

IN THE MORNING HER TONGUE WAS COATED HAD BAD TASTE IN MOUTH

Miss Pearl L. Zinck, Barris Corner, N.B., writes:—"I was awfully troubled with my liver, and used to get such dizzy spells I would have to sit down while I was doing my work."

In the morning, when I used to get up, my tongue was coated and I had a bad taste in my mouth and often times, throughout the day, was troubled with pains in my stomach.

I suffered in this way until a friend of mine who had used your

MILBURN'S Laxa-Liver Pills

told me of having taken them, so I decided to try them, and I can truthfully say that they certainly did me a lot of good.

"I cannot recommend them too highly to all those who suffer as I did."

You can procure Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills at all druggists or dealers; put up, for the past 30 years, by The F. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Clear Your Skin Of Disfiguring Blemishes Use Cuticura

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mixed with any other kind. There is nothing to equal it—not any higher in price, but infinitely higher in quality. By scientific test it has the lowest percent of ash and bone, and highest percent of heat.

W. A. Mitchell & Co. Telephone 67.

Cod Liver Oil in Sugar Coated Tablets For Puny Kids

Forget the nasty tasting, stomach upsetting cod liver oil and give the thin, puny, underdeveloped children McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets if you want to give them a good appetite and put pounds of good, healthy flesh, on their bones.

Doctors know all about them and so does J. B. McLeod or Mahood Drug Co., and all good pharmacists all over America, for they are in great demand, because they are not laggards, but show results in a few days.

They are not expensive either—60 tablets—50 cents and children take them like candy.

A very sickly child, age 9, gained 12 pounds in seven months and is strong and healthy.

One skinny woman gained 9 pounds in 24 days.

McCOY'S Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets ORIGINAL—GENUINE 60 Tablets 60 Cents

The 45 Volt "B" Battery to use where Variable Taps are required

EVEREADY 45-volt "B" Battery No. 767 is designed for use on all sets having not more than four tubes using 90 volts.

On account of its large, powerful cells this battery is most economical on this service. It is especially adapted for use on receiving sets having soft detector tubes, as it is provided with seven Fahnestock spring clip connectors giving a range of voltage from 16 1/2 to 22 1/2 and 45 volts.

There is an Eveready Radio Battery for every radio use. Buy them from your dealer.

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Eveready Flashlights and Batteries are sold by Treadgold Sporting Goods Co., 88 PRINCESS STREET

After you have removed the pulp of each grapefruit, sprinkle the pulp of each half with one cream peppermint broken in pieces. It adds a different flavor to the breakfast standby.

BARRE, SON OF KAZAN James Oliver Curwood A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.

Barre, the wolf-dog, had left the cabin of Pierrot, the trapper, to join the wolf pack. But the wolves would not have him—he was only half-wolf, and back to the cabin he went, to be the guardian and pet of Nepeese, the trapper's daughter, henceforth. One day Pierrot received word from McTaggart, the factor, asking him to go to Lac Bain and help in the general store for a few days, while McTaggart was away. It was a strange request and caused Pierrot to wonder.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued. "And—Nepeese?" said Pierrot. "M'sieu expects me to bring her?"

From the stove the Willow bent her head to listen, and her heart leaped free again at DeBar's answer.

"He said nothing about that. But surely—it will be a great change for h'le m'selle."

Pierrot nodded. "Possibly, Nepeotam."

When DeBar was about to leave the next morning, Pierrot said: "Tell M'sieu that I will leave for Lac Bain the day after tomorrow."

After DeBar had gone, he said to Nepeese: "And you shall remain here, ma chérie. I will not take you to Lac Bain. I have had a dream that M'sieu will not go on a journey, but that he has lied, and that he will be sick when I arrive at the post. And yet, if it should happen that you care to go—"

"Was staring as if stunned for a space of what he saw."

Nepeese straightened suddenly, like a reed that has been caught by the wind.

"Non!" she cried, so fiercely that Pierrot laughed, and rubbed his hands.

So it happened that on the second day after the fox-hunter's visit Pierrot left for Lac Bain, with Nepeese in the door waving him good-bye until he was out of sight.

On the morning of this same day Bush McTaggart rose from his bed while it was still dark. The time had come. He had hesitated at murder—at the killing of Pierrot; and in his hesitation he had found a better way. There could be no escape for Nepeese.

He ate his breakfast before dawn, and was on the trail before it was yet light. Purposely he struck due east, so that in coming up from the south and west Pierrot would not strike his sledge tracks. For he had made up his mind now that Pierrot must never know and must never have a suspicion, even though it cost him so many more miles to travel that he would not reach the Gray Loon until the second day. It was better to be a day late, after all, as it was possible that something might have delayed Pierrot. So he made no effort to travel fast.

There was a vast amount of brutal satisfaction to McTaggart in anticipating what was about to happen, and he revelled in it to the full. There was no chance for disappointment. He was positive that Nepeese would not accompany her father to Lac Bain. She would be at the cabin on the Gray Loon—alone.

This aloneness was to Nepeese burdened with no thought of danger. There were times, now, when the thought of being alone was pleasant to her, when she wanted to dream by herself, when she visioned things into the mysteries of which she would not admit even Pierrot. She was growing into womanhood—just the sweet, closed bud of womanhood as yet—still a girl with the soft velvet of girlhood in her eyes, yet with the mystery of woman stirring gently in her soul, as if the Great Hand were hesitating between awakening her and letting her sleep a little longer. At these times, when the opportunity came to steal hours by herself she would put on the red dress and do up her wonderful hair as she saw it in the pictures of the magazines Pierrot had sent up twice a year from Nelson House.

On the second day of Pierrot's absence, Nepeese dressed herself like this, but today she let her hair cascade in a shining glory about her, and about her forehead bound a circlet of red ribbon. She was not yet done. Today she had marvellous designs. On the wall close to her mirror she had tacked a large page from a woman's magazine, and on this page was a lovely vision of curls. Fifteen hundred miles north of the picture had been taken, Nepeese, with pouted red lips and puckered forehead, was fighting to master the mystery of the girl's curls!

She was looking into her mirror, her face flushed and her eyes aglow in the excitement of the struggle to fashion one of the coveted ringlets from a tress that fell away below her hips, when the door opened behind her, and Bush McTaggart walked in.

CHAPTER XX The Willow's back was toward the door when the Factor from Lac Bain entered the cabin, and for a few seconds she did not turn. Her first thought was of Pierrot—for some reason he had returned. But even as this thought came to her, she heard in Barre's throat a snarl that brought her suddenly to her feet, facing the door.

McTaggart had not entered unprepared. He had left his pack, his gun, and his heavy coat outside. He was standing with his back against the door—and at Nepeese—in her wonderful dress and flowing hair—he was staring as if stunned for a space at what he saw. Fate, or accident, was playing against the Willow now.

It was not a long interval in which their eyes met in that terrible silence—terrible to the girl. Words were unnecessary. At last she understood—understood what her peril had been that day at the edge of the chasm and in the forest, when fearlessly she had played with the menace that was confronting her now.

A breath that was like a sob broke from her lips.

"M'sieu!" she tried to say. But it was only a gasp—an effort. She seemed choking.

Only a single step McTaggart advanced. On the floor Barre had remained like a carved thing. He had not moved. He had not made a sound but that one warning snarl—until McTaggart took the step. And then, like a flash, he was up and in front of Nepeese, every hair of his body on end; and at the fury in his growl McTaggart lunged back against the barred door. A word from Nepeese in that moment, and it would have been over. But an instant was lost—an instant before her cry came. In that moment man's hand and brain worked together swifter than brute understanding; and as Barre launched himself at the Factor's throat, there came a flash and a deafening explosion almost in the Willow's eyes.

It was a chance shot, a shot from the hip with McTaggart's automatic. Barre fell short. He struck the floor with a thud and rolled against the log wall. There was not a kick or a quiver left in his body. McTaggart laughed nervously as he shoved his pistol back in its holster. He knew that only a brain shot could have done that.

With her back against the farther wall, Nepeese was waiting. McTaggart could hear her panting breath. He advanced halfway to her.

"Nepeese, I have come to make you my wife," he said.

She did not answer. He could see that her breath was choking her. She raised her hand to her throat. He took two more steps, and stopped. He had never seen such a sight.

"I have come to make you my wife, Nepeese. Tomorrow you will go on to Nelson House with me, and then back to Lac Bain—forever." He added the last word as an afterthought. "Forever," he repeated.

He did not mince words. His courage and his determination rose as he saw her body droop a little against the wall. She was powerless. There was no escape. Pierrot was gone. Barre was dead.

He had thought that no living creature could move as swiftly as the Willow when his arms reached out for her. She made no sound as she darted under one of his outstretched arms. He made a lunge, a brutal grab, and his fingers caught a bit of her hair. He heard the snap of it as she tore herself free and flew to the door. She had thrown back the bolt when he caught her and his arms closed about her. He dragged her back and now she cried out—cried out in despair for Pierrot, for Barre, for some miracle of God that might save her.

(To be continued)

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TAILORED BOYISH FORM SUITS IN MEN'S DONEGAL MATERIALS

Exquisitely tailored in Single and Double-breasted styles, in Fawn, Green and Grey shades. Wrap Skirt. VERY SPECIAL TO-MORROW AT \$14.95

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SPECIAL! MISSES' AND WOMEN'S at \$12.95

Boyish Form Coat Misses' Wrap Style Women's Styles

Smart Coats for Spring with lovely trimmings and style touches that make them distinctive—full lined—in Polo Cloth, Tweed or Velours. Sizes 16 to 44.

JUST ARRIVED! NEW SPRING Dresses

A group of new models radiant with gay, more youthful notes of Spring. In Satin-faced Canton and Canton Crepe. Colors: Green, Brown, Black, Bronze. Value to \$25.00. SATURDAY SPECIAL— \$12.95



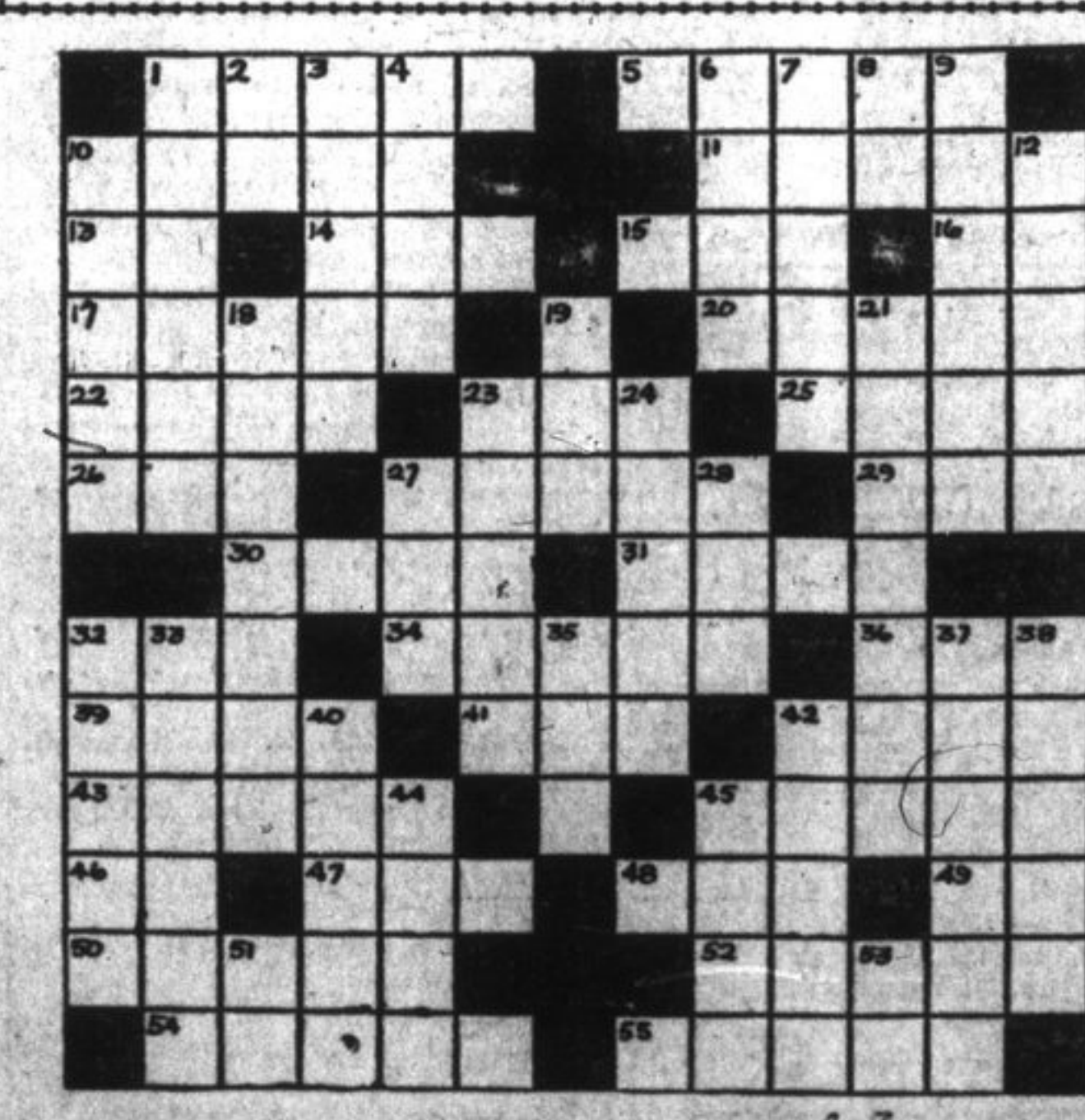
Death of a Young Lady.

A young lady, highly respected in Smith's Falls, passed away Monday morning in the person of Miss Madge May Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Clark, Poonahmallee. Miss Clark contracted a cold two weeks ago and became seriously ill but her death was wholly unexpected and was a severe shock to her many friends. She was aged eighteen years. For several years she attended the public school at Niblock's Hill, near Poonahmallee, and later attended the Smith's Falls

collegiate institute for several years. She had recently been accepted as a nurse at Victoria Hospital, Renfrew, and expected to leave Smith's Falls in a few days when she became ill.

Leaving Farm Life. G. W. Buchanan, formerly of North Sheffbrooke, near Maberly, has sold his farm at Appleton and with his family will reside in Carleton Place in the future. Neighbors and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan to

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



Another definition for 1 vertical, known especially among the elite of crookdom, is what regular folk call jail. A term in jail, also is another way of defining 27 vertical. Now try it.

- Horizontal. 1. To provide food. 5. H2O. 10. More painful. 11. Os (pl.). 12. Toward. 14. To subsist (second person). 15. Groove. 16. Point of compass. 17. Steeps in aluminum compound. 18. Lukewarm. 22. Obtains.

- 48. Witticism. 49. Direction between north pole and Europe. 50. Fifty-two weeks (pl.). 52. Edible fungus. 54. Flat circular plates. 55. An embalmer.
- Vertical. 1. Icebox. 2. Measure of area. 3. Horses harnessed together (pl.). 4. Sins. 6. To border on. 7. Carries. 8. Half an em. 9. To dwell. 10. Platform in theatre. 12. Kind of an automobile. 18. Implement. 19. Distant. 21. Thick soup. 23. Bundled. 24. To change a setting in a ring. 27. Chewed. 28. Drunkard. 32. To arrange. 33. Fitted. 35. Wood peg. 37. An incorrigible person. 38. Inn. 40. Approaches. 42. Performer. 44. Moderately dark. 45. A few; any. 51. Three-toed sloth. 53. Second note in scale.

Answer to Thursday's Crossword Puzzle:



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A Fashion That Serves a Double Purpose

The Ensemble at \$29.75

In this group of Ensemble Suits at \$29.75 are the very newest styles—Coat and Frock combined—cost no more than you would usually pay for the single garment.

Coats are in beautiful quality Charmeen, fully Silk lined throughout to match Frock. Shades: Sand, Tan, Navy and Green with contrasting dresses.

Very Special To-morrow at \$29.75

PURE SILK HOSEIERY SPECIAL!

New shades in plain and fancy weave pure Silk Hosiery. Made by one of our best known makers. Special To-morrow at— 98c

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THAT IT HAS BEEN SOLD FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AND IS TO-DAY A GREATER SELLER THAN EVER BEFORE IS A TESTIMONIAL THAT SPEAKS FOR ITS NUMEROUS CURATIVE QUALITIES.

spend a social evening and bid them and their family farewell.

To Spend \$45,000 on School. Annprior Board of Education will build a school to replace the one destroyed by fire at a cost of \$45,000. After a great deal of correspondence with the Department of Education, the board decided to abandon the foundations and walls of the old building.

In roasting, broiling and braising, meats should be cooked as nearly as possible at the simmering temperature.

If slices of mush are dipped in white of an egg before frying, they will be crisp and will brown nicely.

Quite So. A golfer was practicing mashie shots in his garden. "It isn't too easy," he explained to a friend. "I have to take a lot of trouble to get the shot just right."

With that he put down another ball and addressed it carefully. There was an awful crash, and the dining room window was wrecked. "You took considerable pains with that one," remarked the friend.

Tiny buttons for spring costumes come in a variety of sizes and shapes and are frequently jeweled. A soapstone or aluminum griddle is best for baking pancakes.

It does relieve Constipation. That's why over Ten Million bottles are sold annually



For Sale in all Good Drug Stores Dr. Caldwell's Laxative SYRUP PEPSIN