

Tuberculosis

Plenty of fresh air, sleeping out-doors and a plain, nourishing diet are all good and helpful, but the most important of all is

Scott's Emulsion

It is the standard treatment prescribed by physicians all over the world for this dread disease. It is the ideal food-medicine to heal the lungs and build up the wasting body.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

AN EASTER BLOSSOMING

(By Marion Mallette Thornton, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

Little Mrs. Bruce laid her letters down beside her coffee-cup with a smothered sigh. "Your Aunt Azna has heard of—the trouble, and has written, offering us a house," she said, answering the girls' inquiring looks.

"She has!" exploded Persis, her eyes snapping. "Well, we won't take it; you know we won't, Mother Bruce! My we read the letter? You might as well let us," as her mother hesitated; "I know exactly how it sounds—'My dear Maria, I am surprised to hear'—written with icicles on a snowbank!"

The little mother laughed deprecatingly. "She means to be kind, dearie, and I'm not sure but we shall have to—read it, if you like."

Persis unfolded the sheet and read crisply: "My dear Maria: I am surprised to hear"—"I told you so!"—of your recent reverses. I should have supposed that you would notify me yourself, but at least the papers have not been so uncommunicative. If Edward had been more careful in his investments while he lived, I presume the trouble would not have occurred; but it is late to consider that now. Of course I am sorry for you. Since you must undoubtedly give up your home, I presume you would be glad to occupy a small house of my own on Leffingwell street. It will be something of a contrast to your present home, but it is the best I have to offer, and I feel it my duty to do so."

"Yours very truly,
AZENA L. KINCH."

"Must we take it?" Lillian cried, hardly waiting for the last syllable. "Must we, mother? Oh, I wish we needn't! I don't want to be under obligations."

The little mother hesitated. "It is hard, I know, girls, but just at first—I don't know where we could go. It seems proverbial almost; but, if you feel so, perhaps I had better—"

Persis flew out of her chair to kiss away the anxious pucker between the dear eyes. "We'll do anything you say, mumsie, if you only won't worry. We can't quite freeze to death in Aunt Azna's house as long as we have each other."

Earache, Toothache!

To Cure the Pain in Ten Seconds and Get Instant Relief, Nothing Equals

NERVILINE

Fifty years ago Nerviline was used from coast to coast and in thousands of houses this trusty liniment served the entire family, cured all their minor ills, and kept the doctor's bills small. To-day Nerviline still holds first rank in Canada among pain-relieving remedies—scarcely a home you can find that doesn't use it.

TESTIMONIAL NO. 4398

From Port Hope, Ont., Mr. W. T. Greenaway of the Guide newspaper staff writes: "For 20 years we have used Nerviline in our home, and not for the world would we be without it. As a remedy for all pain, earache, toothache, cramps, headache, and disordered stomach, I know of no preparation so useful and quick to relieve as Nerviline."

Let every mother give Nerviline a trial; it's good for children, good for old folks—you can rub it on as a liniment or take it internally.

Whenever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Refuse anything but Nerviline. 25c per bottle, five for \$1.00, all dealers, or The Catarrhone Co., Kingston, Ont.

It was all over at last, the sorting out of things that must be kept, the selling off of those that must go, the moving and settling; and Persis sat one day upon a packing-box in the attic of the little house on Leffingwell street, dangling over its side a pair of weary feet in much-worn slippers, and remarked to Lillian stretched comfortably below her on a pile of burlap.

"Well, we're here; and every last tack is tucked clear up to this garret."

"Yes," sang Lillian scoffingly. "We're here because we're here because we're here because we're here!" and I wish we weren't. Persis Bruce, do you realize that we ought to be grateful to Aunt Azna? And I'm not—not one single bit. It's not because the house is skimpy, you know it isn't. I wouldn't care if it was a bird's nest if she had taken it out of her heart for us; but she just took it out of her pocket-book and threw it at us. I'd have thrown it back if it hadn't been for mother. I don't believe Aunt Azna ever had a heart."

"No," agreed Persis, beating a rebellious tattoo on the box-side. I don't believe she had; well, there is one comfort, we'll begin paying rent just as soon as we get to earning money, and it will not be long before that if I can help it. In the meantime, I suppose we might as well be setting things straight up here."

She slipped to the floor and began a vigorous on-ought upon a pile of boxes in the corner.

"I move that we pull out all the old trash that has been left here, first, and burn it up."

"Kerchew!" sneezed Lillian. "My! the dust of ages is on them. I wonder who left them here. Mostly empty, I guess. No, here is one with patchwork pieces in, such queer old calicoes. And here is—O Persis, a find!"

"My precious Lily!" Lillian real in a hushed voice. "It is cold in the attic today, but I don't mind because I am going to write my first letter to you. I wish you were real, so you could answer back; but I shall try to forget that you are not. I must talk to some one, and there is nobody else. To-morrow is Easter Sunday, and my birthday, too. I shall be twelve years old. I asked Aunt Rachel to call me Lily for a birthday present—it's my middle name, you know; but she said I too old to change, and, besides, Lily was a foolish name. I saw some once in church where Tilly Bedewell goes. I suppose I shall never have one. I wouldn't care so much about the birthday if Aunt Rachel loved me, but nobody ever did that but my own beautiful mother. I'm sure she did, because they say mothers always do. But she went to Heaven when I was a baby. My hand is so tired I must stop, but I shall write again. It makes my heart feel better. So no more at present from your

"Affectionate friend,
"AZENA L. KINCH."

"I do not dare write out the middle name, because Aunt Rachel doesn't know, and it wouldn't be fair."

Persis held out her hand for the letter. "Why, Lillian, it can't be Aunt Azna! And yet mother did say she lived here when she was a little girl."

"Yes," said Lillian shakily, "it was Aunt Azna; I'm sure of it. O Persis, think of it—that little, lonely, hungry girl! Think of all we might have done for her these years, and haven't."

"Why, I'm sure," bristled Persis, "I'm sure we have been nice to Aunt Azna. We've given her Christmas presents every year, and made duty calls twice a year, and invited her to dinner—she never came, but—"

Lillian folded the little letter softly.

"Yes," she said, "we have done everything for Aunt Azna but love her. And that was what she wanted. Maybe if we had done that, she wouldn't have grown hard as nails outside and—O Persis, I believe she's been hungry inside all this long time since she wrote that to her make-believe Lily. I don't believe grownupness made a bit of difference with the inside."

"Easter lilies cost a lot," reflected Persis aloud. "Do you suppose we could—"

"Yes, I do, and I'm going to, if it takes a year of car-fares. Next Sunday is Easter, and her birthday, maybe. I'm going to do it, Persis. We must."

"I don't mind the car-fares, but about the love part of it." Persis's honest eyes were troubled. "I'm not sure I could do that—yet. It's so sudden."

"I can," said Lillian positively. I do this minute. Poor little Azna girl! Think of the showers of love we've lived in—and the Easters—and mother! Hers died. Can't we spare a tiny love for her?—on his resurrection-day, too!"

Persis twisted the corner of her apron.

"She hasn't deserved it," she murmured, moved but unconvinced.

"Maybe not, but she has needed it."

The people who passed Azna Kinch's brownstone front on their way to church Easter Sunday, did not know that for its mistress, cold and uncompromising as her brownstone, life was to begin afresh that birthday morning, her sixty-fifth.

Azna certainly did not know it herself, and neither did the fair-haired girl who went

hurriedly up the walk with a huge box under her arm.

Nevertheless, she rang the bell hopefully and asked for Aunt Azna.

"She is ill," the white-capped maid informed her. Did you know? Nothing serious, a cold and headache. I will tell her you are here."

"O, no," begged Lillian. "I'd rather go right up, please. I don't think she will mind, for once."

Aunt Azna turned her head in cold astonishment when Clothide threw the bedroom door to admit an intruder, but Lillian did not pause on the threshold, nor wait for a less chilling welcome. Instead of the hard old face on the pillow she seemed to see the wistful look of that little loveless girl of long ago; and hurrying across the velvet carpets to meet it, she pressed her bunch of Easter lilies into the long white hand lying on the coverlet, crying eagerly.

"Please take them, dear, because it is Easter and your birthday, and—I love you."

The last words came with a tender little rush, and ended in a warm kiss directly on the straight, unyielding line of Azna's lips. Clothide in the doorway gasped her astonishment—such liberties! But Aunt Azna only lay staring incredulously from the lilies to the flushed young cheeks and shining eyes bending over her. There was no doubting her truthfulness. All at once the firm lips quivered, and were unsealed.

"I've waited fifty years for them!" b'los-

Are Your Children Properly Fed?

LET us talk about the right feeding of children. Of course, you want your children to grow up strong and healthy; you want to equip them for the battle of life with rugged constitutions and good red blood. Now, the first step is to see that they are properly fed. And these words "properly fed" mean much in the diet of children. For it isn't quantity that counts, but quality.

There is no better food under Heaven for growing children than plenty of first class bread and butter. They thrive on it, grow strong and fat and rugged. Their systems crave it because it is a complete, well-balanced food.

But the bread must be good—the very best, and the best is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR which contains the full nutriment of Manitoba Red Fife wheat—for only wheat of this character contains enough of the right quality gluten to balance the starch. Gluten makes bone and muscle, starch makes fat. It takes the right combination of both to make properly balanced bread.

Bread made from OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is richest in blood building, muscle building, health building gluten. Children like it better and thrive better on it.

With "Royal Household" you need never have anything but the very best results for it is always the same, absolutely uniform, year in and year out and is just as good for Pastry as it is for Bread.



If parents knew this important difference between ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR and other flours they would never use any but "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD".

Send in your name and address also the name of your dealer to The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited, and get that splendid book of tried recipes called "Ogilvie's Book for a Cook". 24



som, child—the lilies and the love. I thought I'd given up, but I hadn't; I was waiting all the time. It's a long, long while; but it's worth it, now they've come. Clothide, my morning dress; I shall get up, I am well."

There was a birthday dinner in the little house on Leffingwell street that day, very impromptu and not at all remarkable for its viands. But it was exceedingly remarkable in other respects, for a stately old lady in point lace and diamonds sat opposite the little mother, beyond a cluster of lilies. Across her face unaccustomed smiles were marking strange new lines, and in her heart long-slumbering dreams of happiness awoke half fearfully.

The other way of the table, Persis and Lillian exchanged glances of deepest content. Their Easter offering was accepted and love had worked another resurrection, Danbury, Conn.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

"Yes," said the sarcastic damsel, "after the time for Christmas presents, valentines and Easter flowers has passed."—Washington Herald.

"Doctor, how many times have you operated for appendicitis?"

"Oh, at least fifty times, I should say."

"And how many cases have you lost?"

"Only two. One of them went into bankruptcy, and the other died without saving a dollar."

INVIGORATING TONIC



FOR RUN-DOWN PEOPLE

PSYCHINE

RESTORES THE APPETITE

Miss Ella Muriel Wood, of Brownsville, Ont., says: "Two years ago I was going into a decline. I could hardly drag myself across the floor, I could not sweep the carpet. If I went for a drive, I had to lie down when I came back; if I went for a mile on my wheel I was too weak to lift it through the gateway, and last time I came in from having a spin I dropped utterly helpless from fatigue. My father would give me no peace until I secured PSYCHINE, knowing it was excellent for decline or weakness. I must say the results are wonderful and people remarked my improvement. Instead of a little, pale, hollow-cheeked, listless, melancholy girl, I am to-day full of life, ready for a sleigh-ride, a skating match, or an evening party with anyone, and a few months ago I could not struggle to church, 40 rods from my home. I have never had the slightest cause to fear any return of the disease."

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers, 50c and \$1.00

Dr. T. A. Slocum Limited, Toronto

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Samuel C. Potter, of the Parish of Richmond, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Phebe Potter his wife, Benson G. Potter and Frederick Potter, of the Parish of Richmond, in the County and Province aforesaid, and all others whom it may in anywise concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fourth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seven, recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book O No. 4 on pages 414, 415 and 416 as NUMBER 49416 made between the said Samuel C. Potter and Phebe Potter, his wife, of the one part, and James McLean late of the Parish of Richmond, in the County and Province aforesaid, now deceased, of the other part; there will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Louis E. Young, in the Town of Woodstock, on MONDAY THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF APRIL NEXT, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Richmond, in the said County of Carleton, in the Fourth Tier or Range from the River Saint John, more properly bounded and described as follows:—On the South side by lands owned by James McElhinney; on the West by lands owned by Harry Purrington; on the North by lands owned by Ernest Hay and Arthur Duff; and on the East by lands owned by Henry Hay and Lee Campbell; containing one hundred acres more or less and being same land and premises conveyed to the said James McLean by Mary Hay by Deed dated the Fifth day of July A. D. 1860 and registered in Book W on pages 158 and 159 of Carleton County Records and conveyed by the said James McLean to the said Samuel C. Potter by Deed of even date herewith."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated this Fourteenth day of March A. D., 1910.

JOHN F. McLEAN,
Administrator of the Estate of
James McLean, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To John H. McElhinney, of the Parish of Richmond, in the County of Carleton, Farmer and Mill Owner, James H. McElhinney of the same place, Farmer and Mill Owner, and William J. McElhinney of the same place, Farmer and Mill Owner, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a POWER OF SALE contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and made between John H. McElhinney, James H. McElhinney and William J. McElhinney of the one part, and J. Norman W. Winslow of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton aforesaid, Barrister-at-Law of the other part; and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton, in Book S, No. Four on pages 629, 630, 631, and 632 of said Carleton County Records, which said Mortgage, was subsequently assigned by the said J. Norman W. Winslow to the undersigned Clara A. Leighton of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, Spinster, by an Assignment of Mortgage bearing date the Thirtieth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton, in Book S, No. Four on page 632 of said Carleton County Records, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Office of J. C. Hartley in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, on SATURDAY, THE NINTH DAY OF APRIL next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:

All that certain Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Richmond conveyed by Richard O'Carin to the late Mary Ann McElhinney by Deed dated the Thirtieth day of November A. D. 1872, and recorded in Book "L" Number Two, of the Carleton County Records on pages 409 and 410, containing two hundred acres, more or less. Also all Mills and Machinery including Rotary, Shingle and Lath and cut off saw machines and engine now on or about above described land. Also all that certain other Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate lying and being in the said Parish of Richmond being part of Lots Number Seven and Eight in the fourth tier granted to one John Bell being the same Lot of land conveyed by one William Bell to the late William McElhinney, by Deed dated the nineteenth day of April A. D. 1841 and recorded in Book "E" on pages 489, 490 and 491. Also all the other Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate lying and being in the said Parish of Richmond known and described as part of Lot Number Eight in the Fourth Tier in the Grant to one William Bell and situate on the West side of the Main Road from Richmond Corner to McKenzie Corner, containing twenty acres more or less, and being the same Lot of land conveyed by Allen Bell to the said William McElhinney by Deed dated the Eighth day of April A. D. 1867, and recorded in Book "E" Number Two of Records on pages 314 and 315. Also all other lands owned by said Mortgages situate in said County of Carleton and not hereinbefore described. Together with the buildings, improvements and erections thereon standing and being, and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

Dated at the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton this Seventh day of March A. D., 1910.

CLARA A. LEIGHTON,
Assignee of Mortgagees.

J. C. HARTLEY,
Solicitor.

THE BEST PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public. Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line. A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,
Connell Street, Woodstock