



**This** is the trademark which is found on every bottle

**Scott's Emulsion**

the standard Cod Liver Oil preparation of the world. Nothing equals it to build up the weak and wasted bodies of young and old.

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.

Doll. Away in the distance a sharp whistle rent the air. The carriage rattled over the stony way to the foot of the hill, arriving at a small wooden station just as the headlight of a train showed around a curve. Amos helped his wife out, and tied the horse to the hitching-post while the train slowed up with a shriek.

One passenger jumped lightly from the steps while one trunk was thrown from the baggage-car. A slight young lady in some kind of a well-fitting dark travelling suit threw herself joyfully upon the two old people.

"Its Mary Ellen!" cried the older woman, trembling in her pride as she pressed her daughter to her. And she went be going away from us any more.

Now that you've got your decree, you wont, will you Ellen? said, Amos, patting the girl awkwardly on the shoulders.

You mean my degree, father, laughed Ellen in joyful, musical tones. No, not for some time, anyway. Were going to have great time together now,

Ellen was twenty. Her features were not handsome; but her intelligent, merry brown eyes and smiling mouth made her face attractive and interesting. She was rather tall for her build, but she had learned to move about with the careless, natural ease that only four years training at a typical American college could give her. The constant mingling with girls of her own age, of equal mental gifts, had given her that polish, so in describable and yet so effective, which is characteristic of college women who have lived dormitory lives. The old people had done a great deal of scrimping to give their daughter this opportunity; but, as she sat between them on the wide buggy seat, dainty, refined, radiant, and full of life, every sacrifice seemed to them well repaid. Mary Ellen was different from other girls. The children thought so too.

So the ministers coming to tea said Ellen at the breakfast table the next morning, after the news about town had been told.

And I've got so much to do before he comes that I don't know what to do, added Mrs. Saunderson. There's every room in the house to clean, to begin with. Then some of the chairs need new chintz covers. You can get some real pretty stuff at seven cents at the store. Then, pa, you'll have to mend some of the shades, and beat the rugs, and mow the grass, and weed the flower beds. O, yes, before I forget it remind me to get some new curtains for the front room. That's got to be all aired out, Mercy! I almost wish I had asked him two weeks ahead instead of one.

Why, what's the matter with things as they are, mother? spoke up Ellen. I'm sure that everything looks as cheerful and homelike as it can. I wouldn't do a thing if I were you.

That's what I tell her, put in Amos. There's no sense in woman folks cleaning house so often that they rub the paint off it.

Mrs. Saunderson arose quickly, a flush on her face. Her wisdom as a housekeeper had been challenged.

(To be Continued)

**HE WANTED TO SEE.**

A little three-year-old-boy of my acquaintance accompanied his mother down town on a shopping expedition one afternoon; and, while his mother was talking to a friend, William walked on a little way ahead. He was stopped by an old man who was attracted by his bright little face, and after asking him a number of questions the old man said: "Well, my young man, your life is all before you while mine is behind me," William looked up questioningly, and said: "Turn around and let me see."—"Christian Endeavor World."

**Do not use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene with GOLD DUST**

GOLD DUST has all desirable cleansing qualities in perfectly harmless and lasting form.

The GOLD DUST always need no outside help. No matter what you wish to clean—dishes, clothes, pots and pans, floors and woodwork, refrigerator, bath room or what not, GOLD DUST alone will do all the work—and do it better than anything else.

More than that, GOLD DUST will do all the hard part of the work without your help, saving your strength and temper.

GOLD DUST is a good, honest, vegetable oil soap in powdered form—scientifically combined with purifying ingredients of magic power.



"Let the GOLD DUST Thine do your work"

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

**RETIRED IN GOOD ORDER**  
Having Removed Tie Habit Required Professor to Go to Bed.

A professor in the University of Pennsylvania is exceedingly absent minded. The Philadelphia Times says. One evening last week he was starting to the theatre with his wife when she chanced to look at his necktie, and she decided that she didn't like it.

Wont you go upstairs and put on an other tie? she asked. We have five minutes or so spare.

The professor went obediently to his room, but when the five minutes passed he had not returned. His wife waited for ten minutes, fifteen, twenty. Then she went up to see what was wrong.

The professor was in bed, the lights out the window open for the night, his clothes in orderly piles in their accustomed places. The force of habit had been too strong for the absent minded man. He had taken off his necktie and had followed the usual programme for the night.

**HE SENT HIS 'BEST' REMEDY.**

The young daughter of Mrs. T. S. Dougall 523 Flora Avenue, Winnipeg, was arranging some of her doll's washing on a clothes rack beside the stove, when she fell, and her hand came in contact with the hot stove. She sustained a serious burn, and her scream brought her mother quickly to the spot.

"I sent to the druggist for the best remedy he had for burns," she says, "and he sent back a box of Zam-Buk. He said there was nothing to equal it. I applied this, and it soothed the pain so quickly that the child laughed through her tears. I bound up the hand in Zam-Buk, and each day applied Zam-Buk frequently and liberally, until the burn was quite cured."

"The little one was soon able to go on with her play, and we had no trouble with her during the time the burn was being healed."

Zam-Buk Soap should also be used by all mothers for baby's bath and for skin troubles, rashes, pimples, etc.

All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at fifty cents box; and soap at 25c. tablet. Post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations.

**MESSRS AITKEN GET LOG DRIVING CONTRACT**

Fredericton, April 5—The annual meeting of the St John River Log Driving Company was held at the Queen Hotel to day and Messrs William W and George Aitken of this city were awarded the contract for corporation drive at the advertised rates. The president of the company Mr J Fraser Gregory, stated to day that there would be upwards of one hundred million feet of logs to drive this year and that this would include thirty million feet hung up last year, seventeen million of which was on Black River.

**QUEBEC BRIDGE TO COST EIGHT AND HALF MILLION**

Ottawa, Ont April 5—The contract for the superstructure of the Quebec bridge was to day awarded to the St Lawrence Bridge Co., an amalgamation of the Dominion Bridge Co., of Montreal and the Canadian Bridge Co., of Walkerville. The cost of the bridge, according to the estimate of the engineers on the company's figures for the various parts of the work, will be \$8,650,000. There has been deposited with the government as a guaranty for carrying out the project \$1,097,500 or 15 per cent of the contract price.

**PAYS \$14,400 FOR SOUP PLATE**

Paris, March 28.—What is believed to be the highest price for antique china was paid yesterday at the Hotel Drouot, for a soup plate of old Faience of Deruta, which brought \$14,400. The plate is only 41 centimeters in diameter, and is decorated in copper yellow and ruby red of metallic lustre. It has a centre picture of a woman with a short inscription underneath. An old cup or urbino faience, with the picture of a woman being burned alive and decorated on the back with small circles of metallic lustre made at Gubbio, fetched \$3,000.

**SEA WATER A LIQUID FOOD**  
(Scientific American)

It has hitherto been supposed that marine animals derive their food from each others bodies and, in the last analysis, from plants, says Prometheus. A few years ago, however Paetner discovered that the sea contains dissolved food materials, upon which some marine animals, notably sponges, appear to live exclusively. A given volume of sea water contains in dissolved condition 24,000 times more carbon than it contains in the form of organisms. Paetner proved that one species of sponge, if it were compelled to exist upon ready formed food, could obtain in one hour only 1,250 of the quantity of carbon which it consumes in that time; and in order to obtain even this small quantity, it would have to fish over twenty times the volume of sea water which would suffice to supply it with all the carbon it requires in the form of dissolved complex carbon compounds. Very interesting in this connection is the observed fact that comparatively small quantities of ready formed food are found in the digestive cavities of the lower marine animals. Hence sea water is, for a great many invertebrate animals, a nutrient fluid from which they absorb food, as the cells of animal tissues absorb food from the bodily fluids, animal parasites from the media in which they live, and all plants from their environment. The sea is an inexhaustible reservoir of food.

When everything seems up a stamp,  
And fortune is "again" yoa,  
Don' pine. Spruce up and show the world  
You've got good timber in you.

**"Pale and Depressed"**

Anaemia, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Dizziness.

**Success of Dr. Hamilton's Pills**

For her life and health Mrs. E. K. Wilkinson is indebted to the marvelous curative properties of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Her brightness, activity, and present good looks are due to nothing else but the enormous benefit she derived from using this grand medicine.

From her home in Newton, where she resides with her large family, Mrs. Wilkinson writes: "For years I was pale, anaemic, and lacking in vitality. I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and the distressing pain it caused me, coupled with ever-increasing anaemia, made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before the eyes, and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My constitution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and dullness in my eyes showed what a sick woman I was. I began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement although slow was sure. I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger and I enjoyed my meals thoroughly. I felt happier and more contented, and the sickly pallor of my face was replaced by a bright, rosy color which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deathly despair to robust health."

You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers.

**THE WELL ORDERED DAY**

How shall the day be ordered? To the sage The young man spoke. And this was his reply;

A morning prayer,  
A moment with thy God who sends the dawn  
Up from the east; To thank Him for the care  
That kept thee through the night; to give  
thy soul,  
With faith serene, to His complete control;  
To ask His guidance still along the way.  
So starts the day.

A busy day.  
Do with a will the task that lies before.  
So much there is for every man to do.  
And soon the night when man can work no more.

And none but he to life's behest is true.  
Who works with zeal and pauses only when  
He stretches forth his hand to help the men  
Who fall or fail beside him on the way.  
So runs the day.

A merry evening.  
When till is done, the banished be the care  
That frets the soul. With loved ones by the  
hearth  
The evening hour belongs to joy and mirth;  
To lighter things that make life fresh and  
fair.

For honest work has earned its hour of play.  
So end the day.  
—John Clair Minot, in the 'Independent.

There are no signs of a shrinkage in the British land boom, by which the proprietors of landed estates are profiting. One person after another is offering his surplus land for sale, and the tenant farmers are forced to make terms with the purchasers. Lord Londesborough, owning one of the best sporting estates in Yorkshire, is disposing of a large part of it by direct transfers to his tenants.

The magnificent cathedral of St John the Divine, New York Episcopal the fourth largest in the world, will be thrown open for public worship at 10.30 a.m. April 19, the first Wednesday after Easter. Invitations have been sent to many notables, and it is expected that a brilliant assemblage will attend on that morning the solemn consecration of the two memorial chapels which have been completed. Five more chapels are to be added. The cathedral has been building for nearly nineteen years and on it between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 has been spent thus far.

**DEAFNESS OF BLUE EYED WHITE CATS**

All white cats are not deaf, but most blue eyed white cats are, according to Nature and Science in the St Nicholas. It has never been discovered why the blue eyed cats should have the tendency to deafness, but it is a fact, while there has never been a case known of a yellow eyed or green eyed white cat being deaf unless by accident.

**A DAILY THOUGHT**

God sometimes chooses a thundercloud as the canvas on which He paints His promise in rainbow hues.

**WHEN THE MINISTER CAME**

**To Tea**

By Harriett Paulin Fenton  
In C E World.

We'll have to have the new minister to tea, of course, said Mrs Saunderson with a tone of finality as she passed the rolls,

Pa Saunderson nodded acquiescence over the breakfast steak.

Everybody'll be inviting him, continued Mrs Saunderson sagely; so I'm set on having him among the first before he gets tired going around to other folks houses.

You'd better ask him quick, then ma, spoke up ten-year-old Henry. I heard Mrs Brown and Mrs Simpson viti' him right after church last

For the lands sake, Mrs Saunderson clicked the nickel coffee-pot down on its wooden stand. I declare some people havent a mite of sense in their heads! she exclaimed. Why, last Sunday was only his first Sunday here! I really thought more of Susan Brown and Maria Simpson than that, she finished in a tone of disapproval.

The forwardness of her two ambitious neighbors still preyed on Mrs Saunderson's mind as she rode in silence by her husband's side in the old buggy that night. Amos Saunderson was one of the deacons, and never missed a prayer meeting.

In spite of their reputation for punctuality the deacon and his wife were late for the service. They entered the church as quietly as possible as the young minister in the pulpit started to read the Scriptures, Richard Hiltons addresses were simple, clear, and earnest.

Mrs Saunderson felt a uttering in the cardiac region as she watched him.

Just the one for Mary Ellen, she thought to herself. She looked around washing as guiltily, as the thought passed through her head, as if she had given voice to her reflections and Mrs Brown and Mrs Simpson had heard. Fifteen minutes later Amos Saunderson helped his wife into the buggy.

I've asked the minister, and he promised to come Wednesday, she announced triumphantly, as he tucked the carriage robe about her.

To-morrow? asked Amos.

No, of course not, responded Mrs Saunderson quickly, a week from to-morrow. That'll give me time to get things up a bit, and get ready for him. Besides, Mary Ellen'll be home.

She gave a sigh, and clasped her hands in her lap.

Amos turned his horses head to the road on the right, and clucked to old