PARTED BY GOLD

Jack walked home through the snow, and slept the sleep of just. But he had his dreams, and they were all of fairles—fairles with pretty, oval faces and deep, childlike eyes, fairles with pretty, diffident voices, fairles whose family names were all Montague, and family names were all Montague, and whom in his sleep he heard called

Such dreams should bear fruit: and Jack swallowed his chocolate and de-voured his half pound of steak with the celerity of a city clerk

He had remembered in his sleep, per-haps, that Beaumont had law relations with a West-end manager, and could perhaps obtain for him an engagement for Mr. Montague quicker than Mr.

Shallop.

Mr. Beaumont's chambers were in Gray's Inn, and thither Jack's cab conveyed him, striking admiration to the hearts of the copying clerks and law stationers of the locality, who watched it draw up and deposit its owner on the pavement with visible envy and satisfaction.

Mr. Beaumont was in and received Jack cordially.
"Don't put your cigar out, old fellow,

or I shall be offended. Sit down, it's the only comfortable chair, and I'll perch, like the vulture that I am, on

Then he listened with a smile to Jack's story, and saw that it was to his interest to help him.

By Jove!" he said, "the very thing; how lucky you dropped in this morning, Jack. Here's a letter from Bating, Jack. Here's a letter from Bat-tledoor, the manager of the Thespian. He is looking for a walking gentleman, and all that sort of thing; but he's fearfully stingy, a regular screw; they say his company doesn't smell a meat dinner once a fortnight.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Jack.
"I'll arrange that. Where's his ad-

"Oh, somewhere in St. John's Wood; they all live in St. John's Wood. Where is it?—let me see—oh, here

And he handed Jack the manager's

Jack arose. "Not going already?" said Beaumont, reproachfully. "Oh, come, you know, wait until I can produce the legal sherry and biscuit, old fellow." "No." said Jack, with a smile. "Il won't stay. Beau, I'm red-hot over this affair, and I shall go sharp on to this fellow, and make terms.

Beau, if you could have heard her voice, as she pleaded for him; if you could have seen the poor old fellow sitting so wearily and so sadly!" this fellow, and make terms.

should have shed tears, no doubt," said Beaumont, laughing. "It's a thousan dpities, old fellow, that you left the bar; you'd have made a grand thing one day—with a woman to plead Jack shook hands

"There's no moving you, Beau," he said, with his good-humored laugh

"Good-by, old Jack," said Beau-ont. "Oh, by the way, how is Lady mont. Pacewell?"

'Very well," replied Jack.

"And—Lady Maud?"

"Also very well," returned Jack.
"You have not called there very late-

ly, have you?"
"No—no," said Beaumont. "No-no," said Beaumont.
ly must soon. Good-by, old fellow."

And he shook hands again, and looked over the bannisters as Jack ran down the stairs at the evident peril of

"There goes an idiot," muttered Mr. Beaumont, "raking in the mud for pebbles when a crown of beauty is over his head. I wonder whether I shall succeed in snatching it from him. Lady Maud must know of this mad freak of benevolence, and at once.

And he proceeded to wash his hands and prepare for a visit to the villa. Meanwhile Jack's cab had dashed into the artistic wilds of St. John's

He found the manager of the Thespian, at the address on the card, and his elegant and unmistakable equipage,, which the manager had seen through the blind of his dressing-room obtained him an interview.

He was shown into a gorgeous little drawing-room, all crimson, gold and statuary marble, and there entered to

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him a personage in a dressing-gown to match—all crirmson, purple, blue and yellow, with enormous tassels of bul-

The owner of this piece of magnificence bowed and made his excuses.

"We theatrical gentlemen," said he,
"reverse the maxim. 'Late to bed and later to rise, is our motto. I hope I have not kept you waiting too long."

ong."

"Said Jack, with his pleasant smile, that won all dispositions. "And I must not keep you too long from your breakfast. My story is, you will be glad to hear, a short one."

And in as concise and agreeable form as he could put it, he made known the business of his visit. "Would Mr. Battledoor make room

for Mr. Horatius Montague and his beautiful daughter?' "Or," added Jack, "Mr. Montague alone?"

The manager knitted his brow and put forth the usual excuses

Jack smiled. "I have this matter at heart," he said. "I am particularly anxious to serve Mr. Montague and do not mind

expending a little filthy lucre to attain my purpose.'
"Ay," said the manager, seeing his
way more clearly, and
best to be very candid. "You intend

to pay half Mr. Montague's salary?" "That's it," said Jack, delighted. "I am glad you put it so; I should have beaten about the bush for an hour. I will pay half the salary, but it must be a great one. ou shall give him

two-thirds of the usual one and I will double it. Of course the money must come from you."
"Just so," said the manager, "and
the matter between us two in confi-

dence."
"In strict confidence," said Jack.

earnestly. "And Miss Montague?"
"Well, I will do the same in her case

"Well, I will do the same in her case—two thirds," said the manager.
"Agreed," said Jack, conditionally.
"But"—he hesitated—'how do you know they have talents enough for the Thesplan? Have you seen them?"
The manager smiled shrewdly.
"Oh! my-dear sir," he said, "the public find nothing but talent at the Thesplan. The name carries all before

Thespian. The name carries all before it, and a man playing on our boards is hall-marked. Ha, ha! But, as it happens, I have seen Montague and heard a deal lately about his daughter. We managers make it a business to keep a sharp lookout on debutantes; some times something worth having is picked up on the quiet."
"As now," said Jack, with a smile.

"Perhaps so," said the manager, can-didly, and Jack parted from the florid dressing-gown well pleased with his

success.

It was only natural that, having worked so hard, Jack should think of

And yet he was reluctant to take it, and stood on the pavement staring at his showy and serviceable cab thoughtfully, stroking his moustache and trying to make up his mind.

But he got in without having done so, and it was not until he had been driving for some time and caught himself looking up at the names of the streets that he discovered he was looking for Harleigh street.

He found it out at last, a quiet little street, and pulled up at the corner, deciding, with good taste, not to stop the attractive vehicle Montague's humble door.
"Mr. Montague is out, sir," said the

servant "And Miss Montague?" asked Jack, his heart leaping at the hope of seeing

his heart leaping at the hope of seeing gentle Mary alone.

"Which one, sir, if you please?"
Jack started.

"Which one?" he repeated. "Are there two—how many are there?"

"Two, sir," said the servant.

"Miss Mary," said Jack.

"She's out, sir; gone with Mr. Montague," said the maid, beginning to shiver, and wondering if the joint she had left at the fire would be quite a cinder when she got back.

"Well," said Jack, in desperation, "how long do you think they will be?"

"I don't know, sir. Would you be pleased to come in and wait, sir? Miss.

pleased to come in and wait, sir? Pleatile is in; upstairs, please, sir, front door on your left and knock."

Jack climbed up the narrow but

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gives the axle spindle and hub lining the smoothness of glass by filling the minute metal pores with powdered mica. Keeps the metal surfaces separated with a coating of soft mica and grease that prevents wear and makes the load lighter for the horses. Sold in sizes—1 lb. to barrels.

At Dealers

Everywhere

nestly carpeted steps and halted be-tore the first door on the left, but he hestiated before knocking. In the first place it seemed a most extraordinary thing to walk in upon a young lady unannounced, and for the

a young lady unannounced, and fo second he was not sure of the

Who was Miss Pattle? What might she not think of this seemingly unaccountable intrusion?

Because Mary was gentle and beau-tiful it did not follow that her sister should be as angelic, and Miss Pattle might rise like a dragon to defend Mr. Montague's castle (i. e., his house— 'Every Englishman's"—etc.), and give him a sharp time of it.

While he was deciding, or rather procrastinating, a sweet, thin little

oice called out: "Who's that fidgeting outside?"
This turned the scale.
Jack, with evident trepidation, not

withstanding the sweetness of the voice, knocked timidly. "Come in," said Pattie, and went in

At first he could see nothing, and was stepping out again when the voice spoke again, and exclaiming: "Well?" seemed to proceed from a little heap of shawls lying on the

little heap of shawls lying on the extreme corner of the sofa.
Jack advanced, hat in hand, and addressed the shawls:
"I am afraid you will think this a very rude intrusion, Miss—"
"Pattie," said the voice.
"Miss Montague," said Jack. "But I came to see Mr. Montague, and was told by the servant to step up here and wait."
"Well," said Pattie, extending the peephole and showing. with the ges-

well," said Pattie, extending the peephole and showing, with the gesture of a fairy throwing aside her vail, her beautiful face and golden hair, at which sight Jack almost started, and certainly felt a kind of reverence and pity, "well, and why don't you sit down?"

Jack sat down-conscious that the Jack sat down—conscious that the large, patient eyes were making an inventory of his every feature and the child-mind was drawing its conclusions therefrom—and looked at the

fire.
There was a solema silence for five minutes, broken by Pattie saying, with much petulance: "Don't let the fire go out. Why don'

you poke it? You're the nearest."

Jack poked the fire and smiled.

Perhaps he did not display much energy in the performance, for the sweet voice said, decisively:

"I am afraid you are very lazy."
"I'm afraid I am," said Jack, laugh ing outright, but not loudly, since it





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would have been an insult to the tiny little creature.

At his laugh Pattie sat up and threw the shawl from her head.

"Your name is Hamilton," she said "It is," he said. "But how did you

guess?" he asked, feeling surprised.
"Jack?" she said.
"That's right," he assented. "Jack
Hamilton."

"You are very rich?"
"Well, yes, I am," he said. "I hope that doesn't weigh against me?"
"And you keep private carriages to place at the disposal of poor people who have not any of their own."

Jack colored.

Jack colored.

He was beaten at all points. There was no withstanding this little elf, and he lowered his flag immediately.

"You are quite right," he said, "excepting the matter of the carriages. I should want to be the General Omnibus Company to do that. But won't bus Company to do that. But won't you tell me how you know?" "No," said Pattle, slowly. "Carry me to that chair, please."

Jack took her in his arms with sensation almost of awe, and placed her in the great armchair. Some of her wonderful hair clung

to his shoulder and he had to take it off before he could release her, and in the act felt as if he were losing a blessing.

"Thank you," she said, softly. "You are very strong."
"I am, thank Heaven!" said Jack, devoutly

devoutly.

"You earry me much better than any one ever did; did you ever carry any one before?"

"No," said Jack, "never."

"Oh!" said Pattie, thoughtfully; "I wonder you do it so well; it requires practice, father says. You came to

see father. What do you want with him?"

Jack hesitated. Pattie's eyes riddled him through and through, meanwhile.
"I think I can be of some service to him, Miss Montague."

"Don't call me Miss Montague," said Pattie. "Miss Montague—I'm too small For such a long name, it sounds ugly. Pattie is my name—Pattie. I suppose you know how to spell it?"

Jack nodded with a smile.

"P-a-t-t-y?"

"What a dunce you are!" said the hild-woman.

"P-a-t-t-i-e. — that's child-woman.

"It's a very pretty name," said Jack, taking the correction with hum-

"Prettier than Jack," said Pattie, shaking her head. "But you haven't teld me what you want with my dear,

teld me what you want with my dear, yet. I'm afraid you are a sly thing. Artful, oh! very artful."

"I hope not, "said Jack; "I sincerelly hope not, Miss.—Pattie."

"Then tell me," said she, and Jack, quite unable to resist. her, told her something of the purport of his visit. She listened with her face hidden, and when he had finished said yery. and when he had finished said, very

softly:
"I like Jack, it's prettier than I "I like Jack, it's prettier than 1 thought."
"Come," he said, "I am glad of that, May I poke the fire again? I am afraid it will go out."
"Yes," she said, "and put some coals on, please. And so you are very rich; what do you do with all your money.

what do you do with all your money,

Spend it," said Jack, "and"—with a sigh—"waste it, I am afraid."
"Oh!" she said, thoughtfully, "it
must be very nice to be rich."
"You think so?" said Jack, drowing

nearer the fire, and preparing 'o en-



joy the discussion in his simple-hearted, good-natured way. What would you do if you had twenty thousand a year?'

"Twenty thousand shillings, do you mean?" she asked, still looking at the "No. pounds," he said, with a smile.

"No, pounds," he said, with a smile. She turned her eyes to him.
"I don't know," she said. "But if I were very rich, I'd buy a big bouse for my dear, and a carriage for nim to ride in, and a fine easy-chair—a real easy-chair, you know, all padded and leather, with a spring in it to send you through the ceiling if you sit down too quick; and—and—grand clothes too quick; and—and—grand clothes, gentlemen's clothes like yours, and liamonds studs like yours, and-and,

oh! ever so many things."
"Yes?" he said, drawing her on.
"And for Mary, I'd buy a violet dress with rubies and pearls worked in the body, and a crown of diamonds, and a horse for her to ride, and plenty of

books—Mary's very fond of books, and —and everything she wanted." "And yourself, what would your highness procure for our own delight?" asked Jack

"For me? Oh,! let me see. I don't want anything, I think. would be a waste to buy anything you didn't want, you know."
"Oh! come, think of something,"

said Jack. She thought hard.

She thought hard.

"Well," she said, at last, reluctantly and slowly, "if I bought anything I think it would be a little wheel-chair, a snug little carriage, that my dear could push me into the parks with.

I've never been there, you know, but I know what they are like. There's some trees there. Jack turned his head aside, the two

patient eyes were too much for him.
"Anything else?" he said.
"Yes," she said; "I'm afraid I'm
greedy, but I should like a nosegay of

flowers every morning."
"Do you like flowers?" said Jack ' she replied, clasping her doll's hands together and staring at the fire. "I love them. My dear often brings me some—but, oh! Mary brought me the most beautiful bunch you ever saw in your life. I dare say you never saw such beauties. Mary brought them from the theatre; a little girl—as small as me—gave them to her!" And in a rapt voice she pro-ceeded to describe Jack's bouquet. "I dear say such flowers, never. My dear said he had, but that was long, long ago, he said. They are in my room where I can see them whin I wake; poo deara, it's very lonely for them, but it's too hot in here."

them, but it's too hot in here."

Jack looked at the fire, and to change the subject he remarked that he thought it was—going to snow and that he feared Mr. Mon'ague would get

"Snowing again," said Pattie, shiddering. "Do you like the snow?"
"Yes," said Jack, "sometimes,"
"It's very cold," said sne, "but I like
to look at it."

"Do you?" said Jack. "Let me carry you to the window."
"Very well," she said. "But I'm dreadfully heavy. Don't you think you'll be tired, not being usel to !; you know?'

"No," said Jack, "I'm sure I shan't." And taking up the morsel tenderlyshe weighed as little as a human ac-ing could weigh—he carried her to the window, drew the shawls well around her, and pointed out the people as they passed, giving each a fictious history and feeling a glow of happiness suf-fuse his heart as the smile came into her face and the light into her exes.
(To be continued.)

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Sometimes only the width of a street divides a man from his fortune if he would but cross.—Duke de Boulogne. LONG DESCENT.

Proud Pedigrees of Com ish Folk.

There is nothing so uncommon as may at first sight appear in the case of Mr. Thomas Measures, whos sownership and occupation of a farm at Maxey (Northants), which has been in the Measures family for 512 years, was the subject of surprised comment in the announcement of his death the other day. Many people of unassuming position possess authentic pedigrees which our "great ones" might envy.

of unassuming position possess authentic pedigrees which our "great ones" might envy.

Only a few months ago there died in Roxburgshire a Mr. Thomas Boston, who was the representative of a very old amily, that of Gattonside, where the founder was settled in the time of Bruce. He went to Bannockburn as a harpist, to celebrate in song the victory which the English king anticipated. But the minstrel fell into the hands of Bruce, who spared his life on condition that he made a song in Scotland's honor. He did so (business being business), and in return, says Border tradition, got a grant of Gattonside.

Some years ago there was a farmer in the Shropshire parish of Coreley, near Tenbury, who had been connected with his farm for centuries—since the Conquest, it was said, and no one could deny it, for the beginning of the family connection is losing obscurity. A celebrated Kentish inn, Lamberthurst, has been held by the same family for four centuries. When a blacksmith's shop on Lord Lucas' Bedfordshire property was sold recently the purchaser was the tenant whose forbears had been tenants for two centuries.

But that association is easily beaten by

sold recently the purchaser was the tenant for two centuries.

But that association is easily beaten by a Shropshire family of blacksmiths living a few year sago at Mucklestone (and probably there to-day), one of whose members shod Margaret of Anjou's horse just before the battle of Blore Heath in 1496.

Descendants may be traced of "Rebel Kett," of Edward VI.'s reign, and of Macdonalds (clansmen), who escaped the Glencoe Massacre of, 1692, only a year or two ago a lineal descendant of John Stow, the historian of London, was applicants for election to a pension in the city, and an old Southwark ratcatcher, who died about three years ago, belonged to a family which had carried on the business for two centuries.

The most remarkable instance of long ancestry in humble life, however, is afforded by the Purkis family, whose ancestor picked up Rufus' body and took it on his cart to Winchester. Purkis' descendants may still be found in the New Forest district, and a couple of generations or so ago one of them owned Purkis' little property which had come down to him in the male line from Norman days.—J. Plint, in Sheffield, Eng., Independent.



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For the Veterans

How to Get on the Land.

The returned soldier who seriously desires to take up land under the Soldier Settlement Act should first of all become familiar with the procedure, so that no time may be lost with preliminaries. He should get in touch with one of the rep-resentation of the Soldier Settlement Board in the Frevince in which he re-sides. The representative in Ontario is: W. M. Jones, 22 Adelands steet east, To-

W. M. Jones, 32 Adelancy street east, Toronto.

The first proceeding is the completion of the preliminary informatio. form, which wil contain the applicant's military record, his occupation in civil life, his knowledge of farming, and other matters that will help the Qualification Committee to decide whether it will be desirable in his own interest, and that of the State, for him to be assisted in acquiring land.

The P.I.F. is inspected by the Qualification Committee, and it may be necessary for the applicant to appear in person before the Board. If he is not able to appear there, the committee may appoint a representative to interview him and make a recommendation.

British

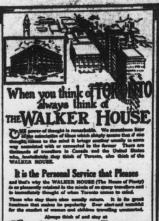
a representative to interview him and make a recommendation.

Broadly speaking, any soldier or sailor of the Canadian, Imperial or British Colonial Forces who served in an actual theatre of war, such as France or Mesopotamia, or outside the country in which he enlisted (that is if he went to England from Canada), is entitled to participate in the benefits of the Soldier Settlement Act. Or, if a British subject resident in Canada before the war, and served in the forces of any of His Majesty's allies, such as the United States army or that of France, if he was in an actual theatre of war or left the country in which he enlisted, he may participate. Canadians who trained in the United States or Bermuda, and who did not go overseas are not eligible. A Canadian who suffered injury on account of service and did not get overseas, may participate if he is in receipt of a pension on account of such injury. The widows of any of the above are also entitled to benefit under the Act.

After the applicant's ineligibility from the standard of the military service is de-

will investigate his physical condition, general fitness and agricultural experience.

When the applicant has been granted a qualification certificate he may apply to the Loan Advisor Committee for financial assistance should he desire to purchase land. He may have selected the particular parcel of land he desires the Soldier Settlement Board to purchase for him; or he will be furnished with a list of lands for sale in the particular province in which he desires to settle and may make a choice from that. The committee will appraise the land without regard to its agricultural possibilities, and if, it is satisfactory and in keeping with the financial requirements of the Act. the land will be secured for him. The Loan Committee is empowered to loan the settler on the purchase of land up to \$1,000. The settler is required to pay ten per cent. cash down on the pruchase, but the committee may recommend to the Board that the ten per cent. payment be waived in the case of a married man who has had agricultural ex-



perience and is regarded as a particularity desirable settler. The loan is repayable in twenty-five years.

After the settler has secured his land he may apply to the Loan Committee for assistance in equipping his farm. The Loan Committee may loan him money up to \$2,000 for the purchase of live stock, implements and other equipment. This sum is repayable in four equal annual instalments beginning the third year, and no interest is charged during the first two years.

There is also further financial assistance. The settler may apply for a loan up to \$1,000, for the erection of buildings. This loan is repayable in twenty-five years.

Interest at the rate of five per cent, is

fhis loan is repayable.

years.

Interest at the rate of five per cent. is charged on all these loans. Returned soldiers who require further training will be given a course in prac-tical farming. This will be outlined in a subsequent article.

Queer Epitaphs.

Queer epitaphs are frequently fakes; Queer epitaphs are frequently fakes; but the following really appears in a Salop churchyard: "Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Barklamb, passed to eternity on Saturday, 21st of May, 1797, in the seventy-first year of her age. Richard Barklamb, the Antespouse Uxorious, was interred here, 26th Jan., 1806, in his eighty-fourth year." What an antespouse uxorious may be is not explained. may be is not explained.

Why He Would Not Build.

It is in a Jewish legend that Methu-It is in a Jewish legend that Methuselah declined at the age of six hundred or so to go to the trouble of building a house because the Lord answered his question as to how much longer he had to live, and the patriarch decided that three hundred years was too short a time to warrant him in making the exertion. Undoubtedly Methuselah preferred his tent, and was ready to grasp at any excuse for sticking to it.

Ruby Glass.

Real ruby glass is most expensive, since it must be prepared with gold. It owes its color to the presence throughout its mass of particles of gold too small to be seen with the microscope. Only the ultra-microscope, which renders visible, objects perceptible by means of their diffusion of these minute particles. With the orthese minute particles. With the ordinary microscope the glass appears as a uniform transparent mass, but the ultra-microscope shows that it is filled with points of light resembling stars on a black background. These points indicae the presence of the particles of gold to which the color of the glass is due.

How to Know Hemlock.

The occasional report in the papers of children or animals being po ed by eating some umbelliferous plant emphasizes the importance of being able to distinguish the dangerous ones in the case of hemlock itself, the most poisonous of all, this is not difficult. Notice first the dark green, much cut and divided leaves and the peculiar odor which botanists call fetid. But perhaps the most obvious thing and that which most easily distinguishes the hemlock from all other unbelliferous plants is the stem. slightly ed and of a green color blotched and spotted with purple. No other mem-ber of the order has a stem in the

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benefit under the Act.

After the applicant's ineligibility from
the standpoint of military service is determined the Qualification committee
will investigate his physical condition,
general fitness and agricultural experi-

The House of PLENTY