

# 'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"Mabel, open the door, dearest," she said, knocking gently on the outside whereupon, after a minute's interval, Mabel did open the door, and stood on the threshold slightly defiant in appearance.

"Oh, it is you, Mildred!" she said, with an assumption of surprise. "Well?"

"May I come in, darling?" inquired Miss Trevanion, reproachfully.

"Of course you can come in," the "queen" answered, ungraciously, moving a little to one side.

Mildred went a few steps into the room and closed the door.

"Mabel, will you not show it to me?" she said.

"So that is it!" cried Mabel. "I thought so. Aunt Harriet's revengeful expression when the post came in was not thrown away upon me. She has been dictating to mamma, and saying of me all sorts of things as unjust as they are untrue; and mamma, in turn, has been dictating to you. Now there is no use in your trying to gloss over matters, Mildred; I can understand it all as distinctly as though I had been present. I have never before been asked to deliver up my letters for public inspection, and I don't intend to do so now. It is easy in such cases to draw conclusions, and if Aunt Harriet imagines she can control my actions, she makes a very great mistake—and so you may tell her. He did not write for her eyes—he wrote solely for mine."

She had worked herself into a high state of indignation by this time.

"Of course he did," said Mildred; "do you think I cannot understand that? Mamma said distinctly you were not to be asked to show your letter even to her, until you wished to do so of your own accord." Then, sympathetically: "Is it a love letter, Mabel?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," acknowledged the "queen," demurely, her whole pretty, angry face breaking into smiles of inexpressible happiness, as she thought of all the love the letter contained.

Then there came the unconquerable longing to share her secret with somebody—to let some other eyes beside her own see how dearly she was beloved—to hear some other voice declare how sweet and true and perfect a letter it was.

"If—if you will promise faithfully, Mildred, not to tell any one, I will let you see it."

"I promise faithfully," said Mildred. And then Mabel went over to her drawer, and having opened it, slowly and tenderly drew from it the harmless letter that had caused all the disturbance downstairs.

"Now read," she said; and Mildred, taking it, she drew back behind her sister, lest by any chance the flush that brightened her cheeks during the reading might be seen.

"My darling queen," it began, and after the usual run of information relative to the passage, reception, climate, and such like uninteresting matters, went on to say how much the writer missed her—how well he loved her—how entirely every thought of his was centred upon her alone; and how he had that day written to her father explaining how affairs stood between them, and asking permission to make her his wife as soon as things should have arranged themselves.

It was very like all other love letters and wound up with an earnest, loving entreaty that she would not forget him—that whatever happened she would be true to him.

"I would rather be dead than hear that you had been untrue to me," were his words. "Remember this! Not that I feel anything but the utmost faith in you. Ever, my own darling, your affectionate Roy Blount."

So it ended. Miss Trevanion, as she folded it, felt a sensation of sudden tightening at her throat. How good a thing it seemed to her just then to be beloved—to have tender words on a paper folded up and sent to one with the certain knowledge in one's breast that somebody was waiting with impatient heart for other tender words in return.

Meanwhile "the queen" was standing gazing into her face with eager, longing eyes.

"Is it not the very sweetest letter?" she said, innocently.

"The very sweetest letter I ever read," returned her sister, kissing the upturned lips.

Then she went back to the cherished production, and read it again with a fresh warm interest that went straight to Mabel's heart.

"Well, perhaps you had better take it down and show it to mamma," she said, relenting, "but do not let Aunt Harriet see you—say you will not, Mildred."

So, Mildred having given the desired assurance, carried the letter away with her to Lady Caroline, who read it with eyes tenderly suffused. Sir George, coming in at the moment with the companion epistle in his hand, containing a manly straightforward proposal for Mabel, read it also, and signified his intense satisfaction in and approbation of the entire affair. But the engagement must of necessity be a long one, so he decided, the young man—though with great expectation on all sides—having just at the present time beyond his pay. They were both only just at the commencement of their lives, so could afford to wait until a year or two had gone over their heads; and when once Roy could sign himself "captain" they might begin to look at things in a nearer light.

So it was arranged, to the delight of all concerned, except Lady Eggleton, who objected to every argument that could be produced in their favor, pro-

testing obstinately to the very last that the girl was throwing herself away.

Having this standing grievance, they hoped she would rest satisfied, and require no further imaginary ills to keep up the usual grumbling species of excitement that went far to constitute her daily life. But they hoped in vain.

It so happened that by mutual consent they had all maintained strict taciturnity on the subject of the Younges—their antecedents as merchants pur et simple not being considered such as would meet the views of Lady Eggleton. She had wonderfully relaxed their minds by letting them know of her intention to spend Christmas with some more fortunate relatives further south, and indeed had named a day in the ensuing week as that on which she would deprive them of her society.

The whole house instantly brightened up, and began to look more like itself, while it was thought with confidence that the Younges' visit might now indeed be kept forever in the dark, so far as their grandaunt was concerned. But Eddie, unluckily, as it appeared afterward, had been the only one not warned on the matter, and therefore it was he who, on the Sunday before her departure, brought down her ladyship's wrath upon the family.

Lord Lyndon was a great favorite with her, he having a certain placid deferential way with him that never failed to propitiate even the most obdurate of old ladies. She characterized him as well-bred, courteous, and gentlemanly, looking upon him as a young man who had happily escaped all the contaminations of the period. She never tired of speaking of his many perfections, holding him up in triumphant comparison with others of her acquaintance, instancing with special unctuousness on these occasions the detested Roy.

"I consider it a most fortunate thing, in this out-of-the-way place, your having as a constant visitor a young man so distinguished," she said, and then she asked again for about the hundredth time, "And where did you first become acquainted with him?"

"Well, just about the time the Younges were here, as well as I can recollect," answered Eddie, promptly, who was unhappily present, and then went on with his fish—they were at dinner—blissfully unconscious of all the mischief he had done.

"The Younges? Who are they that I have never heard their names mentioned?"

Lady Eggleton, though considerably aged, had lost none of the perspicacity that had characterized her earlier days; so she looked sharply first to the right, then to the left, and, overtaking an agonized glance of Lady Caroline's on her way to Mildred, left herself completely mistress of the situation. She turned her keen, searching old eyes once more on the unsuspecting Eddie, and began:

"And who were these Younges?" she asked, in her most insinuating tone.

"Old Younges went in for cotton some years ago," answered Eddie, frankly, and without a moment's hesitation—"a mode of making money that I fear your ladyship will scarcely appreciate; but it paid uncommonly well in his case, if we are to believe all the accounts we hear. Strange to say, too, the trade mark is not so apparent on them as it might have been. The son, Dennil Younges, is one of the nicest fellows you could possibly meet, while the daughter—you should just ask the girls about her, Aunt Harriet; they will tell you about her—what a 'perfect treasure' she is."

Her ladyship was above understanding "chaff."

"Oh, indeed," she said, in such a constrained, stiff tone that Eddie looked up amazed, and, catching sight of his mother's despairing and Mabel's dismayed expression, discovered for the first time that he had been the cause of much disturbance in the bosom of his family for the past five minutes.

Lady Eggleton maintained a studied, not to say ominous silence during the remainder of the meal, giving no vent to her outraged feelings until the ladies rose to return to the drawing-room, leaving the happier sex to discuss their wine in peace.

When the former were seated round the fire—for it was more than ordinarily cold even for November—and the old lady had comfortably ensconced herself in the snug arm-chair, specially brought down from the upper regions to meet her wants, she began:—"Caroline, is this thing true that I have been hearing?" she said, solemnly.

"What thing, Aunt Harriet?" asked her niece, faintly.

"Don't prevaricate," said Lady Eggleton. "It warn you it is best to be open and above-board with me. Speak the truth—is it possible you have had a cotton merchant's family on terms of intimacy at King's Abbott, enjoying free association with your daughters, your sons?"

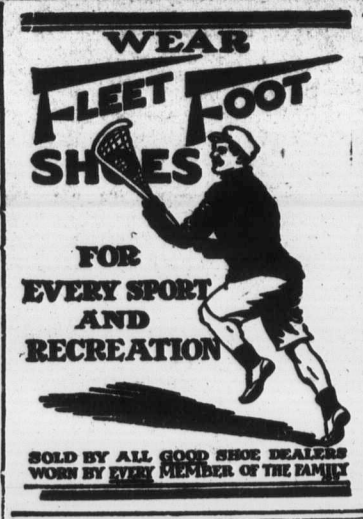
Poor Lady Caroline felt herself a child once more, in hopeless bondage to her aunt, and, crossing her soft white hands helplessly upon her lap, looked with imploring eyes at Mildred, and Mildred looked straight into the fire.

"They were friends of George's, Aunt Harriet," she ventured to murmur, at length.

"Then they were here?" ejaculated the old woman, in an awful voice.

"Yes, they were here," confessed Lady Caroline, in a nervous, subdued whisper.

"I did not dream I should ever have lived to hear such an acknowledgment from your lips," said Lady Eggleton;



after which, for several minutes, there was complete silence—silence that was to Mabel the most intense agony; as it was, by a superhuman effort she kept herself from bursting into a ringing laugh.

The whole scene was irresistibly comic—Lady Eggleton, stiff, rigid, swelling with outraged pride—Lady Caroline, nervous, frightened, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry—Mabel, demure and speechless.

"Mabel, my smelling salts," said the dowager; and Mabel rose to comply with her demand.

"Would you wish for some eau de Cologne, Aunt Harriet?" she asked, meekly, in a deeply concerned tone, and made a little mischievous grimace at Mildred over her grandparent's irreproachable blonde cap. "It might do you good."

Aunt Harriet took no notice of the considerate offer.

"I always felt George was a Radical," she said in an aggrieved voice; "I always knew his tendencies were low. But for that I do not blame him. Few people are fortunate enough to be brought up with the unremitting devotion that was lavished on all our family. But that he should go to the length of introducing to his private circle people connected with trade never for an instant occurred to me as possible, even in my wildest flights of imagination. How could you, Caroline, stand tamely by and permit such proceedings to be consummated in your house? How could you allow low, vulgar persons to associate with the members of your household?"

"But they were not at all vulgar," Lady Caroline ventured to remonstrate.

"Do not tell me," interrupted her aunt, warmly, "and do not try to excuse your conduct by endeavoring to throw a halo of respectability around such people. Edward spoke of a son; was he the sort of a person to be thrown in your daughter's way—to aspire to the hand of one perhaps? Mildred, I appeal to you as the most rightly-judging individual in this house, what was your opinion of this Mr. Younges?"

Even Mabel grew suddenly grave as this direct question was put to Mildred, while Lady Caroline glanced imploringly at her daughter, though without the slightest hope that the answer would be favorable to Dennil. Mildred's long dark eyelashes quivered slightly, and her color rose a degree as for a moment she hesitated, but, when at length she did speak, it was with perfect composure.

"I think that in bearing, look and manner he was an unmistakable gentleman," she said—"the warmest-hearted and the truest I have ever met."

Lady Eggleton was struck dumb. She was astounded. She had so entirely depended upon Mildred for support; and now she found herself astonished and disgusted, with no language ready in which to express her just indignation; while, as for Mabel and her mother, no words could explain their surprise and content. For Mildred to be even neutral in such a cause they had considered beyond all hope; and now here she was of her own free accord nobly doing him justice, and succeeding, for once in her life, in completely silencing her grandaunt.

There was a visible air of triumph about her relatives that maddened the ancient dame.

"You have made me acquainted with a new phase in your character," she said to Mildred in what she meant to be a withering tone—"one with which I have hitherto totally unacquainted. And, as I find I have not an idea in common with anybody in this house—now that you have declared yourself—I think the sooner I leave it the better. I shall therefore hasten my departure even more than I have done, and beg you all to understand that I depart on Wednesday."

This terrible announcement she uttered as though it could not fail to strike despair and remorse into the hearts of her hearers; and, indeed, in Lady Caroline's breast it awoke mingled feelings of joy and terror, though in those of Mildred and Mabel the joy reigned supreme.

Lady Caroline attempted a faint remonstrance, but was sternly silenced; and on Wednesday, two days earlier than that on which she had originally decided, the old lady, bag and baggage, swept out of King's Abbott, very much to the relief of those she left behind.

CHAPTER XVI.

And now came the most trying time in all poor Mildred's life. During all the past weeks that she had been suffering violence at the hands of her relatives, Lord Lyndon had become a constant, untiring visitor at King's Abbott, taking no rebuffs, nor open slights, nor petulant actions to heart, and, as might a faithful animal, attending all the more assiduously to her wants who was his acknowledged mistress.

Patience, assisted by perseverance ever been known to work wonders, so it followed that in process of time he became—though so imperceptibly that it was without her knowledge—necessary to Mildred; so much so indeed that fewer and fewer grew the slights

and unkindnesses on her part, while in their place a certain winning friendliness came and increased, raising false hopes in Lyndon's breast that should never have been there.

The end of all this was that close upon Christmas-time, somewhere about the middle of December, while all their minds were fully occupied with Lady Eggleton's sayings and doings, Lord Lyndon proposed for Miss Trevanion, and was rejected. This blow might perhaps have effectually daunted another man; but Lyndon, still following up his trusty instincts, determined to bide his time and never surrender hope until another and more favored suitor took his place.

Mildred, having lively recollections of the treatment she had received on a similar occasion, thought well to keep her own counsel in this matter; and so it was agreed upon between them to hold the entire circumstance a secret from the rest of the family—to insure which, things of course went on in the usual way, he calling every other day, and she accepting his attentions—which were never of the obtrusive description—in the same manner as formerly. So well did they sustain their several parts that even Lady Harriet's keen old eyes failed to detect that anything was amiss.

Sir George's affairs at this time were going from bad to worse. He had been hard at work for the past two months trying to find the ways and means to ward off the inevitable day of reckoning, and had suggested plans and pursued theories, all of which his man of business had frowned at and pooh-poohed as utterly impracticable. Nothing but the possession of a large sum of money—and that to be written in five figures—stood between him and complete ruin; and how to procure this money was the difficulty—a difficulty beyond all surmounting unless somebody could be found who for pure friendship's sake would lend it for an indefinite period, trusting to time and chance for repayment. Such a friend was hard to find.

One evening Mildred, on her way to her mother's room, was stopped by a servant with the intelligence that Lord Lyndon had just called, and was in the drawing-room.

"Would Miss Trevanion go down and receive him, while she informed her ladyship of his arrival?"

To which Mildred made answer that she would tell Lady Caroline herself, and went on to her mother's apartment.

(To be continued.)

### How to Ride.

In riding, sit erect and don't slouch along. Don't try to be a cowboy if you are not. We have the real simon pure cowpunchers and broncho busters; also we have the tin horn variety of the same species. Steer clear of the latter; also be careful not to get into this category yourself.

Remember that a horse is only flesh and blood, and not a machine. He gets tired, hungry and thirsty, and for goodness' sake treat him accordingly. Because he is a livery horse and you are paying his hire, treat him while just the same. Remember that some one else rode him yesterday, and another will probably do so to-morrow. Give your horse the same kind of a deal you yourself would demand if you were in his place. Even a broncho has feelings and will appreciate your thoughtfulness.—Outing.

### Magic "Nerviline" Ends Stiff Neck, Lumbago

Any Curable Muscular or Joint Pain Is Instantly Relieved by Nerviline.

GET TRIAL BOTTLE TO-DAY.

You don't have to wait all day to get the kink out of a stiff neck if you rub on Nerviline. And you don't need to go around complaining about lumbago any more. You can rub such things away very quickly with Nerviline. It's the greatest liniment, the quickest to penetrate, the speediest to ease muscular pain of any kind.

One twenty-five cent trial bottle of Nerviline will cure any attack of lumbago or lame back. This has been proved a thousand times, just as it was in the case of Mrs. E. J. Grayden, of Caledonia, who writes: "I wouldn't think of going to bed without knowing we had Nerviline in the house. I have used it for twenty-odd years and appreciate its value as a family remedy more and more every day. If any of the children get a stiff neck, Nerviline cures quickly. If it is earache, toothache, cold on the chest, sore throat, Nerviline is always my standby. My husband once cured himself of a frightful attack of lumbago by Nerviline, and for a hundred ailments that turn up in a large family Nerviline is by far the best thing to have about you."

### Putting the Blame On Noah.

A tablet believed to be 4,000 or 5,000 years old and to antedate the book of Genesis by 1,000 years sets forth, according to the translation of Dr. Steven Langdon, of Oxford university, England, that it was Noah and not Adam and Eve who brought about the fall of man. Noah was commanded not to eat of the cassia tree in the garden of paradise, the transgression has it, and when he disobeyed the curse of ill health and an early death instead of a life span of 50,000 years like that of his ancestors, fell on him. According to Babylonian and Sumerian accounts, the flood occurred about 35,000 years before Christ, and the period between that catastrophe and creation—432,000 years—was filled in by ten kings, so that each must have ruled something like 43,200 years. The comparatively short reigns of later kings is explained as being the result of Noah's sin in eating of the cassia tree.

Reciprocity in automobile licenses between Ontario and the State of Michigan will come into effect on May 25th, according to Hon. Finlay Macdunn.

## LITTLE WORRIES IN THE HOMES

### It is These That Bring Wrinkles And Make Women Look Prematurely

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily many little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards, but it is these same constant little worries that affect the blood and nerves and make women look prematurely old. Their effect may be noticed in sick or nervous headaches, fickle appetite, pain in the back or side, sallow complexion and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman dreads. To those thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure; a restoration of color to the cheeks, brightness to the eye, a hearty appetite and a sense of freedom from weariness.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have found new health through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. N. Worrall, Broughdale, Ont., who says: "After the birth of my second child I was so weak and run down that I was unable to do anything. The doctor said I had scarcely any blood in my body. I could not walk half a block without being completely exhausted and all the treatment of the doctor did not seem to help me. I called in another doctor, but with no better results. My feet and legs became frightfully swollen, I suffered with severe pains in my back and sides. I would be all day dragging around at my household work, and I was beginning to give up all hope of recovery. I had been urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like many others, thought they could not help me when doctors had failed to do so, but after much urging I decided to try them. To my surprise, in a few weeks I gladly continued their use and found myself constantly growing stronger, and eventually able to do my house work without fatigue. I strongly advise every weak woman to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

You can get these Pills through 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.

### TECHNICAL MATTERS.

A new 6,000-mile coal basin is being opened up by a 500-mile extension to the Siberian Railway.

An electrically-lighted cross revolves on top of a San Francisco steeple.

Forty-eight different materials are used in the construction of a piano, which come from no fewer than sixteen countries.

Bananas can be best ripened in a room kept at 110 degrees.

Eighteen thousand bricks can be manufactured by the steam process in ten hours.

Every day the River Thames scoops 1,500 tons of earth from its banks.

A full-grown elephant yields 120 pounds of ivory.

The tuberculosis death rate of New York, Philadelphia and Boston combined has declined from 350.6 per 100,000 of population in 1882 to 45.5 in 1914. The 1914 death rate was, therefore only 43.2 per cent. of that of 1882, or, to put it the other way, the death rate of 1882 had by 1914 fallen 56.8 per cent.

No other plant gives such a quantity of food to the acre as the banana, which is more than 40 times more than that of the potato and 133 times more than that of wheat.

Granite is the bottom of the earth's crust.

Quicksilver is 13 1/4 times heavier than water.

Every square mile of sea is estimated to contain about 120,000,000 fish.

An induction balance has been devised for the purpose of locating buried shells in the soil of the former battlefield, so that the farmer may go over it safely with the plow.

The twelve countries having the least blindness are as follows: Belgium (before the war) had 43 blind persons to every 100,000 of the population; Canada, 44; Netherlands, 46; Saxony, 47; New Zealand, 47; Western Australia, 50; Hong Kong, 51; Prussia, 52; Denmark, 52; Germany, 60; New South Wales, 60; the United States, 62.

Extensive asphalt beds have been uncovered in Honduras.

Except that of China, San Marino has the longest national hymn.

The failure of the mortality rates of measles and whooping cough to show a reduction during the last fifteen years is due to the fact that they are highly communicable in their early stage, when diagnosis is most difficult.

### Alverstone as a Musician.

The late Lord Alverstone was passionately fond of music. For many years he was a prominent member of the choir of St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington, and he played the organ like a professional.

He could sing a good song, and not infrequently did at the Savage Club, of which he was a member. In 1900 at the club he asked Robert Martin, of "Killaroe" fame, to sing "Bally-hooly."

"Divil a note will I sing for the Lord Chief Justice until he sings too," said Martin.

The Lord Chief Justice took up the challenge, and led the way with "The Heart Bowed Down" and the Judge's Song from "Trial by Jury."

## PAT TO HIS BROTHER TIM.

Now what in the devil's name is that? To strike at a decent rule? 'Tis good that the peters failed ye. For maybe ye're head will cool. If only a thimble of salted beer. But lie ye there for a fool!

For liberty, Tim, ye're longing— The freedom our father missed. Ye've cried it to god men thronging. Yet what is your freedom? Whist! Ye go and ye work for wronging! A tool in a German's fist!

For liberty then ye're bleeding— A ghost that ye seek to find. O Tim! will ye e'er be leading The man of the Cassment kind?— A mad dog doing the leading For God's own fool that's blind!

Ye prate of the old oppression; The ravage of fire and sword; Of priests that killed at confessing; Of babies drowned at the ford. Was it worse than the left-hand blessing Ye'd get from a German lord?

Ye'd welcome these new directors. The Emperor's steel-ruler hosts? Ye'd hail them as ye're protectors From Erin's shores and the coast. Go ask of the Belgians spectres! Go ask of the Louvain ghosts!

Mr. boy, ye're made to trifle; The morrow is too immense. Ye're heart is no thimble to stifle; 'Tis only a thimble of salted beer. Here! give me that d—d-fool rifle! And, Tim, God give ye sense! —John O'Keefe, in the New York World.

### Odds and Ends.

In Great Britain a billion is reckoned as a million millions. In the United States it is only a thousand millions.

In Mexico and parts of Colorado there grows a "soap plant" the roots of which upon being placed in water form suds and are suitable for washing the body.

When the water spider wants to dive he makes use of an apparatus similar to the diving bell.

A single gallon of gasoline will mix 300 cubic yards of cement, move a ton truck 14 miles, plow three-fifths of an acre of land or generate sufficient electricity to illuminate the farmhouse for thirty hours.

German shippers have never favored the Kiel Canal, as they prefer the long sea voyages to the toll charges.

Since the temporary closing of the Panama Canal it is no common sight to see a train of 25 tank cars, containing 250,000 gallons of oil, in shipment from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast.

### Catching Red-hot Rivets.

This would not seem to be a pleasing occupation even if the rivet is caught in an old mail bag, yet the fact is constantly performed by workmen. Ordinarily they catch rivets in a rivet keg or something of that sort, but there are men who catch rivets with a pair of tongs—just reach out for them and nip a red-hot rivet out of the air with the nipper part of the tong in much the same way that a bird nips a flying feather out of the air with its beak. The feat is commonly seen by persons who watch workmen on high buildings.—Harper's Weekly.

### Getting an Autograph.

A Munich body of fourteen who had seen and admired many of Rudolf von Seltz's paintings, but did not know how to get about it. After much thought he wrote a letter, stating that he had sent a case of wine to the professor's address and wanted to know whether it had been received. Thinking the matter of sufficient importance, the painter did not write, but called at the address given, met the boy's mother, and the fraud was at once apparent. The boy was thoroughly scolded and next day received this autograph note:

It often happens here on earth That little rogues to great ones grow. Some autographs for which you're trying Can be procured without much joy.

### MANKIND'S WORST ENEMY.

(Rochester Herald)

The worst enemy of the human race is the hypocrite, and the chief reason persons why he is such lies in the fact that he cannot be converted from his hypocrisy. A miser may learn to despise his avarice; a drunkard may reach a depth of misery so profound that he will turn his face, and a hypocrite dies in the direction of sobriety; old age will cool the blood of the lecher, and even the thief may reform, but the hypocrite of age. The light that would reveal his hypocrisy to him in his true color will never shine within the corridors of his being, for a hypocrite becomes a very nature of things, an opaque soul.

## A New Blood-Food Has Been Discovered That Works Wonders

### Said to Put New Life Into People That Are Run-Down.

For years doctors have been searching for a combination that would enable them to inject into thin blood the elements it lacked. This can now be done, and any weak-blooded person can quickly be made strong and well.

Already a small army of ailing people has proved the merit of taking after each meal with a sip or two of water, two chocolate-coated Ferrozene Tablets. This is easily done, and even one week's use of this wonderful blood-food will prove how nourishing and strengthening and flesh-building the treatment is.

Just think of it—Ferozene uplifts the entire nervous system, renews the blood, makes it rich and red—gives the sort of aid that's needed in throwing off weakness and languor.

Tens of thousands enjoy the advantages of renewed health through Ferrozene;—if you'll only use it, you'll surely grow strong too; it's a beneficial action is noticed even in a week. You see it goes right to work, removes the causes of the trouble and then quickly makes a cure.

For those who sleep poorly and have nervous apprehensions, Ferrozene is a boon; it is a specialist in such cases.

Where there is paleness, poor appetite and languor, Ferrozene makes the patient feel like new in a few days.

In tiredness, nerve exhaustion, spring fever and debility, the power of Ferrozene is known from coast to coast and universally used with grand results.

Let Ferrozene build you up, let it win you back to robust health—it will do so quickly if you give it the chance. Sold by all dealers, 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Remember the name Ferrozene.