She Could Never Do The Things Other Girls Did

Miss L J. Ross, Scollard, Alta, writes;-"I am only twenty years old, but have suffered from heart palpitation and nerve trouble for several years.

I could never do the things other girls did, that is, in the line of sports, skating, etc., and could never depend on myself at work. About six months ago I began



and am just twice the girl I was, and can enjoy everything in general life so much more. I am very grateful for what your Pills have done for

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a page from the past

On guard at the tower gate stand the yeomen, in all their ancient splendour, a page torn from the time of the Tudors.

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Rumors are current in Halifax regarding the proposed merger of three big fresh fish corporations of Nova Scotia with a view to expanding that industry.

By Martha Ostenso.

began again. "How did you make out with those furs you sent to the Siding? Grini buy 'em up?"

"Ya-a. Gode monney." Skuli low substance. said, sucking comfortably at his pipe. "Fur-rrs-naow gode. Grini, he's fool himself. Hee! Hee!"

"Did I show you that wolf pelt Martin got east of here? Big beast he was too ,eh, Martin? Where's the pelt? Find the pelt, Martin. Made a rug out of it, Skuli-you ought to -Judge-show Skuli the rug!"

take the rug from Jude. The girl for you, Miss Archer." got up slowly. Her resentment flooded in a dark wave across her her, Lind, restless in her new sur-

"Skuli has seen it three times althe rug. Martin took it from her, a half grin on his face at her anger. Martin had long since learned the futility of indignation. He was twenty, past.

Caleb smiled blandly.

"Skuli forgets what a rug it is. Hed, heh!" His laugh was genial. The Icelander examined it again. to please his host. He commented strong wind. He frequently went try this discovery, James B. McLeod body felt blue when he was hungry, upon its quality, then handed it back out alone so, with a lantern; no one has been furnished with a limited Why can't I be blue as well as feel to Caleb, who sat holding it while knew where, nor why; no one asked, shipment of the regular 16 day treathe resumed his talk. Judith cailed Pete, the dog, and

strode out of the room. Amelia sighed and sat down with lapful of worn stockings and a handleless cup over which to mend

Presently Judith returned, without the dog, and seated herself beside Lind. Caleb still held the rug. Charlie was playing solitaire the table.

"Here, Charlie," Caleb said "Bought ye a new deck cards at Yellow Post to-day. Couldn't think of anything to buy girls-they have everything."

Judith thrust her shoes out before her. The toe-cap was off one of them. Amelia glanced at quickly and shook her head in protest behind Caleb's back.

Ellen yawned behind her hand. "Cheer up, Ellen my dear, we'll all be goin' to bed soon," Caleb said. "Skuli and I are both tired. Had a hard day, eh, Skuli?"

Judith sprang up. "Well, I'm goin' anyway!" she asserted.

Caleb looked gently at Amelia. pointing his pipe at Jude. "Mother, Jude had better be lookin' to her manners, eh?" he suggested in his softest voice. Amelia's eyes darted to Judith.

"Judie-remember---" The girl reseated herself carelessly enough beside Lind, but the Teacher saw that her hands were clenched. Lind felt then that, like the other members of the househald. she would come to hate and fear Caleb Gare.

It was so arranged that Judith slept with Lind that night. Amelia begged the Teacher to overlook the irregularity-Skull, the Icelander. must be accommodated.

The great loft was curtained into three compartments—the bed rooms of all the children and such infrequent guests as chanced come. In the room below Caleb and Amelia slept; their bed was a cabinet during the day, folded up against in the community—that little

if you lay with your face to the wall. be used to good advantage. Some-In a winter dawn even tiny siftings how he would use brother against of snow might be found in the crease! brother. . . he would wait. of your pillow.

night gown on with her arms free disrobing in this manner.

She watched Lind taking off her steins and his drove of horsestrim outer clothing. When she saw raise more sheep-experiment with that she wore dainty silk under- turkey and goose for the winter things she glanced at her more covertly. She made no comment.

ATIGUE and tired feel-

the accumulation of poisons

The liver action is torpid,

the overworked kidneys have

broken down, the bowels are

ings, as well as pains and

iches are the result of

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"That reminds me." Caleb Gare Judith picked up a string of amber beads Lind had placed on the stand near the bed. There was also a pair of ear rings of the same limpid yel-

> Wild honey! Drops of wild honey!" Judith exclaimed in whisper. "Just the color of you!" Lind looked at her curiously 'You may have the beads, Judith.' she said on an impulse.

Judith laughed. It was a rich laugh, from her deep young lungs. do that with some of yours. Here | "My, wouldn't I look funny with them on! Specially, cleaning the Martin had crossed the floor to stables. No, thanks. They were made

When the girl was asleep beside roundings, knelt at her window and looked out into the night. There was ready," she muttered, snatching up still a pale glow from the sunset, and the land stretched out black and remote under it.

> Far out across the prairie a lantern was swinging low along the earth, and dimly visible was the few days. squat, top-heavy form of a man. It was Caleb Gare. He walked like a Judith had once told Amelia scornfully that it was to assure himself that his land was still all there.

Caleb pressed on through the half dark, leaning forward as if against some invisible obstacle. Presently he came to a ridge from which he could look east and west, north and south, upon the land that was his: the two tame hayfields, separated from each other by a neck of timber belonging to Fusi Aronson (it would be well toown that timber a fine stand it was); the dark, newly plowed furrows where in another five months the oats would again be stirring like a tawny sea under the sun; the acres where barley and rye would be sown for cattle feed, vanishing into the blue night toward the south: the small rectangle of wheat that he raised for chicken feed; the acres of narrow woodland stretching northward like a dark mane upon the earth; and the good, flat grazing land with two bluffs, that might have extended farther westward had it not encountered the holdings of that miser, Thorvald Thorvaldson; and beyond the muskeg and a dried lake-bottom, his cherished field of

Southeast, under the ridge, bottomless and foul, lay the muskeg. the sore to Caleb's eye. In the heat of summer it gave up sickly vapors in which clouds of mosquitoes rose. Cattle and horses, breaking through the pasture fence and heading for the hayfield, had disappeared be neath its spongy surface. South of it lay his flax field, the most precious part of all his land. To get rid of the useless land and buy in its place the neck of timber held by Fusi Aronson: that was an honest ambition and one to be achieved. Fusi Aronson would part with right hand rather than sell him square inch of ground, Caleb knew all too well. But many a better man had been glad to part with right hand in certain exigencies. There was the little matter of Bjorn Aronson's slight dishonesty, for instance, that was not generally known The floor of the loft was compos- that hurt Fusi more than any other ed of pine boards scrubbed white thing on earth. What a comfort it and smooth. You could look down was to Fusi that Bjorn was now one through a knothole and see the stove of the trustees of the Yellow Post glowing red in the darkness of the church fund, a connection that would room below. Above, the rough, cob- surely brace his manhood and beat web-hung rafters leaned down upon into him a true metal. Caleb smiled you; and on a wild night a jet of as he though of the trusting Fusi wind would ripple over your cheek | Something might come up that could

Caleb feit a glow of satisfaction as Judith undressed. When she came he stood there on the ridge peering to her undergarments she put her out over his land until the last light had gone. He could hold all this beneath it, so that she might finish and more-add to it year after year -add to his herd of pure bred Hol markets in the south-all this long as he held the whip-hand ove After both girls had undressed. Amelia. Amelia's word would star

Miss Katie Wilcox, R.R.

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"My stomach troubled me and I had frequent headaches. I felt tired

all the time and couldhardly do my work. I

a year. Then I was told

Kidney-Liver pills, took several boxes of them and they did me a wonderful lot of good."

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pear when these vital organs

are aroused to action. Head-

aches and biliousness are over-

come. You feel well and

Digestive troubles disap-

51 Years Old Claims He Feels Like Boy Again [17.

Prominent Business Man Explains Joys of Youthful Activity and His Defeat of Old Age.

"Not leaping from bough to tree top in the glands of a monkey"-but, from a tiny little box in his pocket, came this change from "weakened, all in" condition to feeling of youthful health and activity. He says: "The new Erbac discovery has certainly been worth million to me. I cannot express too Mister Rubadub lived. much thankfulness for it. At 51 I thanks to Erbac, I feel like a boy

The simple treatment mentioned above has won the highest praise from those who have used it to ward off a feeling of weakness, lack of sort of blue when he's hungry." ambition and vigor, loss of nerve age. Put up in tablets, plainly wrapped and convenient for easy home use, the treatment is the recently announced discovery called Double Strength Erbac. It contains no harmful or habit forming drugs-but as affirmed by many users, gratifying results are shown usually within a

For the convenience and benefit of ments to supply to all who wish to try it on a no risk basis. Results. in all instances, must be completely be promptly refunded.

NOTE: Do not confuse this treatment with ordinary Body Builders or Nerve Tonics. Double Strength Erbac is a special formula-not intended for children-but particularly designed for the use of those near or past middle life.

be swept from these fields like chaff to carry on alone. Hired help was worse than none-lazy, treacherous, rapacious. As long as he kept track of the outcome of that little folly of sick of just looking like mud." hers. . . . And, so far, he had managed very well. True, he might at any time lose that little contactthe boy, good Lord, he must be man now-might even die. He had come out of the war safely, in spite of Amelia's praying. . . oh, no doubt the woman had prayed that he would die! But it was an uncertain world. Amelia, she was a soft fool, thank God: Not many women would be so conveniently sentimental and self-sacrificing for the sake of son born out of wedlock-and that son a man grown, and a stranger to his own mother. Well, if she was

loth to have Mark Jordan learn of his parentage, Caleb Gare would not reveal it to him-providing that Amelia kept her place and did not force him to. . . . Mark Jordan was a fine young fellow, too, according to Bart Nugent. Bart had kept track of him very well, in the town where Caleb was unable to do his own spying. The good fathers in the mission had taken Amelia's story for truth, and Mark had grown up with the solid idea that he was the last

of a family of saints. There was joke for you! the priesthood, Bart Nugent dence was not beyond thought. . . t might not be well, however.

him. There was no guessing what at this season of the year. a woman's reactions might be. Amelia had loved the boy's father, your blood is thin and weak, or if that he knew. The knowledge had your nerves are frayed or shattered. eaten bitterly into his being when You cannot compete with others if ne was a younger man and had sought to possess Amelia in a man- night, or if your appetite is poor or ner different from the way in you are losing weight. You need a which he possessed her now. In tonic at this time to add to your effithat earlier passion of the blood he ciency now, as well as to save you had found himself eternally frus- from suffering later on. And in all trated. The man who had gored to death by a bull on his own farm in the distant south had taken Amelia's soul with him, and unwittingly left her bearing in her body the weapon which Caleb now so adroitly used against her. control over her, being one of brain only, although it achieved his ends, also at moments galled him with the reminder that the spirit of her had ever eluded him. (To Be Continued.)

Adventures of the Twins By Olive Roberts Barton.

Marky Muskrat Gets Tired of Marky Muskrat went off to Scrub-Up Land with the March Hare and

the Twins like the good little fellow But he didn't want to be springcleaned any more than you like to

have a bath when you're all ready to go out to play." "Vil just look the same," he said. "I'll just be an ugly old brown-no

matter how clean I am. I know, because I can see myself in the water as plainly as if I had a looking dead of heart failure. He was form-"Don't you wish you looked like six years of age. me!" mocked a voice just then.

flower, with bits of white on him-a and Mrs. Nicholas Shea, Sheatown. dude if ever there was one.

as he trudged along. "Or like me," called another voice in her seventy year.

And there sat Redwing Blackbird. He had just arrived from the south.

"Yes, I do!" said Marky. "I always liked red.' "Then you'd like to look like me!" called Robin Redbreast's voice proud

"Yes, I should!" agreed poor Marky. "I'd like to be just anything rather than plain ugly old brown that looks like mud. Why, I'm almost exactly the color of the mud bank I live in! Sometimes Mama Muskrat used to say that unless she looked two /r three times she couldn't see m/ at all."

By the time they had reached the little bush where the path turned off a to that corner of Fairyland where

"You'll feel much better when seemed pretty much "all in" and had you get the burrs and tangles brushfelt badly for several years now, ed out of you, Marky," said Nick kindly. "Rubadub won't hurt you. Then you can go and get a good square meal in the Land-Where-Spring-Is-Coming. Everybody feels

Suddenly Marky began to grin. force and signs of approaching old Then he began to laugh. He laughed so hard that he couldn't get his breath long enough to tell them what it was all about, until they had reached the place where Mister Rubadub was waiting.

"What's so funny?" asked the fairyman curiously. "Won't you tell" us, so we all can laugh?"

"Sure!" nodded Marky happily men and women in this locality, who "Nick just said something that put man leaning forward against a have never before had a chance to an idea into my head. He said everysick of being brown."

> At these astonishing words Missatisfactory or the cost of Erbac will ter Rubadub scratched his head Nancy and Nick looked at the March Hare, and the March Hare waggled his ears and looked at them

"Why couldn't I be part red and part blue?" went on Marky anxlously. "That's better still. have all sorts of fairy paint, haven't you, Mister Rubadub, for the bright colored birds that come to get fixed up-the ones that faded down south in the sun. And maybe you could mix in a little bit of green, also some yellow and orange like the orioles wear. I'd like to be all colors, Mister Rubadub. Just for once! I'm so

Marky pleaded so hard that the fairyman stopped scratching head, and the March Hare stopped waggling his ears and Nancy and Nick stopped smiling at each other. Everybody began to feel sorry for the plain little muskrat who was so

ired of himself. "I might try," agreed Mister Rubadub finally. "But you'll look like a cross between a poll-parrot and rainbow, I'm afraid.

"I don't care," cried Marky happily. "Please commence.

You Can Lay the Foundation Good Health Now by Building Up Your Blood and Strengthening Your Nerves Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The good old fashion of taking tonic in the Springtime, like most of the customs of our grandparents, is based upon sound common sense and had good medical practice. Winter is althought, and it had also radically al- | ways a trying time for those who are tered his philosophy. He had all not in rugged health. Many men ways been interested in architecture, women and children go through the and had gone into it seriously after winter on reserve strength they have the war. Bart had written that a stored up during the sunny summer nervous disorder had lately develop- months, and grow increasingly pale ed in Mark Jordan from over-work, and languid as the Spring days apand that he might take to farming proach. A tonic for the blood and for a spell. Perhaps—the coinci- nerves at this time will do much for such people, by putting color in the cheeks and banishing that tired feel-Amelia might weaken if she saw ing that worries thousands of people

It is impossible to be energetic if you do not get refreshing sleep at been the realm of medicine, there is no safer or better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills tone and enrich the blood which circulates through every portion of the body. strengthening jaded nerves and rundown organs, and bringing a feeling of new strength and energy to weak. easily tired, despondent men, women and children.

Miss K. Sirois, Kamouraska, Que., says:--"I would feel that I was neglecting an opportunity to help some other poor sufferer if I failed to tell you how much benefit I had through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before taking the pills I was in a badly run-down condition. I was very weak, pale and breathless at the least exertion. I often had headaches and my appetite was poor. I began taking the pills and they restored me to better health than I had enjoyed for a long time; in fact, my health is now the best, and I am sure that what this medicine has done for me it will do for all weak, ailing

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at ents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

J. C. Dyer, Spokane, Wash., is erly of Belleville. He was forty-

Miss Mary A. Shea, Brockville, died And there sat Bobby Bluejay in a on Saturday, aged seventy-one years. tree. He was as blue as a corn She was a daughter of the late Mr. At Athens on Sunday, the death oc-"Yes, I do!" said Marky honestly, curred of a well known resident in the person of Mrs. Richard J. Campo,

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This bright little maid that we call Jane Gillex

She comes as a boon to the housekeeping sex -

Sold Farm and Moved to Raymond's

Corners. Perth Road, April 12-It is hopeful the sleighing has gone for good. The past week has been real wintry land enabling the tardy with their hauling. Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Melville Yonge in the loss of their infant son, who passed away early Friday morning.

The teachers of the neighboring schools have returned from their Easter holidays to resume their duties. Miss B: Raymond has returned to her school at Cedar Lake. Mrs. H. McCadden is ill with the grippe, George McGillivray and daughter Helen, are convalescing slowly after a severe attack of tonsilites. Evelyn Raymond gave a birthday party to a number of her little friends on Saturday afternoon

The sugar season so far has not been very promising. The Sydenham Condensory truck has begun making its rounds for the season The cheese factory opened April 1st with a good supply of milk. Amos Ruttan has sold his farm to Wellington Green, and has moved Raymond's Corners, Mrs. W. Shales spent a few days of this week with her daughter, Mrs. A. Morley, Sy-

Housecleaning is the order of the day with the housewives. Mrs. W. Raymond and daughter, Evelyn, were recent visitors at Forfar and Elgin. Master Leonard Harris spent the Easter vacation with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Harris. Miss Maudie Wagar was a recent guest of Miss Pauline Roberts. Miss Annie Puttenham has recovered from an attack of grippe.

Late Albert Wright, Pembroke. Pembroke, April 14. - Alber Wright, one of Pembroke's oldest and best known business men, is dead here, aged eighty-four. For man leather goods business in Pembroke.

The London Board of Education appointed a committee to consider the advisability of insurance against accidents in the school playgrounds. Officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will continue to operate in British Columbia as drug

Arrives at Oslo, Norway. Oslo, Norway, April 14-The dirig. ible Norge, which will be used by the Amundsen-Ellsworth polar expedition, arrived here to-day at 1.25 p.m. after a flight from Pulham, Eng-

James K. Edwards was elected by acclamation mayor of Sherbrooke. Que., to succeed ex-Mayor W. Brault, The tax rate of Ford will be reduced about fourteen mills, according to the Mayor's statement.

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You cannot be too careful in your selection of remedies for babies or young children. Hundreds of mothers have written telling us how satisfactory Douglas' Infant Tablets are. Mrs. S. A. Wilder, Strangaer, Sask., writes: Inclosed please find One Dollar, for which please send me five packages of Douglas' Infant Tablets. I am greatly pleased with these Tablets for my little ones, and find them the best al round medicine I have used. Three of my neighbors have tried them for their children and found them more satisfactory than any Baby Tablets they had ever used." For sale at all dealers or per mail from Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont., at 25 cents per bex. Free samples on request.

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You will be all right in 20 minutes if it's headache, or the next morning if it is a cold. Pain all gone, and the whole body

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