

THE SPRING FEELING.

VARIABLE SPRING WEATHER
DISASTROUS TO WEAK
PEOPLE.

Even Usually Robust People Feel
Run Down and Out of Sorts at
This Time—Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills Are the Very Best Spring
Tonic.

The spring months are a trying time to most people. At no other time of the year do health and strength seem so hard to gain and so hard to hold. You do not feel that you are really sick, but you feel about as bad as you could if you were seriously ill. That feeling ought to be got rid of—and it can be. What you need is a tonic to enrich the blood and free it from the impurities which have lodged in your system during the winter, and which are responsible for your present condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only reliable, never-failing tonic medicine. These pills make new, rich blood, strengthen the nervous system, bring health and vitality to every organ in the body. They are an ideal spring medicine and the best thing in the world for all diseases having their origin in impoverished or impure blood. The case of Miss Belle Coobon, White Rock Mills, N. S., is a strong corroboration of these statements. She says: "Three years ago this spring I was very much run down. The least exertion exhausted me. I seemed to lose ambition and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at nights was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a pitiable condition. After trying two or three different medicines, to no benefit, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they speedily worked a change for the better and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. I have since used the pills in the spring and I find them an excellent tonic."

Just where the lad came from is not apparent, but he was rather a crisp-looking youngster of fourteen, small for his age, with a very bright smile. He entered the office of a wholesale house and approached the head of the establishment, who was in a bad humour about some matter.

"Do you want a boy here, sir?" asked the applicant for position. "No, we don't want a boy here," responded the merchant in a bad manner of a man in a bad humour.

"Are you sure, sir?" "Of course, sir. Don't I know my business?" "What's that sitting on the stool over there?" asked the caller very politely, and without being at all disturbed by his reception. "He's our office-boy," replied the merchant, rather taken aback. "You want him here, don't you?" "Of course."

"He's a boy, isn't he?" "Well, then, sir, you are mistaken when you say you don't want a boy here. What you really want is a man here. Good morning, sir," and before the merchant could pull himself together, this respectable youth had rushed out and was lost in the crowd on the street.

KNOW WHAT IT MEANT.

"Of course, we won't have any regular house-cleaning at this time of the year," she said, "but we might as well straighten things up a bit and change the arrangement a little. I can see how the house could be made to look really attractive. To-morrow I'll get a charwoman and a man to help me to move the furniture, and—"

ANOTHER HAPPY MOTHER.

Tells How Her Baby of Eight Months Profited by Wise Treatment.

Teething time is the critical age in a child's life. Any slight disorder in the stomach or bowels at that time greatly increases the discomfort of the little one and may have serious and even fatal results. It is impossible to take too great care of your baby's health during this period, and no better remedy than Baby's Own Tablets is known for the minor ailments of childhood. Among the mothers who have proved the worth of this medicine is Mrs. H. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont. Her little baby girl was suffering from the combined troubles of indigestion, constipation and teething, and the mother's strength was severely taxed by the continuous care the child needed. A box of Baby's Own Tablets, however, made such an improvement in the baby's health that Mrs. McMaster is now enthusiastic over their praise. "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of Baby's Own Tablets," she writes. "My baby of eight months was much troubled with constipation and indigestion and was very restless at night. I procured a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have not used any other medicine since. My baby girl is now regular and healthy, and getting her teeth coming in without any harm. They produce natural sleep, because they regulate the stomach and bowels and comfort the nerves. They promptly cure all troubles as colic, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, indigestion and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Dissolved in water, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Free sample sent on application. Mention this paper."

ANOTHER FISH STORY.

Miles—"A learned scientist claims that a fish diet will develop fish characteristics in a man."

Giles—"So? Makes sharks of men and suckers of others, I suppose."

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....
THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER I.

"I'm tired of it all; I think I shall settle down and marry King," said Sir John, his voice coming lazily through the small silvery cloud of smoke that curls upwards from his lips.

"The idea is charming," replied his cousin, with a half-smile, "so is your modesty. But Miss Kitty—"

"One is never quite sure of anything, dear boy, in these degenerate days, and as nearly as possible I think I am sure of Kitty. She is not apt to play fast and loose with any man."

"I thought you were equally positive about Miss Lisle, the year before last," said Arthur, in a tone of gentle reproach. "I mean, I mean."

"Was I?" Laughing slightly, "I hardly remember. My memory was never my strong point."

"If you were a woman I don't think I should get over it so easily," said Arthur, meditatively. "But was I in love with Fanny Charteris?"

"I think not," replied Sir John. "You were terribly epistolary, at all events."

"Not even that. I confess I rather affected the society of other people. He was the most affable person I knew; but no more. For instance, I don't recollect the time I ever envied that elderly gentleman he called 'Robert'."

"Charteris, you mean. For my own part, I always liked what I knew of him, which was very little."

"So did I, for that matter. He was what one would call sterling, I dare say."

"There was a good deal of him, wasn't there?" said Sir John plaintively. "He was all over the place. I never met so aggressively thriving a man as he was."

"I entirely agree with you. That is quite the sort of thing a man ought to be. He is well-to-do, and so liberal, you know, and that, but frankly, now, was there true nobility in Charteris's nose?"

"I don't know. He was a good-looking fellow, but his clothes should look self-made. And why on earth couldn't he try Mrs. Allen, or somebody, and cover his head?"

"His money, I suppose," said Arthur, contemptuously. "He seldom troubles himself to think but just now it does occur to him that his cousin's nose is unpleasant."

"What did Mrs. Charteris do to you?" "She was present."

"You think me severe," he says; "but the fact is, I never saw Mrs. Charteris, and only knew her husband very briefly before his marriage. So I am not speaking through personal pique, but from all I have ever heard of her. I should think she was a very estimable character. Past, wasn't she? Eh?"

"Not a bit of it," said Sir John. "People always say that of a woman who happens to be pretty and good-humoured after her husband. One has to squint nowadays and wear red hair, and sit in a corner, if one wants to escape calumny."

"I don't know. I have known the Lises; how did you escape meeting Fanny?"

"Being abroad so much. I suppose I really think I haven't been through a regular London season for seven years."

"And now you are going away again. You don't let us see too much of you, do you?" "I am a restless beggar," said Arthur, flinging away the end of his cigar and stretching his arms about his head. "I can't content myself with any one thing."

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CHAPTER XXII.

"Are we not here to have them performed?" returned Strato, while a slight shade of fear passed across his face.

"For that purpose we came."

"And surely you will not deny me what good Ludim had promised?"

"Look ye, Strato; when you sought the hand of the girl, you thought her of gentle blood. Now that she proves to be the daughter of a poor armorer, will you still seek her?"

"The young monarch made no answer in words. For a moment a strange light beamed in his eyes, and then he arose and stepped down from his throne. He took the jeweled crown from his head, and placing it upon the brow of Marina, he knelt at her feet."

"Sir John, in being so, he stepped forward and raised the king to his feet. 'Here, take back your crown, and now let the rites proceed.'"

"But first," said Strato, in an earnest tone, "tell me more of this. There is a deep mystery here which you have not opened to us."

"And you shall know it all ere long."

"But now," urged the monarch. "Tell me who and what you are."

"Yes, father," uttered Marina, in a persuasive tone. "I am Marina, the daughter of the armorer."

"Not now. Let this marriage proceed. For that we are here assembled—afterwards you shall know all."

"Come, whispered Esther, 'you can trust me once more. I will tell you the truth.'"

Marina gazed into the face of her sweet sister and smiled, and on the next morning she was led to the altar.

Doing homage to their king and queen, a hundred faithful servants knelt around the royal throne. Gilead stood erect. He knelt not, nor did he bow. Only the king's features as he saw the diadem sparkling on his daughter's brow, and a proud look dwelt upon his face as he heard the heart-sent shouts that rent the air.

Once more all was still and quiet. "Now," said Gilead, "you shall know it all. I am not a native of Tyre, nor yet of Phoenicia. I am a stranger, which owes no allegiance to any other. There were two brothers of us—we were twins, and so nearly did resemble each other that even our parents were at times mistaken. I had a wife whom I loved as the apple of my eye—one in whom was the whole of my heart's affection, but she died. I was a child, and my mother, who was a maid, came to me, and she was false to me. What should have put such a fancy into my head I know not—but it came, and I married her. I was a fool, and she was a wicked woman. She had wronged me—but I believed her not. At length she bore me a child, and then—oh, horrors, the frenzy came! I looked upon the little innocent, and I swore that it was no child of mine. No tears, no entreaties could change my stubborn will. I was a monster, and I was a monster. 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