

A Spring Tonic Greatly Increases Your Efficiency

Lay the Foundation of Good Health Now by Building Up Your Blood and Strengthening Your Nerves

The good old fashion of taking a tonic in the springtime, like most of the customs of our grandparents, is based upon sound common sense and good medical practice. No matter how mild the winter it is a trying time, even in the most favorable climates, for those who are not in rugged physical health. Many men, women and children go through the winter on reserve strength they have stored up during the sunny, summer months, and grow increasingly pale as the spring days approach. A tonic for the blood and nerves at this time will do much for such people, by putting color in the cheeks and banishing that tired feeling that worries thousands at this season of the year.

You can not be energetic if your blood is thin and weak, or if your nerves are frayed or shattered. You cannot compete with others if you do not get refreshing sleep at night, or if you are losing weight. You need a tonic at this time to add to your efficiency now, as well as to save you from suffering later on. And in all the realm of medicine there is no safer or better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills make new rich, red blood, which circulates through every portion of the body strengthening jaded nerves and run-down organs, and bringing a feeling of new strength and energy to weak, easily tired, despondent men, women and children.

CURED BILIOUS HEADACHES.

Mr. D. C. McClure, Hefley Creek, B.C., says: "As a spring tonic I know of nothing else that can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Last spring I felt weak and run down, and suffered a great deal from bilious headaches. I got half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking them I felt like a new man. The lassitude from which I suffered had disappeared, I had a better appetite, and was in every way stronger and better than before I began the use of this medicine. Almost everyone needs a tonic in the spring, and for this purpose I can strongly advise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

NEVER FELT SO WELL.

Miss Beatrice Bishop, Fendale, N.B., says: "I have never felt so well as I do since taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began their use I was very much run down. I had no color, no appetite, could not go up stairs without stopping to rest on the way. I had frequent headaches and a feeling of despondency. I took Pink Pills regularly for about eight weeks and while I felt a benefit from them almost from the first, at the end of that time I was in better health than I had ever enjoyed before. I freely give you permission to publish this letter as my experience may be the means of pointing the way to new health to some other weak and run-down girl."

GAINED WONDERFULLY.

Mrs. Herbert Hanson, Lower Hainesville, N.B., says: "I have the very highest regard for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I began their use I suffered greatly with sick headache, dizziness and a feeling of depression and tiredness. A short treatment with the pills fully restored my health. My daughter Blanche was suffering from anaemia, and through the use of six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills gained wonderfully in weight, strength and general health. We think so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that we are never without them in the house, and I consider them my best friend."

HAS A BETTER APPETITE.

Mrs. M. D. MacLeod, Caledonia, P. E. I., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a spring medicine with satisfactory results. Before I began their use I was subject to weak spells, but these have now disappeared. I find that my appetite is better, and I have every confidence in your pills as a blood builder."

STRONG AND WELL AGAIN.

Mr. H. H. McKelvey, Orono, Ont., says: "My experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has been of the most favorable kind. At the time I began their use I was so weak and run down that I could hardly go about. My stomach was also out of order and the food I took did not seem to do me a bit of good. Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my rescue, and under their use my stomach grew better, my general health improved, and I was soon as healthy and vigorous a man as I had ever been. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the use of Pinklets as a laxative when needed, is now our family medicine, and we would not be without them."

BUILD UP YOUR BLOOD.

The purpose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is to build up the blood. They do this one thing and do it well. They are, for this reason, an invaluable remedy in diseases arising from bad or deficient blood, such as anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, pains in the back or side and the after-effects of influenza or fevers. If you are suffering from any troubles due to weak, watery blood, or shaky nerves, a fair use of these pills will restore you to full health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

THE INTERIOR DECORATOR TAKES CHARGE OF THE HOUSE

CHAPTER LVIX.

Lorraine Morton, of course, knew nothing of Nell's business matters. She had said to me:

"You must make use of that handsome husband of yours to help you socially. Many of the men he must know in a business way are probably also prominent in a social way. It isn't easy to get into the set in which I happened to be born, but you are clever and educated, and so is your husband. It will perhaps take time, but you will get there in the end if you are persistent."

Lorraine, as she said, had been "born" into the set in which she moved. She hadn't much money, not nearly as much as we had, or rather as we spent; but she lived in an old mansion on Washington Square, which has been in the family for years—"forever," she said—and was received nearly everywhere.

I had no desire to be one of the so-called "four hundred." But I did wish to belong to the select coterie of people whom Lorraine knew, a few of whom I had met. In my new house I would entertain in a way I could not think of in an apartment. So while I shopped Lorraine and I lunched together over what we should do in the way of entertaining when all should be ready.

Neil had gasped when I told him the decorator's price for making over the interior, but had said: "Go as far as you like! I just sold a big block of stock the other day. There's no need to economize. Just give me the figures so I can have some idea of what this thing will total."

Neil's generosity delighted me, and made Lorraine gape.

"Mr. Forbes must have slathers of money to give you carte blanche like this," she remarked. For all that she was one of the elect, Lorraine was dreadfully slangy at times. But she could do as she pleased in that, as in other things. Her position was secure.

I really wanted people to find my worth while. I longed to be a sort of leader—which I knew I could not be for a long time, if ever. The idea had rather gone to my head. I was so exercised over my new house, I shopped so indefatigably, that I was worn out. For the first time since our marriage I began taking my breakfasts in bed. My conscience pricked me at first. Often the morning was the only time I had to talk with Neil. But after a while that ceased to trouble me. I wasn't thinking where all this would lead; I only thought of what I, myself, wanted to accomplish. I did not even see where my domestic life was going, because I did not think of domestic things. And all the time I rarely saw Neil. I mean saw him to talk to him or to ask the questions which I used to ask about where he had spent his time and with whom.

Then one day I received quite the greatest shock I had had since the day I had listened at the door when Mr. Frederick and that Mr. Black were in the library with Neil.

It was Lorraine who dealt the blow.

"What is your husband's business, Bab?" she asked one day. "I thought he was a broker. I have heard him mention stocks, and you have also talked of them. Isn't he on the exchange?"

"No—he is a mining and oil promoter—or perhaps they are sometimes called brokers? I know nothing about business, Lorraine. Neil doesn't believe in talking of his affairs at home."

"But Bab—a promoter! That accounts for it."

"Accounts for what?" It had been a long time since I had given Neil's business any thought, so taken up was I with my new idea.

"Why—I heard—that he had many undesirable acquaintances," I knew by the way she hesitated that she had more to tell me.

"Undesirable—"

"Yes, men of shady character and vulgar habits. I hate to say such things to you, Bab, but it will be no use for you to try to do anything in a social way if this is so."

Quietly, there came into my mind the whispered expression I had caught when dear father talked to me:

"A house of cards."

LORRAINE DASHES BAB'S HOPES OF SOCIAL SUCCESS

CHAPTER LX.

With an crush almost staggering, all my doubts, which had so long lain quiescent came back to me.

"Shady characters, undesirable acquaintances," Lorraine had called them. I could not very well refute her when I, his wife, had refused to receive them. How ignorant I was of society is apparent in the fact that I had never thought that Neil's

peculiar business methods might frustrate my social ambitions. He had money. That was all that was required of him, so I imagined. I would do the rest. And now this!

"You must know it this is so, Bab, even if you do not know much of his affairs. Does he ever bring such men home with him?"

"No—not now."

"Why—not now?"

"Because I refused to receive them."

"I see—then it is true—all of it. I am afraid."

"For heaven's sake Lorraine say what you have to say and be done with it!" I cried in desperation. I felt as if a hand had clutched my heart. Yet I would not believe it as bad as Lorraine had hinted. She was a natural gossip—she exaggerated.

"Well Bab, I will. It is the only way I am more sorry for you than I can say, more than sorry that I encouraged you to think you could make a social success. I am sure however, that it is of no use to you to go on. You have a lovely home, but the people you have planned to entertain will not visit you—I am afraid," she stopped. I waited in silence. Finally I could stand it no longer.

"Don't be afraid of hurting me, Lorraine. Go on, tell me all you have heard."

"I want you to know it will make no slightest difference to me, in our friendship. You do know that, don't you, Bab?"

I nodded.

"But it is common rumor. A friend of my father's came to him about it because I have been with you so much. This man said that your husband's business methods are unsound—that's father's word. This friend feared your husband would try to get my father interested in some of his schemes, and came to warn him. Father is getting old"—she said apologetically, "and is easily influenced. We haven't any money to spare, you know. Then he also told father that Mr. Forbes was con-

stantly seen with men of no standing; and that Mr. Forbes himself was suspected of being—well—not strictly honest; that no man could make money as fast as he made it, live at the rate you lived, and do it honestly—without misrepresenting things, and promoting schemes which would not stand daylight." She stopped a minute. Then: "Most of what I have said, Bab, is quoted. You wanted to know, so I told you. The man who told father is Mr. Powers. I almost groused. Mrs. Powers had been the woman whom I most desired to know."

"There is one other thing I am going to tell you," she went on: "Perhaps I shouldn't—but I think you ought to know it: Mr. Forbes makes a rendezvous of Blanche Orton's home. He takes men there—perhaps the very ones you have refused to receive. They gamble and drink, and incidentally put over those big deals by which your husband makes so much money. Blanche has been so terribly snubbed because of it—although she never cut any ice socially. I liked her, and enjoyed her inconventionality. But since Orton died she has become almost too unconventional even for me."

"And you think it is no use to go on as we had planned?" I spoke now of an entertainment for charity for which we had decided to make my first plunge into society. I was to throw open my lovely new home for the purpose.

"Absolutely no! You would only be humiliated. Enjoy your home with your family and those whom you already know, and who are not critical. But, under the circumstances, do not attempt the impossible."

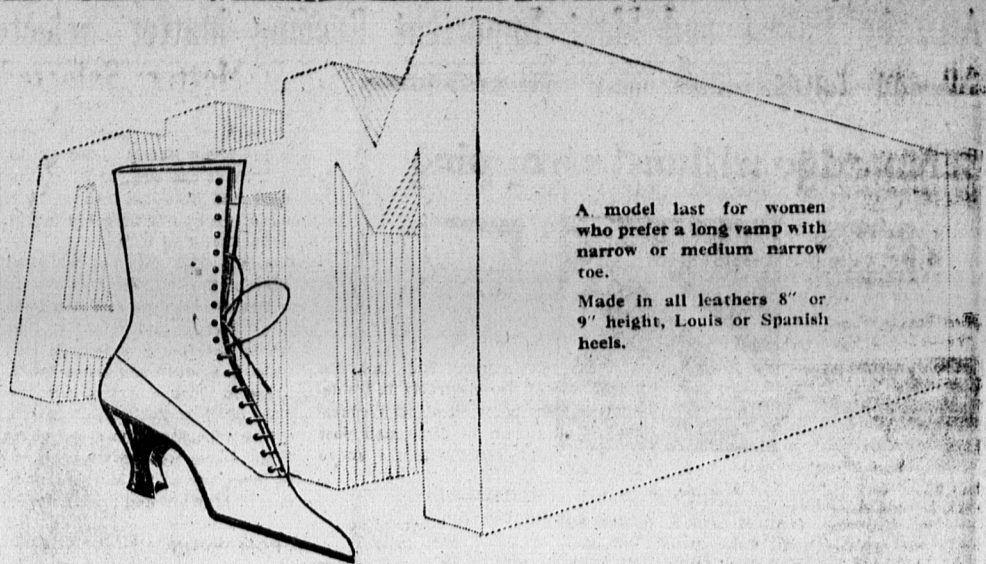
We were interrupted by the butler. He brought me a telegram from Neil: "Have been called out of town. Back Friday." It was Monday.

BARBARA IS DISTRESSED AT WHAT LORRAINE TELLS HER

CHAPTER LXI.

For a little after Lorraine left I sat stunned. Then I began to think of all she had said, to look things in the face. If what she said were true—I was not even yet quite ready to admit it—why I must give up all my cherished plans, or—I must get Neil to reform his business methods at once. There was one other thing I was not ready to believe, and that was that my husband was really dishonest. Why he couldn't be! I thought as I recalled his kindness to me and our boy. The child would keep him straight if he needed a motive, which I did not at all believe.

Lorraine had exaggerated. That was the conclusion at which I arrived. She was rather prudish, and as she had said, they had no money to lose. Perhaps her father had wanted to go in with Neil in some-



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What Lorraine has said about his gambled and drank while there, also making Blanche Orton's house a rendezvous mortified and hurt me. Had I done wrong to refuse to receive these coarse men in my home—men with the money necessary to Neil in his business. If I had received them, perhaps there would have been no scandal, no talk about Neil. Blanche Orton's servants had probably tricked. Lorraine said the men thing and couldn't because he hadn't the money, and so was a bit sore. I found all sorts of excuses. The one thing which made me almost ill was that Mr. Powers should have such a mistaken idea of Neil. I should have to wait awhile to launch my social war; wait until Neil would have made them all see he was the absolutely straightforward man I knew him to be.

I into my mind flashed the thought of Mr. Fredericks. He had long ago gambled and drank while there, also making Blanche Orton's house a rendezvous mortified and hurt me. Had I done wrong to refuse to receive these coarse men in my home—men with the money necessary to Neil in his business. If I had received them, perhaps there would have been no scandal, no talk about Neil. Blanche Orton's servants had probably tricked. Lorraine said the men

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