

THE SEED LAW.

With the opening of the 1915 seed trade, seedsmen, farmers and gardeners may wish to review the conditions under which sales must be made. The Seed Control Act, passed in 1914, provides that seed must be of a certain quality and must be marked with a certain number. The Act also provides that seed must be of a certain quality and must be marked with a certain number. The Act also provides that seed must be of a certain quality and must be marked with a certain number.

Seed of cereals, clovers, forage plants, field roots and garden vegetables must be of a certain quality and must be marked with a certain number. The Act also provides that seed must be of a certain quality and must be marked with a certain number. The Act also provides that seed must be of a certain quality and must be marked with a certain number.

Representative samples of seeds for purity and germination tests may be sent to the Seed Branch, Ottawa. Two ounces of grass seed, white or alsike clover, four ounces of red clover, alfalfa or seed of like size and one pound of cereals are desired. Samples under 8 cts. may be sent without postage and are tested free of charge up to 25 in number for each person or firm.

Seed Branch, Ottawa.

First Aid For Weak Digestion.

Like Nearly Every Trouble Afflicting Mankind Indigestion is Due to Poor Blood.

Almost everybody experiences times when the organs of digestion show painful signs of weakness. Some slight disturbance of the health starts the trouble; then the patient takes a dislike to food and dull, heavy pains in the abdomen give warning that the stomach is unable to do its proper work. Sometimes a false craving for food arises; if this is satisfied the result is additional torture—flatulence, a drowsy depression, sick headache and nausea are common signs of indigestion. The foolish practice of taking drastic, weakening purgatives at such times should be avoided. Indigestion arises from stomach weakness and the only effectual method of curing the trouble is to strengthen the feeble organs of digestion by supplying them with richer, purer blood. This is the true tonic treatment, by which natural, achieve great results. These pills make the rich, red blood needed to strengthen the stomach, this imparting a healthy appetite and curing indigestion and other stomach disorders. Mr. Thos. Johnson, Hemford N. S., says: "For five years I was a great sufferer from indigestion which wrecked me physically. I suffered so much that for days at a time I could not attend to my business. I had smothering spells so bad at times that I was afraid to lie down. I doctored and tried many medicines but with no benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised to cure the trouble and decided to try them. I had not been taking them long before I found that I had at last hit upon the right medicine. The improvement in my health was constant, and after I had used ten or twelve boxes I could eat and digest all kinds of food, and I felt physically better than I had done for years. I shall never cease to praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for they proved a real blessing to me."

You can get these pills from any druggist or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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"That sounds very likely. What is she will not marry you?"

"I am not the first man a girl has married to get rid of him. By-and-by she will realize how faithful and worthy I am, and that will touch her. You will be my sister-in-law yet, Martha, and I am sure you will speak for me."

"I certainly approve of you, and that is the way a woman should be won. Our modern young men had too much trouble to strive and win happiness; they wish to pick it up without struggle, as they snatch a way-side posy."

Tilling had been back in Vienna for a fortnight without a sign to me. I know I appeared depressed, and could not blame Aunt Marie for reproaching me for my low spirits. She blamed my solitary existence, and urged upon me matrimony and devotion. "You have quite forgotten it is Easter," she said.

"My dear Aunt, I think that both marrying and going to confession should be done from the heart, and not for a remedy for depressed spirits. Have you tickets to see the foot-washing?" he said presently.

"Papa brought me some, but I do not really care to go."

"Oh, but you should go. There is really nothing quite so touching as this ceremony—the exemplification of Christian meekness. Think of it—the Emperor and Empress, in stooping to wash the feet of these poor old folk, show us how small and meaningless is earthly greatness compared with the majesty of God."

"To symbolize humility by kneeling one must feel oneself very exalted. This ceremony only tells this—As Jesus is in comparison with the humble apostles so am I, the Emperor, in comparison with these paupers. Does that express meekness?"

"What strange ideas you have, Martha. For three years in the country you have read such wicked books, that your ideas have all become warped."

"Wicked books!"

"The other day I innocently mentioned 'The Life of Jesus' by Strauss, which I saw on your table, to the Archbishop. 'Merciful heavens,' he cried, 'how did you get hold of such a vicious work?' When I told him that I had seen it at the house of a relative, he exclaimed, 'As she values her soul let her throw the book into the flames.' Do, Martha, do burn the book!"

"Give me your answer. Will you burn the book?"

"Why discuss it, dear Aunt? We cannot understand each other in these matters. Let me tell you what Rudolf did yesterday; and the conversation turned easily on her favorite subject, where we never differed, for in our judgment Rudolf was surely the most original, dearest, and capable child in the world."

Next day, shortly after tea, dressed in black, we all went to the palace to witness the great ceremony of foot-washing. Our places were reserved among the members of the aristocracy and diplomatic corps. We found ourselves exchanging greeting right and left. The galleries were filled with a mixed crowd, but we felt quite distinctly superior to them as we witnessed this festival which was to stir us with humility.

Perhaps the rest were in a more religious mood, but to me the scene was no more than a mere theatre spectacle. There we were, exchanging salutations, as if from our boxes we were waiting for the curtain. The long table was set expecting the twelve old men and twelve old women who were to have their feet washed by their Majesties.

Suddenly my eye fell upon Tilling. He was directly opposite us among the general's staff, but he did not see me, and just then the twenty-four old people had taken their places. They were clad in old German costume, wrinkled, toothless, bent, fitting admirably this ceremony of their middle ages. We were the anachronism, and our modern make-up did not harmonize with the picture.

I was watching the face of Tilling, which showed traces of suffering and deep melancholy. How I longed to give him a sympathetic touch of the hand. And while the spectators sat breathless, awaiting the coming of the grantees of the court, he by chance looked my way and recognized me.

"Martha, are you ill?" asked Rosa, laying her hand on my arm. "You have turned pale and red in the same moment. Look! Now! Now!"

The chief master of ceremonies gave the signal announcing the approach of the Imperial pair—certainly the handsomest couple on the continent. After them streamed in the archdukes and archduchesses, and the ceremony was to begin. The stewards brought in dishes of food, which the royal pair placed before the old people, making it more of a picture than ever—the attire, the utensils, and the processional giving it the festive aspect of an old Renaissance painting.

Scarcely were the dishes set on the table than they were removed again—by the archdukes, who were supposed also to need a lesson in humility. Then the tables were carried out, and the climax scene of the foot-washing began. The washing, as well as the eating, was meretricious. The

Emperor appeared to stroke the feet of each old man with a towel, after the officiating priest had made a show of pouring water over them. Stooping, he glided from the first to the twelfth. The Empress proceeded with the old women in the same way, losing none of her accustomed grace through the stooping attitude.

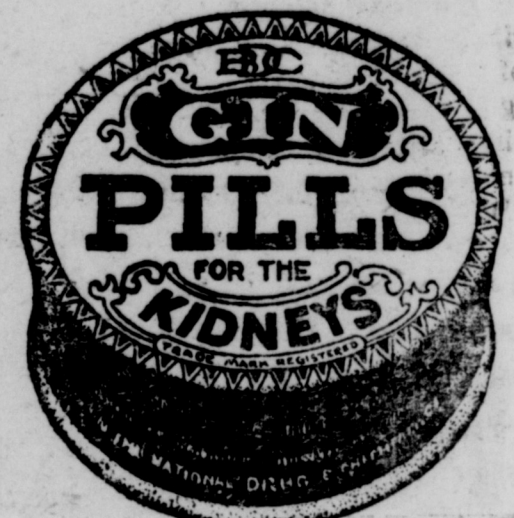
I was asking myself what could be the state of mind of these old people from their point of view, as they sat in the bewildering company in quaint costumes, with their Majesties at their feet. It must have been like a half-realized dream, half-pain, half-pleasure, confusing their poor heads already so full of the stupor of old age.

Perhaps the newness and solemnity brought a complete suspension of thought to their minds. The thing that stood out most clearly, no doubt, was the red silk purse with thirty pieces of silver which their Majesties hung about each neck, and the basket of food they were allowed to take home.

The ceremony over, the great gossip, and polite interchange of compliments began. But my only thought was, "Will he be waiting outside for me?" At last we got to the gate, there he stood before me with a bow. As he thanked me for the wreath I had sent to Berlin, he took my hand and helped me to my carriage. His words came hard, but with a great strain, I managed to say, "On Sunday, between two and three." Another bow and we were gone.

My little red book revealed my excited anticipations, my most extravagant apprehensions that the meeting would reveal our mutual devotion. While I was writing the bell rang and I recorded myself as palpitating and trembling, for the last time was irreparable.

He came. He was very reserved and cold, begged my pardon for having written from Berlin, and said he hoped I would forgive his breach of etiquette since he was so unnerved by his sorrow. He related something



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of his mother's life and last days, but not a word of what I was looking for, and I became very strained and cold in my manner. When he rose to go, I did not detain him or ask him to come again—a wretched half-hour.

I rushed to the open red book. "It is all over. I have shamefully deceived myself." I argued that he would never come again. Yet the world held no second man. Rudolf must now be my sole consolation—would he love me some day as this man had loved his mother? Oh, it is a foolish habit this diary-writing, what proof it gives one of human fickleness!

A heavenly Easter Monday found "all Vienna" on the usual drive in the Prater. The brilliant, dashing corps contrasted sadly with my depressed spirits. Yet I hugged my sorrow, for was not my heart empty two months ago, where now it had at least something to feed upon? A quick glimpse of Tilling down the drive, a bow and salute in passing, which I returned warmly, again roused my anticipations.

Some days later, when other guests were calling, Tilling was announced. I almost cried out with surprise and delight, but checked myself, and as he sat opposite me he calmly announced that he expected to leave Vienna for a post in Hungary.

"What has our poor Vienna done that you leave it?" I asked with an effort.

"Its gaiety," he said, "I am more in a mood of solitude."

"A rattling war would be the best thing to shake that out of you, my dear Tilling," said my father. "But, alas! there is no such cheerful prospect. This peace threatens to last."

"I protest against the idea that military men should desire war. We are here to defend our country, just as the fire department is here to put out fires, not to wish for them. Both war and fire are afflictions which we do not care to bring upon our fellows. Peace alone is good. It is the absence of the greatest evil. It is the only condition of welfare for humanity. Has the army from motives of pure personal ambition, a right to declare that the greatest misery and suffering should fall upon the rest? To carry on war that the army may be kept busy and its officers promoted

PIANO CONTEST

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A BEAUTIFUL AMHERST

PIANO

Please remember—this is not going to be one of those low piano contests which you would buy at any price (if you are well advised). It is an instrument of the highest quality that is constructed and is a masterpiece of great deal more than some other pianos which we could have put in this competition just as well. You might be surprised to know that we could put in just about two of "the other kind" for what is now in us. We decided to do this because we are musicians ourselves and want to deal with a piano for just as an instrument as we would take in our own home and using ourselves. We think that the public which we reach will appreciate this fact. Everything else being equal, you would prefer the high grade piano would not you?

You will not have to get your piano out of a catalogue, or from a high priced description, or merely from a newspaper cut, but you can get a piano of exactly the kind we are giving, at the "Dispatch Office, Woodstock. You can examine it and try it. Only this—your piano will be brand new, direct from the Amherst factory, and you will have three different styles of cases to choose from. Inside they are all alike. We want to make this competition something worth working for. Something a little bit different from what a newspaper generally offers.

The "Amherst" is comparatively a new piano, but one of the highest grade pianos made in the Dominion of Canada. The judges at the Toronto Exposition awarded it the best. That is speaking pretty well of a piano made in the Maritime Provinces, isn't it? What more could be said?

There is another thing about this "Amherst Piano." It is the only piano made into which you can put a "player" afterwards if you want to. "Players" are very costly when you have to buy them with a piano. Wouldn't you prefer a piano into which you could put a player attachment later on, at no great deal of money. The Amherst Player, or "Cresmonator" is a beautiful simple instrument, with several improvements over any other, under more perfect control, easier to operate. The player mechanism is built under exclusive patents, is very compact, and that is why it does not require a special piano to hold it, and it can be placed in the ordinary pianos which the "Amherst" factory turns out. Every Amherst Piano is guaranteed for twenty years, and is the only piano that carries a guarantee for the length of time.

Write to the DISPATCH OFFICE for INSTRUCTIONS and SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS for this CONTEST.

There is one setting are to our eyes in order that the fire brigade may distinguish themselves.

Silently I seconded the speaker.

"Your comparison is a poor one," replied my father. "Fires only destroy, while wars build up the glory and power of a people. How otherwise could a nation extend its territory except through conquest. Personal promotion is not the gallant soldier's only ambition. It is pride in his race and country that leads him to desire war—in one word, Patriotism."

"Oh, this mistaken love of country!" cried Tilling. "The soldier is not the only one who learns to love the soil upon which he has taken root. That is a passion common to all. For my part, there are other ways than violence to express it. We should be proud of our poets rather than of our commanding generals."

"How dare you compare a poet and a soldier?" exclaimed my father.

"I ask the same question, is not the bloodless crown the better and finer?"

"But," expostulated Aunt Marie, "how can a soldier speak so? What would become of the warlike spirit?"

"At nineteen," answered Tilling, "I was filled with it. After I had seen the realities, the butchery and bestialities of war, my soul was sickened, and every later campaign I entered with resignation and disgust rather than enthusiasm."

"Hear me, Tilling," said my father. "I have been through more campaigns than you, and have witnessed as much of the horror of war, but I never lost my ardor, and went in to the last as an old man with the same zeal as into the first."

"Pardon me, Excellency, the older generation to which you belong had a more warlike and martial enthusiasm than now exists. The feelings of humanity as a whole have changed. The desire to abolish misery is growing in ever-widening circles, and permeates all society. That spirit in your day had not yet been born."

"What is the use?" retorted my father. "Miser will always be. Neither that nor war can be abolished."

"Pardon me, Count Althaus," said

soon as the heart questions, "Is it necessary?" that heart can no longer endure resignation and must make right the wrong as a sort of expiation. This sense of repentance has become universal enough to be called the conscience of the age."

My father raised his shoulders. "That is too deep for me. I only know that we old grandfathers look back on our campaigns with a thrill of pleasure. And, in fact, the very youngest soldier, if asked to-day whether he would like to go to war, would surely answer, 'Willingly—even joyfully!'"

"The boys, of course," answered Tilling. "They have still the school-drilled enthusiasm for war in them. And the old soldier, of course, would answer 'Willingly,' for he must live up to the popular conception of the courageous. If he said honestly, 'Unwillingly,' it would only pass for fear."

"Why, I certainly should be afraid," said Lilli, with a little shudder. "Think how terrible it must be to have bullets flying on all sides and death threatening you any instant!"

"What you say seems quite natural from a young lady's lips," replied Tilling. "But soldiers must repress their instincts of self-preservation as well as their compassion for both friend and foe. Next to cowardice, it is most disgraceful for us to have sentiments or emotions."

"Only in war times," said my father, "for in private life, thank God, we also have hearts."

"Yes, I know. With a sort of children's sleight-of-hand, we say of every horror when war is on, 'That goes for nothing.' Murder is no longer murder. Robbery is no longer robbery, but provisioning. Burning cities are so many 'positions taken.' For every broken law of morality, humanity, and decency, as long as the war-game lasts, we snap our fingers and hocus-pocus transform it into nothing. But when this inordinate war-gambling lifts from the conscience for a moment, and one comprehends the actual depravity of the thing, that wholesale crime has meant nothing—then the human mind can only wish to be delivered from the intolerable death—even by death."