

Dyspepsia Caused Her Agony After Every Meal

Mrs. M. Caldwell, 2335 Hemlock St., Vancouver, B.C., writes: "After suffering for years with agony, from dyspepsia and indigestion, after every meal, I started taking



and got such relief I kept right on until I had used three bottles and was completely relieved of my trouble. Now, I can eat anything I wish without having any bad after effects."

DR. J. C. W. BROOM

Dental Surgeon 150 Wellington Street. Phone 679. Evenings by appointment.

KINGSTON TRANSFER CO

153 WELLINGTON STREET Moves Freight, Steel, Building Equipment, Machinery, Safes, Pianos, etc. MONEY LOANED AGAINST MORTGAGES

CAR OWNERS ATTENTION

Now is the time to insure with an "ALL RISK POLICY" Protects you for LIABILITY, PROPERTY DAMAGE, COLLISION, FIRE AND THEFT

R. H. Waddell

86 BROCK STREET Telephones 326 and 896.

DR. RUPERT P. MILLAN

DENTIST 84 Princess Street. Phone 1888 Gas for Painless Extraction OPEN EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENT

Buckwheat Coal

For Spencer Furnaces Fresh mined Lackawanna Coal \$9.00 per ton W. A. MITCHELL & CO. Telephone 67.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

Give assistance to thousands of women suffering from irregularities, correcting cause, building up and strengthening organs, relieving DELAYED, PAINFUL MENSTRUATION, NEURASTHENIA, BACKACHE, DIZZINESS, etc.

Dr. Vincent A. Martin

DENTIST 272 Princess Street. Phone 105. Evenings by appointment.

DR. R. E. SPARKS

DENTIST 188 WELLINGTON STREET Special attention paid to Artificial Teeth, Crowns and Bridge-work. Telephone 346.

FOR SALE

\$4,100—12 roomed rooming house, brick, every convenience, fireplace, furnace, good location. \$2,900—7 roomed dwelling, 3 piece bath, electric, etc., extra lot, near Princess, Central. \$8,700—Modern Bungalow; all hardwood floors; furnace and laundry tubs.

E. L. MARTIN

287 BAGOT STREET PHONES: Office 220. Res. 1428M, or 1181F.

Renew Your Vitality

We recommend a good tonic to those recovering from Flu, Grippe or other illness. Dr. Miles' Nervine, Fellow's Syrup, Kepler's Malt and Cod Liver Oil, Roboleto, a Stearns' tonic; Scott's Emulsion, Tanlac, Wampole's Ext., Wincarnis, etc. Ask us about them.

M. R. McColl

Prescription Druggist Opp. St. Andrew's Church University Drug Store

WILD GEESE

By Martha Ostenso.

It was April and the little buds opening stickily on the elms, and tingling their boughs with purple and brown. The cottonwoods were festooned with ragged catkins. A softness was unfurling like silk ribbons in the pale air, and the earth was breaking into tiny warm rifts from which stole a new green.

The children came to school in the mornings with their arms loaded with the long green catkins of the gray birch, which Lind told them was the Betula Lutea; which they promptly forgot. The ditches along the wood road became a gray blur of pussy willows; and one day Lind heard the first robin. It was a time of intense wonder in the north. At the long, harsh months when the heart is shut out from communion with the earth.

Lind frequently walked alone through the green filter of light in the woods that led away from the Gare farm northward to the acres of Fust Aronson. She thought of Caleb Gare and Amelia, and wondered how a human soul could keep from breaking utterly. Lind had awakened early one morning and had looked out from her window to see Amelia staring with transfixed eyes at the dawn—at something beyond the farm woman to do that. There must be some reason for Amelia's endurance. Was it a hope of compensation of some kind? The children? No, there was not enough affection among them—after the precious flame had been sucked into the very earth upon which and by which they lived—to make the sacrifice worth while. There must be something else.

On a Friday evening, Lind prepared to leave for the Sandbos, whose homestead was in sight down the wood road from the Gares. Caleb and Martin were repairing the chicken house, removing the winter sod from the roof and sparingly inserting shingles wherever there was a leak. Judith came out of the house with the Teacher, who had with her a small bundle. Mrs. Sandbos would expect her to stay the night, at least.

"I'm going to ride down with you—the cattle are down that way," said Judith, glancing toward the chicken house, where Martin was standing on a ladder swinging a hammer upon the damp shingles. Judith turned toward the log barn that crouched like an old moss-backed turtle between the wagon-shed and the granary.

Except for the blows of Martin's hammer on the soggy shingles there was not a sound abroad. The air and the earth seemed to be held together in a glass bowl. There was that thin luster over everything that comes only on a clear April evening. The dank, clinging smell of newly turned soil rose like a presence. Lind was glad that Judith was to accompany her. They would have many things to talk about. Even at her age, Judith had a certain fineness of mind which came to an extent, perhaps, from the seasonal contact with the teachers of Oeland, but more from a deep native consciousness drawn from Amelia. Lind delighted in the rich spontaneity of the girl, in her naive reactions. She saw much less of her than she might wish to. Caleb saw to it that Judith was busy about the place or in the fields during the day, and at night she wished for sleep more than for the comfort of friendship. The Teacher stood below Martin and talked to him while she waited

for Judith. Caleb had gone into the tool shed near the barn. "Martin, it must be wonderful to make things—and mend them, with your hands," she ventured. Martin talked so little. He had not yet voluntarily addressed her. He looked down at her and half grinned, drawing in his under lip bashfully.

"Tain't so wonderful—got to do it in any kind o' weather," he managed to say. His long, dull face became suffused; he intently inspected another shingle. Poor Martin! At twenty he understood only one thing: work. Caleb came out of the shed. With his left hand he brushed the right side of his weedy mustache; a gesture that had become familiar to Lind. He did not look at the Teacher. She was rather glad that he had adopted the policy of ignoring her. It gave her more opportunity to watch him.

Judith, mounted on the mare, Lady, beckoned to Lind. Caleb turned and saw her. "Too early to go for the cattle," he said, lifting the bank of his eyebrows toward her meaningly. "That old seeder has to be fetched from Thorvaldsen's. Charlie can bring in the cattle."

"Charlie can get the seeder," Judith said in a clear voice. She sat straight and formidable in her saddle, facing Caleb coldly. Of the two, Lind felt that the girl was the more to be feared, for sheer physical power. "Did you hear what I said, Jude?" Caleb asked, handing a box of nails up to Martin. His voice was gentle, casual.

In answer, Judith wheeled the mare toward the gate and started down the wood road. Lind mounted the pony that the Sandbo children had left for her. On the road she met Jude, her face dark with anger. "I'm through putting up with it!" Jude flared. "He's got to quit thinkin' we're animals he can drive around."

They rode along together for a short distance. Then Judith turned to go back. "It's no use—he'd take it out on Ma. He knows I'm goin' to the Sandbos'. Find out if Sven is really comin' home, will you, Lind?" The Teacher had asked her to call her Lind.

She nodded in response to the girl's request and rode on down the shimmering wood trail. In the shallow ravine on either side lay a mist of flowering dogwood trees. Behind her, growing fainter now, came the thudding sound of Martin's hammer on the rotten shingles of the chicken house.

The Sandbos boasted a frame house, and a wire fence around their buildings, not a sagging wooden one such as the Gares did with. The entire place was so overgrown with chokecherry and wild plum trees that in a short time now the house and barn and cowshed would be hidden in a white nebula. This beauty was more by accident than by design, for Mrs. Sandbo would have preferred the frame house to be in full view to passers-by the whole year round. Frame houses were rare at this distance from the siding of Nykerk.

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

home (save perhaps Martin and Ellen on their trips with the cattle to Nykerk), had never seen one of these wonders of modern times, and as for having ridden in one—Well, the Sandbos, all of them except little Lars, who was born at Oeland, had ridden on the railway. So, although they were friendly enough from Mrs. Sandbo's point of view, there was a gulf between the two families that could not be spanned.

Mrs. Sandbo, having lived in a village, awaited Lind in the parlor. Emma, a ponderous girl of fifteen who still attended school half days, was stiff and sober in a clean dress which had been donned for the occasion. She ushered Lind into the presence of her mother without a word. She suffered, in fact, the sensation of strangling until the Teacher was out of her sight behind the parlor door.

All the blinds, except one, were closely drawn in the room where Mrs. Sandbo sat. There was a dry smell of wall paper, as if the windows had been nailed down since the day the room was decorated. Mrs. Sandbo herself looked like wall paper, as if she had no sizable depth but a crisp, flat surface, the back of which would be gritty. On each of the four walls of the room, in geometrically precise relation, hung an enlarged photograph of one or more of the Sandbo family. The photographs bore the rainy-day look of all enlargements. That which first met the eye was an enormous likeness of the late Ludvig Sandbo himself, Mrs. Sandbo's husband.

Lind entered and greeted Mrs. Sandbo in her warm manner. Her hostess had been sitting on an upright settee of pale brown imitation leather and elaborately carved and scrolled oak. "I'm glad to see you, Mees Archer," Mrs. Sandbo beamed with a square, Norwegian intonation. "Sett down. I will get coffee. The girls say you like it at Gares. Is that so? You are the first then, much so I hate to say it. But wait—the coffee cooks." She rustled out of the room without waiting for a word from Lind.

The Teacher sat down before the frame of Ludvig Sandbo. He had eyes like black shoe buttons. They chilled Lind. She moved to a chair near the lighted window. Mrs. Sandbo returned with steaming coffee and little round pink-frosted cakes.

She assailed Lind at once with questions, not so much to get an answer as to reveal to the Teacher her familiarity with objects of the world beyond Oeland. "Oh, yes, my husband, Ludvig, he vass there, many, many times," she interrupted when Lind mentioned the city she had come from. "It les him, up on the wall. And a stinker he vass, too. Good land, I say, 'tousand times a day, I'm happy he les gone. What he could drink, that von! Never vonce sober in six years! She smacked her lips over her coffee cup and wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Was he not kind to you?" Lind asked gently.

For Sash and Doors and Frames

There is no more suitable wood than our Old Growth Native White Pine. It costs more, but that is what we use, and we back it up with good workmanship.

S. ANGLIN CO. LIMITED LUMBER YARDS, WOODWORKING FACTORY, COAL BINS, BAY AND WELLINGTON STREETS, KINGSTON, ONTARIO Private Branch Exchange 'Phone 1571.

Custom Made Footwear For All! MORE COMFORT—MORE WEAR—MODERATE PRICES JOHNSTON'S SHOE STORE

70 BROCK STREET. REPAIRS 'PHONE 231-J.

ENSURE DELIGHT—TRAVEL CUNARD "Service? Every man seemed to take a personal interest in our comfort. Food? Exceptionally good." Weekly Sailings from Montreal for Plymouth, Cherbourg, London. Regular sailings for Liverpool. Cabin Class, \$145 and up.



"More rope" wanted

Some years ago a heroic girl gave her life in rescuing women and children when a tidal wave overwhelmed her home city.

She could have saved many more victims and probably her own life if she had had more rope. As it was, her body was found later with those of seven little children lashed to her's. But her rope was not long enough to enable her to reach safety.

The Salvation Army is engaged in rescuing the souls and bodies of men and women and children who have been caught in the raging waters of sin and misery. The Army throws its rope to as many as it can reach, but there are always more to be reached. The work of rescue never ceases.

Money is The Army's rope. Won't you give The Army "more rope" by contributing to the Self-Denial Fund?

The Soldiers of The Salvation Army are themselves givers according to their means. They give their lives to the work. You can give your dollars.

Some little child or some poor heart-broken mother will benefit by your money. You can put money to no more practical and helpful use than by giving to the work of The Salvation Army. Its work never ceases, night or day.

Give The Army "More Rope" Hand your contribution to the authorized collector, or send it to The Ensign Ernest Falle, 461 Princess Street Kingston, Ont. SALVATION ARMY IN HIS NAME

CANADIAN PACIFIC SAILINGS FROM ST. JOHN, N.B. TO LIVERPOOL. Apr. 23 Metagama. FROM MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL. Apr. 29 May 26 Montreal. May 1 June 4 Montreal. May 14 June 11 Montclair. TO BELFAST-GLASGOW. May 20 June 17 Metagama. TO CHERBOURG-SOUTHAMP-TON-ANTWERP. May 2 June 2 Ninnedosa. FROM QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL. May 21 June 18 Montroyal. TO BELFAST-GLASGOW. Apr. 29 June 3 Montclair. TO CHERBOURG-SOUTHAMP-TON-HAMBURG. May 13 June 6 Empress of France. May 26 June 23 Empress of Scotland.

HANLEY'S (Established 1871) Steamship passages booked to all parts of the world. Pass-ports arranged. Through tickets issued over all Trans-Atlantic, Trans-Pacific, Alaska, Bermuda, West Indies, Mediterranean, Round the World Steamship Lines. Prepaid passages arranged for if you desire to bring relatives or friends from abroad. For full particulars apply to or write J. P. Hanley, C.P. & T.A., C.N. Riya. Office, Canadian National Riya. Station, corner Johnson and Ontario streets, Kingston, Ont. Oper day and night. 'Phones 99 or 2837. William Pimblett, Toronto, real estate dealer, fell dead in his office on Thursday. Premier Mussolini of Italy has departed for home after five days visit to North Africa.



"Burning the Candle At Both Ends"

THERE is an old saying about "burning the candle at both ends" which seems to apply to modern life. How is a girl or boy, or man or woman to enjoy social life to the limit, keep up their daily work and escape a breakdown of health. The nervous system will not stand the strain. There is too short a time for recuperation, too little rest and sleep. The energy consumed in daily activity is not replaced—bankruptcy is sure. You find yourself nervous, irritable and sleepless. You are worried, have nervous headaches and spells of dizziness. A restorative is necessary and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food exactly fills the bill. Most women and many men know this from personal experience and use it as occasion arises. Prevention is by far the wiser plan with disorders of the nerves. By using this great restorative at the first indication of trouble you avoid a physical break down and weeks of tedious treatment. Keep the vitality at high water mark and you will know the joys of healthful living. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 60c a box, all dealers or The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto 2, Can.

(To Be Continued.)