up, but he ingered on so had to her. of things had to be explained to her. They made me tell her, and I shall never forget the anguish in her eyes to never forget the anguish in her eyes to It almost killed her. dying day is the mere shadow of her former I overheard her once, when she self. I overheard her once, when she thought no one was near, praying, 'O God, make him well, but if you do then let me die !

let me die!" "I am almost a stranger to you all," said Adriano, hesitatingly. "You trust me with very sacred confidences." "I feel impelled to do so, Daretti; I

to be frank, I wish you two could fancy each other! I long to see Victoire happy, she has had such a tragic youth. happy, and has not such a track youth. She loves music passionately, and you would be awfully congenial. I have never seen any fellow but yourself that I thought was suited to her, and all that sort of thing, don't you know ?"

Adriano was well used to receiving suggestions and offers of marriage, and should have been hardened to receive well used to receiving them unmoved, but he colored hotly and looked deeply embarrassed. Ains worth hastened to add:

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"Of course this is just a notion that has come into my head and I have never breathed it to her. That is not our English way. You may not be fancyfree, and that would knock my castle all on the head."

"Or she might not think as kindly of me as you do, Ainsworth, even if I me as you do, Ainsworth, even if I were, as I am, fancy-free, and were to find her adorable, as indeed she must be. I can only hope you will never have reason to regret your trust in

"I am not afraid of that, my dear fellow! But let the future take care of itself. I am awfully obliged for what you have done for me. I feel a load off

my mind." "But re really I have done nothing," fusing smiled Adriano. "I have only en-couraged you to do what you can for yourse

That is everything. I am willing to face a 'no' when it comes direct from herself, but I couldn't bear the thought of its coming through half a dozen strangers. Good-bye, old fellow !

up the stairs; "but what was the use in telling him that I had once tried for a clear hazel. Catalina myself, and that Choulex is trying for her now, and that Madame Delepoule is bitterly opposed to him? These things are neither here nor there if Catalina cares for him. She must manage her own love affairs. I have enough on my hands with Tedi and Casw even Oreste ! Well, well ! It's love that makes the world go round -round, round, till I am dizzy looking

An hour later he sauntered into the salon, dressed for the evening. There were some minutes before dinner would be served, and he called the dogs about him and put them through all their tricks in succession, and allowed the friendly cat to crawl all over his back and shoulders and turn round half a dozen times before settling herself on his knee. Finding their master grow ing somewhat indifferent and abstract-ed the dogs took up their station at the window, where they watched the pas-sers-by with interest, exchanging occasional meaning growls. Adriano sat a long while in thought, tilting back in his chair, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and the cat snoozing peace-

fully between his knees. As it was an unusual thing for him to remain so long inactive he prob-ably found his thoughts very absorbing. They ran somewhat in the following vein :

"I wonder what ought to be the first requisite in choosing a wife! I am in-clined to say congeniality. I do not think I could get on with a woman who was not in sympathy with my tastes and convictions. She must be intelligent and have a quick sense of fun. I am

jolly sort of a husband. One can endur

a good many privations if they are only well seasoned with plenty of affection

work together, and when I helped you to make the coffee I never felt it a bore

at all, and, moreover, the coffee used

to be very good ! "You see," he continued, bending confidingly towards the animals, "the

failure or success of married life de-

pends not so much upon circumstances

ation

and determination to make the

Plenty of affection

, but he lingered on so long that lots vixen, or a coquette, or a peevish, illfaithful to me or to the duties of her state of life, I hope, I humbly hope, with God's grace, that I should accept lot and act towards her as a Christian and a gentleman. Just as I should hope that if I were the failure, if sickness or misfortune should come to me, or] should so far forget myself as to bring reproach and trouble upon my would still cling to me, forgiving

and faithful. He buried his face in his hands and there was a long pause. The animals instinctively understood his mood and stood by him motionless. At last he arose, pushed the dogs gently aside, and laid the sleepy, purring kitten upon the softest cushion on the sofa. Then he crossed over to the fireplace, shook himself, stretched his shapely limbs, It was on a

and laughed softly. "After all, I cannot help wishing for The more I think of my the moon ! possible wife the more I endow her with the most impossible combination of the best qualities of the best women I have best qualities of the best conter have ever known. She must have my mother's heroic soul and cheerful piety. She must have a grand intelligence and kind heart like Madame Delepoule. She must have the high-bred refinement of Madame Valorge, the grace and accomplishments of plishments of my sister-in-law. She must be gifted and charming like Cata sister-in-law. She lina Disdier, loving, tender-hearted, bright and responsive like Espiritu

him, a face that had vanished from his the memory years ago, but now rose up fore it again through the mists of time, a haunting, vague, will-o'-the-wisp face, flashing at him here and there but re-

to be caught. One moment it seemed to glauce at him through a window-frame, another moment it looked demurely up from his side, again it was opposite him, laughing and dimpling. Each time it reappeared its features took a more definite shape, till at last it became absolutely distinct dozen strangers. Good-bye, old fel-low! I suppose I shall meet you to-light at the Usseglio reception. I night at the Ossegno recepton at a set the cooring, what had one peeting promised to go with Victoire or I would come round and go with you." "I feel like a traitor all round to hair it was a chestnut-brown, a littl arity, that the same hue in different shades pervaded all. In the floating everybody," thought Adriano, as he darker in the pencilled brows and whistled to the dogs and climbed slowly shady lashes, in the delicate skin it was a rich olive, in the large, lustrous eyes

> "Who are you?" asked Adriano, puzzled. It was such a lifelike, vivid picture, how could it have eluded his memory? A name trembled on his tougue but would not utter itself. tougue Who are you ?" he asked again, frowning and impatient. It must be a very real person to so impress his imagina-tion, and real persons have names and be traced and reached if one is

determined enough! And through the silence of years, w, pleasant tones seemed to say to im, "Are you looking for any one? him. Can I help you?' flashed into his soul. With

A light beaming eyes he pressed both hands to his heart

" Margara ?" he exclaimed aloud. Little Margara ! My princess !" TO BE CONTINUED.

SODA-WATER SAL. By Frank H. Spearman.

When the great engine which we called the Sky-Scraper came out of the Zanesville shops, she was rebuilt from which to tandar

pilot to tender. Our master-mechanic, Neighbor, had an idea, after her terrific collision, that she could not stand heavy main-line passenger runs, so he put her on the Acton cut-off. It was what railroad Acton cut-off. It was what raintout men call a jerk-water run, whatever that may be; a little jaunt of ten miles across the divide connecting the north-ern division with the Denver stem. It was just about like running a trolley, and the run was given to Dad Sinclair, ten aften that lift at Oxford his back engineer at her throtte set his mouth for after that lift at Oxford his back was never stron and nave a quick sense of 10.1. I am firm about that last. Imagine dragging through life with a woman who could not take a joke or see the comic side to things! I do not ask to have her beaur enough to shovel coal and he had to take an engine or quit railroading. Thus it happened that after many years he took the throttle once more and ran over, twice a day, as he does tiful if her face is only sweet and good ; and Heaven deliver me from a stylish woman! If she cares for jewelry and dress I will none of her! Neither yet, from Acton to Willow Creek. His boy, Georgie Sinclair, the kid agineer, took the run on the Flyer shall she drag round a pet dog, nor talk slang. I do not think I care for too do-mestic a woman either. Our companopposite Foley, just as soon as he got mestic a woman either. Our compan-ionship must be on a plane above clothes and food. Imagine if she should Georgie, who was never happy unless he had eight or ten Pullmans be-hind him, and the right of way over try to make my coffee and it should be poor! I should either have to force it down to save her feelings or else I should desert her and go off to the cafe. Then she would ery and complain that everything between Omaha and Denver, made great sport of his father's little smoking-car and day-coach behind the big engine. Foley made sport of the remodelled ngine. He used to stand by while the I did not love her any more. Good Lord ! what a bore !" and he came down engine. engine. He used to stand by white the old engineer was oiling and ask him whether he thought she could catch a jack-rabbit. "I mean," Foley would say, "if the robbit was feeling well." on his feet with an energetic movement that startled the occupants of the room. The dogs jumped down from the win-dow-seat, and came to lay their noses Dad Sinclair took it all grimly and inquiringly on his knee, and the cat be-stirred herself, arched her back, and quietly; he had railroaded too long to quietly; he had rairroaded too long to care for anybody's chaff. But one day, after the Sky-Serper had gotten her flues pretty well chalked up with alkali, Foley insisted that she must be rerubbed her head purringly against him. "I suppose you think me a supremely foolish fellow, and that I treat my wife said with very little consideration," said Adriano, half aloud, as he stroked the named. "I have the only genuine sky-scraper

To have seen the great hulking achine you would never have suspected there could be another story left in her. Yet one there was —a story of the wind. As she stood, too, when old man Sinclair took her on the Acton run, she was the best illustration I have ever seen of the adage that one can never tell from the looks of a frog how

far it will jump. Have you ever felt the wind? Not, I think, unless you have lived on the seas or on the plains. People every-where think the wind blows; but it really blows only on the ocean and or prairies.

the prairies. The summer that Dad took the Acton run, it blew for a month steadily. All of one August—hot, dry, merciless; the despair of the farmer and the terror of the start of the farmer and the terror

It was on an August evening, with for the approaching Flyer, saw an en the gale still sweeping up from the southwest, that Dad came lumbering into Acton with his little trolley train. into Acton with his little trolley train. He had barely pulled up at the plat-form to unload his passengers when the station-agent. Morris Reynolds, coat-less and hatless, rushed up to the en-gine ahead of the hostler and sprang into the cab. Reynolds was one of the culatiest follows in the sorvice had come and passed and gone. It was just east of that siding, that they caught them. A shout from Dad brought the dripof the quietiest fellows in the service. To see him without coat or hat didn't ping fireman up standing, and looking ahead he saw in the blaze of their own count for much in such weather ; but to see him sallow with fright and almost peechless was enough to stir even old

Dad Sinelair. I was not Dad's habit to ask ques-

"Dad," he gasped, "three cars of coal standing over there on the second spur blew loose a few minutes ago." "Where are they?" "Where are they? Blown through the switch and down the line, forty miles an hour."

miles an hour."

old man grasped the frightened at last due? Talk quick, man! What's the in his matter with you?" to get under the pilot than to succeed; yet he tried it. Then it was that the fine hand of Dad Not five minutes ago. No. 1 is due

"Not five minutes ago. No. 1 is due here in less than thirty minutes ; they'll go into her sure. Dad," cried Rey-nolds, all in a fright, "what'll I do? For Heaven's sake do something. I for Heaven's make the draw-bar of the run-seamed hands on the throttle and on the a slender bar of steel, could push a a slender bar of steel, could push a 1, but she passed. I was too late. There'll be a wreck, and I'm booked for the penitentiary. What can I do?''

the penitentiary. What can I do?" All the while the station-agent, panicstricken, rattled on Sinclair was looking at his watch-casting it up-charting it all under his thick, gray, grizzled wool,

fast as thought could compass. No 1 headed for Acton, and her pace No 1 headed for Acton, and her pade was a hustle every mile of the way; three cars of coal blowing down on her, how fast he dared not think; and through it all he was asking himself what day it was. Thursday? Up! Yes, Georgie, his boy, was on the flyer No. 1. It was his day up. If they met

clair, in a giant tone.

lair, in a giant tone. "What are you going to do?" "Burns" thundered Dad to his fire-nan, "give her steam, and quick, boy ! Dump in grease, waste oil, everything : Are you clear there?" he cried, opennan.

Are you clear there. In other, he to back, ing the throttle as he looked back. The old engine, pulling clear of her coaches, quivered as she gathered herself under the steam. She leaped ahead with a swish. The drivers churned in the sand, bit into it with gritting tires, and forged ahead with a suck and a hiss and a roar. Before Reynolds had fairly gathered his wite, Sinclair, leaving his train on the main track in front of the depot, was clattertrack in front of the depot, was clatter-ing over the switch after the runaways. The wind was a terror, and they had too good a start. But the way Soda-Water Sal took the gait when she once felt her feet under her made the wrinkled

with the grimness of a gamester. It meant the runaways—and catch them— or the ditch for Soda-Water Sal; and the throbbing old machine seemed to know it, for her nose hung to the steel like

from having each killed the other, maybe-the son the father, and the father From the coal to the fire, the fire to the water, the water to the guage, the guage to the stack, and back again to the son. For brave men do get scared ; don't

believe anything else. But between the fright of a coward and the fright of Neither eyes nor ears nor muscles for anything but steam. Such a firing as the West End never brave man there is this difference the coward's scare is apparent before the danger, that of the brave man after it has passed; and Burns laughed with a tremendous mirth, "at th' two o' thim saw till that night ; such a firing as the old engine never felt in her choking

flues till that night; such a firing as Dad Sinclair, king of all West and East End firemen, lifted his hat to-that was jawin'," as he expressed it. No man on the West End could turn on his pins quicker than Georgie Sin-Burns's firing that night on Soda-Water clair, though, if his hastiness misled Sal : the night she chased the Acton runaways down the line to save Georgie him. When it all came clear he climbed into the old cab-the cab he himself had once gone against death in-and with stambling words tried to thank the It was a frightful pace-how frightful no one ever knew; neither old man Sinclair nor Dick Burns ever cared. tall Irishman, who still laughed in the excitement of having won. Only, the crew of a freight, side-tracked

And when Neighbor next day, thoughtful and taciturn, heard it all, he very carefully looked Soda Water Sal all over accident minute | Sal all over again.

"Dad," said he, when the boys got after, a star and a streak and a trail of through telling it for the last time, "she's a better machine than I thought rotten smoke fly down the wind, and she she was.

"There isn't a better pulling your Burns and Sinclair always maintainedcoaches," maintained Dad Sinclair, but it measured ten thousand feet east---

stoutly. ' I'll put her on the main line, Dad, and give you the 168 for the cut-off.

Hm ?" "The 168 will suit me, Neighbor; any old tub—eh, Foley?" said Dad, turning to the cheeky engineer, who had come up in time to hear most of the talk. The old fellow had not forgotten talk. The old fellow had not forgotten head-light the string of coalers standing still ahead of them. So it seemed to him, their own speed was so great, and the runaways were almost equalling it. They were making forty miles an hour Ina Distier, toving, tender as pointedI was not Dad's habit to ask questthe runaways were almost equaling it.index at the constraint of the runaways were almost equaling it.bright and responsive like EspirituI was not Dad's habit to ask questthe runaways were almost equaling it.index at the runaways were almost equaling it.Santo, and she must have a face like—''tions, but he looked at the man in questthe runaways were almost equaling it.talk. The old fellow had not forgottenIke—like—''and caught at his breath, as he seizedwhen they dashed past the paralyzedfreight crew.A teasing recollection of some facethe engineer's arm and pointed downWithout waiting for orders—whattalk. The old fellow had not forgottenWithout waiting for orders—whatthe engineer's arm and pointed downWithout waiting for orders—whatgive in.

the line. "Dad," he gasped, "three cars of oal standing over there on the second pur blew loose a few minutes ago." "Where are they?" Blown through "Where are they? Blown through win consolidated. I mean it, too. It's the best thing I ever heard of. What are you going to do for Burns, Neigh-bor?" asked Foley, with his usual asdown on the cow-catcher, and lifted the pilot bar to couple. It was a crazy thing to attempt ; he was much likelie

surance. "I was thinking I would give him Soda Water Sal, and put him on the right side of the cab for a freight run. I reekon he earned it last night." Sinclair came into play. To temper the speed enough, and just enough; to push her nose enough, and far enough for

In a few minutes Foley started off to

"See here, Irish," said he, in his off-hand way, "next time you catch a string of runaways just remember to climb up the ladder and set your brakes a hundred tons of flying metal up, and before you couple; it will save a good deal of wear and tear on the pilot bar hold it steady in a play of six inches on the teeth of the gale that tore down besee? I hear you're going to get a run; don't fall out the window when you get hind him. Again and again Burns tried to couple

And that's how Burns was made an engineer, and how Soda-Water Sal was over on the right.' and failed. Sinclair, straining anxiously ahead, caught sight of the headlight of No. 1 rounding O'Fallon's bluffs. He cried to Burns, and, incredible rescued from the disgrace of running on though it seems, the fireman heard. Above all the infernal din, the tearing the trolley.

The next story of this series will appear in our issue of July 5.

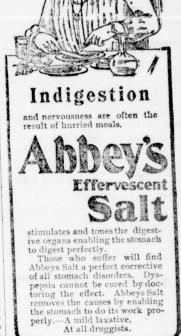
WOMAN'S FORTITUDE

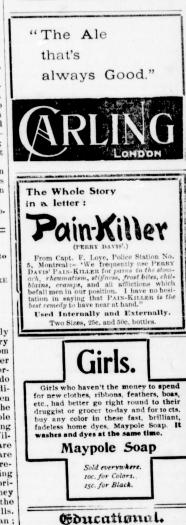
eye once more into the draw, and man-Severely tried by Ailments Peculiar to aged to drop his pin. Up went his the Sex. Choking the steam, Sinclair threw the

ORDINARY MEDICINE WILL NOT CURE BECAUSE IT MERELY TOUCHES THE SYMPTOMS-HOW TO GET AT THE

ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.

brought to with a jerk that would have Behind the veil of her womanly astounded the most reckless scapegraces odesty and fortitude, nearly every woman suffers indescribably from time to time, and continues to suffer in spite of all her efforts, because orin the world. While the plucky fireman crept along the top of the freight cars to keep from being blown bodily through the air, dinary medicine is powerless to do good in such cases. Ordinary medi-Sinclair, with every resource that brain and nerve and power could exert, was struggling to overcome the terrible good in such cases. Ordinary medi-cine may give temporary relief—even a purgative may do that—but the one great medical discovery capable of permanently curing and preventing a return of the ailment is Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills. These pills are not an ordinary medicine: they are headway of pursuer and pursued, driving now frightfully into the beaming head of No. 1. With the Johnsen bar over and the liams' Pink Pills. These pills are not an ordinary medicine; they are not a patent medicine, but the pre-scription of a regularly practising physician who used them in his pri-vate practice for years before they were given to the public under the drivers dancing a gallop backward ; with the sand striking fire, and the rails burning under it; with the old Sky-Scraper shivering again in a terrific struggle, and Birns twisting the heads struggle, and burns twisting the neads off the brake-rods; with every trick of old Sinclair's cunning, and his boy duplicating every one of them in the cab of No. 1—still they came together. vate practice for years output the were given to the public under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are the best medicine for man; the only medicine for woman. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N. W. T., John McKerr, Chickney, N. W. T., public It was too fearful a momentum to over-







the coal-that was Burns.

Sinclair and No. 1.

e said, for you. could do se to her ht, Engof relief.

ay, Dar-man if I rdon; I our cus-nose who e talking can ex-

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rested to you have pathetic. ng apart nsecrated

want you exactly," barrassed her marry and un-just a sort r fifteen we ought was not as You nim. cared for impulse of Adriano,

deed.'" u to know and her if could have d the most l couldn't standards. ed to hush

cat with one hand and with the other declared on the West End now myself,' Foley. He did have a new class H engine, and she was awe-inspiring, in eat with one hand and with the other toyed with the dogs long ears, looking deep into their intelligent eyes. "I really flatter myself, though, that if we were poor and obliged to pienic in a couple of rooms I should make a very "I don't propose, he continue truth. "to have her confused with your old tub any longer, Dad."

Dad, oiling his old tub affectionately, answered never a word. "She's full of soda, isn't she, father ?" and a little fun. My dear mother ! In the old days when I had you we did not

asked Georgie, standing by. "Reckon she is, son."

" Full of water, I suppose ?"

"Try to keep her that way, son." "Sal-soda, isn'tit, Dad ?"

"Now I can't say. As to that- I

can't say." "We'll call her Sal Soda, Georgie,'

suggested Foley. "No, interposed Georgie; "stop a bit. I have it. Not Sal Soda, at all-make it Soda-Water Sal."

as upon character. Plenty of affection and cheerful good-will, mutual consider-Then they laughed uproariously ; and in the teeth of Dad Sinclair's protests -for he objected at once and vigorously -the queer name stuck to the engine,

ation and determination to make the best of things ought to insure tolerable success. And yet," very gravely, " if it should be a failure, even if I should discover that I had taken to my bosom a and sticks yet.

out of a pointer.

He was a man of a hundred even then -Burns; but nobody knew it, then. We hadn't thought much about Burns before. He was a tall, lank Irish boy with an open face and a morning smile Dad Sinclair took him on because no Dad Sinclair took him on because ho-body else would have him. Burns was so green that Foley said you couldn't set his name afire. He would, so Foley said, put out a hot box just by blinking

But every man's turn comes once, and it had come for Burns. It was Dick Burns's chance now to show what Dick Burns s chance how to show what manner of stuff was bred in his long Irish bones. It was his task to make the steam—if he could—faster than Dad Sinclair could burn it. What use to grip the throttle and scheme if Burns

didn't furnish the power, put the life into her heels as she raced the windthe merciless, restless gale sweeping over the prairie faster than horse could fly before is?

Working smoothly and swiftly in a dizzy whirl, the monstrous drivers took the steel in leaps and bounds. Dad Sinclair, leaning from the cab window, Sinclar, learning from the case where a speed, pulled the bar up notch after speed, pulled the bar up notch after notch, and fed Burns's fire into the old engine's arteries f.st and aster than she could throw it into

er steel hoofs. That was the night the West End her steel hoofs. knew that a greenhorn had cast his chrysalis and stood out a man-knew that the honor-roll of our frontier divis-

ion wanted one more name, and that it was big Dick Burns's. Sinclair hung silently desperate to the throttle, his eyes straining into the night ahead, and the face of the long Irish boy, streaked with smut and channelled with sweat, lit every minute with the glare of furnace as he fed the white-hot blast that leaped and curled and foamed under the crown-sheet of Soda-Water

Sal. There he stooped and sweat and swung as she slewed and lurched and jerked across the fish-plates. Carefully, nursingly, ceaselessly he pushed the steam-pointer higher, higher, higher on the dial-and that despite the tremend-ous draughts of Dad's throttle.

Never a glance to the right or the

come, when minutes mean miles and tons are reckoned by thousands.

of the flanges and the roaring of the wind, Burns heard the cry; it nerved him to a supreme effort. He slipped the

brake-shoes flaming against the big drivers. The sand poured on the rails,

and with Burns up on the coalers setting brakes, the three great runaways were

hand in signal.

They came together ; but instead of an appalling wreck—destruction and death—it was only a bump. No. 1 had the speed when they met; and it was a car of coal dumped a bit sudden and nose on Georgie's engine like a full-back's after a centre rush. The pilot doubled back into the ponies, and the headlight was scoured with nut, pea, and slack; but the stack was hardly bruised.

The minute they struck, Georgie Sinclair, making fast, and, leaping from his clair, making tast, and, leaping from his cab, ran forward in the dark, panting with rage and excitement. Burns, torch in hand, was himself just jumping down to get forward. His face wore its usual grin, even when Georgie assailed him with a torrent of abuse. with a torrent of abuse.

What do you mean, you red-headed lubber ?" he shouted, with much the lungs of his father. "What are you doing switching coal here on the main

line In fact, Georgie called the astonished fireman everything he could think of, until his father, who was blundering for-ward on his side of the engine, hearing the voice, turned, and ran around be-hind the tender to take a hand himself. " Mean ?" he roard above the blow "Mean ?" he roared above the blow of his safety. "Mean ?" he bellowed in the teeth of the wind. "Mean ? Why, you impudent, empty-headed, un-grateful rapscallion, what do you mean coming around here to abuse a man that's saved you and your train from the seran ?"

the scrap ?" And big Dick Burns, standing by with his torch, burst into an Irish laugh, fairly doubled up before the non-plussed boy, and listened with great relish to the excited father and excited son. It was not hard to understand son. It was not hard to understand Georgie's amazement and anger at finding Soda-Water Sal behind three cars of coal half-way between stations on the main line and on his time—and that the fastest time on the division. But what

amused Burns most was to see the im-perturbable old Dad pitching into his perturbable old Dad pitching into his boy with as much spirit as the young man himself showed. It was because both men were scared out of their wits; scared over the nar-row escape from a frightful wreck;

saved me many a dollar in doctors bills. For some years I was greatly afficted with ailments that make the savs : " Dr. Williams afflicted with ailments that make the life of so many of my sex miserable. I tried many medicines but found no relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have made me feel like a new person; the almost continuous suffering I en-dured has passed away and life no longer seems a burden. I know of a number of other women who have

longer seems a burden. I know of a number of other women who have been similarly benefitted and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worth their weight in gold to those who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

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of Dr. Williams Fink Fink, which are as a nerve tonic and supply new blood to enfeebled systems. They have cured many thousands of cases of anaemia, "decline," consumption, pains in the back, neuralgia, depres-pains in the back, neuralgia, depresbin of spirits, heart palpitation, in-digestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. But substitutes should be avoid if you value your health; see that the full name " Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid so cents a box or six boxes for Willams" sion of spirits, heart palpitation, in-

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what sort, begin with a little



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