TUNER OF NERVES

Professional Adjuster and Regulator of Things That Rattle Human Beings.

By CORA A. DOLSEN.

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"What's her name?" Marcella demanded. She even turned from the mirror to stare after the new acquisition to her stepmother's household with curiosity.

'Anne Raleigh, professional adjuster and regulator of shattered nerves, households going to the little bowwows, or any earthly thing that rattles and disturbs the human system. Really, dear, I should have died last season if it hadn't been for Anne. She gave me poise and a peace that even your father's little ways couldn't upset."

"Where did you get her?"

'Marcie, you don't 'get' persons like Anne. You fall heir to them. She was giving Rose Ashton mental punches one day after Rose had simply gone all to pieces over Rolly's departure for Nevada."

Mrs. Bertrand drew her pink silk kimono closer around her ample shoulders and shivered. She eyed Marcella expectantly, but Marcella went calmly on rejuvenating herself. Four weeks on the Dimmick yacht to the canal and back had not helped matters, either in regard to matrimonial possibilities, or complexion. It vaguely irritated Mrs. Bertrand to have Marcella take both contigencies so serenely.

"She has been in town in two weeks, though."

"She left the yacht at Charleston on the way south."

"I can't imagine Anne being in any trouble with persons like Tony Dimmick and his crowd. She is above them."

'She may be—at times"—assented Marcella. 'But I saw her myself with Tony one night out on deck after the rest of us had gone down to play bridge, and Tony told her he simply couldn't stand it any longer, and she would have to leave the yacht at Charleston."

Marcella paused. In the mirror she caught sight of a figure standing in the doorway.

"I think I dropped my handkerchief under the table," she said lightly. "And it's a pet one. If you don't mind—"

She recovered the lace edge bit of linen, and smiled down at Marcella.

"I think we met on the yacht three weeks ago, Miss Bertrand," she said. "Did you all have a pleasant trip?"

A perfectly natural flush slowly crept over Marcella's smooth face. "Very pleasant," she answered. "Mumsie, I must leave you—"

"Just a minute, Miss Bertrand," said Anne. "Did you find your diamond pendant?"

"Marcella has no diamond pendant, Anne," protested Mrs. Bertrand in distress. "I do hope this isn't anything unpleasant."

"While we were on the yacht, Miss Bertrand said she had lost a valuable diamond pendant, and Mr. Dimmick asked me to try and recover it. I may say now that I was in the party in a sort of professional capacity, although apparently a guest. While the yacht lay in New York harbor Mr. Dimmick lost several pieces of jewelry from his stateroom. His mother missed two rings, one a very unique Florentine antique. There were only three members of his party on board then. You were one, Miss Bertrand."

"I remember Tony's mentioning it," said Marcella, her face a trifle pale as she met the other girl's eyes.

"We located the Florentine ring. It had been sold to a well known antique shop for about half its value just before the boat sailed. A colored maid was the go-between."

'How perfectly dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Bertrand. "Did Tony suspect anyone?"

"Not until I went on the yacht. Have you told your mother of your engagement, Miss Bertrand?" Anne asked the question coolly, mildly. Marcella simply shook her head, and their glances were like crossed swords. "Then perhaps I am intruding. At any rate Mr. Dimmick told me that you had promised to be his wife. That was the night I agreed to leave the yacht at Charleston. I had found his mother's gold chatelaine bag and a diamond ring secreted in a pillow in one of the berths, the lower berth, Miss Bertrand. When I told him whose stateroom they were found in, he told me to drop the case, and I suggested returning to New York to avoid embarrassment, as he was badly cut up over the discovery."

"But, Anne dear, why disturb us fearfully over this affair of the Dimmicks?" asked Mrs. Bertrand, plaintively. "Marcella, why didn't you tell me you were engaged to Tony?"

"I am not—now," returned Marcella, slowly. "I broke the engagement the morning after Miss Raleigh left us. The stateroom was mine, and the jewelry was found in my pillow, mumsie. You may as well know the truth. Tony told me himself. The diamond pendant was mine. Tony gave it to me instead of a ring the night he asked me to be his wife. It belonged to his mother, and she was quite willing I should have it. Can you imagine what it meant to me to be suddenly confronted with this horrible evidence in my own stateroom? The rings and diamonds were sewn into the pillow itself among the feathers in a chamios skin pouch."

"I have the pouch," said Anne. 'There was a piece cut off the outer flap that folded over twice, and fastened with a snap like a glove. The Florentine ring was wrapped in the other piece and I had it saved from the antique shop in New York. It fitted exactly. I've enjoyed the whole experience immensely, because it was the first case I had ever tried, don't you know? Mr. Dimmick did not want any professional help. He felt it was a case out of the ordinary. The other two members on board the yacht while it lay in the harbor here were Rose and Rolly Ashton. Mr. Ashton left for Nevada at almost an hour's notice, and let his wife take the trip alone because he was very jealous of Tony Dimmick. And the chamois pouch was one he used to carry a silver mounted automatic revolver in."

'But you said, Anne, the things were sold at the antique shop by a colored maid," put in Mrs. Bertrand. "You can't think that Rose would do such a thing?"

Anne raised her eyebrows musingly and leaned on the little mahogany table before her.

"A half sick, neurotic woman will do many foolish things that she does not realize the significance nor danger of," she answered. "Rose was desperate and Rolly shut off her credit when he left. She needed plain every day cash, and she bribed her colored maid to take the ring and the pendant and sell them for her. We have the girl, and Rose herself confessed to me yesterday. I wired for her husband, and she is going west to join him on a trip around the world. Mr. Dimmick refuses to press the case against them. They are young and went the pace too fast without money to float them, but Rose is good at heart, and I know everything will come right."

She hesitated, and watched Marcella's face.

"Tony Dimmick is down in the reception room. Will you see him?"

"Why were those things put in my stateroom to incriminate me, and why did he half believe that I was guilty?" demanded Marcella, hotly. "It spoiled my trip, and almost my life."

"Won't you just go downstairs now, and scold Tony?" Anne suggested, smilingly. "He would love to have you say anything you like. I can say, though, that the pouch was hidden in your room as the safest place from discovery. The maid told that. She was very friendly with your own maid, Della, and rather enjoyed putting any possible suspicion on you after it was known that Tony cared for you."

"Do you know what I thought?" asked Marcella, with a sudden smile. At the door she hesitated on her way down to tony. "I used to see you talking to Tony every now and then away from the rest, and so earnestly and confidentially. And then I saw you both that night before you left the yacht, and I was certain you were an old sweetheart that still held him in leash. I'm so sorry, Anne. May I call you Anne, too?"

Anne laughed, and stretched out both her slim white capable hands. "You may call me anything you like, professional adjuster of anything from nerves to household accounts, and I'm doing very well at it, too, thank you."

"Anne," said Mrs. Bertrand, with a sigh of relief, when they were alone, "you are a wonder. Did you get back the diamond pendant, too?"

"Tony has it for her now, with a nice new ring, Mrs. Bertrand," smiled Anne. 'I think I adjusted the affair rather neatly. Poor little Mrs. Ashton wont know she has such things as nerves by the time she has roughed all over the world with that tall, stubborn youngster of a husband. They don't belong down here in New York, Mrs. Bertrand. You've got to have a good grip on yourself before you try the long stroke here. There's too strong an undertow."

Mrs. Bertrand barely heard her. She was at her writing desk, turning over the calendar leaves.

'They can be married in September, and Tony has not less than forty thousand a year from his grandfather, besides the tin mines, or something they get out of mines, up in Canada. And Marcella's twenty-seven. I think she's very fortunate, don't you, Anne, honestly now?"

Just for an instant the flicker of a shadow passed over Anne's bright face as she drew on her long suede gloves. If things had been different, if perhaps, she had been Marcella Bertrand, those gorgeous moonlit nights on the little yacht bearing to southern seas, she knew what she would have told Tony Dimmick when he came a'courting.

But it had been quite different. Professional adjusters have no rights in the courts of love. They belong in the judges' box. Anne nodded her head.

'Very fortunate," she said.

FAST OLD NEW YORK.

"So you're back from New York, Si?"

"Yes, an' tired out."

"Fast town, eh?"

"Fast ain't no name fer it. I saw banks open all night t' 'commodate them as lose their money early in th' evenin', I s'pose; an' lawyers' offices open at 3 o'clock in th' mornin—t' fix up them as are in a hurry fer divorce an' can't wait till daylight; an' what else d' you think?"

"What else? Wall, I wouldn't be s'prised t' hear of anything."

"An' I saw a fun'ral goin' lickety-split, with an automobile hearse leadin' th' percession an' settin' th' pace!'

"Wall Si, I s'pose they have t' git th' dead ones out o' th' way in a hurry t' give th' live ones room, eh?"—Judge.

Wonderful "Water Vine."

One of the wonders of the Guatemala jungle is the "water vine," a black, snakelike, leafless stem, dropping from the ceiba and mahogany trees to which it has climbed. It is said to contain a quart of water to every foot. When the stem is cut the water spurts forth in a refreshing stream. Moisture is drawn up from the soil, and filtered through the pores of the plant.

Their Expression.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a newly-married couple—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world; that you can have no hopes of her. It is true I have none, nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.—Charles Lamb.

Force of Habit.

"Is your wife in?" asked the friend of the druggist.

"No," replied the druggist absentmindedly, "but I can show you something just as good."—Puck.

Alfalfa with a fair chance always makes good.

COOL AND NUTRITIOUS

WELL-MADE MILK-SHAKE A DELIGHT ON A HOT DAY.

Easy to Make at Home, Provided the Necessary Utensils Are at Hand, and They Are Cheap and Easily Procured.

A food drink of real nutritive value and tempting appearance and taste is the well made milk shake. It is a lunch in itself for a warm summer's day, and is always a satisfying beverage for one who is hungry and tired.

The home made milk shake is just as good as the one made by the very best confectionery, if it is properly made. To begin with, if you would be a past master in the art of shake making, you must possess yourself of a shaker. One of nickel plate that is strong enough to stand hard shaking, made with a screw cover and a little spout through which the shake can be poured into a glass, costs about two dollars. The spout is covered with a small tip which can be unscrewed, and this is fastened to the top by a short chain which keeps it from being easily lost. Shakers for less than a dollar can also be bought, and they are quite as satisfactory for making a good milk shake.

For an egg milk shake, break an egg into the shaker, add flavoring and sweetening, half fill the shaker with rich milk and shake vigorously, in both hands, for three or four minutes. Pour it into a glass and fill it with milk. If a plain milk shake is wanted, put flavoring, sweetening and milk in the shaker and shake them together by holding one hand over the top, the other over the bottom of the shaker, and shaking vigorously from the elbows.

If vanilla or some other flavoring extract is used, sweetening, either in the form of granulated sugar or a sweet sirup made by melting sugar over the fire in just enough water to boil it in solution, must be used with it. If a flavoring sirup is used that is generally sufficiently sweet.

Chocolate sirup can be kept on hand for making milk shakes. To make it, mix a third of a cupful of cocoa with two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Gradually add a cupful of boiling water and let the mixture boil for five minutes. When it is cold add a teaspoonful of vanilla and a teaspoonful of very strong coffee. This mixture of flavors produces a delicate taste, but the coffee can be omitted and twice as much sugar added instead. About two teaspoonfuls of the sugar are needed for one glassful of milk.

If the milk shake made according to the directions already given proves too heavy, make it with two-thirds milk and one-third apollinaris water, drawn ice cold from a siphon.

Curtain Straps.

Very dainty curtain straps may be made of a strip of filet net. Cut the desired length and fold the ends to form a point; also fold the net along the sides and secure it by a line of cross-stitching. Embroider a simple cross-stitch design down the center of the strip. At each end fasten either a crocheted or buttonholed ring.

These net embroidered straps are very attractive when colors matching the overhanging are used for the cross-stitching. The strips are lovely in all white with a pattern in filet darning to take the place of the cross-stitch patterns.

Sand Egg Timer.

A new kitchen accessory will find favor with those who are particular in the matter of boiled eggs. The wire basket for holding the eggs has incorporated in the handle a small egg timer, on the principle of the hour glass. The instant that the eggs in the basket are plunged into the boiling water, the timer is tilted so that the sand begins to sift through. When the time indicates that the eggs are done, the basket with its contents is lifted out.

Raspberry Jelly.

Take fresh raspberries, simmer over fire until the juice flows; then strain and weigh the juice. Now boil for ten minutes, adding the sugar, which must be in the proportion of one pound and a quarter to one pound of juice. Have the sugar heated before putting in. Boil five minutes longer, skim it and pour into jelly glasses which have been heated. This is a good jelly for flavoring creams and requires no sugar to be added for that purpose.

Sour Cream Dressing.

Cream together one-quarter cup each sugar and butter, one tablespoon each salt, flour and mustard and a few grains cayenne. Scald half-pint jar light cream which has been soured. Add the yolks of two eggs to the first mixture with the scalded cream. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture begins to thicken, then add half a cup vinegar, gradually, stirring constantly and finish thickening. Strain and cool.

Ginger Sauce.

Bruise one or two pieces of whole ginger, put them into a saucepan with three ounces of loaf sugar and a pint of water and boil for several minutes, then skim and strain the liquor. Mix a little arrowroot smoothly with a little cold water, stir in the other liquor, return it all to the stewpan and stir over the fire till thickened and boiling, when it is ready for the table.

For Perfuming Handkerchiefs.

Break up a quarter of an ounce of orris root and tie up in a piece of muslin. Boil with the handkerchiefs for a quarter of an hour, using about three pints of water to a quarter ounce of orris root. When dry iron carefully and you will find your handkerchiefs will retain a delicate violet odor.

Laundry Hint.

When washing dresses with patent fasteners on them, fasten them before washing. This keeps the springs all right and saves time and trouble.

LAMB CHOPS, ENGLISH STYLE

Across the Water They Are Generally Served With Green Peas, and Combination Is Delicious.

Wipe each chop with a damp cloth and trim off any extra fat. Break an egg in a saucer, add a tablespoonful of warm water and beat with a fork just enough to break the stringiness. Have ready a quantity of dried and sifted bread crumbs. Cracker crumbs are often used, but do not give as crisp a crust. Dip each chop in the egg, lift up and drain for a moment, then roll in the crumbs. Repeat until the chops are breaded. In a saucepan put a tablespoonful of butter, one-half of a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Place over the fire, and as soon as hot add one quart of shelled peas. Cover and shake for two or three minutes, add just enough boiling water to keep from burning and cook, adding a little water as needed until tender. Have a quantity of fat in a saucepan. Heat until smoking hot. Plunge in two or three chops at a time; in half a minute draw to the side of the fire and cook more slowly. They should be done in from five to eight minutes, according to the thickness of the chops Drain on unglazed paper. Heap the peas in the center of a platter and range the chops round.

The Housekeeper

An easy way to polish solid silver and plated ware is to rub the tarnished places with a piece of raw potato, dipped in common baking soda. This is quickly done and the silver does not incline to retarnish so soon as with other polishes.

Try wiping the matting on bedroom floors with a mop wrung out of salt water, before sweeping. Rinse as often as necessary to take up the dust. Then it requires only a moment to sweep up and you have no dust flying.

Socks and stockings should be darned on the right side, so that the smooth part of the mended place will come next to the foot, thus preventing irritation.

It is much better when cleaning rugs or Brussels carpets to lay on the grass right side down, beat thoroughly, then turn on to a clean place and sweep well, as it does not wear them so much as to whip them on a clothes line.

A little vinegar in water will clean and brighten windows better than anything else.

When eggs are broken and can not be used at once, remove from the shell and keep well-covered in a cool place. This will prevent the yolks from hardening.

Bride's Cake.

Cream one-half cupful of butter and add gradually, while beating constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of fine granulated sugar; then add one-half cupful of milk alternately with two and one-half cupfuls of flour mixed and sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat whites of six eggs until stiff and add to first mixture. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. Bake in a moderate oven. Cover with White Mountain cream frosting. Decorate with ornamental frosting, or not, as you like.

Plums in Rice Border.

Cook the rice in milk until tender and quite dry, adding a pinch of salt when it is half done. Make it rather sweet with powdered sugar and pour into a border mold to set. When ready to serve turn it out carefully and fill the center with very rich stewed plums, pour a little of the sirup over the rice and heap whipped cream over the plums. The stones should be removed from the fruit and the kernels simmered ten minutes in a little thin sirup and then mix with the fruit.

Corn Soup.

Cut enough corn from the cob to make one pint of the milky part of the kernels without the hulls; add one pine of hot water or plain white stock; let it cook for ten minutes; meanwhile have ready one quart of milk brought to the boiling point and season with a teaspoon of onion juice; add this to the corn and thicken with a tablespoon of butter; simmer gently for 15 minutes, press through a puree sieve, add a little butter, and serve in a hot tureen with croutons.

Raspberry Preserve.

Try this raspberry preserve. You will pronounce it O. K. Take five pounds of berries (or double the amount if you wish), put them in a large bowl, put three pounds of sugar on top of the berries, and let stand for two hours. Then take one pound of sugar, pour over three cups of water, let it boil to a sirup, then add your berries and boil till a white foam forms. Then remove foam, cool off and bottle it. Use pint and quart jars. This will keep for years.

Versailles Custard.

Cook a cup of granulated sugar over a hot fire until it becomes caramel. Turn quickly into your baking dish, moving it so as to coat the sides and bottom with the mixture. This must be done quickly as the caramel hardens rapidly. Make a custard as usual, turn into your well-coated dish and bake until firm in the center. Chill thoroughly. To serve turn out on a glass dish. The caramel gives a delicious flavor and makes a splendid sauce.

Sorting Hose.

Take stockings when new and, with a thread of contrasting color, put a small mark in the hem of each, marking each pair differently. This will save a great deal of time when sorting pairs after being laundered.

Iron Rust or Linen.

When linen becomes rusted from the iron, oxalic acid and hot water applied before washing removes the stains. After using the acid rinse the linen a few times, which leaves the linen beautiful and white.

HAS SENSE OF HUMOR

MERRY SPINSTER NOT SENSITIVE AS TO HER AVOIRDUPOIS.

Thereby Her Friends Have Been Regaled With Two Really Funny Stories Connected With Physical Help She Received.

Most stout women are sensitive about their weight. A certain large and merry spinster, to whom an accident resulting in a permanently weakened ankle has for some years forbidden her to take the exercise that used to keep her comparatively slender, is a fortunate exception. Her weight is well over 200 pounds, but she neither worries nor repines, and often entertains her friends with jokes at her own expense. It is very difficult for her to get on and off a trolley car; indeed, she cannot do so without help.

"That's all right, ma'am," a rough-looking man, who had jumped down and almost lifted her aboard, recently replied to her thanks. "Me and Bill have to carry ma upstairs every night, and ma's heftier'n you be."

"But Bill wasn't here to help, and I'm very, very hefty," she answered, smiling.

"Oh, well, I've tackled ma alone, sometimes," he admitted, "though I ain't saying that half-way up the stairs one-half my brains wasn't inventing a passenger derrick, and the other half wondering if she'd smother me, falling on top. Boosting you was nothing to that, ma'am; and there's only one step to a car."

She chuckles most delightedly, however, when she relates that, last summer, after having traveled all night, she reached, very early in the morning, a small country town, whence she was to take the stage for a 20-mile drive to a friend's mountain cottage. The station was deserted, and she was glad to accept the help of a small boy, who, with great difficulty, got her, with all her bags and bundles, into the empty stage, to which the horses had not yet been attached.

"I don't know what I should have done," she told the freckled little fellow, gratefully, "if I hadn't happened to find such an obliging cavalier, waiting to help me when most everybody is still abed."

"Yes'm," he assented, with a wide, ingenuous smile. "I was down to see 'em unload the circus, and they let me help with the elephants and the baby hippopotamus. That's how it happened I could help you, ma'am."—Youth's Companion.

Had Followed Instructions.

The way in which a statement is made frequently changes its effect greatly. James, the new office boy, had been directed by his predecessor to perform certain duties daily at regular times. James proved rather inefficient, and Dick, promoted, but still in the office, undertook to reprove him. Among other derelictions it had been reported that written instructions to inform visitors that a certain member of the firm was only visible at certain times, that the calls and orders of the head of the firm must always be given precedence, and that the private secretary, a young lady, must be kept supplied with fresh drinking water had been disobeyed.

Said Dick, sternly: "Look here, boy, what did I tell you about Mr. Blank and Mr. So-and-So and Miss Dane?"

Answered James with a surprising mixture of shame and impudence:

"You told me that Mr. Blank would be in the office some time on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, that I gotter humor old So-and-So or lose my job, and that I gotter water Miss Dane twice a day. An' I tell yer I done it all!"

Sometimes "Place Makes Right."

Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, the famous London actor, who was knighted by the king the other day, has been telling his experiences to the pressmen of the capital of the empire. One relates to John Davidson, the Scottish poet, whose death took place under tragic circumstances two or three years ago. The knight was producing a play by the poet, and the latter was attending a rehearsal. "Presently a well-known actor came on the scene waving his arms like a windmill," says Sir Johnston. "Davidson edged up quietly to me and said: "'I suppose that will be a verra well-known actor?'

"'Yes,' I agreed.

"'And I presume he will be in receipt of a verra considerable 'honorarium?'

"I confessed he was right.

"'Then why does he wave his arms about in that extraordinary manner?' inquired Davidson, in his broad Scotch accent, adding, humorously: 'If he did that in Piccadilly he would render himself liable to be arrested!'"

Counterfeit Dog.

"Does you 'member dat dawg I used to have," asked Erastus Pinkley.

"Yes," replied Uncle Rasberry. "You means dat mixed dog?"

"He was kind o' mixed; he was what I calls a black-an'-tan-dale terrier. Well, suh, dat dwag ain' brought me nuffin' but bad luck. I sold 'im to a man foh two dollars, an' de two dollahs he slipped me were counterfeit."

"Whut you gineter do?"

"Wut kin I do? If I shows 'im any way to prove the transaction wus unlegal, he's ginter make me take the dwag back.

Horrid Man.

"Pa," said little Johnny, "do all roses have thorns?"

"Yes, my lad," patronizingly answers father.

"I don't see any thorns on these roses in ma's new hat," continued Johnny.

"You would if you had to pay for the hat!" sadly sighs daddy.

To Cure Bee Stings.

A physician advises that the best remedy for bee stings is to apply oil of cinnamon with a small brush. It will slightly blister, but immediately draw out the poison.



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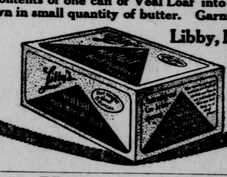
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NOT JUST WHAT SHE MEANT

Under the Circumstances It Is to Be Hoped Minister Had a Sense of Humor.

When the new minister made his first pastoral call at the Brownings he took little Anna on his knee and asked her if she had a kiss for him. But the little girl refused to kiss or be kissed. She squirmed loose and ran into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the drawing room to greet the clergyman.

"Mamma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the drawing room wanted me to kiss him."

"Well," replied mamma, "why didn't you let him? I would if I was you."

Thereupon Anna ran back into the drawing room, and the minister asked:

"Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?"

"No, I won't," replied Anna, promptly, "but mamma says she will."

How She Did It.

"That widow is a good manager, isn't she?"

"Manager? I should say so. She got that house of hers fixed up like new for nothing."

"How did she manage it?"

"She was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then she broke it off and married the plumber."

The mermaid surely should have standing in swell society.

CLOUDED BRAIN

Clears Up on Change to Proper Food.

The brain cannot work with clearness and accuracy, if the food taken is not fully digested, but is retained in the stomach to ferment and form poisonous gases, etc. A dull, clouded brain is likely to be the result.

A Mich. lady relates her experience in changing her food habits, and results are very interesting:

"A steady diet of rich, greasy foods such as sausage, buckwheat cakes and so on, finally broke down a stomach and nerves that, by inheritance, were sound and strong, and medicine did no apparent good in the way of relief.

"My brain was clouded and dull and I was suffering from a case of constipation that defied all remedies used.

"The 'Road to Wellville,' in some providential way, fell into my hands, and may Heaven's richest blessings fall on the man who was inspired to write it.

"I followed directions carefully, the physical culture and all, using Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream, leaving meat, pastry and hot biscuit entirely out of my bill of fare. The result—I am in perfect health once more.

"I never realize I have nerves, and my stomach and bowels are in fine condition. My brain is perfectly clear and I am enjoying that state of health which God intended his creatures should enjoy and which all might have, by giving proper attention to their food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

British Columbia's Greatest Opportunity

British Columbia is the largest Province in the Dominion of Canada, and the richest in natural resources. It has never yet been exploited as have the other Canadian Provinces. A great development has just begun. Over two thousand miles of new railways are under actual construction. Now is the opportunity to invest on the ground floor.

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