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16	16
56	24
69	69
29	29
63	63
11	15
15	83
28	28
121	82
17	30
144	63
34	34
269	16
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MANITOBAN

Advice to Bachelors...

Failing to get the girl you want, you may as well be wedded to MON-SOON Ceylon Tea. It can't refuse you, and may be had at all grocers' lead packets.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"I will intrude on you no longer then," she says, gently, "but I will always pray and hope that you will yet forgive me, and speak kindly to me for his dear sake, if not for my own."

She bows her proud head and humbly kisses Lady Damer's hand as it yet holds the door, and goes away downstairs to her husband, leaving the door shut and locked behind her.

"And—oh! how I pity her from the depths of my heart!" Anne says with an outburst of tears, as she lays her head on her husband's breast, where they are alone together. "She looked as if she were tasting the bitterness of death, as if her proud heart was breaking; friendless and desolate, and I so happy, so rich, so honored!"

"Anne," her husband says, bluntly, "of all the blind fools that love makes, there is none blinder or more foolish than a clever, high-minded woman, who has fallen in love with a man mentally and morally her inferior."

"I haven't!" Anne exclaims, with her cheeks in a flame.

"Did I say you had?" Lucy says, dryly. "It looks rather like it, though."

Presently he propounds another agreeable statement.

way or the other." Gillian answers him as coolly as ever. "Indeed, I do not think that the interference of a third party in a matter which intimately concerns her private feelings will do any good. Lady Damer has suffered a cruel wrong, and she—unjustly, perhaps—feels bitterly toward every one concerned in that wrong."

"Are you leaving Mount Osory?" George asks, blankly, and even Gillian's heart throbs with a bitter satisfaction at his disappointment.

"Oh, yes," she says, carelessly, but decisively; "it is quite time, my visit came to an end. I meant to go days since, but waited, as Uncle Harry was so lonely, until he was better and stronger; but now I shall be off."

"As I am here?" George asks, bluntly.

Gillian reddens haughtily, and rises and draws away from him.

"I cannot help your inferences," she says, frigidly. "I do not wish nor intend to stay here any longer—not an hour longer than I can help. I have written home saying I shall be in London to-morrow morning."

"I have offended you, I know," he says, in a low, unsteady tone. "I acted, as I thought, honestly."

"Yes, I think so," agrees Gillian calmly, whilst her tender heart is aching intolerably at refusing him a request he had made of her.

"At what time do you leave?" George asks, glancing at the clock and moving toward the door.

"As soon as I can," Gillian says, with a faint, courteous smile. "My trunk is all packed and I am quite ready."

"Good-bye," Gillian says, placidly, scarcely raising her eyes as she extends her hand, which he barely touches, and without another word he leaves the room.

"By and by, and by and by," the pale lips whisper to the heart's anguish.

of last night has brought on an attack of palpitation, Miss Deane."

But she does carry Gillian's message, and returns with the vague reply: "My lady says she is too ill to see anyone or speak to anyone just at present, and she hopes you will excuse her, Miss Deane."

So Gillian is obliged to go back to her own rooms in a state of vague, painful uncertainty, wondering what she had best do next.

She is most unwilling to leave the house without bidding her hostess adieu, though she knows well that her presence is little desired by Lady Damer now; though indeed she fears and shirks from encountering the taunting reproach and biting sarcasms of her merciless tongue.

Glady, indeed, Gillian feels that she would fain never see Lady Damer again, but she yet hesitates at the seeming selfishness, and earnestness of deserting the house now where she had been so lavishly welcomed once, when illness, misery and the shadow of dishonor have come upon her.

The morning hours pass slowly on. The doctor pays his lengthy visit to Sir Harry, but Lady Damer sends no summons to him, though she is reported to be so ill. Only Lynch sees her, and the woman is a faithful servant enough in her own soul, mechanical way, and strictly obeys her lady's orders to keep her doors locked, and to forbid any one from passing within them, until such time as she issues orders to the contrary.

Lynch brings her some soup and wine and pills, and daintily broiled birds on toast, and takes them away again hardly tasted, but consoles herself by a very comfortable luncheon of the rejected.

And so none see her, none speak to her; no human presence, no touch of sympathy come nigh her to disturb her lying alone in her luxurious, silent room, with the yellow blinds and the softly glowing fire.

"The house is very silent—very dull and dreary, and silent—through all that wild, bleak, spring day, until April as it is by the calendar—but with days borrowed from March in its coldest, fiercest moods."

A fierce northwest wind raves across the scarcely budded woodlands, and strews the paths and lawns with the lumps and shreds of the tender young leaves; with sprays and tufts of the tender buds, as well as the dead branches, the dried-up leaves of last autumn, and the withered twigs that cumber the growth of the foliage, the blossom and the berry.

And in despair of doing anything better, and feeling ill, and heart-sick, and very weary, Gillian lies down to rest, warmly wrapped in shawls and dressings, and forgets all the trouble which has darkened her girlhood life for awhile in a deep, quiet sleep.

It is late in the afternoon when she awakes, and though she scarcely knows what she should trouble to do, she rises and dresses again, when she will probably see no one until nightfall, and then only in the long, confused, miserable nightmare of a day, yet Gillian does dress slowly, and her hair and dress and jewelry are some tea thirstily and feverishly, and then suddenly is seized with a longing for fresh air and the cold wind blowing on her hot, aching head.

"Gracious me, ma'am! It's as stormy as possible, and raining every now and then," the maid exclaimed, wondering nervously, if her mistress is becoming as eccentric and self-willed as the others in this agreeable household.

FOR EVERY MOTHER.

A Manitoba Mother Gives Practical Advice on the Care of Babies.

It is well known that nearly all infant troubles spring from a disordered stomach. Indigestion in a child will cause at first nervousness and sleeplessness, but other more serious troubles will follow fast, such as colic or cramps, constipation in some cases, diarrhoea in others, with fatal results in many cases. The mother who neglects having constantly at hand the means for treating these ills takes an awful risk. Mrs. R. L. McMillan, Logansport, Man., is one mother who is particularly well fitted to give advice on the care of babies.

Her standard medicine for the minor ailments of her little ones is Baby's Own Tablets, and she says: "They are the best medicine I have ever used for infants. I have given them to my baby for indigestion and stomach trouble and they are proved and thorough in making a cure. No mother should be a single day without the Tablets in the house."

Baby's Own Tablets are for children of all ages, and will remedy such troubles as constipation, colic, stomach, diarrhoea, and simple fevers. They are invaluable for teething and will break up colds and prevent a cold or other harmful drug. Dissolved in water they can be given with perfect safety to a new born babe. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Requires Assistance During These Months.

To help throw off the impurities that have accumulated during the winter months—Purgatives should not be used—it is a Tonic that is Needed.

In this climate there are many reasons why people feel all out of gear in the spring months. Perhaps the chief of these is the long hours of imperfectly ventilated offices, shops and houses during the winter months. You may feel that there is nothing serious of the matter; you are only a little tired, and no slight exertion, or perhaps your appetite is fickle, or little pimples or eruptions on the skin show that the blood is not as pure as it should be. If you feel this way, not only your comfort but your health demands that you take proper steps to cleanse yourself of the blood impurities that are responsible for your condition. You need a tonic, blood purifier, nerve strengthener, a general invigorant of the entire system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People meet all these requirements more perfectly than any other medicine. These are made of the most potent and weakest of these made me feel like a young man again. My appetite was poor, and so toning, and strengthening every organ and function that conditions of perfect health will prevail. Everyone—old and young—ought to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the spring. There is no other medicine will do you so much good. Mr. James Simmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N. B., says: "Last spring I was feeling decidedly unwell. I was weak, dizzy at times, and continually felt tired. My appetite was poor, and I was losing in weight. I tried several medicines, but nothing did me any good until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a few days after starting them I felt like a new person. I would advise all who feel run down and out of sorts to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also effective in the cure of all diseases due to poor, thin, weak, and strengthening nerves. Do not take a substitute for these pills—it is a waste of money and a menace to health to do so. See that the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' is on the wrapper around each bottle. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO MAINTAIN SOIL FERTILITY.

F. W. Hedson, Live Stock Commissioner. "We all know that it is very desirable to have a fertile soil in which to grow crops," says F. P. Peck, of Michigan. "For success in farming depends largely on the fertility of the land. Every one knows of many, once fertile farms which are not now producing half what they should—scarcely enough to pay for the labor necessary to produce a crop. It is more profitable to farm so as to maintain or improve the soil than it is to rob the soil of its fertility, and in the end bring ruin to the owner of the farm."

How is this to be done? I believe our greatest loss of fertility is the loss of humus. A soil without humus will not carry a crop successfully through a drought. A clay soil, void of humus will be lumpy and hard, and will not retain moisture for very long. We all know the effect on the crop, and the great amount of labor required to prepare such a piece of ground for a crop. Hence our aim should be to farm so as to produce and leave as much humus in the ground as possible. This is best accomplished by a rotation of crops, and one crop in the rotation should be clover, which is our greatest soil renovator. We should aim to feed everything, or nearly everything produced on the farm, and if we feed all the bran or concentrated crop in the rotation of each animal, and carefully save and apply the manure, it is easy to see that we shall maintain, and probably add to the fertility of the soil.

Many advocates the ploughing under of green crops, but unless a farm is very much run down, it would not practice this, unless it be to bury a second crop of clover, or a clover crop sowed to protect the ground during the winter. A cover crop should always be sowed whenever a piece of ground remains idle during the fall and winter. Many times we have a piece of stubble which we intend to plant to corn or potatoes. On this we can grow a crop of rye or peas and barley, either of which will make a large growth and can be ploughed under in time to plant to corn. This adds largely to the humus of the soil, and will tend to carry the crop through a drought without injury.

As I said, it should be our aim to feed all or nearly all we raise on our farms for the purpose of keeping up the fertility of the farm, and I believe it to be more profitable to sell our produce in the form of butter, beef, pork, etc., than to sell it in the rough. I believe our produce fed to good stock will bring us more than twice what it will sell for on the market. For example, I can feed a cow for 12 1/2¢ per day, and have her bring in 25¢ per day or more for butter alone, and I believe the same to be true with all other kinds of stock.

Many advocate the use of commercial fertilizer. Of course, the basis of all our fertility is the amount of nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid in our soils. When we consider that an ordinary crop of wheat of 25 bushels per acre removed about \$8.75 worth of these elements from the soil, and a crop of corn nearly as much, we can readily see that when a soil is exhausted of these elements, it is quite expensive to replace them by using commercial fertilizers. Now if we need our crops on the farm, we can return about 80 per cent. of these elements to the soil in the manure, and at the same time get twice the market value of our produce. We can readily see that it is more profitable to farm so as to improve our soil, than to sell our crops on the market, and at the same time be losing heavily in the fertility of the soil.

I would not advocate the feeding of wheat, but would sell it and purchase bran or cottonseed meal, which is worth more for feed than wheat, and has about double the material value. If I sold much wheat I would use commercial fertilizers freely, for it is impossible to keep the soil so rich in these elements, and at the same time be losing heavily in the fertility of the soil.

Others hats have encircling wreaths of flowers. A pretty youthful hat in white is made of Irish lace stretched on delicate wires, to form a wide brim, edged with a line of blue velvet which, with lace, forms the crown. A large bow of white satin ribbon, lined with blue is the only trimming.—N. Y. Sun.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets are a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.