

ONTARIO WOMAN REGAINS HEALTH

Wants Other Women to Know About Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mount Forest, Ont.—"Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt weak and miserable, and had pains all through me. I was living in Ailsa Craig at the time and one day a friend came and told me her experience of using the Vegetable Compound and advised me to take a bottle, which I finally did. I began to get stronger and those pains left me. I am glad I found out about this medicine as I think there is none equal to it for women who have troubles of this kind. I cannot praise the Vegetable Compound too highly for the good it has done me. Whenever I know of a woman suffering I am glad to tell her of it."—Mrs. Wm. RIDSDALE, R.R. No. 1, Mount Forest, Ontario.

Women throughout the Dominion are finding health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No harmful drugs are used in its preparation—just roots and herbs and those can be taken in safety even by a nursing mother. For sale by all druggists.

Government Standard Seeds

- No. 1 Nickel Timothy, No. 1 Mammoth Queen Clover, No. 1 Alsike Clover, No. 1 Sweet Clover, No. 1 Field Peas, No. 1 Spring Vetches, No. 1 Barley 2 and 6 rowed, No. 1 Wheat, (White Fyfe) No. 1 Wheat, (White Russian), No. 1 Buckwheat (Silver Hull), No. 1 Mangel, (Yellow International), No. 1 Turnip Seed, (Hazard), Millpond, Cow Horn and Greystone, No. 1 Field Corn, No. 1 Lawns Grass, No. 1 Chickens, Onion Sets, Garden and Flower Seeds. Quality and price the best. Prompt service. W. A. JOHNSTONE, Montague 413-145w8L.

HATCHING EGGS

Buy your Barred Plymouth Rock hatching eggs from one of the leading flocks in Eastern Canada. My flock lead P. E. Island last year sending to the Circle. They are sure winter layers and if you want winter eggs you must get your birds from a winter laying flock. I sold to the Circle 175 doz. in December, over 300 doz. in January, the two hardest months to produce eggs. A pen from this flock is a close second among the Barred Rocks in the P. E. I. egg laying contest. The cockerels are from the well known and high producing flocks of Professor Graham, Ontario Agricultural College and Mr. J. W. Clark, Cainsville, Ont. Eggs 6 cents apiece until April 15th, after that date 5 cents apiece. Book your orders ahead. W. W. MUTCH, Bayfield Farm, Earncliffe, P. E. I. 658-2-2888L.

FARM FOR SALE

AT CHELTON The undersigned offers for sale his farm of 97 acres of first class land with good buildings, concrete floors in stables, pump, stable and pump and sink in kitchen, dug well near buildings, (ideal place for keeping cream). Brook waters pasture. A considerable quantity of wood and lumber on farm, good shore front. Nine acres suitable for 125 potato crop. Thrashing outfit and hay fork, rake and blocks included. Price low for a quick sale. Apply FRED H. CLARK, Albany R. R. 2, P. E. I. 303-4-10-18.

FARM FOR SALE

On the Brackley Point Road, consisting of 50 acres choice land, dwelling house and out buildings. STANLEY A. PROWSE, Charlottetown, R. R. 6, 261-4-8w8L.

Notice To Lobster Fishermen

I have been advised that some of the fishermen are under the impression that they are at liberty to set lobster gear outside of territorial waters before the season opens. Therefore, I hereby give notice that anyone leaving the shores with buoys, anchors, lines, etc., before 6 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 25th day of April, whether he intends setting inside or outside of territorial waters, will be penalized as the law directs. (Signed) S. T. GALLANT, Inspector of Fisheries, 441-4-16t8L.

FOR SALE

Fifty six acre farm at Fairview, with dwelling house and barns. Also one hundred acre farm, three miles from Rocky Point Ferry. For particulars apply to MR JOHN MACDONALD, Rice Point, Lot 65, P. E. I. 180-4-4tt8L.

WILD HORSES

By Henry Herbert Knibbs (Continued)

"Accustomed to the barriers of civilization which none of the men could have known would think of jacking a reality as a primitive as taking from a mountain spring in the wild Solano hills. Her social prestige, her wealth meant nothing whatever to Johnny Trent; and the law written or unwritten, meant nothing to him. He had said he would have killed her. She believed that beneath his gentlemanly manner lay a strong current of determination against which she would be powerless, should some issue force the test. And as she rode between the swart silent Mexican and Johnny Trent, across the fragrant high-spaces beneath the Arizona pines, she realized at last why individuals made laws for themselves in that far-reaching and sparsely inhabited land.

They rode toward the south, swinging wide of Solano and bearing toward the dim ranges that looked against the velvet sky. The juniper gave place to greasewood, the sandy plain of their progress hush as wild as any of the prairie. Again the junipers crept round them, shadowy and grotesque. Presently they were riding among the cypress and small pine. The fragrance of the night forest came on them as the cool breeze of the uplands. A wooden cannon wound on and up toward the high mesas and the spruce. Until then none of them had spoken. The narrow trail forced them to ride single-file. Johnny in the lead Grace Percival following, and Lopez riding behind her.

"That horse you're riding is used to this trail," said Johnny turning in the saddle. "Thank you, I am not at all afraid of the horse." Grace Percival smiled at Johnny's somewhat incongruous solicitude. Not so many hours ago she had ridden into Solano on a horse as wild and as vicious as she had ever seen, and the gray saloon of the high mesas was to have been hers.

When the canon trail found the level of the upland meadows, edged with the deep night-shadows of the encircling timber Johnny sent Lopez on ahead, telling him in Spanish to make a fire in the cabin and put some fresh water in the coffee-pot. About an hour later Johnny and Grace Percival dismounted at a small cabin fronting a wide, starlike meadow. Lopez took the horses. Johnny stepped aside, gesturing to Grace Percival to enter the cabin. It didn't cost a million dollars, he said as she gazed round the orderly room, but it's clean and decent. A fire was going in the stove, and the warmth was welcome, as was the hot coffee which Lopez had made.

Grace Percival drew off her gloves and placed them daintily on the edge of the homestead table. "I would like a drink of water, first," she said. Johnny filled the one and only glass and proffered it. She glanced up at him as she gave the glass back. The slender oval of her face, her lamplight-shimmering eyes, her hair—she had removed her hat and veil—recalled poignant memories that Johnny would not have chosen to recall just then. His hand trembled as he took the glass. She glanced round the room, then swept across it to a chair by the south window. Seating herself she again glanced round the room. "The looking-glass is here," said Johnny, indicating a small shaving-mirror. "Thank you. You wouldn't be worth anything if your eyes do not accuse me."

"At your old game?" said Johnny, shrugging his shoulders. "Of making myself accountable? Yes. You have been rough—at times—but that is the first rude thing you have ever said to me," she declared, smiling. Johnny flushed. But he was not to be cajoled into a humor to suit her fancy—not he. "Besides, if it is a game what other game could I play, to please you?" she said. "Would you have me flatter you by pretending that I am frightened? Perhaps you thought I would become hysterical and plead for my freedom. You have brought me here—a really intimate not long ago, you want me to be comfortable. But how can I feel comfortable when you act like a chained bear?"

"But yes! You have chained yourself to me, haven't you?" Johnny laughed harshly. "No chains on me now, Miss Percival. No! But you are going to promise to marry me before you leave this wickiup, or—"

"Or what, Johnny?" "Or tell me on your oath that you never did care enough for me to look at me twice. Just say without lying, that you were stringing me along for the fun of it. Then you can leave here any minute you want to. You wouldn't be worth my keep." "Without lying? Did I lie to you when I told you—but why discuss it? Besides, I'm rather sleepy." "I don't say you lied to me, in your words," asserted Johnny. "But you did as well when you pretended you liked me well enough to marry me. You strung me along—"

"Do you believe I strung you along, as you say?" Johnny clenched his hands. The sweat stood out on his flushed forehead. "No—damn it! I wish you had. Then I could forget."

Grace Percival rose and faced Johnny, the flame of pride in her cheeks, her little head held high. "I did lie to you, when I allowed you to believe that I cared enough to marry you. And now I am paying for the lie—and I'll pay the full price. Putting aside what you have done—and what you made me do, to get me a new prisoner. You will make a new beginning. You say you love me. Oh, yes, or you wouldn't have made me come here after I showed you the telegram stating that my guardian was not expected to live. And I please to stay here, to humor your mood. I'll not try to run away. I'll say, what are you going to do with me?"

Johnny flung round and started toward the door. Yet the fascination of her personality was upon him like a net within which he might struggle, but from which he could never break free. He wanted to rush from her presence, to breathe the cool night air—"Johnny!"

He turned toward her as she whispered his name. "Johnny!" she whispered again. "Defiantly he faced her, strode to her, his eyes burning into hers like the eyes of a desert wanderer dying of thirst, yet knowing that the mirage is cheating his desire. She touched his sleeve. Her slender hand crept to his shoulder. All of herself was in her eyes, questioning, wondering, speaking a truth beyond the grace of word or gesture. Slowly she drew her veil from the table, she looked at him, toyed with the soft, silken folds, crushed the veil in her hands, gazing at it unseeing.

"Strike me or kill me," she murmured, "but don't act like a sullen brute." Her mood changed. She smiled again. "If you really want to please me, tell me where I'll find a brush and comb, and some soap, for the morning."

"I got that—that satchel of yours from the backboard," stammered Johnny. Grace Percival remembered having seen Johnny hand something to the other man just before they began their long ride to the hill. She thought it significant that "Strike me or kill me," she murmured, "but don't act like a sullen brute."

"For Baby's Bath More than that of any other member of the family, baby's tender, delicate skin needs the greatest care and attention. The soft soothing oils in Baby's Own Soap make it specially suitable for babies, and its clinging fragrance reminds one of the roses of France which help to inspire it. "It's best for you and Baby too!"

MORE HUMOURS OF HISTORY A. D. 1101. Urged by Flambar, Robert made an attempt to force his claim to the English Throne. He landed at Portsmouth on 1st August with a large force. He was met by Henry, and the two armies encamped near each other. Henry invited his brother to a conference, and they met and were reconciled. Robert, always indolent and amenable, agreed to give up his claim in return for a pension of 3,000 marks a year, a mark being 13s. 4d.

Farewell Address

On the evening of March 28th a cheerful company of friends of the Rev. A. J. MacNeill and Mrs. MacNeill met at the Maunse, Wood Islands, to bid them farewell and at the same time present them with an address and purse containing a substantial sum of money. The address was read by Mrs. Murdoch Gilmore and the presentation of the purse was made by Miss Mary B. Mackay. A notable contribution to the pleasure of the evening was a number of speeches by Messrs M. A. MacNeill, Norman C. Stewart, Murdoch Gilmore, A. M. Beaton and W. M. Crawford, Elder. These gave eloquent expression to the kindly feelings entertained towards Mr. and Mrs. MacNeill and the regret felt at their departure from the congregation. Messrs M. A. MacNeill and Norman C. Stewart are elders of Little Sands congregation, of which Mr. MacNeill was formerly a pastor, who came to join with Wood Island friends in expressing their regard and esteem. Mr. MacNeill in reply to the address on behalf of Mrs. MacNeill and himself, expressed their appreciation of the sentiments to which it gave expression and of the goodwill manifested by their presence and by their address. Following is the address.

Rev. A. J. MacNeill, B. A. Dear Mr. MacNeill: We your friends of Wood Islands congregation, having learned of your intended departure, like this opportunity of calling upon you tonight to express our feeling towards you and to bid you farewell. We regret very much the circumstances which has made it necessary for you to take this step and decided to leave us yet we feel favorable to you in your new posture. During the time you have been among us you have labored faithfully for the Master both in the church and throughout the congregation and your friendly visits to our homes have bound us to you by ties of friendship which can never be broken. Wherever you go our love and good wishes will follow you and we know that your genial disposition and sympathetic heart will win many friends for you in your new home. To Mrs. MacNeill we extend our best wishes and we trust that she may enjoy many years of health and happiness. In conclusion we would ask you to accept this small gift as a token of our esteem for you both.

CHAPTER XIII "You'll be able to recognize me in that crowd," said the cow-puncher, "because I'll have my hands in my own pockets." (From Game Rhymes, "Cigarette Papers.")

"My little scheme worked," declared Percival, swinging round in his deck-chair and rising heavily. "She'll be pretty mad when she finds out there wasn't any accident. But I had to do something to get her back here. She simply ignored my recent letters telling her that she was absolutely necessary in your new home. To Mrs. MacNeill we extend our best wishes and we trust that she may enjoy many years of health and happiness. In conclusion we would ask you to accept this small gift as a token of our esteem for you both.

EAST ROYALTY SCHOOL Honor Roll East Royalty School for month of March. Principal's Dept. Grade IX.—1, Marjorie Harper; 2, Louis Wheatley; 3, Carl Bradley. Grade VIII.—1, Emma MacNeill; 2, Isabel Andrew; 3, Grace Harper. Grade VII.—1, Marion MacWilliams; 2, Mae Heartz; 3, Hilda Bradley. Grade VI.—1, Arthur Roper. Miss Holmes's Dept. Grade IV.—1, Edward Lowe; 2, William Wheatley; 3, Dixon Holmes. Grade III.—1, Reggie Webb; 2, Eileen Bradley; 3, Mary Lowe. Grade II.—1, Elsie Henderson; 2, Clifford Roper; 3, Mildred MacWilliams. Grade I. Senior.—1, Catherine Carson; 2, Bobbie Carson. Grade I. Junior.—1, Kathleen Wheatley; 2, Dorothy Roper; 3, Wilfred Robertson. Perfect Attendances: Principal's Dept.—Isobel Andrew, Willie Andrew, Rose Bradley, Hilda Bradley, Emma MacNeill, Jean MacNeill, Marjorie Harper, Grace Harper, Ruth Webb. Miss Holmes Dept.—Edward Love, Mary Love, Dixon Holmes, Grace Harper, Esther Harper, Elsie Henderson, Lloyd Henderson, Dorothy Roper.

MORELL SCHOOL Following is the report of Morell School for the month of March. Principal's Dept. Grade X.—1, Herbert Cox; 2, Margaret MacGuire. Grade IX.—1, Agnes Coffin; 2, Frank Aylward. Grade VIII.—1, Marie O'Brien; 2, Elizabeth Cox; 3, Jan O'Brien. Grade VII.—1, Marion Coffin; 2, Minnie Baker; 3, Jean MacEwen and Genevieve Jay equal. Grade VI.—1, Somerled Kelly; 2, Margaret MacGregor; 3, Edna Baker. Assistant's Dept. Grade V.—1, money enough to pay the shot, and then some. And money, my boy, is the whole thing. And don't you forget that little Grace knows it!"

(To be continued.) By ARTHUR MORELAND

HUNTER RIVER SCHOOL Following is the Honor Roll for March. Grade X.—1, Helena MacMillan, 2, Irene Wynan. Grade IX.—1, Beatrice MacLeod. Grade VIII.—1, Dorothy Cutcliffe, 2, Hazel Sellar, 3, James MacDonald. Grade VII.—1, Annie Carew, 2, Ralph MacMillan, 3, Ira MacDonald. Grade VI.—1, Dorothy Dingwall, 2, Eulalie MacLeod, 3, Sutherland MacLeod. Grade III.—1, Luella Wilson, 2, Elsie Wood. Grade II.—1, Florence Nox. Grade I.—Jean Cummings, 2, Bertha Wray, 3, Hilton MacMillan. Perfect Attendance—Helena MacMillan, Irene Wynan, Beatrice MacLeod, Elmer MacMillan, Alan Wedlock, Dorothy Dingwall, Elsie Wedlock, Florence Nox, Vernon Nox.

NEW HAVEN SCHOOL Class standing for March. Principal's Dept. Grade X.—1, Leo Berrigan; 2, Gordon Darrach; 3, Maurice Tierney; 4, Irene Murphy. Grade VIII.—1, Ivan Darrach. Grade VII.—1, Edna Docherty; 2, Reta Newman and Margaret Docherty equal; 3, Mary Berrigan. Grade V.—1, Etta MacLean; 2, Robert Boyle; 3, Elva MacLean; 4, Arden Newman. Assistant's Dept. Grade IV. Sr.—1, Jack MacPhee; 2, Reginald Docherty and Elvira MacNeill equal. Grade IV. Jr.—1, Alice Boyce; 2, Annie Boyle; 3, Leonard Berrigan. Grade II.—1, Ruby MacLean; 2, Mary Devereaux; 3, Wm. MacNeill.

JOHNSTON'S RIVER The following is the standing of Johnston's River School for the month of March. Grade IX.—1, Edith Halloran. Grade VIII.—1, Violet Cummins; 2, Veronica Trainor. Grade VII.—1, Ruth Trainor; 2, Elizabeth Smith; 3, Lois Macdonald. Grade VI.—1, Lucy Smith; 2, Hilda Halloran; 3, John Slaven. Grade IV.—1, Mary Slaven; 2, Brendon Halloran; 3, Mary Power. Grade III.—1, Gordon Macdonald; 2, Daniel Currie; 3, Harold Currie. Grade II.—1, Willie Currie. Grade I.—1, Dorothy Halloran. Perfect Attendance—Edith Halloran, Veronica Trainor, Elizabeth Smith, Dorothy Currie, Lucy Smith, Hilda Halloran, Mary Slaven, Brendon Halloran, Harold Currie, Daniel Currie and Willie Currie. Percentage of attendance 95.2. Anita MacDonald, teacher.

HAZEL GROVE SCHOOL Report of Hazel Grove School for March. Grade VII.—1, Beatrice Stevenson; 2, Mildred Ferris; 3, Anna Ferris; 4, Alden Buchanan. Grade V.—1, Eric Bagnall; 2, Pauline Bagnall; 3, John MacNeill; 4, Melville Weeks. Grade III.—1, Jean MacLeod; 2, Muriel Stevenson; 3, Harriet Weeks; 4, Lowell Pound. Grade II.—1, Edith Bagnall; 2, Borden Bagnall; 3, Irene Nicholson; 4, John Craswell; 5, Eliza Pound. Grade I.—1, Rhoda Bagnall; 2, Clara Pound. Perfect Attendance—Mildred Ferris, Beatrice Stevenson, Pauline Bagnall, Muriel Stevenson, Borden Bagnall, Eliza Pound, Teresa Pound. Average attendance 20. Percent age of attendance 90.5.—Margaret I. Ling, teacher.

MT. MELLICK SCHOOL The following is the standing of Mt. Mellick School for the month of March. Grade X.—1, Frances Wood, 2, Winnifred Robertson, 3, Margaret Macdonald. Grade IX.—1, Charlotte Drake, 2, Helen Drake, 3, Elliott Robertson. Grade VIII.—1, Edmund Robertson, 2, Henry Boswell, 3, Percy McKenna. Grade V. Sr.—1, Bertha Wood, 2, Harold Robertson, 3, Mararet McKenna. Grade V. Jr.—1, Alex MacRae, 2, Islay Robertson, 3, Irving Macdonald. Grade III.—1, Marion Robertson, 2,

Neuritis Neuralgia—Sciatica—Rheumatism

NEURITIS is inflammation of a nerve. The pain is burning and tearing, not darting as in neuralgia, and is increased by movement. There may be swelling and sensitiveness to touch, and sometimes redness of the skin. Your experience will tell you that neuritis, like neuralgia and sciatica, only bothers you when your nervous system gets run down. Restore energy and vigor to the nerves and you remove the cause of these torturing ailments. The nerves must be nourished back to health and vigor by the use of such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Mr. John Woodward, Lucan, Ontario, writes:—"I was a sufferer from neuritis for several years, and tried all kinds of remedies, yet never seemed to get any better. At last my nerves and whole system seemed to give way, through not being able to get any rest or sleep at nights for pain which mostly used to take me in all parts of the limbs and feet. Almost at the point of despair, I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I feel it my duty to tell you of the benefit I derived. I am more than proud to say that after taking over twenty boxes I believe myself almost normal again, and for the past year I seem to enjoy my usual health."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 60 cts. a box all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & CO., LTD., TORONTO.

Ethel MacInnis, 3 Edward Wood. Kenna Henry Boswell, Bertha MacInnis. Grade II.—1, Eliza Lane, 2, Agnes Wood, Harold Robertson, Alex MacInnis. Grade I.—1, Helen MacInnis, 2, Rena Boswell, Marion Robertson, James Cannon, 3, Louis Cannon. Edna Lane, Louis Cannon, James Wood, Charlotte Drake, Helen Percentage of Attendance—89.4% Drake, Elliot Robertson, Percy McKenna, JEAN MACLAREN, Teacher



Ten Years After. The man she might have married for love, and the man she did marry for money. —The Passing Show.

S. S. DIEUZE FIRST SAILING CHARLOTTETOWN TO ST. JOHN'S, NFLD. The above steamer will load at Charlottetown for St. John's, a full cargo of PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK. Due at Charlottetown about April 20th and will sail for St. John's about April 24th. For space and rates apply CARVELL BROS, Agents 479-4-17M41

No. 72. Robert Invades England IF YOU PAY ME THREE THOUSAND MERKS A YEAR YOU'RE WELCOME TO BE KING OF ENGLAND. THE JOB WOULD ONLY WORRY ME, AND THREE THOUSAND A YEAR WITH NOTHING TO DO FOR IT, IS JUST IN MY LINE. HAVE SOME OF THIS SHERBET.