

Young People

Every Girl a Princess

By Grace G. Bostwick

EVERY girl is a princess in her own right!" The speaker was a lovely young woman with a gracious manner and carriage so unusual as to excite continual comment. Her beauty was the more remarkable in view of the fact that she had been known but a few years before as the veritable ugly duckling of her family.

"How did I do it?" She laughed with appreciative delight at my amaze, then sobered as she looked back into the past "I shall never forget," she said slowly "that day when I was given the simple truth to guide me through those terrible years of awkwardness. Terrible," she continued reflectively, "because of my exceeding sensitiveness and my passionate love of beauty. Why, I used to hide in the attic and cry myself ill because of my ugliness! And now—" She smiled at me with an expressive shrug of her graceful shoulders.

"But I don't understand," I faltered, embarrassed at my temerity in thus questioning my friend of olden days

whose beauty was a matter of utter mystery, yet impelled by a stronger motive than I could explain to persist in my quest.

"Listen," she spoke quietly, "and I'll tell you the secret. Almost our only neighbor for many years during my childhood, was a woman known throughout the countryside as 'the rich Mrs. Riley' and indeed she was rich in more ways than one. She was an exquisite woman with a grace of movement which was poetry to me. I used to sit in her library in worshipful silence while she told wonderful tales of her girlhood or reviewed for my benefit some new story or poem or—best of all—read aloud to me in her musical voice."

"One day a careless remark dropped by a gossiping visitor, drove me to the shelter of her kindness, with the hurt still rankling."

"What a sad, little princess it is today," she said softly, laying a comforting hand on my shoulder.

"Princess!" I gasped, utterly confounded. "Princess!"

"Yes indeed," she nodded decisively "princess! Didn't you know, my dear that every girl is a born princess—the

daughter of a queen?" I stammered in my eagerness as I disclaimed all knowledge of so wonderful a thing.

"Just so," she said gently, "a little princess—first, oh, ever so tiny. Then bigger and bigger but always a princess, mind, and after awhile, a real, grown-up princess, lovely and gracious and kind as real princesses always are. And beautiful—so beautiful—for a real princess could never be anything but beautiful. And then at last, when the truly prince comes, you'll understand why your lady-mother is a queen and you'll know that you could never have been anything but a princess!" My charming friend paused a moment in happy recollection.

"That thought," she continued, "never left me from that day. The seed dropped into the fertile imagination of a growing child, took deep root and grew and grew." I dreamed at night of being a princess with all the attributes of royal blood. I cherished the belief in secret and it worked strange changes in my commonplace life. I held my head and walked as I imagined a princess might; not a proud and haughty princess but a gently, lovable, royal creature. I read and studied as I thought she would do, for improvement. I chose my friends as carefully as any princess and I tried to be considerate as such should be. I treated my queen-

mother, whom I had adored at a distance, with a new deference to which she quickly marks about my wonderful improvement.

"When I overheard that selfsame visitor who had stabbed me cruelly on that memorable day three years before, say pleasantly to my mother, 'Katherine has grown to be such a beautiful girl and what pretty manners!' my heart sang praises for I knew that I was proving my right to the title I had cherished so ardently."

"The rest—you know. I grew in response to the model held continually before my thought until I knew that I had become in very truth a real princess. It was a beautiful thing to do for an unhappy child," she continued thoughtfully. "It was a beautiful thing," I echoed wistfully for I had not profited by the vision which had never chanced to come my way.

"And now," she sighed happily, "I've just begun. For I have to win my new title of queen and though that's what my truly prince calls me, I must prove my right before I can become a real queen!"

"What is it?"—the last question was intended for a scientific poser—"that pervades all space, that no wall or door can shut out?"

But the foot of the class rose to the occasion: "The smell of onions, ma'am."

The Pallor of Anaemia Calls for Reconstructive Treatment

ANAEMIA comes on so insidiously that you may not realize its presence until a look in your mirror discloses the pallor of the skin and of the gums, the lips and the eyelids.

You may be gaining in weight, but the flesh is soft and flabby, and you are laying on fat rather than muscle. You find yourself disinclined to exertion, and greatly fatigued by any effort. There is weakness, heart palpitation and a disturbance of the digestive system.

The failure of the organs of digestion to derive proper nutrition from the food you eat has reduced the number of red corpuscles in the blood. The blood has become thin and watery, and in spite of the food you eat you are literally starving to death.

As this process continues you must necessarily grow weaker and weaker, and the bodily organs become more and more in-

The Food Cure

Miss Alice Howes, 21 Haddington Street, Galt, Ont., writes:—"I was very ill with anaemia, could not sleep at night, and my appetite seemed entirely gone. I suffered in this way for nearly three years, and had treatment from two doctors in Toronto, where I was living at the time, but did not get any relief. I became completely run down, and as I did not see any immediate hopes of getting better, I went back to live with my mother in Galt. I thought, perhaps, the change of air might do me good. My mother saw that I was in a bad state, because my nerves were affected, and everywhere I went I used to take dizzy and fainting spells. My hands and limbs would become numb, I would see black specks before my eyes, and cold perspiration would come out on me. My mother had been taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with excellent results, and she advised me to do the same. But it is hard for me to take pills, so I went to a doctor in Galt instead. However, his treatment did me no good, so I at last decided to follow my mother's advice. I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and gradually found myself getting better. I soon was able to sleep at night without any difficulty, my appetite came back, and I began to gain back my natural color. After taking about twelve boxes of this medicine I was able to return to my work in Toronto. My friends there all noticed the improvement in my condition, and I am now stronger and healthier than I have been for a long, long time. I shall always recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food wherever I go, as I really think it is the best treatment obtainable for worn-out nerves and run-down system."

capable of performing their natural functions.

There can be no question that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the ideal treatment for anaemia or bloodlessness, because it supplies to the blood in condensed form the very elements from which new, rich blood is created. In this way it makes up for the deficiencies of the digestive system, and sets in motion the process of reconstruction.

As the blood improves in quality under this treatment the action of the heart is strengthened, circulation is better, appetite is sharpened, the digestive organs gradually resume their functions, and you gain in strength and vigor.

You will not use this food cure long before you realize the upbuilding influence on your system. With returning strength comes new hope and confidence. The discouraging days will disappear from your life, and you will feel again the joy of health.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.