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Anaemia, or blood turning to water, is caused by the heart becoming weakened, and if the heart becomes weakened it cannot pump the blood as it should.
As a result the blood becomes impoverished, and it loses its normal qualities. The face becomes pale, thin, and the lips blue. There is a weakness, tiredness and loss of weight.
When those suffering from watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, they get a change from the outset.
Every dose introduces into the blood these vital elements necessary to make it rich and red. The pale cheeks take on the rosy hue of health, the weight increases, and the whole being thrills with a new life.
Mrs. R. J. Grey, Fredericton, N. B., writes: "When I was a girl working at general housework I overtaxed my strength and became completely run down. For over a year I was very bad with anaemia. A friend told me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills so I got a box and when it was done I felt and looked so much better I decided to get six more. When I had taken them I had gained not only in strength, but in flesh and color, and best of all was good health."
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box; three boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

It's all right to make some things as far as possible, but it isn't policy to stretch the truth.
Ever notice how easy it is for a man to be good natured when everything is coming his way?
A man who lives up to his ideals is apt to stay poor.



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BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XXI—Yvonne shows Brood proof of his dead wife's innocence and confesses her revenge a bitter failure. She has learned to love Brood.
CHAPTER XXII—Brood goes to see his wounded son.
CHAPTER XXIII—Frederic recovers and he and Lydia plan to go abroad with Brood. The young couple endeavor unsuccessfully to reconcile Brood to his wife, whom he plans to leave alone in the home.
CHAPTER XXIV—On leaving, Brood orders his wife to remain at home until he returns. She consents. Six months later a wireless comes from him, calling her to him, but she tells Briggs and Dawes "I shall not go to him." "He will come to me," "Send him a cable saying . . . I cannot come to him."

brood's wife, Lydia, said way. Her more subtle was my design. I confess that it was my plan to make him fall in love with me and in the end to run away with him, leaving you to think that the very worst had happened. But it would not have been as you think. He would have been protected, my friend, amply protected. He—"But you would have wrecked him—don't you see that you would have wrecked the life you sought to protect? How utterly blind and unfeeling you were. You say that he was my son and Matilde's, honestly born. What was your object, may I inquire, in striking me at such cost to him? You would have made a scoundrel of him for the sake of a personal vengeance. Are you forgetting that he regarded himself as my son?"

"No, I do not forget, James. There was but one way in which I could hope to steal him away from you, and I went about it deliberately, with my eyes open. I came here to induce him to run away with me. I would have taken him back to his mother's home, to her grave, and there I would have told him what you did to her. If after hearing my story he elected to return to the man who had destroyed his mother, I should have stepped aside and offered no protest. But I would have taken him away from you in the manner that would have hurt you the worst. My sister was true to you. I would have been just as true, and after you had suffered the torments of hell, it was my plan to reveal everything to you. But you would have had your punishment by that time. When you were at the very end of your strength, when you trembled on the edge of oblivion, then I would have hunted you out and laughed at you and told you the truth. But you would have had years of anguish—years, I say."

"I have already had years of agony, pray do not overlook that fact," said he. "I suffered for twenty years. I was at the edge of oblivion more than once, if it is a pleasure for you to hear me say it, Therese."
"It does not offset the pain that her suffering brought to me. It does not counter-balance the unhappiness you gave to her boy, nor the stigma you put upon him. I am glad that you suffered. It proves to me that you secretly considered yourself to be in the wrong. You doubted yourself. You were never sure, and yet you crushed the life out of her innocent, bleeding heart. You let her die without a word to show that you—"

"I was lost to the world for years," he said. "There were many years when I was not in touch with—"
"But her letters must have reached you. She wrote a thousand of—"
"They never reached me," he said significantly.
"You ordered them destroyed?" she cried in sudden comprehension.
"I must decline to answer that question."

CHAPTER XXV

Revenge Turned Bitter.
She gave him a curious, incredulous smile, and then abruptly returned to her charge. "When my sister came home, degraded I was nine years of age, but I was not so young that I did not know that a dreadful thing had happened to her. She was blighted beyond all hope of recovery. It was to me—little me—that she told her story over and over again, and it was I to whom she read all of the pitiful letters she wrote to you. My father wanted to come to America to kill you. He did come later on, to plead with you and to kill you if you would not listen to him. But you had gone—to Africa, they said. I could not understand why you would not give to her that little baby boy. He was hers and—" She stopped short in her recital and covered her eyes with her hands. He waited for her to go on, sitting as rigid as the image that faced him from beyond the table's end. "Afterwards, my father and my uncle made every effort to get the child away from you, but he was hidden—you know how carefully he was hidden so that she might never find him. For ten years they searched for him—and you. For ten years she wrote to you, begging you to let her have him, if only for a little while at a time. She promised to restore him to you, God bless her poor soul! You never replied. You scorned her. We were rich—very rich. But our money was of no help to us in the search for her boy. You had secreted him too well. At last, one day, she told me what it was that you accused her of doing. She told me about Guido Feverelli, her music-master. I knew him, James. He had known her from childhood. He was one of the finest men I have ever seen."

"He was in love with her," grated Brood.
"Perhaps. Who knows? But if so, he never uttered so much as one word of love to her. He challenged you. Why did you refuse to fight him?"
"Because she begged me not to kill him. Did she tell you that?"
"Yes. But that was not the real rea-

son. It was because you were not sure of your ground."
"I deny that!"
"Never mind. It is enough that poor Feverelli passed out of her life. She did not see him again until just before she died. He was a noble gentleman. He wrote but one letter to her after that wretched day in this house. I have it here in this packet."
"She drew a package of papers from her bosom and laid it upon the table before him. There were a half dozen letters tied together with a piece of white ribbon.
"But one letter from him," she went on. "I have brought it here for you to read. But not now! There are other letters and documents here for you to consider. They are from the grave. Ah, I do not wonder that you shrink and draw back from them. They convict you, James."

"Now I can see why you have taken up this fight against me. You—you know she was innocent," he said in a low, unsteady voice.
"And why I have hated you, al-e? But what you do not understand is how I could have brought myself to the point of loving you."

"Loving me! Good heaven, woman, what do you—"
"Loving you in spite of myself," she cried, beating upon the table with her hands. "I have tried to convince myself that it was not I but the spirit of Matilde that had come to lodge in my treacherous body. I hated you for myself and I loved you for Matilde. She loved you to the end. She never hated you. That was it. The pure, deathless love of Matilde was constantly fighting against the hatred I bore for you. I believe as firmly as I believe that I am alive that she has been near me all the time, battling against my insane desire for vengeance. You have only to recall to yourself the moments when you were so vividly reminded of Matilde Valeska. At those times I am sure that something of Matilde was in me. I was not myself. You have looked into my eyes a thousand times with a question in your own. Your soul was striving to reach the soul of Matilde. Ah, all these months I have known that you loved Matilde—not me. You loved the Matilde that was in me. You—"

"I have thought of her—always of her—when you were in my arms."
"I know how well you loved her," she declared slowly. "I know that you went to her tomb long after her death was revealed to you. I know that years ago you made an effort to find Feverelli. You found his grave, too, and you could not ask him, man to man, if you had wronged her. But in spite of all that you brought up her boy to be sacrificed as—"

"I—I—good God, am I to believe you? If he should be my son!" he cried, starting up, cold with dread.
"He is your son. He could be no other man's son. I have her dying word for it. She declared it in the presence of her God. Wait! Where are you going?"

"I am going down to him!"
"Not yet, James. I have still more to say to you—more to confess. Here! Take this package of letters. Read them as you sit beside his bed—not his deathbed, for I shall restore him to health, never fear. If he were to die, I should curse myself to the end of time, for I and I alone would have been the cause. Here are her letters—and the one Feverelli wrote to her. This is her deathbed letter to you. And this is a letter to her son and yours! You may some day read it to him. And here—this is a document containing the

(To be continued.)

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The pictures of these English women imply that while at first the world was familiar with Deutschland über alles, it is now getting used to Britain's overalls.

FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a branch of the Provincial Returned Soldiers' Aid Committee has been organized for the Counties of York, Sunbury and Queens, and the City of Fredericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C. Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Secretary.

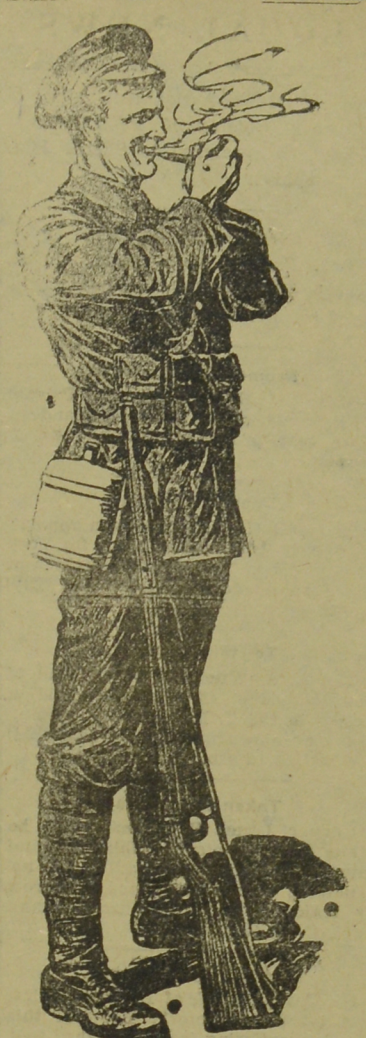
All employers of labor in said district willing to give preference to returned disabled soldiers as employees, and all returned discharged soldiers wanting employment residing therein are requested to notify the secretary

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DR. T. C. ALLEN,
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