

NEGLECTED ANAEMIA

Often Leads to a Decline—Enrich the Blood by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In their early teens it is quite common for girls to outgrow their strength, and mothers should carefully watch the health of their daughters at this time, for it is when strength is sapped by rapid growth that anaemia develops. The first signs may be noticed by peevishness, languor and headaches. The face grows pale, breathlessness and palpitation follow, with low spirits.

At the first symptom of anaemia mothers should act at once. Neglected anaemia often leads to decline, but if you see that your daughter's blood is enriched there need be no cause for anxiety. The finest blood enricher ever discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pure, red blood created by these pills will quickly banish all signs of anaemia. They will build up your girl's health and ensure her a robust girlhood. Give your daughter a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. Make her strong like thousands of girls who have been rescued from the clutches of anaemia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here is a bit of proof. Miss Mary Venditti, Catamount, N.B., says:—"Three years ago while attending a convent, I studied very hard to graduate. The result was I became very nervous and got so thin and pale my teachers thought they would have to send me home. I took different kinds of medicine which my parents sent me, but my condition remained unchanged. At last one of my teachers gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I had hardly finished it when I could feel an improvement in my condition. I continued the use of the pills for some time longer, and I can hardly tell all the good they did me. I gained in strength and weight, and the color returned to my cheeks, and at the end of the term I graduated. I never fail to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to my friends and acquaintances when a tonic is needed."

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

Sunrise and Sunset.

Till tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while.

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
And led the flock away.

—Emily Dickinson, Collected Poems.

WHY DON'T WE HELP?

By Florence Jones Hadley

I sat at my window one cold winter day, watching a flock of tiny brown birds hunting their dinner—or very likely it was breakfast—for food was pretty scarce then.

The little fellows flew from one tall weed to another, from one bush to another, hunting for some tiny seed of dry red berry that might have been left from some former breakfasts.

Sometimes a berry was found, dropped in the snow, and it was greedily picked up, and I shivered as I thought of the icy morsel going down the warm little throats. My own breakfast had been worm, until I grumbled a bit because the coffee was not quite hot enough. But the tiny feathered luncher never grumbled—just twittered his thanks for every seed, every berry found.

At last there seemed to be not a seed or berry left, and away they all flew to see what could be found elsewhere. Such a scanty meal divided among so many was not very satisfying, you know.

I felt a throb of pity as I watched them in their search, then something said to me, "Why didn't you help them, instead of wasting your time pitying them? Why didn't you?"

"Help them? But what can I do to help?" was my first thought. Then I knew. I decided that every day I would save the crumbs that always gather on table and dishes—every meat scrap, everything that a bird can eat with a relish.

This I did, and with it I served a nice piece of suet for dessert, hanging it by a stout string to a limb of a tree near by. Another day I hung a small bone with a good serving of meat on it, and it is a question as to whether the birds that found it or I who had given it to them, enjoyed it the most.

Such a twittering, such a scrambling from one side to the other as there was! I wished with all my heart that I could understand bird language so I could know just what they were saying. From crumbs to meat, from meat to crumbs they flew, until at last the meal was consumed and away they flew with happy twitterers.

The next morning there was a surprise for me. For there were not only the birds who came for breakfast yesterday, but nearly as many again, and as I watched, they still came from all directions. I almost held my breath in amazement.

Where did the others come from? How did they know about the food put out for them? Surely, surely there must have been some way of communication between them, for it just did not happen, but how can they tell one another of such things?

Well, I really got myself into deep waters, for as I increased my food allowance, just so often did the little liners come for it. And sometimes it puzzled me how to feed so many, but at last I dipped down into my corn chops, my kaffir corn, which they seemed to like very much, and more bones had to be kept ready. And now I know what I am going to do next year.

I am going to save all the melon seeds that we have, dry them thoroughly and put them away for the birds' dinners and breakfasts. Many kinds of seeds can be used this way.

Let's all do it. Let's all save seed, crumbs, scraps of bread, meat, from our tables, and scatter them, like seeds of kindness, where they will do good. I am going to—will you?

Upset stomach, sluggish liver, and acid condition cause bad breath. Selsel's Syrup gets at the cause. Try it and have a wholesome breath. Any drugstore.



He—"Science says man started from a single cell."
She—"Most of 'em should be taken back to one."

The Solution.

Husband—"Isn't supper ready yet?"
Wife—"No, dear."
"Well, I'll step over to the restaurant."
"Wait just five minutes."
"Will it be ready then?"
"No, but then I'll go with you."

After Shaving—Minard's Liniment.

Beauty in Our Work.

We do not know that when a man makes anything he ought to make it beautiful for the sake of doing so, and that when a man buys anything he ought to demand beauty in it, for the sake of that beauty. We think of beauty, if we think of it at all, as a mere source of pleasure; and therefore it means to us ornament added to things, for which we can pay extra if we choose. As we do not value the aesthetic activity in ourselves, so we do not value it, do not even recognize it or the lack of it, in the work of others.

The artist, of whatever kind, is a man so much aware of the beauty of the universe that he must impart the same beauty to whatever he makes. He has exercised his aesthetic activity in the discovery of beauty in the universe before he exercises it in imparting beauty to that which he makes. . . . And we should know, also, that work without beauty means unsatisfied spiritual desire in the worker; that it is . . . like thought, without truth or action without righteousness. —A. Clutton-Brock, in "The Ultimate Belief."

IS THERE A BABY IN YOUR HOME?

Is there a baby or young children in your home? If there is you should not be without a box of Baby's Own Tablets. Childhood ailments come quickly and means should always be at hand to promptly fight them. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal home remedy. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach; banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers—in fact they relieve all the minor ills of little ones. Concerning them Mrs. Moise Cadotte, Meakim, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best remedy in the world for little ones. My baby suffered terribly from indigestion and vomiting, but the Tablets soon set her right and now she is in perfect health." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In the Dead Sea the water is five times as salty as ocean water. It is estimated that an average of 8,000,000 tons of water flow into the Dead Sea daily, and since the level of the sea changes but little, an equal amount disappears by evaporation.

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Dr. Franklin's DIGESTIN Strengthens the Stomach, relieves and prevents Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Bilioisness, Nausea, Flatulence, Headache, and all other troubles caused by disordered Stomach and Bowels. Buy at your drug store or mail fifty cents to our address.

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RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea" TEA

And because you like good things you'll like Red Rose.

Secret.

I have a very special dream, Fragile and star-white, That I keep carefully packed away From other people's sight.

Once I very foolishly Wore it out to dine,— I was rather proud, you see, To think the dream was mine.

But when the people saw it They stared and then they smiled, They shrugged and loudly whispered: "The dear, old, foolish child!"

So now I have it stored away From bland and stupid eyes; I keep it safe, you understand, Till they have grown more wise. —Doris Nanette Peel.

Physicians Use Minard's Liniment.

A Dog That's Lost.

You may have scattered bounty With your right hand and your left; You may have sat beside the sick; And wept with the bereft; You may have cheered the weary on, And helped some one doubt-tossed; But have you ever found a home For a wistful dog that's lost? —Claire Tower Allen.

Russia Seeks Potash.

The Russian government is to found a potash trust with a capital of £500,000 to exploit native potash beds.

Don't Neglect Bronchial Colds

Pneumonia, "Flu" and other dangerous maladies develop from common colds. To prevent trouble take Buckley's Mixture. It quickly relieves the Cough and removes the cause. Different from ordinary cough syrups. It's a scientific combination of proven virtues. Sold by all druggists and guaranteed.

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THIS WOMAN NOW WELL

Her Suffering Relieved and Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Toronto, Ontario.—"I am certainly very grateful for the benefit I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also the Sanative Wash and the Liver Pills. In the early spring I was suffering a ranch from loss of blood that I thought I would never be any better as doctor's medicine relieved me only for the time being. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the Toronto Star, and I find the Vegetable Compound Tablets the best for me. I have been taking them since Spring, and I intend keeping them by me all the time. After reading your Private Text-Book I saw it was necessary to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, and I can safely say I feel a different woman. My friends remark how well I look. I am a very busy woman, but I am ready at all times to boost your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES GIFFIN, 949 Lansdowne Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

You may be having an experience similar to Mrs. Giffin's and will be interested to know what she did. Every sick woman can feel confident that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help her, since we are told that it does help 98 out of every 100 women who take it.

Sold by druggists everywhere. ©



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