

'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

CHAPTER I.

"Of course, my dear George, if you wish very much to have these people here, they must be asked," said Lady Caroline, regarding her husband attentively though the handle of the teacup. The children had just left the room, so she thought it a good opportunity of finally learning his wishes on this subject without the intervention of Mildred's rather vehement opinions. "It is a dreadful nuisance," she said—"and I don't suppose they are the very nicest people in the world for the girls to know; but, if you see no way out of the difficulty, of course there is nothing more to be said."

"Nothing," it cannot be helped now, at all events," Sir George returned, running his eyes ruefully over a letter which he held in his hand. "He was an old schoolfellow of mine, you know; and when he expresses a wish to come and see me, what can I do but write and say how welcome he and his family will be?"

"Exactly so," assented Lady Caroline, "but it is a horrible bore for all of that. And how they are to be amused is more than I can tell you. There is a son, is there not, and a daughter?"

"Yes, a son and a daughter. As to amusing them, the young gentleman will hunt, I suppose, and probably ruin one of my best hunters before he leaves; and the girl—oh, I should think she will do very well!" said Sir George, cavalierly. "Mildred will manage about that, and will get some fellows to meet her."

"How did he make his money?" Lady Caroline asked, presently, and the deep began to think with dismay of what the whole country-side would say. It was eminently aristocratic, the countryside, and never had it as yet introduced within the sacred boundaries of its circle such a horror as a family polluted by trade. Lady Caroline, it appeared, by her own discomfiture, was on the fair road toward being fitted to open the guarded gates to admit this horror, and very "hard lines" the poor woman felt it to be.

"Cotton," answered Sir George, briefly, and then indeed his wife felt that the cup of her affliction was full. "If it only had been wine!" she said, hopelessly. "I am sure I don't know what the Deverills will think; and of course the girl will be unbearable. Besides—with a sigh—"it will be such an additional expense."

"True," returned her husband, and the lines laid by care became more clearly defined; but, as I said before, darling, it cannot be helped, so you must only make the best of it."

"But Lady Caroline could not "make the best of it" just then and so went out of the room to consult with Mildred, of whose sympathy she was certain, the girl being more opposed to the coming of their visitors than even she could be.

About twenty-seven years before, Sir George Trevanion—then a young man of about twenty-one or so, only just fallen in for his title, and the pair of four thousand pounds a year accompanying it, by the death of his uncle—made up his mind to join a party who were off to the "Land o' Cakes" for fun and grouse-shooting. Here he saw fit to fly at higher game than his companions did, having fallen head-over-ears in love with the second daughter of a poor Scotch lord, who had not so much as a "bawbee" to divide between his seven girls, and endeavored manfully to induce Lady Caroline to forsake her native land and return with him to his Devonshire home.

Being handsome, tall, good-humored, and altogether as nice a young man as one could meet, it presently came about that Lady Caroline, in bad one night, under cover of the friendly darkness, confided to her younger sister, who was a most delightful girl, although she had red hair, that in her opinion George Trevanion was the dearest fellow in all the world—the only man she should ever care for—that, if he did not ask her to marry him, they might dig her grave in the nearest churchyard without any further delay, and that he had said to her that evening in the garden so-and-so and so-and-so, and ever so many other things.

Whereupon Lady Janet—who really was a most delightful girl, and fully deserved the man she got afterward—declared that there was not a doubt in the world but that George Trevanion wanted only one word from Carry to make him propose in the form, and that she—Lady Janet—had long seen how desperately in love the poor dear fellow was, and that she clearly foresaw how her darling Carry would soon be taken miles and miles away from her into a distant land—which pitiable ending to her prospects—only seemed to raise the spirits of the miserable Carry, who went to sleep immediately and dreamed all sorts of new-colored dreams.

She acted on her sister's advice, however next day, and having given George Trevanion the "one word" needed, was informed by him on the next that she was the "light of his life" and the "darling of his heart"; she also afforded her the comfortable assurance that, if her father refused his consent—which was the main thing for all fathers to do, he believed—she would certainly give her consent, and that she would be ready to go with her in a coach-and-four in open daylight, or for a period to his existence.

It turned out that nothing so awful as the latter contingency was at all necessary, as old Lord Monky was a generous old nobleman, and considered a bona fide baronet with four thousand pounds a year by no means "a thing to be sneezed at." So he gave his consent, after a decent show of hesitation, together with a very sincere blessing, and an award of a goodly sum of money, and another George Trevanion in his or rather one of his daughters' path. And so young Trevanion "won his Genevieve," his bright

and beautiful bride," and took her back with him a very willing companion, to King's Abbott, in Devonshire.

After a little time—as it appeared to her—there came a letter to Janet Monky, telling of an heir born to the Trevanions. "He is the bonniest boy in all England," wrote his mother proudly. And then, as the years went on, came many other letters, all containing news of either a son or daughter born to the happy parents, until at length Sir George discovered one morning—quite accidentally, of course—that he was the father of four as handsome boys and three as pretty girls as any man could boast. About the same time, also, he made a second discovery—not quite so pleasant a one, perhaps, as the first—to the effect that he was by no means as rich a man as he had been. Four thousand a year and a young wife is a very different thing from four thousand a year when the young wife has brought into the world seven healthy children and they were all healthy, bless them!

First there was Charles, the heir before mentioned, a great, tall, good-looking fellow, with a careless, sweet temper—as like his father at that age," said his mother, "as ever a boy could be." It was about twenty-six at this time, and held a commission in a cavalry regiment. He was a kind, lovable, not over-brilliant young man, and as great a favorite with his brother-officers as he was with everybody else who knew him. After him came Florence, who resembled nobody in particular, and had married during her first season—a very desirable indeed—a Mr. Talbot, a very prepossessing appearance—when he had any expression on his face, which was seldom—and the owner of considerable property about twelve miles from King's Abbott.

It was always a great source of comfort to Lady Caroline's anxious mind that Florence had "got off" so well before Mildred was old enough to make her bow to the world. Had Harry Talbot dallied in his love matter for two years longer—as some young men are in the habit of dallying—instead of coming to the point at once—like a much-to-be-applauded gentleman, as he was—Lady Caroline would not have answered for the consequences. Mildred, her father's darling, was so much more beautiful—such a slight, exquisite girl she appeared, with the darkest violet eyes, and the most enviable golden hair imaginable.

And yet, in spite of her beauty, she had not half the number of lovers her sister Mabel could count, who was barely eighteen, and not nearly so handsome. Mildred being cold and proud, and almost haughty in her manner to strangers, pride of birth was the rock on which she gambled. Any family without a pedigree, no matter how rich and how well received by society in general, was as an abomination in her sight. She might, indeed, under the pressure of circumstances, consent to know them in the very coldest sense of that word—might even condescend to put her hand in theirs; but as to associating with them—never!

With the poor and with her father's tenants it was of course different. They could never have the presumption to put themselves on an equality with her, and therefore she could afford to treat them with a friendliness and sweetness that endeared her to them all. The Trevanions in general were looked upon with very loving eyes by the majority of the under-classes about Clifton, but Mildred, named by far the largest share of affection and respect. Miss Trevanion of the House, as they called King's Abbott, was heartily welcome everywhere, and, as she sat on rickety chairs and shaky stools, to hear her "Tom-got over his last attack of rheumatism, or how finely Polly's baby was doing—bless him!"—or how well the lad with the broken arm was getting "thanks to all the things you sent him, Miss Mildred." It would have been difficult to connect any with the haughty beauty who walked through crowded rooms and past aspiring nobodies with her handsome head well in the air.

By degrees, as she grew older, this pride—the great fault in her character—became better known, and thus she extended up to the dark according to her standard of what constituted respectability. It was natural, she was never so much as to have been that at the time—but these brought into contact with her against her will never ceased to renew the acquaintance.

"It was her look, my dear—her look!" said old Mrs. Hatton, whose late husband had possessed his half-million by means of corn. "It was more than words could tell you. She was a beauty, but she was a beauty with a difference. You'll be proud of her."

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looked my Jane straight down, she did a proud, conceited minx!"

Mildred inherited this wretched nonsense not so much from the mother's as from the father's side. Not that dear Lady Caroline herself herself possessed an atom of it, beyond what was due to her position; but still her father showed itself very distinctly in other members of the Monky family—witness old Lady Egleton, Lady Caroline's aunt, who, it was well known, had taken to her bed for three days after a dinner party given by Lord Lindon, in consequence of having been obliged to sit at table next to a man whose great-grandfather had dealt in coal. He was a very nice man indeed, handsome, intelligent, and well dressed; but that didn't matter. In her eyes he was begrimed and covered with soot, and Lord Lindon was never forgiven. Some people, indeed, had the ill-nature afterward to give it as their opinion that Lady Egleton had imbibed too freely of both champagne and Burgundy—her favorite wines—to admit of her leaving her seat for these three momentous days. But those handsome people were, of course, properly snubbed; and "we who know the right story can afford to frown down their abominable calumnies."

This pride, then, was poor Mildred's principal fault. Without it she would have been as perfect a girl as one could wish to meet, but as it was, she made for herself more enemies than friends. In spite of her beauty, also, she had few lovers; though it must be confessed that those she had were more deeply wounded in the encounter than those who flocked around the banner of the gayer sister, Mabel.

In between those two came Eddie, who was about nineteen at this time, and his mother would look grave, and the acknowledged pet amongst all the women in the county, far and near, old and young. He was allowed by the most enterprising of mothers to flirt with their darlings, even when tolerably eligible men were forbidden. He was considered harmless, as up to the present he had shown no disposition to place his heart in the keeping of one fair lady more than another, and certainly did not seem likely to do so. So Laura, and Emily and Gertrude, and half a dozen others, claimed the handsome boy for their own, and made use of him, and coquetted with him when out of more useful running, just to keep their hands in, until at nineteen he was as charming and gentlemanly a lad as ever a mother was blessed with.

Nevertheless it must be confessed he was just a degree wild. His college life was ornamented here and there by sundry small escapades that certainly were not the most creditable parts of his career. At such times, when news came to her from different quarters that her pretty Eddie was not everything her heart could wish him, his mother would look grave, and write him long letters of admonition that were considerably skipped now and then. But, when the boy came home again at his vacations, his brightness and his handsome face put an indefinite stop to all proceedings against him; and even Sir George could not find it in his heart to speak words that should bring a cloud on his happy countenance.

Eddie and Mabel were somewhat like each other, both being much darker than the rest of the family, who were rather Saxon in their general appearance. Mabel, or "Queen Mab," or "the queen," as she was indiscriminately called, on account of a little stately walk she had that contrasted finely with her face and manner, which were gay in the extreme, had dark eyes of a soft hazel, and hair nut-brown to match. She was quite as tall as her sister, and though by no means as beautiful, was pretty enough to create a sensation anywhere. At eighteen she was an incorrigible flirt, but amiable and sweet enough to prevent her from running into extremes, and causing uneasiness in the home circle. Young men doted on her, and old men did their best to pet and spoil her—ineffectually. For all that, however, candid and was more the "heart-angel" than she was. To her, as to their mother, came all the boys, with the numerous girls and young women that usually beset a school-boy's path. Charles was very fond of asking her advice, and Eddie believed most firmly in her wisdom, generally addressing her under the title of "Mimivra." Her father and mother had few secrets from her, and even Florence, who was lightly self-sufficient, and given to assert herself, at times, with astonishing boldness, had been known, on two or three occasions, to come all the way from her studies to ask Mildred's opinion on certain subjects.

Mildred at home and Mildred abroad were very different persons. She was most capable of loving, but her unfortunate coldness of demeanor prevented this from being universally acknowledged. Only her own people knew her tender, loving heart, and returned her affection in kind.

There were two other boys, mere youngsters, named George and Ernest, who were at present undergoing the discipline of school in some distant shire. Sir George had discovered some years previously, that he was not as well up in this world's goods as a

man had need to be with seven growing-up children. But at last time he had put the evil thought behind him, and consigned it to no more, until about a year back, when several circumstances had happened again to force it upon his memory. Some time he began to accumulate late years, and now began to weary themselves with very disagreeable openness. The family lawyer snook his head solemnly; and Sir George in self-defense went home, and having sold two of his favorite hunters most disadvantageously, waked about his farm, doing gloomy penance, and was cross to his wife for the first time for a number of years.

But this state of things only lasted a very few days indeed, and at the end of that time, his third hunter having fallen lame, one of those disposed of was bought back again, at a very different price from that paid for it to be sold, and presently the other followed suit; after which the master gave up the gloomy penance, to the great relief of the household at King's Abbott, who were considerably put out by it, and having kissed his wife, did not go round the farm for several days.

Lady Caroline, of course, soon discovered that they were in difficulties—indeed Sir George's race was incapable of concealing a secret—and then Mildred was told; upon which they spent rather a low-spirited day, these two women, in "mamma's" boudoir, discussing probabilities and improbabilities, and the selling of "papa's" hunters, until Mildred's length suggested that the annual visit to London should be given up—for this year at all events.

This was a severe blow to the mother. It was during a London season that Florence had managed her little affair so comfortably, whereby she had fallen into such a pleasant place as Ryelelands—Florence, who was never as beautiful nor as sweet as her Mildred, who might, the fond mother believed, marry a marquis if so inclined, indeed, last season when Miss Trevanion made her second appearance, a desirable young baronet had laid his heart and a very respectable fortune at her feet; and Mildred had seen fit to reject both his heart and the respectable fortune on some very insufficient grounds, still that was no reason why this year another desirable young baronet might not do likewise and be accepted. It seemed quite dreadful to poor Lady Caroline that this golden opportunity should be thrown away.

"My dearest," she said, "I hardly think it would be my duty to retrench in that way. Consider what an injustice I should be doing you and Mabel."

"Never mind the injustice—I do not feel it," Mildred returned; "and besides, I think it unlikely that I should meet anybody there whom I could particularly care for. I fancy, somehow I shall never marry; when Mabel is old enough to come out—in about two years from this, I suppose—perhaps papa will be better able to afford a London season."

"But I am not thinking of Mabel—I am thinking of you," Lady Caroline said, laying one of her hands tenderly upon the girl's clasped fingers. "Do not tell me, Mildred, that, with your beautiful face and affectionate heart, you are going to be an old maid. You have not seen 'him' yet, my dear, that I tell you will, depend upon it. See how well Florence got off by going to London."

(To be continued.)

Were a Boon to a Paisley Man

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED PAIN IN HIS BACK.

Mr. Jas. A. Bryce Tells Why He Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills to All Who Suffer from Kidney Disease.

Paisley, Ont., Feb. 27.—(Special)—"I can highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from pain in the back," says Mr. Jas. A. Bryce, well known and highly respected in this neighborhood. "I had been troubled with a pain in my back for about a year.

"Reading the self-examination page in Dodd's Almanac led me to believe that my trouble came from my kidneys, so I sent and got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before they were done I was feeling as well as ever.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were certainly a great boon to me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys. By putting them in condition to do their proper work, they accomplish the cures so regularly reported. Healthy kidneys make pure blood and the man or woman who has pure blood coursing through their veins can laugh at nine-tenths of the ills of life.

Evening Coiffures.

They cling. Some are flat. Few are bouffant. The pasted look is "out." Clustered curls are charming. They may top a very simple coiffure. They give the look of an elaborate coiffure. If you don't like curls puffs are to the rescue. Hair more or less waved is practically a necessity. Ornaments are not generally worn in the coiffure this season. Wonderful combs are a feature, however, and bandeaux are seen. Of course, for wonderful occasions, special opera nights, great dinners and important balls, the tiara and kindred ornaments are the thing.

The Soubrette—Those quartette singers seem to get on well together, don't they? The Comedian—Yes. They represent a strange paradox. "What do you mean?" "Peace without harmony."—Youngstown Telegram.

Those are our friends who regard us, not those who flatter us.—Pythagoras.

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Usually it comes with a cold. Being slight it is neglected—but the seed is sown for a dangerous harvest, perhaps consumption. To cure at once, inhale Catarrhone. It destroys the germs of catarrh, clears away mucous, cleanses the passage of the nose and throat. The hacking cough and sneezing cold soon disappear, and health is yours again. Nothing known for colds, catarrh and throat trouble that is so curable as Catarrhone. It cures by new method that never yet failed. The one dollar outfit includes the inhaler and is guaranteed to cure. Smaller sizes 25 and 50c. Sold everywhere.

THE KAISER AND THE WAR

(By F. A. Conners, Peterboro, Ont.)

Will we ever know the reason Why the God of love and truth Has permitted so much evil To blight and blast our youth? Why so many hearts are aching, By the pangs of sin are torn, And this awful war now raging In the dawn of Heaven's morn?

Will we know in life's short season Why in sorrow here we're bent, With this crisis thrust upon us And the very heavens rent? By the dreadful roar of cannon And the thunder of the shell, On our thoroughfare to Heaven, We should come so near to hell?

Yes, there's just one explanation, And I'll give it now to you, Though so many now profess Him, There are still a very few Who are seeking to exalt Him By a life of self denial, But, instead, their whole attention With the world is occupied.

It's the law of cause and action, That's as old as man himself, And, instead of God being worshipped, It's a bowing to the self, And the lusts of men are fostered In a polished sort of way, Till hell is on the playground Of the school of Christ to-day.

Now to fret and stew and worry Isn't going to help, it's true, And, if you want the answer, I'll tell you what to do; Turn you o'er the page of reason, And you'll find it there so plain, That for pleasure, wealth and honor This world has gone insane.

And the Kaiser is a sample Of this reckless, godless clan; He's despised the God of justice And ignored the rights of man; He's a liar and a traitor, And a monument of shame, He has outraged civilization And has cursed the nation's name.

He has plunged the world in sorrow By his treachery for gain, In his aim for exaltation He has stench now in the nostrils Of man and God himself; He's the emissary of Satan And the imp of hell itself.

Now, there's but one alternative That is left for you and me, And in the words of Jesus It's as plain as plain can be, And to all who will accept Him He has promised life and peace; But to those who still reject Him, Their sorrows shall increase.

For we're in the days of sorrow, It's the age of greed for self, Foretold by prophet, apostle And the Son of God Himself, Now, as the day is approaching, And you see these things appear, Remember then His warning, "Know that the end is near."—Matthew xxiv.

THE CUTWORM.

(London Advertiser)

Soon we shall hear an enemy rhyme in Canada and the United States: "Count that day lost, When his low, sneaking sun Sees no destruction caused By poisoner or Hun."

Each day produces its burnings and explosions. A book lately published by W. H. Shreve, entitled, "German Conspiracies in America," tells the story, from an American point of view, of the treacherous and repulsive from the very beginning of its independence history. It seems that long-headed Benjamin Franklin was a prophet not only in his Almanac but he foresaw a danger from the German population in America. He said that "measures of greater tempo" would be necessary in dealing with the Germans, since "through their indiscretions in ours, or both, great disorders may one day arise among us." Not being used to liberty, they know not how to make a modest use of it.

Franklin put his finger on the crux of the matter; "not being used to liberty," there was the trouble of the Kaiserism among a large number of German-Americans. Many of them of their forbears fled from Kaiserism or its effects to a free country, but "not being used to liberty" they can't break the rope that fetters them to the Prussian yoke. They welcome the shelter of the Louisiana spaw, and some of them lend themselves, for hire or otherwise, to the murderous, underground, and "dis" designs fostered by German diplomats. They are becoming a public enemy of the most perilous kind—a cut-worm gnawing at the root of a great free state.

A Preparatory Course.

There is a Judge in Salem, Mass., who behind a benighted exterior, hides an occasional attribute for persistent reformers. Not long ago there came up before him for sentence two young youths who had been guilty of a long sequence of misdeeds. Both were under age, each having just passed his thirteenth birthday. The judge, under cover of the words on them, they had played guilty in the face of getting off with a light punishment.

The judge adjusted his glasses, and through them looked softly at the young lawbreakers.

"Now, my boys, he said softly, 'I'm going to send you two to the state reformatory for two years apiece. If you suddenly change your mind, and there you can both be studying for the state penitentiary.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

DISHONEST ADVERTISING.

(Buffalo News)

The day of lying labels and fake advertising is gone. No reputable paper will accept advertisements from faker firms, for untruthful advertising reacts upon the whole character of the publication.

She had rejected his offer of marriage. "Do you think you could love me if I were rich?" he asked bitterly. "Well, I could try harder," she replied encouragingly.

AID SET FROM THE COLONIES

Overseas Britons From Earth's Ends Give Planes.

Little Known Places That Are "Doing Their Bit."

The Secretary of State for the Colonies intimates that the Overseas Club announces the following further gifts to the Imperial Aircraft Flotilla:

No. 42—Pretoria. 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by the people of Pretoria, through the Pretoria branch of the Overseas Club.

No. 43—Ashanti. 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by the Chief of Ashanti through the Crown Agents for the Colonies.

No. 44—Shanghai Race Club. 70-h.p. biplane, presented by the members of the Shanghai Race Club, through Mr. H. H. Read, Shanghai. Cost £1,500.

No. 45—Accra. 70-h.p. biplane, presented by the residents of Accra through the Crown Agents for the Colonies. £1,500.

No. 46—Akin-Abuakwa. 70-h.p. biplane, presented by the residents of Akin-Abuakwa Division of the Gold Coast, through the Crown Agents for the Colonies. £1,500.

No. 47—Rhodesia No. 3. 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by the people of Rhodesia, through the British South Africa Company.

No. 48—Poverty Bay, New Zealand. Henn Farman biplane, costing £2,039, presented by the Poverty Bay district of New Zealand.

No. 49—South Australia 100-h.p. Gnome-Vickers gun-mounted biplane, costing £2,250, presented by the people of South Australia, through His Excellency, the Governor, Lieut.-Col. Sir H. L. Gilguy, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.

No. 50—Nigeria No. 2. 70-h.p. M-plane, costing £1,500, presented by the people of Nigeria through His Excellency the Governor, Sir F. D. Lagard, G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.

No. 51—Lady Ho-Tung, Hong Kong. 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by Lady Ho-Tung, Hong Kong.

No. 52—Sir Robert Ho-Tung, Hong Kong. 70-h.p. biplane, presented by Sir Robert Ho-Tung, Hong Kong. £1,500.

No. 53—Shanghai Exhibition. 100-h.p. Gnome-Vickers gun-mounted biplane, presented by the residents at Shanghai through Mr. H. H. Bead, Shanghai. £2,250.

The Government of Grenada has remitted to the British Red Cross Society through the Crown Agents for the Colonies, a further sum of £750 contributed to the society by private subscribers in the Colony.—British Exchange.

WOMAN'S HEALTH NEEDS CONSTANT CARE

Work and Worry Leaves Her a Victim of Many Distressing Ailments.

Every woman's health is peculiarly dependent upon the condition of her blood. How many women suffer with headache, pain in the back, poor appetite, weak digestion, a constant feeling of weariness, paleness of the heart, shortness of breath, pallor and nervousness. If you have any of these symptoms you should begin today to build up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under their use the nervous energy of the body is restored as the blood becomes red and pure and the entire system is strengthened to meet every demand upon it. They nourish every part of the body, giving brightness to the eye and color to the cheeks and lips.

Mrs. Jas. S. Francis, Oakwood, Ont., says: "I should have written long ago to tell you Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me, but I suppose it is better late than never. In June, 1913, I had to go to an hospital for an operation for female weakness. I was in the hospital for a month, before I was able to get home. Three weeks after this I started for a trip to the Pacific coast, in the hope that my health would further improve. On the way I stopped to visit a sister in Southern Alberta, and on arriving at her home (after a 35 mile drive) I was completely done out. I found my sister ill, her baby having been born the week before. As there was no one to help, I had to take care of the child and do the household work, and in the three weeks that passed before my sister took charge I was completely worn out, and again nearly ill. However, I started on my westward trip, and decided to stop off at Banff, where I remained a week, but it did not seem to help me, and I resumed my journey. On the train I took sick, and could not eat, and as I was alone my condition was pitiable. Finally the porter wired ahead to North Bend for a doctor to see me. The doctor wanted me to leave the train and go to a hospital, but I determined to continue my journey to Vancouver. The medicine the doctor gave me did not help me, and was getting worse all the time. And then a young man who had the opposite health asked me if I would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gave me a box he had used, and the porter got me two more boxes, and by the time I reached my journey's end I was feeling some better. I stayed two months on the coast, and continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that time. I had gained in weight and appearance, and when I started for home I felt better than I had done for years. Now I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house, and both my husband and my young daughter have been benefited by their use. I bless the day that young man on the train gave me his box of pills, otherwise I might never have tried them, and would have still been an invalid."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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