stay up the night before to pick them over. I don't see any use for economy in gathering great big lousy dirt-spattered like the pair in your basket. Do they pay extra for extra dirt?"

One day an elderly, prosperous-looking man stood beside the shipper in the market-car. He was a passenger from the regular north-bound train, to which the berry-cars were attached, and he seemed to be greatly interested in the yield.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the passenger, as the shipper's assistant was about to pour the contents of Novenda's basket into the crate. "I want to buy those berries just as they are—finest fruit I ever saw."

Novenda's basket was typical. Clean inside and out, the berries of uniform size, and free from the leaves and other litter that made so much of the crop picked by careless hands unsightly, and almost unsalable, the basket was indeed tempting. The man viewed his purchase with satisfaction, and then turned again to the dealer.

"Does the girl who picked these berries happen to have any sort of an education?"

"Yes," returned the dealer, "she seems way above the average—quite a little lady, in fact. But her sister beats her all hollow for speed—there's the sister's day's work in that crate."

"They're a messy lot," said the passenger, eying Julia's untidy bushel unfavorably and expressing his opinion with undisguised candor. "It's berries I want, not botanical and zoological specimens. The sister may pick faster, but she seems to pick just about everything that comes her way. No, I'd like to meet the girl who goes with this small basketful—I have a reason."

"Well!" returned the dealer, there she is, on the platform of the next car—the slim one in the sailor hat."

The purchaser of Novenda's berries stepped up and asked the surprised girl if she thought she could learn to do typewriting and other office work, and offered her immediate employment with excellent remuneration in her own town.

"Why," gasped Novenda, coloring furiously, "I can do typewriting already,—I took a business course in school,—and I think I can do whatever else I'm told, but—but I'm awfully slow about everything! Really, Mr. Page,"—Novenda had recognized a prominent real-estate man in the purchaser of her basket—"I'm probably a great deal slower than the slowest person you have ever known. I—I can't begin to pick berries."

"Oh, yes, you can," said Mr. Page, with a pleasant smile that inspired instant confidence. "A workman is known by his chips, and it was your berries that made me think you'd do for the place. I could see that you were careful and painstaking. Those are the qualities I'm looking for."

"But I am so slow!" reiterated honest Novenda.

"I'm glad of it," returned Mr. Page. "There isn't a great deal of work, but what there is has to be done exactly so. Live in town, do you? That's good. The young lady I have has just asked for a permanent vacation,—she's going to be married,—and it occurred to me that I might find her successor right here on the train among all this flock of girls; and, bless me, so I have! Now I call that luck."

So did Novenda call it, and so it proved. The position was a good one, Novenda happened to fit her somewhat eccentric employer's need, her fingers were more at home in the well-ordered office than they were in the berry-fields, and the Frasers, in their reduced circumstances, found Novenda's comfortable salary a welcome addition to the slender family purse.

"But think," exclaimed amazed Julia, from time to time, of any man's being foolish enough to take a snail—or a regular tortoise—like Novenda, when he might have had me!"

"Perhaps," twinkled Novenda, without guessing how close she came to the truth, "he caught the hare napping."—Youth's Companion.

"Dear Senator," wrote one of his youthful constituents, "please give me a simple rule for success in life."

"My dear young friend," wrote the eminent statesman, "always put your best foot foremost."

"Dear Senator," rejoined the youthful constituent, "either you don't know anything about grammar or you think I have more than two feet."

The Arch-Fiend of the Age.

Not war, more deadly than ever this modern butchery—but Catarrh, which leads to consumption and annually kills more than famine and war combined. The doctors now successfully fight catarrh with a remedy that never fails—"Catarrhozone," it's death to every type of catarrh. It destroys every root and branch of the disease so thoroughly that a relapse need never be feared. If troubled with colds, nasal or throat catarrh, or subject to bronchitis or asthma use Catarrhozone and you'll be cured forever.

The Last Corner.

"It was refreshing, my," writes Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the Atlantic Monthly, of a child who was travelling eastward from the far West and persisted, by asking all kinds of questions of a pallid and exhausted mother, "Says Mr. Higginson:

"Never saw a woman more completely exhausted, while the child seemed as fresh at sunset as at dawn. The through trains on the Boston & Albany still stopped at West Newton, and the conductor had just called with vigorous confidence the name of that station. After a pause the child exclaimed as vigorously, "Mother!" to which the mother responded, perhaps for the two hundredth time that day, in a feeble voice, "What, dear?"

"What did that man say, mother?"

"He said 'West Newton.'"

A pause for reflection; then again, "Mother!"

"What?"

"What did that man say 'West Newton' for, mother?" To this the mother, with an evasiveness dictated by despair, could only murmur, "I don't know."

This was too well-tried an evasion, and the unflinching answer came:

"Don't you know what he said 'West Newton' for, mother?" This demanded same the vague answer: "Said it for the fun of it, I guess."

By this time all the occupants of the car were listening breathlessly to the cross-examination. Then came the inevitable "mother!" and the more hopeless "What?"

"Did that man say, 'West Newton' for the fun of it, mother?"

"Yes," said the poor sufferer, with an ever-increasing audience listening to her vain evasion. The child paused an atom longer, and then continued, still inexhaustible, but as if she had forced her victim into the very last corner, as she had, "What was the fun of it, mother?"

BITS OF HUMOR.

Professor Chalkdown—Now, what little boy will make up a sentence illustrating the meaning of the word "triangle." Little Sammy—Well, if grubs won't catch 'em try anglewormS."

Mr. Newlywed—By the way, dearest, did I ever tell you about that beautiful heiress who once wanted me for a husband?

Mrs. Newlywed—No, dear; you have never told me a lie yet that I know of.

"Now, John," said the anxious wife, "I want you to promise me that you will come straight home after the lodge meeting adjourns to-night."

"That's asking a good deal, my dear," replied John, "but I'll promise to come home as straight as I can—even if I have to come in a cab.

A Boston lady was recently visiting New York, and looking around the city she had entered a bric-a-brac shop with a view to purchasing something odd, and looking about noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter.

"What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired.

"Worth about half a million, madam," the salesman replied in a subdued tone; "it's the proprietor."

One of John Sharp Williams' recent stories tells of an old darky who applied to a former employer for a recommendation. The old colored man had been faithful and his record was clean, so the employer wrote a recommendation lauding him to the skies.

The old darky read it twice, and then ran his fingers through his wool.

"U-m-m," he muttered. "Boss, dat's a good rec'mendation. Don' yo' reckon yo' could gib me a job yo'self if I'e good as all dis says?"

Wedderly—"If there is a woman in this town who is a better cook than my wife I'd like to meet her."

Singleton—"Your wife is an expert, eh?"

Wedderly—"Expert nothing! Didn't I just tell you I was anxious to meet a better cook?"

"By the way," said the talkative barber to the bald-headed man in the chair, "did you ever try my hair tonic?"

"No," answered the victim, "that wasn't what caused my hair to fall out. I'm a married man."

He Could Save More There.

They had been engaged for over two years, and George was hoping to have money enough to be married before the end of another twelve-month.

Mabel was with her family in a quiet country place for the summer, and George went there to spend his two week's vacation. The first Sunday afternoon they were taking a walk in the beautiful woods when Mabel spoke softly.

"It is so safe and calm here," she said, "away from all the noise and bustle of the city. I love it."

"I love it, too," said George, fervently. "It is safe and calm, away from the soda-fountains and the trolley-cars."

Forced Liberality.

It is not often that one gets such a straight forward reply as in the anecdote in the early days of Phillips Brooks. In the parish there resided in Boston an eccentric millionaire named Neale, who was famous for his plain talking. On one occasion he was preaching missionary sermons in a village church and asked for a collection that he determined to pass the plate himself.

On his round he came to a farmer, who was, as Mr. Neale well knew, the richest man in the place. This individual placed a penny on the plate. Mr. Neale stopped immediately and said in a loud voice:

"Take your penny out, man, take it out! Don't you see you've covered up your laborer's six-pence?"

The rebuke was effectual, and a much more valuable coin was placed on the plate.

A Gentlewoman.

A certain beautiful and gracious woman is the admiration of all the schoolgirls in her town. Even girls of a larger growth are ready to declare there is nobody like her. "Why do you take such pleasure in her?" an older lady curiously asked of a plain and rather awkward girl, who was especially given to the prevailing fascination.

"Why," said she, at a loss for a moment, "it isn't because she's lovely or so nice. It's because when I'm talking with her she makes me feel just as lovely and nice as she is."

The Times tells another anecdote of the same complexion, touching a young lady who gave a good deal of time to "settlement" work, and was a particular favorite with all the children.

"Why do you love Miss Mary so?" somebody asked a devoted little boy.

"I like her," he said, "because she looks as though she didn't see the holes in my shoes."

WHAT WOMEN SUFFER.

At All Ages They Need Rich, Pure Blood to Secure Health and Happiness.

A woman needs medicine more than a man. Her organism is more complex, her system more delicate. Her health is disturbed regularly in the course of nature. If anything happens to interfere with that natural course, she goes through unspeakable suffering. In fact the health of every function and the happiness of every moment of a woman's life depends upon the richness and the regularity of her blood supply. That is the simple scientific reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth more than their weight in gold to women of all ages from fifteen to fifty. These pills actually make the rich, red blood that brings health and happiness and freedom from pain to every woman. Mrs. Neil Ferguson, Ashfield, N. S., says: "In justice to you, and in the hope that what I say may benefit other suffering women, I take pleasure in stating that I have found wonderful benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began using the pills I was so badly run down that I could scarcely go about; at times I suffered very much and felt that life was a burden. Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I can now say I am enjoying better health than I ever expected to have again, and I can most heartily recommend these pills to other suffering women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Ferguson because they filled her veins with the rich, pure blood so necessary to the health and happiness of every human being. It is for this reason that these pills always cure such troubles as anæmia, neuralgia, heart trouble, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, and the special ailments of growing girls and women of middle age. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, but you should be careful to see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. If you wish you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does this paper mean by "ties of blood?"

Pa—Must be a new shade of red neckties, my son.

More Than One.—Bacon—Here's a statement that the war in the East costs Russia three times as much as it does Japan.

Egbert—Well, Russia is certainly getting a run for her money.

Physically Exhausted.

Lacking in courage—out of joint with everything—scarcely on speaking terms with even fair health. Such low spirits are pitiable. Your brain is fagged, vitality so exhausted your constitution is well nigh ruined. What you need is Ferrozone; that great vitalizer and nutritive tonic. It's by making flesh and blood, by infusing iron and oxygen into the system that Ferrozone helps; it repairs weak spots, instills new life into worn-out organs—makes you feel like new. Ferrozone lifts age from the old and imparts resilience and buoyancy to the depressed. Be manly, ruddy-colored,—cast aside weakness and enter the happy life that comes from using Ferrozone. Fifty cents buys a box in any drug store.