

A Sure Cure for the Blues!

Brew one cup of Fragrant, Delicious

Blue Ribbon

Tea in freshly boiled water, add sugar and cream to taste and drink slowly. In bad cases take another. That's all. Only One Best Tea - Blue Ribbon.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Good morning, Miss Bertram!" he said. "I have surprised you; you thought it was your brother, perhaps? I hope—I am not unwelcome."

"What a pretty place!" he said, at last. "I have never been in this part of the grounds before. Is this your arbor—do you often sit here?"

nity, "that I shall tell no one what you have told me this morning."

CHAPTER XI

Meanwhile, where was Vane? It was very near morning before he started. Mrs. Brown awoke with a start, creeping on tiptoe up the narrow stairs to her room, and long before Jeanne had awakened from her first love dream, he was striding down to the sea again, his hat in his hand.

have your real identity proclaimed to the simple and confiding inhabitants of Mudeum-sloper—I beg your pardon, Newton Regis. She leaves here in about five weeks' time, so you have plenty of time to pack up your traps and decamp, that is if you do not care to remain in the near vicinity of the divine Lucille.

This was the letter, and Vernon Vane eyed it very gravely, and with a decided touch of annoyance, he folded it sharply and thrust it into his pocket.

A LUCKY GIRL

Saved from Deadly Decline by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"When I think of my former condition of health," says Miss Winnifred Perry of West Dover, Sheet Harbor, N. S., "I consider myself a lucky girl that I am well and strong to-day and I owe my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered almost all that one can endure from weakness and nervousness. I was as pale as a sheet, and wasted away. The least noise would startle me, and I was troubled with fainting spells, when I would suddenly lose consciousness and drop to the floor. At other times my heart would palpitate violently and cause a smothering sensation. Night and day my nerves were in a terrible condition, and I seemed to be continually growing worse. No medicine that I took helped me in the least until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had taken half a dozen boxes, I felt so much better that I stopped taking them and went on a visit to Boston. I had made a mistake, however, in stopping the pills, too soon, and I began to go back to my former condition. I then called on a well known Boston doctor, and after explaining my case, told him how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had helped me before. He told me to continue their use, saying I could take nothing better, and I got another supply and soon began to regain health. I took about eighteen boxes in all, and they fully and completely restored my health, and I have had no sickness since."

Mirrors Cover His Walls.

A rich man has the walls of his house covered with mirrors instead of pictures. In every room he can see himself in profile from the rear, from the left, from the right—in twenty different ways. He claims that these mirrors promote grace. Mirrors, according to this man's view, do not promote vanity. They promote self-study, and, in consequence, self-improvement.

This Man Shrinks.

While systems are now being developed to increase the height of those not satisfied with their inches, France has a medical wonder in a patient of the Paris Academy of Sciences who suffers from that extremely rare disease, osteomalacia, or softening of the bones.

Private John Jones.

When they mustered Private Jones, I. Y., out of the service he was covered with glory and scars. Other ranks he had little to show for his experience as a soldier. He had blistered at Durban, his teeth had chattered in the rain which swamped the Veldt, and when he and his fellows had a ringing cheer drove the enemy away from the blockhouse a bullet whose billet was "Jones, I. Y.," had found its destination, and the young volunteer lay many paroled hours under a pitiless sky where he fell.

toward him the station-master turned pale. The soldier shouted, and with a bound reached the homecoming soldier and seized both his hands. "Why, John Jones," cried he, exultantly, "where have you been; coming here like a ghost to set people afright?"

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I N V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N

C O N T A I N S A F E W P A G E S O F T H E O R I G I N A L