

## 'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

Sir George had declined to accompany them, "not being partial," he said, "to broken bones or rheumatism"; so when they had spent half an hour laughing at, and reasoning with him without effect, they started, leaving him behind.

When at length the lake was reached, considerable confusion ensued, caused partly by apprehensions that skates had been forgotten, or would not go on, or were too large, or showed unmistakable symptoms of a determination not to be fastened. This latter was perhaps the most frequent grievance; Eddie, for instance, being seen kneeling for an unconscionable time before little Miss Lisle, who, though deplorably silly, could always manage to look charming—which, of course was a point gained.

When fairly started, the skaters made as picturesque a group as any eye could wish to rest on, the girls in their soft luxurious furs and brilliant satin petticoats striking out boldly on the glassy surface of the lake. Frances and Mildred were accomplished skaters, Mabel was not quite so good; still the latter could hold her own and certainly beside the Deverill girls—who were generally clumsy—looked everything that could be desired.

"You will help me, Mr. Younge," she had whispered to Denzil, as he assisted her down from the dog-cart. So, when he had fastened her skates, and pronounced her "fit," she started bravely enough on the slippery promenade. At one end there rose a post marked "Dangerous," of which, as usual, those whom it should have warned remained profoundly ignorant. Denzil alone had observed it; others, if they observed, attached little importance to it.

The day was magnificent—hard, dry, and as bitterly cold as frost could make it—too cold, perhaps, for the dowerers, who, in spite of their warm mufflers, sat shivering, but heroically, while the youngsters enjoyed their fun.

Miss Trevanion and Frances Sylverson, with merry, gay laughter, that rang through the crisp air, were trying to outdo each other in grace and agility. Frances decidedly having the best of it, she being one of those girls who do anything they set their hearts on "better than anybody else."

As Denzil turned from watching them, he perceived Lord Lyndon at a distance, leisurely, but surely, making for the forbidden spot; and, as he saw this, an almost savage desire to see this man, who had robbed him of his betrothed, took possession of him. He knew the ice in that part to be thin and dangerous for skating on; but once in, he could easily pull Lyndon out again—no harm could come of it beyond a severe wetting, and the endurance of the ridicule that was sure to follow when once the object of alarm was out of danger; besides, it was no affair of his if the man chose to be so foolhardy.

A minute later, however, and—having deposited Mabel on the bank—he was skating hurriedly toward the unsuspecting lordship.

"Lyndon!" he shouted, when still some way from him, and shortly afterward laid his hand upon his arm. The sudden collision nearly upset them both.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Lyndon, trying to keep his balance, and succeeding with much difficulty. "What is the matter? You have very nearly thrown me! Anything wrong, eh?"

"Don't you see where you are going?" cried Denzil, angrily and ungraciously,

being considerably out of breath and temper. "Have you no eyes? Unless you want to be drowned, or, at all events, wet to the skin, you will get away from this place. Can't you see it is marked 'Dangerous'?"

"No, I can't," returned Lyndon, still vague. "Where?"

"There," answered Denzil, pointing contemptuously to where loomed the announcement, which certainly was high enough to put the necessary word almost beyond reach of sight.

"Never saw it until this very moment, I give you my honor," said Lyndon, solemnly gazing up at the warning as though lost in amazement at his own want of observation. "I should have gone straight on, and in another moment—I am awfully obliged to you, Younge—indeed, more grateful than I can tell you."

"Do not see that there is anything to be so very grateful over," rejoined Denzil; "I had only to skate across to you from the opposite bank. It did not cause me the slightest inconvenience, I assure you; probably had it done so, I should have left you to your fate."

"Oh, no, you would not," said Lyndon, amiably—"you are much too good a fellow to do anything of the kind. I know you better, you see, than you do yourself. Why, but for you, I might at this moment have been drowning, or freezing to death, or, at all events, cutting a most sorry figure, and before all these girls too! You have in fact saved my life; and I only hope I may be able to do something similar for you before—"

"I hope you won't," interrupted Denzil, grimly.

"Oh, ay, just so—ha, ha!" laughed his lordship, with determined good humor. "You would not care to be in such a predicament so that your life would require saving? Well, never mind; you have kept me from making a fool of myself, and with Mildred looking on, too."

"Don't let us stand talking here all day," said Denzil, roughly, and turning, skated back again to where he had left Mabel sitting.

Yes, Mildred had been looking on as Lyndon fancied, and, having witnessed the whole scene, had understood it thoroughly—had seen her future lord and master gliding to his doom, and had half started up to call out or warn him in some way of his danger, when Denzil's figure, flashing before her eyes, showed her that he, too, had recognized Lyndon's peril, and was on his way to tell him of it.

As Denzil returned from his mission and cast his eyes upon her, she appeared unconscious of everything, but the dainty little pair of skates she was in the act of unfastening. He stopped.

"Can I help you?" he asked, and she answered, promptly, without lifting her eyes.

"No, thank you. I am quite accustomed to do this sort of thing for myself—whereupon she drew off the skates, in confirmation of her words, and Denzil went on to Mabel.

An hour crept by, and then Lady Caroline, feeling that she had suffered enough for her friends for that one day, declared her intention of returning without further delay, and forthwith departed, carrying with her Mabel, who was anxious to reach home before the post-hour arrived.

The eldest Miss Deverill was afflicted with nervousness, and, having been driven to the lake by "Sonny" Sunnery—who was in bad temper, and knew as much about driving as "the man in the moon"—had endured such agonies on the journey as determined her, whatever came of it, to drive back in different company. So going up to her cousin, Lord Lyndon, who was an undoubted "whip," she entreated him as follows:

"Promise me," she said, "that you will drive me home."

"My dear Margaret," said Lyndon, "do not ask me to do that. You know I have Mildred under my care."

"My dear Henry," returned Miss Deverill, desperately, "you must drive me, or you will have my death to answer for. I will not trust myself again to that hare-brained boy, who sulked the entire way here, and knows nothing whatever of driving. Indeed, my nerves are at present in such a state that I can go home with nobody but you; besides, anybody can see that that horse is positively dangerous."

Lyndon glanced toward the animal in question, and saw that it was unquestionably skittish, displaying an evident desire to bolt, and seeming to take particular delight in taxing the patience of the small groom who stood on tiptoe to hold him, after which he looked once more at his cousin's dolorous countenance and relented.

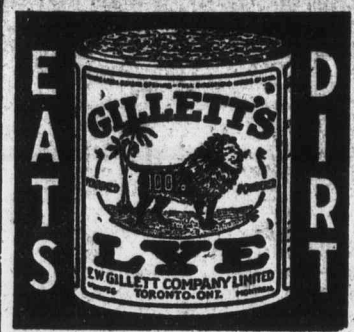
"Well, somebody must take care of Mildred," he said with hesitation, "and—where is Mildred?"

"She went toward the wood about half an hour ago—somebody ought to find her and say that we are on the move," responded Harvey from beneath a horse, where he was busily arranging a twisted strap.

"Eddie, go and find her," said his lordship, distractedly.

"Can't, my dear fellow; don't you see how engaged I am?" answered Eddie, casting an expressive glance at Silvia Lisle, who blushed and simpered, and lowered her white lids in acknowledgment in the most bewildering manner. "Denzil, you are doing nothing—go and succor the lost damsel, and restore her to the bosom of her bereaved family."

"Yes, do go and explain things to her, Younge," implored the unsuspecting Lyndon, "and just say how it was I was put in for my cousin. It is an awful bore," confided his lordship, in a heart-broken whisper, "but what can a man do when a girl comes crying to him about some miserable boy's stupidity? You bring Mildred home safely—there's a good fellow;



remember, I leave her to you;" and, without waiting for a reply, Lyndon bustled off, greatly to his cousin's relief, who dreaded lest some inopportune chance should again consign her to young Sunnery's care.

Both Lady Caroline and Mabel, who alone there knew his secret, had gone long since so Denzil was left with no one to assist him in this hour of perplexity—with no one to aid him in escaping the tete-a-tete drive that apparently lay before him. Ever since his arrival at King's Abbot he and Mildred had scarcely spoken to each other—had shown, indeed, a mutual though an unspoken determination to avoid each other in every possible way. And now to have her thrown on his hands in this unavoidable manner was most distasteful to him.

Then came the thought that she—knowing nothing of the circumstances—would perhaps imagine that he had connived at this arrangement, and had made the most of the opportunity offered to gain undisputed possession of her society for the long homeward drive.

This idea was particularly galling to his pride, and, as it grew on him he gnawed his mustache savagely, and reproached himself for not having left Clifton days before.

Why had he stayed? What induced him to linger could he be, when every hour caused him a fresh pang—every day brought new misery into his life? At first he had persuaded himself that it would be dishonorable to withdraw directly and without sufficient public cause, fearing he might compromise her in the eyes of Lyndon, who, he felt intuitively, knew nothing of his—Denzil's—hopeless infatuation for his promised wife. Women might perhaps feel themselves bound to tell their future lord of affairs in which their own hearts had been concerned, but surely there was no reason why they should reveal rejected addresses, and so betray the secrets of others.

Whether right or wrong, Denzil at least knew that Mildred had kept his intact, so he persuaded himself, on that first day of his coming, how impossible it would be for him to take his departure until a certain time had elapsed; though in his inmost heart he was aware that inclination, not necessity, was keeping him there.

Now he was repenting sorely of his decision as he trunk from intruding himself upon Mildred and cast about vainly in his mind for some excuse to offer Lyndon for his seeming discourtesy; and, as he thought, two of the carriages, to the sound of merry laughter, started on their journey, while others hastily followed, leaving the pony phaeton, which had brought Miss Trevanion, and which was to carry her home again, in the care of a small stray boy, who, the grooms having vanished with the other vehicles, had agreed for a consideration to take care of it until Denzil had returned from the quest.

The latter, seeing all this, muttered an impatient exclamation toward the breath and moved away toward the wood, following the direction he had seen Miss Trevanion take.

Meantime Mildred was in sad plight than Denzil dreamed. Having wandered rather further than she had had any intention of doing on first setting out and discovering that a wood in January is by no means the same thing as it is in July, she began to retrace her steps with the design of returning home with her mother. Dreading that she might be late and feeling, besides, intensely cold, she commenced to run, and, as she ran, her foot came upon a little frozen pool, slipping upon which she came heavily to the ground.

Raising herself up again directly, and thinking nothing of it, she hurried on once more; but presently an intense pain in her foot startled her, which in a few minutes increased to such a degree that she was obliged to seat herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, and, acknowledging herself disabled, consider how best to acquaint her friends with her mishap.

Fully half an hour passed thus, and she was almost upon the verge of despair, when footsteps coming hurriedly toward her from a side direction roused her, and, raising her eyes, she beheld Denzil. She blushed crimson.

"What has brought him?" she wondered. "Surely Lyndon—"

"At last I have found you," said Denzil, in his coldest tone, and as though he were politely bored at having been put to so much inconvenience. "I have come to tell you that the others have gone home."

"Gone!" echoed Mildred, with astonishment. "Then where is Lord Lyndon?"

"His cousin, Miss Deverill, was so nervous that she insisted on his driving her home, so he commissioned me to find you, and bear you his apologies," returned Denzil, repeating his lesson with prompt decision.

"I do not understand his treating me in such a manner," said Miss Trevanion, very pale and proud; "and where were Eddie and Charlie?"

"They also were fully occupied," Denzil said, bitterly; "but your sister preferring to return home with Lady Caroline, unfortunately left me free."

Mildred bit her lip.

"I regret very much that you should have given yourself this trouble," she said, slowly—"I am sorry you have come."

"And so am I," returned Denzil, haughtily; "but it is none of my doing. I beg you to believe, Miss Trevanion, that, if I could have avoided it, I would have done so. Then, seeing she made no attempt to move, he added, "Had you not better come? It is getting very late."

She made no answer, but, putting her hand against the side of the tree, raised herself to a standing position. As the injured foot, however, was brought more firmly to the ground a spasm of pain contracted her face.

"What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?" he asked, in a somewhat softer tone.

"I have strained my foot in some awkward way—it is nothing," she answered.

"Perhaps you had better take my arm," said he, still coldly; and she returned:

"No, thank you; I think I can manage to get on," and she did manage for a few yards or so, when she faltered, uttering a faint moan.

"What is the use of your persisting in this folly?" exclaimed Denzil, angrily. "Do you wish to be laid up for a month? Take my arm directly or—"

"Ungraciously—"shall I carry you? I think it would be better. I dare say I could do it without breaking down, as it is not very far—with a rapid glance toward the end of the path, where, just out of view, he knew the phaeton stood.

"No," she answered indignantly—"certainly not. I can walk quite well." But she took his arm for all that, and for a while hobbled along, miserably, beside him, her face white with pain.

Denzil, who was watching her furtively, and who was secretly cut to the heart and sick with anxiety about her, attempted another remonstrance—

"You know you are suffering horribly," he said; "why will you be so obstinate? If you will only permit me to carry you to the end of this path—only a few yards now—it will be so much better for you. Do try to understand—sincerely—that I have no desire whatever to carry you, for my own part—that I think you would be rather heavy than otherwise; but I cannot bear to see any creature enduring pain."

To which extremely rude exhortation she did not deign to make reply of any kind, beyond a faint pretense of withdrawing her hand from his arm, which he refused silently to let her do.

In this manner, and in dignified silence, they proceeded yet a few steps further; and then suddenly Miss Trevanion stood quite still, and gazed up at him with wide, agonized, and almost appealing eyes.

"This is madness!" cried Denzil, and forthwith, not asking any further leave, took her up in his arms, and walked on again, so burdened, with a frowning brow, and a set, unpleasant expression about his lips.

Miss Trevanion was so taken by surprise, and so utterly prostrated with pain, that at first she made no protest, but presently began to cry quietly in a broken, wretched sort of way. Denzil stopped.

"Shall I put you down?" he asked, sternly.

The situation, being unsought by him, and extremely distasteful—with his heart beating passionately, as if to warn him how insufficiently under control it was—compelled him to assume an ill-temper he was very far from really feeling. Miss Trevanion sobbed on, but made no reply, knowing she had none to make, and so wisely refraining from speech of any kind; whereupon Denzil marched on as before, not addressing another word to her.

He was a strong man; but a full-grown, healthy young woman was no light weight—so it was no disgrace to his manhood to confess that, when at length he had her safely deposited in the carriage, he was rather glad than regretful. Taking the reins from the boy, and throwing him some silver, he drove away without a single glance at his companion, as she lay back exhausted among the cushions he had carefully, but sulkily, arranged for her.

The pretty little bay ponies suffered more than they deserved at his hands that day, being disgustfully wet when they came into their groom's care, about an hour and a half later; but of what their driver was thinking, or whether he was grave or gay, Miss Trevanion had no opportunity of judging, as, from the time they started until they reached home, he never opened his lips to her.

(To be continued.)

## Have Been Tried and Found Good

WHY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE SO POPULAR.

They are invaluable as a Tonic and Family Medicine As Well As a Preventive and Cure for the More Serious Kidney Diseases.

Chelmsford, Ont., June 19.—(Special)—"We have found Dodd's Kidney Pills extremely good. We are in good health, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

These are the words of Miss Della Charron, a well-known resident here. Others tell the same story. They have tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and found them good.

For Dodd's Kidney Pills as a tonic and family medicine are without an equal. When you feel worn, tired and run down the chances are ten to one that your kidneys are at fault.

When the kidneys become clogged or out of order, the circulation becomes sluggish, the impurities are not strained out of the blood and the result is weariness and lack of energy all over the body.

This condition is not only disagreeable, but dangerous as well. The impurities in the blood are the seeds of disease. If they are not removed Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, or Bright's Disease may result.

Guard against these diseases and get back your accustomed energy by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Drive a nail through an empty spool. It will make a handy peg to hang damp towels on. The spool will not tear or rust the article hung upon it.

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game—Charles Lamb.

## Magic "Nerviline" Cures Toothache, Earache

IT RELIEVES EVERY EXTERNAL PAIN.

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Tight Chest and Hoarseness.

It's when sickness comes at night, when you are far from the druggist or the doctor, that's when you need Nerviline most. Experienced mothers are never without it. One of the children may have toothache. Without Nerviline—a sleepless night for the entire household. It may be earache, perhaps a stiff neck, or one of the kiddies coughing with a bad chest cold. Nothing can give quicker results than vigorous rubbing with this old-time family remedy.

Nerviline is too useful, too valuable to be without. For lumbago, lame back, sciatica or neuralgia there is no liniment with half of Nerviline's power to penetrate and ease the pain.

As a family safeguard, as something to ward off sickness and to cure the minor ills that will occur in every family, to cure pain anywhere, you can find nothing to compare with old-time Nerviline, which for forty years has been the most widely used family remedy in the Dominion. The most economical size is the large 50c family size bottle, small trial size 25c. All dealers sell Nerviline.

## AN OLD POEM.

SONG OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

Up, comrades, up! to our bugle—The assembly, it sounds loud and clear: Of time, as of fare, let's be frugal, And on with our old fighting gear. Though our feet be sore with the marching—

And hunger won't leave us alone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We're prepared—are we not—Queen's Own?

## CHORUS:

Though our feet be sore with the marching— And hunger won't leave us alone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We're prepared—are we not—Queen's Own?

## II.

On! Comrades, On! travel faster; On! not a moment's delay: 'Twill bring but disgrace and disaster, And may make many sad hearts to-day. On our quick march, perchance, are depending Victory and the lives of the brave: The quicker the sooner it's ending, And rest comes with peace or the grave.

## CHORUS:

Though our feet be sore with the marching— And hunger won't leave us alone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We're prepared—are we not—Queen's Own?

## III.

Home! comrades, home! rifles slinging, Hearts bounding with delight; Flags are flying, the joy bells are ringing. As they welcome us home from the fight. Now off to our peaceful vocations, The workshop, the desk, or the gown; We're sure of good quarters and rations, Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.

## CHORUS:

Now off to our peaceful vocations, The workshop, the desk or the gown; We're sure of good quarters and rations, Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.

## STRAWBERRY TIME IS HERE

HOUSEWIVES ARE ADVISED TO "GET BUSY!"

"Preparedness" is Advisable in Food Preparation; and Strawberries Are One of the Staple Fruits for Canning—Now is the Time.

Strawberries are ripe; and if we don't utilize them in every possible way while fresh and fragrant from the garden, and then put up as many as we can for future use, we shall be losing a golden opportunity. The strawberry is a wholesome fruit for most people. But there are persons who cannot eat the fresh berries without bring on some discomfort of the stomach, though they may eat the cooked fruit with impunity.

When it comes to ways of cooking and serving strawberries, we will try first, old-fashioned shortcake.

## THE CAPTAIN OF THE PIT.

Down in the deep, the utter deep, where white Sea-serpents hide, There dropped a wreck's great tangled heap, The ocean's waves; for it was fang'd both fore and aft inside.

The Shark and Strake, a conference called to view this fearsome sight; They took the Pilot-fish to ring the bells with all his might; To summon vipers from the Pit—the Pit, below the light.

So o'er the sands of oceans' floor, there crawled great slimy things, And never human eyes hath seen with all its fathomings; And when the rustler roll was called, the Pilot-fish, he sings:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! All fish that swim and ye that dwell within The Pit, our brother Shark has asked who did this grievous sin: Who came from out the slime below to hurl their fangs at men?"

The blind, white Serpents snaked around to feel within the rip. And shook their heads so added wise, the Shark called back his kin: For none of all the Serpents knew whose fang had struck the ship.

The Squid dipped in his pot of ink to write a curt denial; He wrote about the spawn of men who'd died without a smile; The tiny human babes who laid within the chambered pile.

The Shark had just begun to weep, when shadows crept o'erhead, And down there came a Submarine to nestle 'midst the dead; A snaky thing so fearsome built; its fangs was dripping red.

The Cuttle-fish, the Adder-snake, the blind Sea-serpents white, The Scurrying-squid, the Killer-whale, they all recoiled in fright, For deep within the Submarine they heard a voice recite:

"I am the thing, Ya-Ya-Ya-Ya! the captain of the Pit; The sinking, snaking Submarine, whose fierce fang has slit At two mile range, this fast mail boat; so drink to me: Froost!"

## FINISHING BIG GUNS.

A Wonderful Process—The Wire-Wound is Best.

When quite cool after the boring and the tempering of the metal the embryo gun is subjected to a second boring. Its outer tube—for there are two tubes—is fixed permanently to the inner tube is a most interesting position. This latter tube is placed upright into a pit made for the purpose, and over it is propped the outer tube, taken from the furnace at a blue heat, the two uniting by the shrinkage set up by cooling. To ensure, as far as possible, that this important operation will turn out an unqualified success, the bore is measured to the infinitesimal part of an inch.

A little grit in the outer tube may ruin all, but, even when all conditions have been faultlessly complied with, something may still go wrong to spoil the gun. Perhaps, through some inequality in the cooling process, the ends of the two tubes may take grip before the middle part has definitely left the expansion stage, with results which may well be guessed. It is here the value of gas jets as a heating agency enters. Unless regular contraction is assured, the gun may have to be written off as a spoiled one, or, worse still, be passed and certified only to set up a fatal defect when put to actual use.

By this time a multiplicity of operations have been passed through, yet the new gun is still far from being finished. Bore-chasing, or very fine boring, has to be performed, and the surface lapped with lead and emery, the latter to produce a faultless surface. Of course, the rifling grooves which give the parting steady twist to the projectile, besides economizing the propulsive force, have to be attended to, for smooth bore guns are entirely out of date. It is this rifling which brought about a revolution in the accuracy of special. The grooves are cut out by special machinery after the breach of the gun has been prepared to receive it. Then there follows a number of lesser operations, mainly connected with the fittings of the breach, and, when all is ship-shape, gutta serena impressions are taken of the bore, which had previously been measured to a thousandth part of an inch. The gun is now a gleaming thing of burnished metal ready to slay its hundreds, but before being passed into the service, it is submitted to a very searching test, much more severe than it is ever likely to be put to in the most fiercely contested battle.

Pieces of artillery are sometimes referred to as wire guns. The country which was quickest to realize the merits of wired ordnance was undoubtedly Britain, and the outcome to-day is that the finest guns extant the British made and British owned. The wire gun is the soundest in the world. It could hardly fail to be. The wire—its almost broad and thick enough to be termed a ribbon—is coiled at the tremendous initial pressure of 50 tons to the square inch, and if any defect is to show at all, it must do so in the covering process. The advantage, however, does not end here, as will be realized when it is explained that a 12-inch wire gun, though weighing only a trifle more than the ordinary twelve inches, can throw a shell 136 pounds heavier and pierce 10 more inches of wrought iron than the other. This simply means that the plain or banded gun is no match whatever for the wire gun of similar calibre.

## NAME NEW STATION PETAIN

Junction of K. V. and C.P.R. Will Bear Historic Designation.

In honor of the gallant French general who has been in command of the operations at Verdun during the terrific onslaughts delivered by the Germans, the junction point of the Kettle Valley Railway with the main line of the C. P. R., near the station of Hope, on the north side of the Fraser River, has been named Petain. The appellation appears in the new summer time schedules, which are now in the printers' hands, and will be issued shortly.

The new time table will become effective on June 4, as previously announced. The junction point of the Kettle Valley and the C. P. R. lines near Otter Summit, where the Spences Bridge branch of the latter road ends, has been designated Brodie as a compliment to H. W. Brodie, general passenger agent for the C.P.R.

## Sulphur in New Zealand.

Sulphur deposits are found on White Island in the Bay of Plenty, on the coast of the North Island of New Zealand, about thirty miles from the mainland. This island, which covers about 600 acres, attains a height of 900 feet on one side and opens to the sea on the other. Its topography indicates an old crater, and the boiling lake on the island, which is one of the awe-inspiring sights of New Zealand, is a further evidence of volcanism. After the New Zealand Sulphur company had spent \$100,000 in preparation for mining sulphur in this locality a volcanic disturbance wrecked the camp and killed ten men.

## Burns and Fame.

It is amusing to learn that Burns when just emerging from obscurity jocularly anticipated that his birthday would come to be noted among other remarkable events. In a letter to his eddy patron, Gavin Hamilton, in 1786 he says, "For my own affair I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas a Kempis or John Bunyan, and you may henceforth expect to see my birthday inscribed among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin and Aberdeen almanacs along with the Black Monday and the battle of Bothwell Bridge."

Mary—Lor', mum, I don't mean to, but you do bob around so.—Boston Transcript.

## ANY WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR GOOD HEALTH QUICKLY REWARDED

A Simple Home Treatment Now Advocated That Gives Fine Results.

When a woman's face grows haggard and pale, when she is tired all day and ready to cry when night comes, she ought to know something is wrong.

Putting off only makes matters worse. The best advice we can give any sickly woman is to test out the following treatment:

At the close of every meal, with a sip or two of water, take two chocolate-coated Ferrozone Tablets. This seems to be the best thing going for folks who are tired out, run down and in need of a strengthening, building-up medicine.

Ferrozone's action adds the three principal functions of the body—digestion, assimilation, elimination.

By strengthening digestion it forms an abundance of rich, red blood—this gives good color.

By perfecting assimilation, Ferrozone supplies nutrition—this gives strength, vim, stability.

Elimination is assured because Ferrozone quickens the actions of the liver, kidneys and bowels—this guarantees the maintenance of vigorous health.