Billiken As Silent Policeman

LTHOUGH a careless driver may knock over one of the silent policemen used in Moline, Ill., the crossroads will not remain unmarked, for the sign is provided with a heavy cup-shaped base that will draw it back into position.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

Getting Away With Murder

IN 1920, out of 57 charges for murder in Canada, only 26 were convicted, and in 1921, 77 charges resulted in only 17 convictions. Out of 40 charges of attempted murder in 1921, only 21 were

Drummond Meets the New Heiress To

All the Tallbois Estates As Her Ship Docks

was yielding; that the game was landing you with a possible flasco.
You must be first in the field, that is

a swift impulse she turned all'

hrank back.

"No!" said Joan hoarsely, "the newer is no! If this is true, let the lirl take the rights that are hers by aw! Should the claim be just, I will not even fight her in the courts. The is my father's daughter."

Valle started up, but before he ould speak she pressed the hell

"You forget one little drawback, even if it came off," said Drummond, looking somewhat blue. "The pleasure of having Slim Jim for a father-in-law."

"I do no forget it at all. You would be no worse off that you are now, and £60.000 better. Jim Carey will hardly be so tactless as to murder his own ould speak she pressed the bell.
"As for you," she said, "I concede

u this much. Since you have seen ou this much. Since you have seen no in a moment of weakness I shall old my peace as to this infamous ffer. My humiliations is complete. But I will surrender to the helress of Tallbois, and not to adventurers." The butler opened the door. "Show this man out," said Joan

Vaille turned to go. Again Joan addressed the servant.

"Should he ever present himself again," she said, "you will give him in charge of the police as a blackmailer, at my order, and instantly communicate with me. You under-

"Yes, m'lady," said the startled Vaille preserved his composure. He wed deeply to Joan, and passed t. In another minute the front

or clanged behind him. Joan dropped upon a sofa and her hands to her burning She tried to think, but the rror of it all was almost too much grasp. After a long pause she will and went into the room where

There was only one thing to do.

There was only one thing to do.

Advice must be sought immediately and the truth made clear. She rang p Philip's chambers and the reply some time in coming. She did recognize the voice that an expension that are some time in coming. She did the recognize the voice that are recognize the voice that an-

ts directing his servant to pack and bring it to King's Cross.

e than an inkling of it was al-big noise here, and even abroad. In the known. Philip Mottisfont, in hour of her direst need, was not hour of her direst need, was not

CHAPTER 45 A Daughter of the Sun.

hire speeding past the carriage win-"You have not so far impressed us being what one would call a mar-ng man, my dear Drummond," he

"Well, hardly," replied Drummond ithout looking up from the sport-ig Times. The two of them were paring a first-class compartment on

ing his paper. He saw the goldectacles regarding him be gnantly, yet with a certain cold termination. He became uneasy. 'I hope," said Mr. Callaghan, nat you will soon be entering the state of matrimony, Drum-

"Good heavens, chief, what are you alking sbout?" gasped the young nan. "Marriage, with whom?" "With the Senorita Agnes De Cas-

tra Tallbois, daughter of William and Mercedes of that ilk," perused Callaghan, placing his fingertips together "She will make you an excellen will make you an excellent

Drummond gazed at him in unaf fected horror,
"By all I've heard of her, I'd soone shoot myself!" he said dizzily.

"Come, come," said Mr. Callaghan, one so young, but you really put e matter too strongly.
"A peeress of England, with £60,-000 a year! Does not that counter-

man," interrupted Mr. Callaghan, regarding Drummond critically, "Decidedly good-looking. And you are fair-haired (that crisp, curling golds standing by the hatchway," replied the purser hurriedly, passing on, and is very attractive, Drummond) and blue-eyed; while she is—er—rather dark. It augurs well. Then you are well-born, and have the entree of the best social circles, which will be he had imagined. Once, perhaps, she a decided advantage. Yes, I foresee had been handsome. Now she was d advantage. Yes, I foresee had been handsome.

friends, too," purred Mr. Callaghan. in her eyes.
"Knayth would indeed be our milch cow. We should not be hard on you. mond, raising his hat." my dear fellow. After we had drawn our dividends, and a small bonus from yourself, there would still be plenty you?" eft for you. Don't look at me so coldyear enough for you, and the mas-tership of Knayth?"

"Yes, it is,' said Drummond, after a pause. "I should be a fool to miss such a chance. But is it a chance at all, chief? You are talking as if it present to you a friend, the Senor was a certainty."
"No, it is not a certainty. It is

I hope for a happy outcome, ending in orange blossoms and Mendelssohn's seductive music. Don't mistake me, it is not an essential part of my plans, but it would round everything off most admirably. I feel sentimental today; already as in a vision I see you leading the charming Agnes to the altar. You must put forth your best efforts and ask her."

Tallbois in the face.

She was slim and of the middle height, of the boneless suppleness are was undeniably beautiful, but her skin was a dark olive, her lips very red and curved, with slightly cruel lines at the corners. Her dress was showy and tawdry. Her whole appearance and manner was innately full of the boneless suppleness are was undeniably beautiful. But her skin was a dark olive, her lips very red and curved, with slightly cruel lines at the corners. Her dress was showy and tawdry. Her whole appearance and manner was innately full or the boneless suppleness are was undeniably beautiful.

n stood silent. Her bosom rose fell painfully. There was a ge, almost dangerous gleam in eyes. Vaille, as he watched her, ta thrill of triumph. He saw that

"You forget one little drawback

son-in-law. You would be the safest of the party, and already he is well disposed to you. Last night you were the only one of us of whom he spoke well," said Mr. Callaghan blandly. "Result, a general reconciliation. He will doubtless fall on your neck and

give you his blessing."
"I've had his hands around my neck once," replied Drummond with a shiver, "and I am not exactly pining for any further caresses of that sort.

"Do not damp me with these frivo-lous objections," said Mr. Callaghan. "I am the messenger of Hymen, and on thinking it over you will see that I speak for your good." He darted a will obey orders, Drummond."

Drummond looked silently at the
man opposite him. He recognized

the cold, deadly egotism that lurked behind those gold spectacles; the extraordinary driving force and pitilessness of him who played with his associates as though they were pawns on a chessboard.

"I suppose I shall obey," said Drum-mend with a sigh, "but these things are on the knees of the gods. Don't let us meet trouble before it comes. And as we shall be meeting the

"What do you want to know?" asked Callaghan.
"In the first place, under what name

ther of them has returned; I k Mr. Mottisfont caught the thern express. He left no ads, but will probably telephone or it. Will you leave a message ing up again?"

an hung up the receiver and sat I, staring before her with hot The thought flashed instantly her mind—Vaille was not the to glean news of her coming fall. In the courts, doubtless, a than an inkling of it was al-

"For a year past," replied Callaghan calmly, "they have been living in a back-block village in Florida, Mr. Callaghan rolled an excellent and I know they have heard nothing Mr. Canagnan Folied an extension and I know they have heard nothing ar appreciatively between his lips, about it. For what they may hear in England—well, one must take a little risk, and it matters the less because I shall get busy at once. me, I have them under most effective thumb.

"I can believe that. What does the "She calls herself by her former name, De Castra. She seems to have acquired a decided dislike to the memory and name of the husband who deserted her after a few months,

"It will be a pleasant change for ou," said Mr. Callaghan reflectively. "Eh!" exclaimed Drummond, dropriage, you know. The daughter some time ago spent a couple of years in the eastern states as a singer and dancer in the third rate joints, and woman as a toy or a tyrant is that she is a good deal more American than the mother. Any more fool questions to ask, Drummond? No? Thank goodness for that. You know Any more fool all you need, and here is Southamp-

The train slid to a standstill and they got out.

"Now," said Mr. Callaghan, "I am going to the Southwestern Hotel here at the station, and you, Drummond, will go across the docks and meet the Livadia; she is a day late, but was signaled off the Lizard this morning, and will come in on this tide—you should just catch her. I don't want to appear on her myself. Find Signora de Castra and her daughter, which

bring them to the hotel. bring them to the hotel."
Drummond departed obediently on his errand, and found that the time had been run rather fine—the liner was even then coming into her berth Drummond's pink and cream English and a strong dash of Spanish blood—with perhaps a tinge of African? The young lady is really an excellent partie."

nad been run rather line—the liner was even then coming into her berth at the quay. He had secured a taxi, which he ordered to wait, and as soon as he was able to board the steamer, "Got a cab here?" she said as he was able to board the steamer, "Yes, I've a taxi waith "But my dear chief, how on he contrived to get hold of a busy purser who had just come on deck, he know such a name on his passen-

commonplace, fat, with two chins and Drummond drew a long breath, a complexion of the same tone as a it; her face noticeably changed color. She waddled in her banana skin. She waddled in her walk, wore a good deal of black lace.

Instinctively he followed the directions of the same tone as a it; her face noticeably changed color. She was not looking at Drummond. Instinctively he followed the directions of the same tone as a it; her face noticeably changed color.

"Drummond, at your service," said Such things are not to be picked by the wayside. Isn't £60,000 a Hotel we shall find a friend of mine

who has just arrived there-Mr. Callaghan." "Esta bueno," she said, "perhaps

"No, it is not a certainty. It is merely a tender hope I cherish," said Mr. Callaghan, beaming at him amiably. "You will be thrown together with this delightful young lady, and Tallbois in the face.

Those for a brune curtoma and loss of the raiddle.

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WHAT I'M GETTING IN THIS CONCERN !? ONLY SEVENTY-FIVE PER WEEK

JUST TO SHOW YOU THE INJUSTICE OF THE THING-I ONLY PULL DOWN, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK AND LOOK AT ALL THE WORK 1 DO-- I'LL BET I'M THE POOREST PAID [





THE MARRIAGE GAME As Played to a Decision Every Day By Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hatton

THE SUBTLE STRAIN.

Her Play—Behold, man, the super-ior—ah—animal!... Well, don't glare, my dear—you are forever patiently explaining to me that man is the superior animal... I am only re-peating your own expression, you know,... I can't help but wonder,



does a man have a really profound aversion to the true comradeship of aversion to the true comradeship of a woman?... He wants a woman to be either a toy or a tyrant—you know the truth... A man is willing that a woman should be either his superior or his vassal-but he never real equal, a comrade... Well, I'm waitin for your defence.

His Counter-Play-Defence?... he aims to please.... Yessum, you're welcome! A woman who finds herself treated as if she were a little sugar-plum has indicated by her behaviour that she prefers to be so considered... And a woman who essays the role of tyrant is usually played up to by the party of the second part, even if he does assume the role with his tongue in his cheek. mean that most henpecked men wink the other eye when they are out on parole from the home fire-side.... A man treats a woman as he does because-oh, well. I guess it's

The Referee-He's a bit subtle to-

"Got a cab here?" she said abruptly. "Yes, I've a taxi waiting," said Drummond, rather startled. purser who had just come on deck, "Then let's get a move on," said and inquired for Mrs. de Castra. Did the girl with a strong East Side accent that contrasted oddly with her appearance, and had no trace of Spanish in it. "We can get the bag-

gage sent to the hotel. Drummond, who was thoroughly at home on a liner, made some rapid arrangements with the luggage clerk ching and returned to find the two women at the head of the gangway. Agnes was de Castra put a question to him, and suddenly broke off in the middle of

ing ,was a young fireman-dark, for- and very, very much out of sorts. eign-looking, and made darker by the dust that stained his face. His greasy dungaree overalls were open at the sitting. "Welcome, old sleepy head!" throat, his nose sharp and hooked like a falcon's beak, his eyes black and a lovely spring day?" Agnes de Castra with an extraordinages de Castra with an extraordinary intent, hungry look. They traveled sharply from the girl to Drummond and back.

Miss de Castra stared for a mo-

ment as if for the first time she had become aware that the man was near There was a fierce anger in her eyes and perhaps a touch of dismay.
"Young Miguel!" she muttered under her breath in Spanish. "He has
followed me, then, to England. That "Say, what are we waiting for?" she said quickly. "Let us get away from here. You hear me! Get me

THE ETERNAL OUESTION Felice Davis

thinking about something besides whistling you're getting to be Jerry—I am thinking of something else! And I whistle it to myself all the time!

Gertie-You go around all day as f you were a circus calliope! Jerry-Well, wouldn't you rathe

listen to music than have me go round like a crutch?
Gertie—Music? Do you call Jerry-Sure it's music for

didn't appreciate it!

Jerry-Well, you ought to! Ain't!

e cried, "I'm glad to see you awake."
"I'm not glad to be awake!" snap-



By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Don't be a grouch; it doesn't pay It's sure to drive your frien Johnny Chuck had a grouch. Yes, sir, Johnny Chuck had a grouch. Peter Rabbit said so. So did everyone else who met Johnny that spring morning when he came out of his house for the first time after his long winter's sleep. A grouch, you know, is a feeling that everything is wrong and nothing right. A person

with a grouch is a most unpleasant person to have around. Now ordinarly Johnny Chuck isn't Now ordinary Johnny Chuck isn't at all grouchy. He usually takes things as they come and makes the best of them. But this particular morning he couldn't see any good in anything, and it was all because he had had to get up when he didn't want to. It works that way with some people.

After Peter Rabbit left him sitting on his doorstep, Johnny Chuck sat there for some time without moving. The sunshine was very warm out walk, wore a good deal of black lace, and there was a curious, pathetic look in her eyes.

Instinctively he followed the direction of her gaze; it led to a person in there, and Johnny felt that he needed whom one would not expect a first all the wormth that he could get.

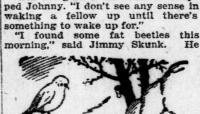
Johnny Chuck.

Just then Jimmy Skunk came ambling along. Jimmy, who never allows anything to worry him, was in the best of spirits. "Hello, Johnny!"

Good Ne) s."

Jerry—For Me — and say, that goes. Here's the last one now— Gertie-You're whistling Will Will You M-Marry Me In-Jerry—In May Time — and that's what it is next month! I mean it— Gertie - Honest to goodness

Jerry-Hurrah! Now, ain't you glad that I can whistle! I'd never have the nerve to ask you right out! Gertie-But how in the world are we going to pay the landlord?





smacked his lips as he thought of ohnny Chuck.

"You ought to learn to, then," said would look neater. Jimmy Skunk. "Then you would find something worth waking up for in the

No. sir, I don't believe I'll ever be able to run a step. I wish that sun was twice as warm as it is. I don't feel as to the cook-book and a wee Chuck.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Winsome Bluebird. "No one as fat as you should two or three weeks I'll have to run my such a fuss about the spring for. I some seed of any sort? be worrying about food." legs off to find enough food to keep me
"Fat under the skin doesn't fill an alive. Out I've got a cramp in that

Gertie—Heilo, Jerry—why, you've got all the plants out and the store looks fine!

Jerry—Sure—and I fixed all your vases, and the fresh cut flowers are there to surprise you!

Gertie—Thanks! Gee, I was faraid the boss'd get here ahead of me! I'm late!

Jerry—I know you are—I've been whistling!

Jerry—I know you are—I've been whistling!

Jerry—I know you are—I've been whistling!

Jerry—Aw, be as happy as I am and whistle yourself!

Gertie—Thanks! See, I've been whistling!

Jerry—Aw, be as happy as I am and whistle yourself!

Gertie—Thanks sake, stop whistling!

Jerry—Aw, be as happy as I am and whistle yourself!

Gertie—Thanks sake, stop whistling!

Jerry—Aw, be as happy as I am and whistle yourself!

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Jerry—Aw, be as happy as I am and whistle yourself!

Jerry—Aw, be as happy as I am and whistle yourself!

Jerry—Now, here's another—Gertie—That's easy—it's moderatily where thinking about something besides.

Jerry—Aw, be as happy as I am and whistle yourself!

Jerry—Now, here's another—Gertie—That's easy—it's moderatily will be ready to take advantage of this very kind offer a character in his work. You wonth him but you goose, don't you soose, the bardet his but you goose, don't you goose, don't you soose?

He douln't stop to answer. He's in his tut you goose, don't you goose the fareer.

It dawned upon her—that was what he had left!

She shrank back a bit—then memory ame! She look

Cynthia Grey's

Box

MAIL-

be expecting our S. C. H. fund to increase still faster.

Mary Ellen.

Dear Miss Grey,-I suppose you began to think I was not going to answer the letter you wrote me, but I was very pleased to get it. What a demand there seems to be for the S. C. H. badge; it seems to be wanted as much as the S. F. pat-tern used to be. I think it will be

just fine, seeing strangers and knowing that they, too, belong to the Cynthia Grey order. that understands music—and I feel Jerry—Say, when he comes for the I have had a lovely letter from sorry for the guys that ain't got any rent I'll just start whistlin' and if Thirty-Seven and one from Ida. Does music in 'em. Gertie-You talk as if you thought soul we'll get him to whistle for it! Annie? We have not heard from her

(Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger for a long time, and then she was I must close and get busy as I am going away for a week, and will look for my letter in print when I get

Wishing all the Boxites a pleasant Easter, I am,
Will send you the seeds you ask
for, Mary Ellen. I wish you the best pleased with the cards from Captolia

A Worried Mother.

Was sorry that I could not print your letter. Worried Mother, as space was very limited, but I was pleased hear from you again and will ask the Boxites for the songs you sent— "Beautiful Ohio," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Smile Awhile" and "Feather Your Nest." Do you still cheer the rest of the patients by sing-ing to them? I believe your first penname was "Ida."

Many thanks for the dollar for our S. C. H. Fund, Just Jay. Aunt Maria will be pleased to know that you liked the quilt so very much, and I am more than glad that it has been such a help to our fund. I turned your shinplaster into the cook book fund, and vill sent the recipes on to Calamity

Madge writes to the Mail-Box for "I don't eat beetles," grumbled Madge. I believe your handwriting might be a bit more compact. It

"Mrs. de Castra?" asked Drummond, raising his hat.

"St, si!" said the woman eagerly.
turning to him. "It is my name. And you?"

"It is my name. And you with his elbows resting on the coamaround again. He felt cold and stiff, around again. He felt cold and stiff, around again. There's no sense at all in waking up for in the something worth waking up for in the spring."

"It is my name. And way out of an engine room hatch, way out of an engine room hatch, him he never would be able to run around again. He felt cold and stiff, around again. He felt cold and stiff, around again. There's no sense at all in waking up for in the something worth waking up for in the spring."

"It is my name. And way out of an engine room hatch, him he never would be able to run around again. He felt cold and stiff, around again. There's no sense at all in waking up for in the terested.

"It is my name. And way out of an engine room hatch, him he never would be able to run around again. He felt cold and stiff, around again. There's no sense at all in waking up for in the spring."

"It is my name. And way out of an engine room hatch, him he never would be able to run around again. He felt cold and stiff, around again. There's no sense at all in waking up for in the something worth waking up for in the spring."

"Twenty yards away, leaning halfway out of an engine room hatch, him he never would be able to run around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of the cold and stiff, around again. The properties of sense, there's no sense at all, in waking is a wonderful idea, and what a a fellow so early. Ouch, how stiff I am! marvellous person Calamity Ann Winsome Bluebird flew over to a fellow so early. Ouch, how stiff I am! fence post close by where Johnny was I don't believe I'll ever be able to run. a falcon's peak, his eyes black and a lovely spring day."

"A lovely day doesn't put food in it I ever would get warm through. It he S. C. H. fund. Could you send me attention; they were directed at an empty stomach," grumbled Johnny don't see what everybody is making a couple of comic recitations and

> The Mail-Box has run out of recitations, Blue Dot, but perhaps some of the Boxites could supply them. I shall have some seeds for you, however. Your recipe has been "Fat under the skin doesn't fill an empty stomach, nor satisfy an appenage in her of dismay.
>
> "I was near inger in her of dismay.
>
> "Have you been to look for anyttered under the has land. That in the skin doesn't see any green things yet, so how is a fellow going to eat?"
>
> "Have you been to look for anything yet?" asked Winsome Bluebird.
>
> "No, and I don't intend to look. It is the skin doesn't fill and leg of mine! Oh! that other some of the Boxites could supply them. I shall have some seeds for not one of them."
>
> And there Winsome Bluebird and Jimmy Skunk left him muttering and growling to himself. Yes, of space.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE LINKS OF MEMORY.

By A. W. PEACH. "Agnes, you haven't dared to ask

John Orr to come here!" Agnes turned from her desk with faint smile, tinged with a bit of

You used to think enough of him

when you were engaged!" "That is a turned page, my dear, and you know it. He accused me to and that I take from no man!" Meda replied, her dark eyes aflame. "What want to know is-did you invite him to this party? I heard down- of John when she tried to steer clear stairs that he was coming!" She caught her breath. "If he comes, I dance, anyway.

Agnes laughed as she sprang up and gave the shoulders of the dis-turbed girl a friendly shake. "No, honey, he is not coming."

sound of laughter came up from downstairs. Meda's face changed and softened—the old crowd together and not John—but it was

Agnes had gathered an old group of congenial friends at her father's country place, friends somewhat scattered by the years; and with her hidden skill had planned for them a happy time. Meda realized it in that first evening, but not for a moment did she wish John present. The only disturbing figure in the

group was Bert Reusser, John's closest friend. Meda was not entirely pleased that at the dinner She said so much, and quite frankly.

He leaned far over, his pleasant face whimsically sober, and whisper-

eyes. Now don't get sassy or I'll

"Bert, you needn't---"
"He left something in your care-"Bert, you needn't—"
"He left something in your care—"
"He left nothing; I gave him all his presents, his ring—"
"He left something in your care, Meda, and it will always be yours.
"Meda, and it will always be yours."
"Meda went to the phone. Soot Agnes heard her say, hesitatingly."
"John—this is Meda—I want you to Meda, and it will always be yours.

"John—this is Meda—I want you to come—" Meda turned—"why he's and he is climbing in his work. You dropped the receiver!"

The fcw words that Bert had spoken bothered her, and in her mind she could see the strong, cleancut face of her old lover. But she dismissed him with no difficulty, and entered into the happy spirit of the

BY JOHN

GOODWIN

After the dinner they joined in the regret, and looked thoughfully at the fair, dark-eyed girl who had thrust herself unceremoniously into the room.

"Meda, why do you dislike him so?"
You used to think enough of him

Bert Reusser—he's the worst. Y can fairly see him grind his jaws." Meda did not hear Bert's answer although she heard the laughter that my face of being disloyal to him- followed it, for she was unceremoniously drawn into the next room where dancing was in order. And there, to her disgust, she had to think

> dance, anyway. In her room that night Meda heard Bert's voice calling to Grace, the old whimsicality tinged with tenderness that made Meda's heart quicken:

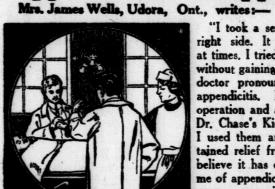
that made Meda's heart quicken:
"Good night—and sweet dreams!"
Suddenly, strangely enough, the
thought popped into her mind;
"Perhaps I was a bit disloyal to John
in being so friendly with Max." She
stiffened. "No, I was not," she
scolded herself, indignantly.
Three of the days went by. Happy
days for her, yet everywhere there days for her, yet everywhere there seemed to be a hint of John. Some one missed him for one reason or

another. She knew that all who knew him in the old days learned to love him. And he had her picture still. The climax came that evening when she heard Bert trying to sing one of John's favorite songs. She felt suddenly very much alone in a mighty big world. How many times she had heard him sing at old, happy times that song as only John who loved her could sing it. And she sud-denly realized that in her heart he

still lingered behind its doors, same high-hearted, high-min you always picked on me even when you were a pretty little kid—all black lover who would ask no more of her get even with wou by telling you that than he gave himself. She sought Agnes, poor old John was dying to come—the only one of the old bunch back there in the cty!"

She sought Agnes, who was busy in the library arranging card tables "Agnes, I want to telephone—to

"I Avoided an Operation **Appendicitis Disappeared**"



"I took a severe pain in my right side. It was very bad at times. I tried oils and tablets without gaining any relief. The doctor pronounced it chronic appendicitis, I dreaded an operation and a friend advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. used them and not only obtained relief from pain, but I believe it has completely freed me of appendicitis, as it is now over a year since I have had

any of the old symptoms. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver PiHs

An Alterative—

B LUDWINE TONIC will change the feeble, sluggish blood into a rich, active fluid pulsating with life, bringing warmth to the body and the glow of health and renewed energy. Jumpy nerves will be quieted and the wasted tissues will be rebuilt.

Invalids, convalescents, those suffering from anaemia or general rundown condition will find this tonic of un-



taken before meals will increase the appetite and aid the digestion. Physicians indorse this reliable and worthy

\$1.00 A BOTTLE AT YOUR DRUGGIST

The Ontario Wine Company, Manufacturers of Dr. Coventry's and Puritan Wines, New Toronto, Canada,