TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"I fancied men never forgot anything relating to their own comforts," said Mildred mischievously, over Patsey's head; "and yet you have evidently forgotten matches."

sey's castle long enough; and you are of course dying to get back to your shooting."

"No, I have had enough of it," he returned, placing the child gently on the ground, and putting haif a crown

"Yes, I have a most unhappy memory," Denzil answered—"so short at one time, so unpleasantly long at an-

"Then there are things you would

"Scarcely, I think," he said, "although in most cases my memory makes my pain."

"Why, how miserable your thoughts st be—at least, so your voice would d me to imagine." 'Rather, the remembrance of un-

kind words perhaps more than deeds; but they are none the more bearable or less hurtful for that." He looked fixedly at her as he spoke, and she blushed the faintest tinge of rose in return; and lowered her eyes for a

All this time the boy in her arms had been gazing eagerly, now at Denzil, and now at his gold chain and colored seal as they moved before his eyes. Either one or the other proved too much for his constancy, as pre sently he called out, with wistfu, im perative entreaty, "Take me!" and held out his arms to Denzil in a manner natural to children. Younge hest-tated, glanced at Mildred, and half laughed. She colored, and seemed a little vexed, but loosed her arms from

round the child.
"Yes, take him." she said, "if he wishes it. You see he is changeable and fickle like the rest of you."

'That is a hard speech—is it not?

Benzil asked-"more particularly as I have heard those very fallings imputed more frequently to your sex than to ours." As he finished, he took the by from her, who weat to him glad-ly, and buried his small hands within his hair.

"Fie, then, Fatsey," expostulated his mother in the background, "to give

up the pretty lady!'

I'ut in her heart of hearts scarcely blamed the child that Denzil's sunny hair and kind blue eyes should have found such favor in his sight, and charmed him from his first love—so fair did he appear in all wo-men's eyes, save those of Mildred Tre-

That is nonsense," she said, in an-That is nonsense, one said, in an awar to his last speech, "a popular fallacy, encouraged by your side gladly to hide your own shortcomings. Why, surely, you must have noticed, when reading various histories, how immeasurably the women butshone the men in long faithfulness and tender endur-And what dogs Shakespeare Have you forgotten?

"'Oh, Heaven! Were man But constant, he were perfect; that one error Fills him with faults."

"The Pope himself is not infallible," said Denzil, lightly, "and it is likely enough that for once in his life Master Will Shakespeare may have made a mistake about human nature. And yet it is a very complimentary little la ment—do you not think?—aknowl-edging as it does that wa can be accused of only 'one error.'

"But such an error—it actually fills you with faults.".
"Now, you are changing your quotaticn—bringing what was a general accusation to a particular one. It is hardly fair, I think, to make your ouns so very personal-in one movement changing the pleasant inof-fensive 'him' into that appalling 'you.' Besides, the accusation doesn't apply in my case. I know myself so far that I feel that, if I could only get the love he true to her through life and death. But then perhaps I am the exception that proves

the rule." "All men are conceited about their own strength," declared Miss Trevanion, obstinately.

"I shall never get her," said Denzil, with a sudden, ocep sadness in his tone, and he turned aside to the small, diamond-paned window that she might not see the darkening of his

"Ah, then, she is a reality!" Miss Trevarion went on. "In that case— Take care! Your chain is in a bad way, I fear, when Patsy has it."

The boy had wound the chain round

and round his slender wrist, and was gazing at it now with childish admiration and delight.

""Tis pitty," he murmured, softly, and put his head on one side coquet-tishly, while holding out his hand from him the better to mark the glittering effect.

soon on my personal attractions," peared at intervals, gray and stately, henzil said. "See, I am already for through the intersecting branches of gotten. The gold is of more—value—now—in his eyes than I have ever—walked. Miss Trevanion's—face had

A common misfortune," answered Mildred, mockingly. Miss Trevanion was in a cynical mood. "I hope it was in a cynical mood. "I hope it wen't happen to you in any more important epoch of your existence. Take -of whom you have just spoken does not also choose your gold, and not you."

"I hope to heaven that may never happen to me," Denzil broke out sud-denly, with such vehement passion stirring his voice that even Mrs. Dempsey, in a far cerner, turned from her washing to see what "alled the handsome stranger." In a moment, however, he had softened his tone, and went on, hurriedly, "Although I would almost rather in that way, if in no other, gain her, than lose er alto-

'A mean-spirited speech," said Mildred, coldly. "You would be unwise to red, coldly. You would be unwise to accept any woman on those conditions. Shall we be going, however? I think we have invaded Mrs. Demp-dancing room presented could hardly

returned, placing the child gently on the ground, and putting hair a crown into his small brown palm. "Will you alow me to see you home? Remember it will be only common charity on your part, as I have lost my way completely, and you alone are here to pilot me out of my difficulties. Will

you not take pity on me?"
"Come, then," she said; and so they passed out together into the biting

clear north wind.

Miss Trevanion, slight and tall though she was, scarcely reached her companion's shoulder as they walked along side by side, very silently at first. The chill breeze sent a bright warm glow to her cheeke, and played with and fluxe obout her heir until with and flung about her hair, until she second transfigured into one of the ancient strens, come back once more to break the hearts of men. The heart of the man beside her was very fairly on the way to breaking just at present, so sweet she seemed to him, so fair past all expression, so hopelessly beyond his power to reach.

'And of what are you thinking,

Mildred hummed, gayly, glancing up at Denzil with laughing violet eyes.
"Of you," he answered, simply, "and
of that ridiculous conversation we held a few minutes since, and of something

"Very explanatory," said Miss Tre vanion—'only I want very much to know what the 'comething else' is. I hold it as my due to tell me, because I am your Bradshaw just now, and you vanioncertainly owe me a return for my ser

"If I told you, it would not interest you in the least."
"I can quite believe that—few things do; but we have a good long walk before us, with no earthly subject to

fore us, with no earthly subject to discuss, as I' conclude you hardly feel equal to the weather. Do you?"

"Of course I do; surely you do not suppose that this little gust of wind possesses the power to upset me?"

"I don't mean in that way—how stupid you are! I spoke of being 'equal to', or as you would say 'un to', disto, or as you would say, 'up to' discussing the weather."
"Oh, that, indeed! I beg your par-

don: the cobwebs thicken on my brain of late, I fancy. I only hope this lively breeze will blow them all away before Mr. Blount's ball, or I chall find no

one there to take pity on me."
"Remove your hat, then, and give
your head a chance; the result will probably be a severe cold in it— but that doesn't matter, compared with clearness of the intellect. Are thinking much about the ball?"

"A little, I confess, A strange acknowledgment, you will say, for a man who has spent his seasons regularly in London for a number of years, but so it is. Circumstances alter cases, you know, and I have a fancy to see Miss Mabel and Miss Sylverton.

and—and you in ball costume."
"You cannot imagine any one half so charming as I look in mine," said Miss Trevanion, with gay audacity; "in fact, the other two you mentioned are 'nowhere' when I appear. And, if you don't believe this statement, you may judge for yourself the night after next. So that is why you are thinking a little about it—eh?"

"I would think a great deal about it, if I dared. For instance, I would never cease dreaming of it from this moment until then, if you would promise

me the first waltz."
"But at that rate, consider how stupidly insipid you would be for the next two days. I would not have it on my conscience to be the means of reducing you to such a state of imbediations. ity. And, besides, you don't deserve anything at my hands, as you have not told me the 'something else' you spoke of when first we left the cot-

tage."
"Perhaps, if I told you, you would

be angry," he said.
"What should there be in your thoughts to cause me anger?" she answered—and just a degree of the light buoyancy that had been animating her voice ever since they be-gan their walk faded out of it, and did not return. "Well, then, as I stood at the cottage

door before entering, I heard Mrs. Dempsey tell you of a report she had heard—a report that gave you in marriage to Lord Lyndon, I was thinking of that when you first spoke to me, and wondering—" He stopped abruptly, and, turning, looked at her with "Tis pitty," he murmured, softly, and put his head on one side coquetshiy, while holding out his hand om him the better to mark the glitring effect.
"I fear I have prided myself too on my personal attractions." the grand, beautiful old mansions apthe grand, beautiful old mansions apthe grand at intervals, gray and stately subsided from its expression of gay insouciance into its usual settled look of haughty impenetrability, and, gaz-ing at her, Denzil felt his heart grow cold and dead within his breast, as hope fied, and dull despair crept in to fill its vacant place.
"By what right do you dare to ques-

tion me on such a subject?" she asked, her voice low but quick with anger. And he answered, with sad truthful-

ness: "By none. I have no right."

After which they continued to walk in utter silence until the door was reached, when, drawing back to allow her free entrance, he said, with a faint trembling in his tones: "And about that waltz, Miss Tre-

vanion—may I have it?"
"No," she answered, with cold distinctness—"I have almost promised it to another," and went past him into the house without further look or

CHAPTER IX.



lights have been found. There were have been found. There were lights and flowers and merry voices everywhere, with softest, sweetest music on the air. "The queen," in white, and Frances Sylverton, in satin and pearls, looked more than usually fair; but no one in the room that night could hope to look like Middred Trevanion.

She was dressed in palest, faintest

She was dressed in palest, faintest blue from head to foot, with rich pink blue from head to foot, with rich pink flowers nestling here and there amongst the floating folds of her dress. She appeared clothed in clouds of azure, her yellow hair framing her face in a golden glory that made her seem a very angel of beauty to more than Denzil Younge that evening, as, with an almost choking sensation in his throat, he stood and watched her from the doorway.

The wished-for first waltz had been bestowed on Lord Lyndon, to his --Denzil's—bitter chagrin; indeed, since that last walk across the park, Miss Trevanion had been even more than ordinarily cold and distant in

her manner toward him.

To-night she seemed almost oblivious of his very presence in the room though bestowing many a smile and ook of greeting on those who chance be in his vicinity.
"Miss Trevanion appears to be

great form to-night," said Leslie, cae of the "......ies," stationed at Broughton, "Jove I don't wonder at Lyndon's palpable subjection.

palize a beliection."
"Is that he next her—the whiteheaded boy in that a?" asked
Harvey, one of his brother officers, adjusting his eyeglass in his
right eye with touching languor.
"Very pretty creature she is, to be
sure." headed sure.

"Pretty! Perfect, divine, you mean!" ejaculated young Sunnerly, with indig-nation He usually went by the name of "Sonny" in the regiment, on ac-count of his fair hair, boyish expres-sion, and general youthfulness of demeanor, and was one of Miss Trevan-ion's especial pets. She patronized him largely on all occasions, in conse quence of which he was idiotically in love with her. "Talk of Venus, inlove with her. "Talk of Venus, in-deed—I den't believe, if she was here this minute, she could hold a candle to Miss Trevanion."

"Take it easy, Sonny, my child," said Harvey, staring at nim with in-tense amusement. "Little boys gentense amusement. "Little boys generally choke when they talk too fast." A little too haughty looking for

"A little too haughty looking for my taste," suggested another, shrugging his shoulders expressively. He was not one of Miss Trevanion's pet He which perhaps accounted for the unalthy state of his palate.
"Yes, I agree with you, Martley" dehealthy

clared a fifth, with decision; "I should not dream of comparing her with her charming sister, Miss Mabel."
"You're a muff," said Sonny, with

open discain, and walked away from the group with his short nose well poised in mid-air.

The other men laughed, and Leslie, the first speaker, turned to Denzil Younge, who was lounging near them, his thoughts far away beyond the chatter and confusion around him. "What do you think, Younge?" he

"Of what?" said Denzil, dreamily.
"Of Miss Trevanion."

"I don't know—what should I think?
"I don't know—what should I think?
Why do you ask?" he answered, with
a quick surprise and irritation, and
walked hastily away from his questioner, with the expression of a man just roused from pleasant dreams to remembrance of actual miseries

'You shouldn't have asked him that question," some one said when he was gone. "Don't you know that he is desperately hard hit in that direction, truly?"

"It never does," put in Harvey. "Still I am very sorry I made the remark I did," Leslie exclaimed. "Denzil Younge is one of the best fellows I ever met, and one of the last I should care to wound. If I were Miss Trevanion, I know I should take him with half his money in preference to that stupid-looking animal yonder." "Mildred, Countess Lyndon,"

Harvey, softly—"it counts, dear boy, it counts."
"Pshaw!" muttered the other, im-

patiently, and changed the conversa-tion with abruptness.

Meanwhile Mabel, with mingled feelings of dread and cariosity, was watching with covert eagerness each new face that passed her, in search of a certain pair of hazel eyes and a drooping brown moustache. Naturally, she looked in every direction but the right one, and so was presently considerably startled when a voice at her

elbow whispered—
"Good evening, cousin; will you not even condessend to look at me?"
"Mr. Blount—Miss Mabel Trevanion," broke in the nost's full tones at

the same moment, and Mabel, with pretty confusion, turned to find the object of her thoughts close beside her She blushed crimson, bowing at the same time nervously, after which old Dick left them to their own devices "Are you engaged for this?" asked

Biount, taking her card from her hand in a matter-of-fact sort of way, and so giving her opportunity to collect senses a little.

I have only just come," she answered. "Then I suppose I may put down

my name for this, and the fourth and the second galop, and—" writing vig-

orously.

"And—don't you think that will do for to present?" suggested Miss Mabel, demurely.

"Very good. I'll trust to your ten-"Very good. I'll trust to your ten-der mercies for a few more toward the end of the evening. There can be no impropriety in your dancing a good

"Is it? Well, then, I won't. But, tell me, whom were you looking for so earnestly just now, when you turned your back upon me in such an un-

shabby of you."

"For you," she answered, with charming candor; and then they both

"That's better," said Mabel, present-ly; "there is nothing like a good laugh. I don't feel nearly so much ashamed of myself now. But—oh, dear!" with a sigh of relief—"I am so glad it's

ver."
"That what is over? Your laugh.

"No, our meeting—introduction; it was so dreadfuly awkward altogether, you know, and—and so generally unpleasant."

"I don't see that at all," said Roy Blount; "and I take it as extremely uncivil your saying so. I know that for my part I never felt so proud in my life as when you insisted on being my cousin. Just fancy being on such terms with you that I can call you 'Mabel' if I like."

"But, if you will take my advice you won't like," "the queen" returned quietly; "otherwise, it may lead to consequences of the most serious de-

"I will risk them," said Blount.
"Will you? My anger, for instance

the loss of my acquaintance—of my good opinion?" "You have said enough," Blount observed, gently. "I would not risk that last for a good deal. Be assured, Miss Trevanion, that I shall never again call you by your Christian name, in jest or earnest, until you give me permission to do so. Now am I forgiven? And shall we begin our waltz?"

"Yes," whispered Mabel, with coquetry, to both questions, and put-ting her hand in his, she moved away with him, to get lost amongst the throng of dancers.

(To be continued.)

BRIEF AND SCIENTIFIC.

Fifty vocations are taught in the Inited States navy.

Police women are now employed in 26 cities in the United States.

The annual fire less of the United States amounts to \$2 for each inhabitant.

Salt put in hot water will make it otter, just as it makes cold water colder.

The pet birds of the United States last year consumed 4,704,625 pounds of bird seed.

Government meat inspection cost each resident of the United States four cents per year.

Eiderdown is one of the poorest conductors of heat, hence its use as a ed covering.

A German substitute for sole leather withstood six weeks' test of the sever est character. A daily paper was recently issued on a train between the cities of Minneapo-

lis and Spokane. The number of aviators in the world is now estimated at 50,000, and the

rumber is growing daily. United States inspectors.

The under-sea origin of chalk is in dicated by the presence of minute sea shells which are revealed by the microscope.

Heavy firing on the battlefields overhead caused the fall of a 200-ton piece of salt in the mines of Wieliszka, Galicia.

The records show that only 17 per cent. of the applicants applying for enlistment in the United States navy are accepted.

The world's products of lead pencils probably amounts to near 2,000,000,000 a year, half of which are made from American-grown cedar.

Gold, silver, copper, quicksilver or mercury, iron, nickel, tin, zinc, lead and aluminum are the ten minerals generally to be found in every house.

In Switzerland there is one post office for each inhabitant. This is said to be greater facilities than offered by ony other country.

Wonders in the Equine Foot.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal structure. The outside hoof is made up of a series of thin vertical laminae of horn, about 500 in number. Into this are fitted about 500 more thin laminae, which belong to the coffin bone, both sets being elastic and adherent. The edges of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another quire will furnish a good idea of the arrangement of the laminae in all the feet, amounting to about 4,000. These are distributed in deal oftener with your consin than the most secure manner and in a way with the other men can there?"

"Don't," said Mabel; "it's very oblique direction.

VERDUN.

(From the New York Tribune. The battle of the Verdun has lasted a month. It began on February 21st and has continued since then with only a few brief pauses. The flags have been hoisted in Berlin following various claims and rumors of victory. But there has been no German vic

terry of sufficient consequence to de-serve a celebration. Various minor local successes have been won at a cost far exceeding their value. cost far exceeding their value.

What has happened in the month's fighting about Verdun is this: The French have yielded outlying positions all along the original semi-circle line of entrenchments defending the city from the northwest to the southeast—from Malancourt and Bethin-court all the way around to Fresnea. The Germans have pushed forward in these sectors from three to four miles The French have fallen back to their main line of defence.

The German attacks have been the fiercest at three points. The first great onelaught was from the north. It lasted from February 21st to February 26th and culminated in the occupation of the dismantled Douaumont fort. From February 26th to mont fort. From February 26th to March 4th the main pressure was exerted from the east and southeast. This attack was not obstinately re-sisted and yielded a larger area of territory than the original attack from the north. From March 4th to March 11th assaults were made all along the French line. East of the Meuse the gains were slight, the movement from the direction of Metz being halted at Vaux and Eix. Since March 11th the focus of the fighting has veen shifted to the west side of the Meuse. There the Germans have driven forward repeatedly. But their line is still further from Verdun at Chattancourt-Malancourt than it is on the east side of the river at Douaumont or in front of Vaux and Eix.

Taken as a whole, the German of-fensive at Verdun has yielded nothing at all compared with the effort made. The ground taken is of no special value. The forts of Verdun have b een dismantled. They no longer serve as traps for their defenders. Verdun itself could be laid in ashes without af fecting in the least the military sit-uation on the Meuse front. So long as the French lines hold, every gain in territory merely calls for another sacrifice on the part of the attacking The German operations around Verdun can bring results worth while only if they wear down the French defence, compel the evac-uation of Verdun and the whole Verdun salient and enforce a retiremen from the Meuse westward to the line of the Aire.

Such an achievement would have had a decided moral efect if it had come with machine-like precision or startling suddenness. It was that highly impressive moral effect, not only on the Allied powers, but on the neutral nations as well, which Berlin gambled on when the great drive against Verdun was undertaken.

What Berlin needed and hoped for was another demonstration that the theory of numerical exhaustion, on which the Allies have been banking in forecasting German defeat, has not yet even begun to come into play. Another victorious march was to be staged like that through Galicia and Poland or that through Serbia. Herr Roda Roda, the most brilliant

of the Austrian war correspondents has described pictures quely in the columns of the Vienna Teue Freie Presse the method of the Serbian ad The heavy artillery started vance. its work daily at about 9 a. m., play ing on the Serbian positions and make ing them untenable. About 11 a.m. the German Austro-Hungarian in-fantry advanced and occupied the abandoned Serbian lines. The enemy had no artillery with which to hinder such an operation and not enough infantry to indulge in counter-attacks. Between noon and 7 n. ter attacks. Between noon and 7 p. m. the two armies quit work for the lay. It is a war conducted on a leis-rely labor union schedule. Taking into account the somewhat

greater capacity for resistance of the Russian armies, the drive through Ga-Tuberculosis is the chief cause of the condemnation of meat by the inited States inspectors morate of the French troops no such easy progress was possible. The French have yielded ground, but they have never admitted inferiority. So far, they have held their main lines that Vardon is cell process. Verdun is still unconquered intact. and after a month of desperate fight ing, with necessarily costlier sacrifices for the attackers than the de fenders, the balance of profit over loss is on the French rather than on the German side.

The third demonstration of the overwhelming power of the German of-fensive has failed. The barren gains at Verdun so far prove that the Allied line on the west front cannot be broken by any effort of which the German armies are now capable. The one in which the Crown Prince to figure for his own giory and the glory of the house, of Hohenzollern has not materialized.

Neutral nations have been more impressed by Turkish reverses in Armenia than by minor fruitlessly exaggerated German successes on the Meuse. There is more unrest to day in Berlin than there is in Paris. The French do not talk openly of a "victory" at Verdun. They are repressing anything that looks like exuitation. But they know now more certainly than ever before that their frontier is secure—that Germany's frontier is secure—that Germany's greatest effort on their front since the battle of the Marne and the battle of Flanders has crumpled in failure.

In a tactful sense, the battle of Verdun is not yet finished. It may drag along for several weeks more. But it is clear that the positive decision. on at which the German high command aimed cannot now be obtained. Even were Verdun to be abandoned eventually by the French, the extreme, cruelly exhausting effort needed to take it would mark the passing of German capacity to resume another great offensive on the west front, or on any other front, for months to

The shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.—Hillard.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zamluk, means cure. Why not prove this ? All Druggists and Ste am-Bu

AUTO COURTESY.

When it comes to courtesy of the road. President M. M. Wall, of Buffalo, the venerable leader of the New York State Motor Federation, cannot be beat. He is so careful of little things of a courteous nature that he seldom drives over fifty miles in a day's run. In his "book of habits" he has inscribed the following courtesy rules which motorists in general might well adopt:

BE COURTEOUS. First, do not hog the middle of the street. Give the other fellow room to go by and when he attempts to pass you, do not speed up and perhaps crowd him into a safety zone. Be cour-

Keep out of the safety zones: They are for the pedestrian. It is up

to you to make them safe.

When a fellow comes from a side street—Give him room to turn the corer: do not crowd. When you park behind another car, remember he wish to leave before you do. wish to leave below you with the room to get out; don't crowd. When you expect to stop or turn, do not keep your intentions secret; think

of the fellow behind. Do not dodge in and around cars-In line in traffic. Remember they were first and have just as great a desire to get through as you have. Be

Do not presume too much when you have the right of way. Perhaps the other fellow does not know it. Be

courteous. Do not cut in front of a street car-Remember the motor nan is numan, and most of them will learn all the courtesy you will teach them. Be cour-

When you get the "go" signal from a traffic officer, remember to give the pedestrian time to get out of the way. When you see people on the curb trying to reach a car, or vice versa-slow up; stop if necessary, out let them cross without danger. This is one of the courtesies that will pay the

motoring public best. When a pedestrian does not or will not pay any attention to your horn, remember that the deaf, hundreds of them, use the streets as well as you.

When you have an insane desire to speed—Remember the you are passing have just as much right to break the law as you have. Think of the sentiment you are creating against motoring. ing against motoring. accidents that may happen by your hitting some other driver coming in from a side street, or pedestrian who does not see you coming. Think of the people in your own car, perhaps, who have a fear of speeding and are trying to be game and not let you know it. It is not sport to drive fast in the city; it is the utmost discour-tesy to your fellow motorists and fel-

low citizens. When a pedestrian sees you coming and deliberately pays no attention to you, remember that some are mentally deficient and you cannot tell them by

the clothes they wear.

When you see a child on a curb, slow up. Remember the child can start quicker than you can stop.

Do not open your cutcut on the streets during the day. Remember there are many sick people and people on their death beds. Do not open your cutout at night, for you will probably remember some night when you were disturbed by some feel whose greatest claim to fame was his noise.

And remember that your horn is

just a few times worse than your cut-

"Ex-Congressman Flubdub wants a little write up," remarked the maga-zine publisher. "What shall we say about him?" "What did he ever do?" about him?" "What did he over do?"
"Nothing." "Say he upheld the best traditions of Congress."—Pittsburg Post.

BANISH PIMPLES **AND ERUPTIONS**

In the Spring Most People Need a Tonic Medicine.

One of the surest signs that the blood is out of order is the pimples, unsightly eruptions and eczema that come frequently with the change from winter to spring. These prove that the long indoor life of winter has had its effect upon the blood, and that a tonic medicine is needed to put it right. Indeed there are few people who do not need a tonic at this season Bad the not need a tonic at this season. Bad blood does not merely show itself in disfiguring eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheuma-tism and lumbago; the sharp stab-bing pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite and a desire to avoid exertion. You cannot cure these troubles by the use of purgative medicines—you need a tonic and a tonic only, and among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic, life-giving, nerve-restoring powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new rich blood which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak tired ailing men, women and children. If you are out of sorts give this medicine a trial and see how quickly it will restore the appetite, revive drooping spirits, and fill your veins with new,

health-giving blood. You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicize Co.,

ville Ont.