HER HUMBLE == LOVER ==

She returns in a few minutes with Lady Rookwell, and closes the door

her carefully. has been telling me, Sir Frederic?" says Lady Rookwell, earnestly, and with a sharp scrutiny of his hagard face. "Is—Is it true that poor Lord Delamere is—I cannot speak the It cannot be true.'

"It is quite true," he says, in a low, uncertain voice. "Heft him dying. There is on time for explanation, Lady Rookwell. My miston is to bring his—his wife to him. Can she

Lady Rookwell stands at the win dow, and he knows that the tears are running down her face. Then she

turns sudenly.
"I will ask her," she says, with a tone of decision. "Stay here. I may

send for you."
Carefully removing all traces Carefully removing all traces of tears, Lady Rookwell goes into the adjoining sitting-room. Pale and motionless, Signa lies in a chair, her head thrown back, her eyes closed, her hand lying idly in her lap, as she has lain for the last two days, as if dead to the world and lost in the past.

"My dear," she says, then falters.
Signa opens her eyes and turns
them upon her with the awful, despairing look which has wrung the old lady's heart every time she has

met it.
"My dear," she says, 'do you feel
better, stronger?" and she smooths
the hair from the face that has never looked lovelier even in its hours of biles than it does now for all its pal-Lady Rookwell comes up to her and

lor.
"Better, stronger?" echoes Signa, with a faint smile that is pathetic in its mirthlessness. "Yes, I am quite well, Lady Rookwell; I am lying here because it would hurt you if I got up, and seem ungrateful. But I am tired, oh, very tired! If one could but sleep away one's life when it got unbearable!" and she sighs. "But why do you ask?"

Because I wanted to speak to you, dear. You know we have not press-ed you, have not bothered you, since

"You found me more dead than alive in that awful station. Yes, I know. You are all goodness to me, dear. I always knew that you had the tenderest heart in the world, and you have proved it by letting me keep my secret," and she takes the wrinklhand in hers and kisses it softly, letting it drop again with a listles weariness.

Lady Rookwell sits silent for a moment; she has often had to "break" bad news, but never such news as

this.
"Then I may speak, dear?" she says. Signa opens her eyes again. "Yes; but not—not—of what brought me here." she says, fearfuly.
"But, Signa—well, I must say this.
You know you were very ill?"
Signa shudders.
"I was almost man!" she says, in a whisher. "Yea"

whisper. "Yes. "People in delirium are mad for the time, dear, and you were delirious You wandered a great deal in your talk, and mentioned names; amongst them was Sir Frederic Blyte's." Signa starts, and the blood rushes

face, leaving a deathly pallor "Well?" she says, with distended

"Well, dear, I—I telegraphed to him."

"No!" she exclaims, with a shudder; then she sinks back. "But it did not matter; he was not there."

"No; he was not there; but—but why do you look like that, Signa? You—you surely do not fear him?"

"Fear him?" she papeals, with clinched fist, "He is the cause of all my misery. But for him I should have gone on, happy in my ignorance." Her violet eyes fill with tears, and the hands interlace spassholdcally. "But for him I should never have known; I might have gone down to the grave in ignorance, and did in—in my mignorance."

The were no more to her than any other messenger from her beloved.

"Well, sir." she pants, "your message—quick!"

"Lord Delamere is dangerously ill; he has sent me for you, I am to give you this," he says, as if every word cost him a pang; and he hands her the ring.

With a low cry she takes it and presses it to her lips.

"No more?"

"No more?"

"No more?"

"No thing more—except this he is innocent, Lady Delamere."

She laughs with wild scorn.

"Innocent! What should I care for that? Innocent! Though he were guil—ty of all your message—quick!"

"Lord Delamere is dangerously ill; he has sent me for you, I am to give you this," he says, as if every word cost him a pang; and he hands her the ring.

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"No this," he says, as if every word cost him a pang; and he hands her the ring. gone down to the grave in ignorance, and died in—in my darling's arms, happy to the last! Fear Sir Frederic Blyte! I loathe him!"

Aghast, Lady Rookwell sinks back in silence. How can she tell her that the man is here, in the same house?

In silence. How can she tell her that the man is here, in the same house? There is a moment's pause, then Signa sits up again and stares at her

But why do you sav all this? Why ou ask me? May do you as! Why do you mention that man

Lady Rookwell nerves horself for the effort.
"My dear," she says, gently, stretching out her hand and taking the white one nearest her, "because he is here!"
"Where! In this house?" gasps Sig.

he is here!"
"Here! In this house?" gasps Signa? "How dare he? The coward! Is there no place where I can be safe from his hateful presence?"

from his hateful presence?"
"Hush, hush, my poor child! He is here, not by hiz own accord, but by dire necessity. He was sent here—""Sent here—to me! Who sent him! I do not believe it. It is false!" and she tears her hand away and thrusts back her hair from her face with a wild gesture.

wild gesture.
"My dear, it is true. Can you not "My dear, it is true. Can you not mess who has sent him?"
"No! No, I cannot! No one could have sent him except.—" a pause; and with a twinge of agony she covers her face with her hands. "No one excepting him land he would not send this man!"
"I'm you mean your hus-

"In you mean your hus-band. Lord Delamere," says Lady "If you mean your husband, Lord Delamere," says Lady Rookwell, firmy but gently, "you are right. He has

"Hector!" breathes Signa, almost

Yes. Hector Delamere." "Why? Why? "Cannot you guess, Signa? He has sent him to tell you that—that you are to go back to him."

A shudder runs through Signa's frame, and her eyes close.

"No, he would not do that. knows that I would not go! Never-never!"

"But suppose—I only say suppose—he needed you?"
"Needed me!"
"Yes; be calm, my child! Suppose

he needed you very much; that—that he was ill!"

"Ah!" comes with a gasp.

"Very ill, my dear, you would go to him; you would not be so wicked, so unforgiving, let him have done what

he may, as to refuse?"
Signa leans forward, panting, hreathless

"What is it? Oh, tell me at once!
Don't—don't keep me in suspense!
You are killing me! What is it you want to tell me, and are airaid? Is it it—ah!" with a wild cry. "He is ill, and I am here, all these miles away! Tell me—you shall speak! you sit there staring at me?" Why do

"Hush! hush! my poor child! Signa, be brave still! Signa, I will tell you —I will tell you the truth! Hector is

"It as false! You mean that he dead!" she shricks. "I see it in you dead!" she shrleks. "I see it in your face!" and she starts up wildly, with her hands clasped, her eyes staring down at Lady Rookwell's white face. Lady Rookwell catches her in her arms and holds her. "No, no! He is aiive! I said that I would tell you the

truth! He is alive and has sent for you! "Where is he? Oh, Heaven! all those miles away!" pants Signa. "All those miles! Let me go to him—oh, my darling, my darling! I have been mad, mad! I see it now! Who was I to judge? What did it matter? The last the past was nothing the pres-

past, the past was nothing, the present was mine and his, and he loved me. He loved me, and I was not con-tent. Yes, I deserve it all! Heaven has punished me! and her head drops upon Lay Rookwell's bosom with a

Then her mood changes suddenly and with a calm, almost haughty gesture, she frees herself from the trem-

bling arms.

Don't speak to me; leave me alone for a moment—to think! Where am I? In Paris ,and he is in Casalina! Is

"Yes, yes! "It will take—I must start at once!
Ah, this man, Sir Frederic? Where is he? Bring him to me!"

Are you sure-"Bring him to me!" with a low moan. "Do you not see that I have come to my senses." Do not be afraid; I know what I am about. Bring him to me! If my poor darling has sent him, I will see him and take my husband's message from his lips. Oh, do not be afraid, I am quite calm now!"
Lady Rookwell goes out immedi-

ately. "Come with me," she says to Sir Frederic. Be patient with her; she has been almost out of her mind, but

she is calm now. You can tell her the worst."
Biting his lips till the blood comes,

he follows her. White, statuesque, Signa stands the middle of the room, and eyes him eyes:

"Well, dear, I—I telegraphed to other messenger from her beloved.

ty of all you accuse him of, and worse, I should not care! I left him at the bidding of -of ---

bidding of of "Of "Do not spare me," he says, with sad bitterness. "No words you can say can be more hard to bear than my remorse. Rest assured that I am

She looks at him, through him, then glides swiftly to the door.
"Wait!" she says, "I shall be ready in five minutes, Oh, Heaven, the miles—the miles between us! Dying! and I am here!"

CHAPTER XXXIII. The sun is sinking behind the Tuscan hills: far down in the valley the

tinkling of the sheep-bells and the lowing of the cattle being driven slowly homeward float in the still, even-ing air, and mingle harmoniously with the chapel-bell, ringing softly for vespers. Hector, my Lord of Dela-mere, lies motionless, with his eyes turned to the window, through which the last rays of the dying sun shine with a warm, crimson glow that lights up the wan face with a semb-

lance of its former self.

Beside him stands the sister, her mild, dove-like eyes fixed upon his face with intense, yet half-concealed

"Is the light too much, milord?"

the inquire he says, and only she who has grown familiar to the almost in-audible voice could hear him. "No, I am waiting for it to go—another hour, or less. Did you ever wait as I have waited, sister? Yes? You know, then, how long the minutes can be. These seem hours, ages, weeks! Read me the telegram again." She takes the familiar paper from his grasp, and reads the message: "My darling, I shall be with you to

"My darling, I shall be with you to night Signa."

"To-night," he murmurs—"it is only evening now! The train is sure to be late. Ah, how weak my voice sounds! I beg your pardon, eistercome nearer. To-night! I said I should live till she comes, and I think I shall. Give ms something—anything. If you could give me the elixir the wise men used to dream of in the middle ages—the elixir of youth and immortality now! But you can only give me—what is it you can only give me—what is it—champagne? Thank you, thank you. Put the clock where I can hear it

"My lord must calm himself, or he will be worn out before—before the time." murmurs the sister.

A wan smile crosses his face.
"I am calmness itself, sister," he

"Yes, I know how important it says. "Yes, I know how important it is, I have been saving up my strength for the next hour. Even the good father is satisfied and praises me," and he smiles again, but it is evident he

he smiles again, but it is evident he is only talking to while away the time, the lagging, lame-foot time.

There is a silence for a minute or two, then he looks up at the clock, whose dial he cannot decipher.

"Sister." he says, "I have just made up my mind to sleep."

She shakes her head incredulously.
"No? You shall see" he gave

"No? You shall see," he says.
"Raise my head a little. Give me the telegram. I will sleep this dawdling hour away. What is it the poet says? 'Ah, me, that time should be

long, and life so short.' So short!" and with a sigh he clos

es his eyes. The sister watches, and presently

bends over him. The will so strong still, though all else is so weak, has conquered. He is asleep. An hour passes. The priest comes

An nour passes. The priest comes in with noiseless steps.

"Asleep?" he says, with hushed surprihe; "it is time they were here. Listen, what is that?" for there is the sound of distant wheels.

Hector seems to hear them even in his sleep, for he murmurs:
"My darling! At last! It has been

very long-long-long! The priest goes on tiptoe from the room; he has caught the sound of hushed footsteps in the hall below. A few minutes pass, then the door opens, and Signa glides in. She has thrown her hat and jacket off, and wears the old black dress which she wore that day to St. Clare.

For a moment she pauses at bedside with averted face; then with one effort hhe braces herself to meet the change which she knows must have come to the handsome face of her beloved, and looks down at him Then, with not a cry, with not a tear, she kneels down and lays her

Half an hour passes. The sister and the tender-hearted father stand in the shadow out of sight, both weeping silently.

At the end of the half-hour Hector

"Signa," he murmurs; 'am I dream-ing still?"

She puts her arm round him, and lifts him till his head lies upon her

bosom, and lays her lips upon his without a single word. An hour later ; he is still lying in her arms, and there is still silence between them. Only once has he spok

en, and then but to say:
"I knew that I should live until you
came, dear!" and he seems quite con-

tent to lie and rest with his head upon her bosom looking up at her occa-sionally, as if the sight of her face were life to him. The doctor has ar rived, and stands looking down with compressed lips and inscrutable face; he feels the flickering pulse, and avoiding the violet eyes that, fixed upon his face, seem—as they would wring the truth from him, goes out

ALUM POWDER

brought the verdict, life or death, in his hands.
"Well?" demands Lady Rookwell,

almost fiercely, while Laura clings to her trembling.

The doctor looks from one to the

other, and shrugs his shoulders, not unfeelingly, but as an intense expression of his inability to answer them.
"We must wait," he says. "He is neither better nor worse. Another man would have ben dead twice over; but this man—he!—has the will of three. And, miladi, a man who can will him-self to live as he has done will not die without a hard fight for it. But I say nothing; I can do nothing; no one can do anything. You need not speak be-low your breath, miladi," he adds; "it is a case in which no noise, scarce anything is capable of exciting the pa

And he goes out and smokes a cigarette, much less calm and cold than

Slowly the night rolls on. A look of peace and deeply rooted joy rests upon Hector's tace; and his voice is full of patient serenity, as, after a time, he speaks her name:

"Signa!" "Hector!" she breathes "Who came with you, my darling? I heard voices, or did I dream them?" "Lady Rookwell and Laura Der-went; they are downstairs," she ans-

went; they are downstairs, she answers, calmly.

He pauses and thinks.

"And he—Sir Frederic?"

"Yes," she says, in the same tone.

"I am glad," he murmurs, faintly.

"Poor fellow! Signa, send for them.

Father, come near. Signa'—putting out his hand slowly till it touches the priest's thin one—"if —ever—you hear the word 'friend' spoken, think of this good man. No brother, no mother, could have done more for me than he has done. But words are poor things—poor things!" and his hand tries to press the one he holds. "Father, I want you to do one thing more for me, There is—a—story to tell that she must have I will come better from must hear It will come better from your lips than mine, even if I could tell it, which I cannot. I want the others to hear it. Him—Sir Frederic

especially. Will you send for them,"
"Hector!" she pleads, bending over
him; but he smiles and shakes his It has gone on quite long enough,

dear," he says. "Concealment has borne too deadly a crop already; we will cut it down and cast it into the fire. You shall tell them, father, how it happens that I have been called ! a worse man even than I am, Let them come in. The sister, at a signal from the

The sister, at a signal from the priest, goes downstairs and speaks a word to the three who are waiting.
"He has sent for you," she says, simply, and noiselessly they follow her into the hushed room. The doctor

follows. "It can do no harm," he says. must have his wish. If it should dis-turb him to much I will hold up my hand and you will go out, please Hector greets them with a faint smile, that grows infinitely tender as Lady Rookwell stoops and kisses his

"Hush!" he says. "Don't cry! That's not like you! Besides," with a faint copy of his old ironical smile, "I have copy of his old fronteal simile, I have sent for you to be—amused. Sit down—no, let me hold your hand—ah! this was worth living for! Now, father, the truth, and all the truth."

(To be continued.)

A Rainless Coast.

Autofagasta (West Coast of South America) contains some of the greatest nitrate fields in the world. The country looks like a vast tract of slag, rock and cinders, shimmering and indescent in the blazing heat. Rain falls so seldom that on Rain falls so seldom that one occasion a man who one occasion a man who was carrying a furled umbrella was mobbed in the street by a mocking crowd, and there is a valley near where, according to tradition, it has never rained since the world began. Owing to the barren nature of the country, every scrap of fresh meat, every green vegetable, and every drop of fresh water has to be brought hundreds of miles up the coast by steamer. There are, or were two cows in Antofagasta. One was owned by the British hospital, and its milk jealously reserved for the patients; the other belonged to the wife of the manager of the commercial house.—"Wide World Magazine."

"Spiff."

Sectional beits. Scalloped peplums.
Pendant skirt panels. Narrow foundations for tunies.

There is pienty of room at the top Downstairs two pale faced, anxious even for the man who wants to lock women are awaiting him, as if he down on the rest of us.

MAGIC READ THE Battle Stories From the West Front

WEARING THE BOCHE DOWN

"We're killing the Boches at a great t rate," said a wounded sergeant from a home country regiment; "but that's not all of it—we're wearing them down in a variety of ways. Now, here's a tiny example. Where I was we all knew the Boche had made up his mind Where I was we all to win back at any price at all the bit of Hindenburg line we held. "He tried different dodges, as I dare-

say you've heard. Opposite my lot he put in a regiment of the Prussian Grenadier Guards, after special train orenadier Guards, after special training behind the lines—the very cream of his troops, you know. Well, they came in with a h— of a hurroosh, no doubt. I've not seen anything to beat their bombing attacks. I don't mind admitting that we learned a thing or two ourselves from them—about bombing attacks, I mean—some quite useful tips. And we thought we'd learned the job pretty well, too, since last July. But we got an extra wrin-kle or two from these Prussian Grenadiers. Well, we were tired, and they came in full of beans, or sauerkraut, or whatnot, and they fairly bombed us out of several bits of line. They overpowered us several times by sheer

overpowered us several times by saver weight of numbers and—ginger.
"But here's my point. They lasted four days: on the first day they beat us out of bits of trenches; on the third and fourth days they came on again, but on the third day they got far more than they gave. The fourth day there wasn't a trace of the fire they showed on the first day. There was no snap left in 'em. By the night of the fourth day we'd got back all the bits of ground we'd lost, and we were pounding h— out of these Grenadiers at their own game. Then the remnants of 'em were withdrawn. They were done to the world—fin-ished. We were just beginning to enjoy ourselves, and doing much better than they did on their first day.

"Well, we're only an average K. army lot, you know, and they were the Prussian Grenadiers. I tell you we are wearing down the Boches we don't kill. By the time the American mis-lions are ready next spring, I'm thinking Master Boche will be hard put to It to offer them a decent show at all." GOOD SAMARITANS.

"Our barrages now," said an Irishman in a north country regiment, "they're just as good as they were at the first of this shove forward. course, the pushes come at little bits of the line, here and there, and there's not so much weight in the barrage. On Easter you could see nothin' but a curtain of fire for miles, with the turf flyin' and the smoke risin' in wan long line. But you'll understan' that now, with us drivin' in little bits here and there, you can only see them places where the guns are poundin' the dust out av them.

"It's curious the way we go forward behind the barrage and there's some of us that are too impatient to be tak-in' the quiet stroll behind it that we ought to. This last attack where I got what puts me in bed like this, our lads were gettin under our own fire because they were too eager. An of-ficer ran forward at the risk of his own skin, and stopped the lads from goin' too quick. The poor lad was kill-ed just as he checked the men.

"I got it in both legs before we reached the German lines, but, Clory be to God, I fell into a shell-hole, and lay down as anug as you please in a clever place. I lay there for hours, and I heard a great roarin' noise comin' near me. I knew it was a tank, and

near me. I knew it was a tank, and I prayed it would not come over me, me bein' hid in the shell-hole. But I heard it go roarin' past quite near, and then it got stuck, and I could hear it fighting and strugglin' to get clear. I never saw it.

"Later in the day, a lad I knew came by, slightly wounded. "Hullo, Peter," says he, when he saw me in the hole. 'For God's sake thave you a water-bottle with you?' says I, 'me legs is both broke and I can't move to get a grip of mine.' He threw me down his water-bottle, and it bein' full of rum and water, it kept me goin'. Then it began to rain, and ruil of rum and water, it kept me goin'. Then it began to rain, and another lad, passin' by, saw me and threw me down a water-proof sheet. Late at night the stretcher-bearers got me. So they were all Good Grand got me. So they were all Good Samaritans, the way they helped, them that saw me lyin by the wayside." THE COOL SHAVE.

"THE COOL SHAVE.

"The coolest thing I've seen out there," said a private of the Argyll and Sutherlands, "was after the advance had broken into open fighting. Sometimes it happens in open-fighting, that you hold, not a trench, but just a line of shell-holes. This time our shell-holes were next to a battation of the Gordons that mostly came from Morayshire, my country, and as

ion of the Gordons that mostly came from Morayshire, my country, and as things were quiet except for a bit of shelling, I just dropped into a shell-hole where the Gordons were.

"There was a sergeant-major in this hole, shaving as calmly as if there were no such things as shells flying around, I said to him, "Man, Serjeant-major," I said, "ye arenae fear't?" Says he, 'I left my fear by the side o' the Lossie'. That's the rever that Eig'n stands on. And we had a bit of a crack then. He told me he had been an athlete in h's day, and when he a crack then. He told me he had been an athlete in his day, and when he told me his name, I knew him for a man famous on the cycle-track. We were talking away about Elgin and Pluscarden and Mosstowie, and about expulse the cabout the content of the content of the content of the cabout the cabout and about the cabout t Pluscarden and Mosstowie, and about people thereabout, when suddenly a Boche turned up at the crater lipHow he got there. Heaven only knows, but we were a bit mixed up with the Germans round us near and far. This Boche had an ugly look as if he meant mischief, but it didnae disturb the Serjeant-major much. He just laid down his razor and picked up his rifle and bayonet, and sauntered out with soap down one side of his face.

"The Boche had a bomb in his hand, but he dropped it without drawing the

but he dropped it without drawing the safety pin, and he up with his hands. The Sergeant major rounded him up into the shell-hole, dropping him in by the scruff of his neck. He made the German hold up the mirror till he

finished his shave.

"I had to laugh at that. The Serjeant-major looked as if it was the most ordinary occurrence in the day's work. I had to get back to my lot then, and I don't know what happened to the Serjeant-major and his prisoner. I hope he came through all right. The Gordons went over the top scope after and I hear they made an finished his shave. soon after, and I hear they made an awful mess of the Germans. If they are all of the same breed as the Serjeant-major, I don't wonder in the least."

INCREASED COST OF SUGAR IS Since Gladys took to gardening SURPRISINGLY LOW.

Women Now Realize What a Foolish Extravagance it Was to Do Without Homemade Preserves.

There is nothing quite so effective facts and figures to demolish a

fallacy Last year, when sugar went up a few cents in price, some people decided that they would not keep up decided that they would not keep up their regular supply of home-made preserves. They could only see the 2-cent or 3-cent increase in the price of sugar. They could not see how much more it would cost them to replace preserves with anything else. They did not stop to figure how this increase in the cost of sugar was going to affect the cost of preserving. Others did, however, and proved that the cost of preserving, due to the increased cost of sugar, had been

greatly exaggerated. greatly exaggerated.

Here is the way these clever women proved it. Before the war, we know that sugar was 5½ cents a pound. Because of war conditions, the price of sugar fluctuates, but the retail price for the best granulated sugar averages 8½ cents a pound. This is an average increase of only 3 cents a pound.

Every good housekeeper knows that a quart jar of preserved berries or fruit requires only half a pound of sugar, so that the increased cost of preserving, due to the increased cost of sugar, is only 1½ cents a pound.

This is why a jar of home made This is why a jar of nome made strawberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, peaches or pears is about the most inexpensive sweet or despert that can be put on the table.

that can be put on the table.

Besides the economy of putting up a goodly supply of home-made preserves; there is another reason. We must conserve our food supply. We must save our fruit crops. Last year, because of the mistaken idea of economy hundreds of thousands of must conserve our food supply. We must save our fruit crops. Last year, because of the mistaken idea of economy, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of berries and fruit were wasted. Now that the women that the cost of preserve is that the cost of preserve is the cost of the co realize that the cost of preserving

greatly exaggerated last year they are determined to do more preserving, and also to enjoy an abundance of delicious home made jams, jellies and preserves winter.

A LITTLE MISTAKE. And wields the rake and hoe,
She wears a pair of overalls
Just like her brother Joe,
And with her rakish panama,
She is a picture that
Whenever I behold her snakes
My heart go pit-a-pat.

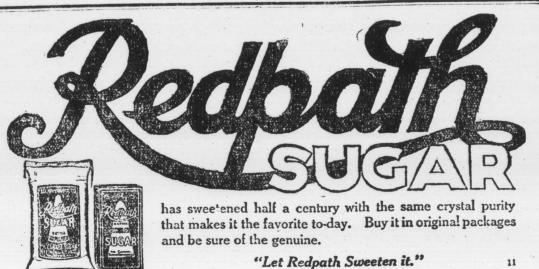
Last night beneath the silver moon ast night beneath the silver mode
I stole upon her where
he weeded the potato patch
With slow and patient care.
clasped her in my arms and took
A klas and then another,
Sefore I saw that it was not
My Gladys, but her brother.
—Minna Irvine, in New York Sun.

HOW IS YOUR APPETITE?

Loss of appetite during the summer months is a common trouble, and indicates that the digestive system is out of order. Lacking a healthy appetite, many people-especially women-go too long withcut food, or eat sparingly because food seems to distress them, and it is no wonder that they complain that they are constantly tired and unable to stand the hot weather. This simply means that the digestive system is not doing its proper work, and that the nutriment that should come from the food is not being distributed to the various organs of the body. In other words, the blood is growing thin and watery.

You need a summer tonic, and in all the realm of medicine there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink tonic can equal Dr. Williams Pink
Fills. Take a short treatment with
these pills now and notice how
promptly your appetite returns and
your power to digest food improves.
Your food will then do you good,
your strength will return and you will no longer complain that the hot weather tires you out.

The best time to begin taking Dr Williams' Pink Pills is the moment you feel the least bit out of sorts. Co., Brockville, Ont.



2 and 5 lb. Cartons—10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags. Made in one grade only—the highest!