

SPRING TONIC.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
Make Strength for Summer.

Spring is here!
And every New Zealand man and woman must have new rich blood to build them up to bear the Summer's heat and trying north-west winds. Now Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the greatest Spring tonic in the whole world. Every dose of them makes new rich blood—new vigorous life. They transform weary, weak, anemic girls into bright, graceful, well-developed women—they make debilitated men strong, lusty, energetic members of society. They do this every time—they cannot fail. After a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People every man and woman can withstand the Summer's heat, free from backaches, weakness and despondency. For proof read this:—

Southland Lady: "The Summer always pulled me down," so Mrs. Eliza Cundy, of South Riverton, Southland, told a pressman, "until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Towards the end of Summer my blood lost its strength and my legs were always aching. My legs swelled and pained until I could hardly stand. The hot north-west winds used to simply make me as limp as a rag. Doctors gave me tonics to increase my appetite, but they really did no good. Then I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were the greatest Spring tonic in the world, because they actually made new blood. After taking four boxes I was a new woman. I enjoyed my food, and the pains and swellings left my legs. Eight boxes made my blood so healthy that there was not a trace of headaches or weakness about me. And all last Summer I was as bright and active as every woman should be."

Thames Man: "Every Spring my blood got thin," said Mr. J. D. Fraser, of Waikato, near Thames. "Then it was never rich enough to stand up against the Summer's heat. Loss of appetite, indigestion, and sleeplessness always came on, and I lost every scrap of energy. After eating only half a chop I would feel quite filled out. Then pains in the stomach would start, and scalding heartburn and wind. I was told to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as the best Spring tonic, and I did so. One box improved me so much that I continued them. Three boxes braced me up and made me a strong, hungry, sturdy, vigorous man. Now, I take a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills every Spring, and they keep me strong and well through the Summer. They're the greatest blood tonic any man can take."

Avoid Purgatives: Especially in Spring. They strain the bowels and weaken the heart, so that palpitation and shortness of breath come after the least hurried exertion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the contrary are a permanent Spring tonic—they contain the very ingredients that actually make pure, strong, cleansing curative blood. This blood strengthens every organ and heals internal discharges and outside skin eruptions. Nearly every disease arises from impure blood or want of healthy blood. So that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills by actually making new blood cure such diseases as anaemia, debility, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, humpago, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, and chest and lung complaints. Sold by chemists and storekeepers and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Old Custom House-street, Wellington, 3/ per box, six boxes 16/6, post free. Write describing your case and you will get medical advice free of charge.

WEAK MEN

Who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the DEAR FACTS, the OLD SECRETS, and NEW DISCOVERIES of MEDICAL SCIENCE, as applied to NEUROUS and GIBBER DYSBASIS, should write for our wonderful little book on Complete Sanction. To any earnest man we will mail one Copy ENTIRELY FREE, in Plain, Sealed Cover.

BOTANICAL INSTITUTE,

Victoria Chambers, Elizabeth-st., SYDNEY

"UCRASYNÉ"
Dr. DALE'S sure, silent & swift Cure for
DRUNKENNESS
may be given to Men or Women without their knowledge. Removes all desire for strong drink in a few days. Full particulars Free.
Dr. T. DALE CO.,
Rabiel's Chambers, 80 Hunter-st., Sydney.

Complete Story.

John of the Desert.

THE STORY OF A DELUSION.

oooooooooooooooooooo

By E. S. MOFFAT.

A little while after the sun came up over the hills of Tuniper, one who had lain all night in the sage-brush, turned in his blanket, and gazed about him. His bed had been a shallow burrow, beneath the white crust of alkali, but now the hot fingers of the sun were searching him out, through the straggling bushes, and a steady drone announced that the flies and insects had begun their daily stunts.

Shaking the dirt from his faded blanket, he turned to the South, upon his knees. He crossed himself, and muttered a sing-song prayer. A few yards off, a rivulet, from a sulphur spring in the hillside, was bravely fighting its way over the thirsty ground, and there the wanderer knelt and laved his hands. Taking up some of the water he sprinkled it on his head, meanwhile crossing himself again. He rose to his feet.

Before him, a mile away, the gray expanse of sage and greasewood melted into a white, rolling sea of sand. It was an endless vista for half the horizon, until, far off, a dim, blue line of mountains rose up, and formed, as it were, the other shore. Upon this desert waste, his watery blue eyes, that until now had been roving uncertainly in their red sockets, fastened themselves, and grew bright with pleasure. It might have been thought that he was smiling, until it was apparent that the smile could not fade away, for the lips, like the grizzled, gray, hollowed cheeks had been seared and cracked by the sun and wind, so that they were drawn crookedly, up on one side, in a perpetual grimace.

From the depths of a tattered shirt he drew forth a dog-eared diary. While he was clumsily thumbing its leaves, it opened in his hand, at the place he sought. But, as his eyes fell upon the writing, it occurred to him that there was little need of reading it again. It had come to him in dreams, and by revelations, piece by piece, and those he already knew; at least, he remembered that he had known them yesterday. He remembered, too, that once upon a time he had fitted it all together, like some queer puzzle-toy of his childhood. What was simpler, then, than to repeat it aloud, in the same way? But almost immediately, with the mental vacillation that showed in every movement, he weakened, and lost courage. His face twitched nervously. Suppose he lost the book! Suppose he found too late that he had not remembered its directions correctly! No! No! The risk was too great; he must read it again.

"And Good Friday afternoon 3 Klock yu shall purify yur Body and yur Soul by the help of the 3 Kings, Melchior, Sbarsis and Balthasar. And yu shall wear upon yur Breast a Breastplate of Parchment, 10 inches wide and 10 inches high.

"From 12 to 4 in the afternoon of the 10th June yu shall begin yur labor upon the Mine of Perpetual Silence on the Other Side of the habitashum of aetan which lieth among the silver sands where there is no water neither shall thou take any water with thee for 2 Arkengels will accompany thee.

"And thou shalt begin thy labors by recitin' the 101st Psalm.

"For thou shalt tread upon the Aps and the Cacilik and shall be known as John of the Desert and shall hev meny followers.

"And then thou shalt be happy.

"Amen, Amen, Amen.

"Pray by night!"

The Wanderer straightened up from the sun-dried pages, and looked toward the Desert again.

His face was transfigured.

"For thou shalt tread upon the Aps and the Cacilik," he repeated, in an awed whisper.

His voice grew strong with some powerful emotion. "Yes, even in the very habitation of Satani!"

He threw back his head, and in the intensity of his feelings flung up his gaunt arms, quivering in their tatters, toward the sky.

The moist, watering eyes grew dry and fierce. The weak old face, scorched and blackened by years of sun and winter snow-light, grew grim, with a mighty resolve. Beside himself with joy, at the nearing realization of a life-long promise, he cried the words aloud, hoarsely exultant in his victory.

"And then thou shalt be happy!"

The sun had climbed a little higher, now. A light morning wind brought the odours of cooking across the plain. Beyond the crumbling bank of a "wash," and on the northern side of the gleaming line of rails that divided in front Tuniper proper, "Denmark" squatted in the alkali and cinders, its dishpans glistening in the early light, the secrets of its dreary backyards in painful publicity.

"Naw, not come here! Ah ben tole yu want, vestiday. Not come here!" The shiny spots on Mrs Christensen's gaunt, yellow face, glowed with wrath. The trusty guardian of her larder, she raised a prohibitory, red-knuckled hand. "Ah not got nuddings to eat."

The old man fumbled his hat brim uncertainly. He muttered indistinctly between his puckered lips. With the half-cringing, half wistful look of a homeless dog, he retreated across the ash heaps, dragging after him a small red express waggon, whose ungreased wheels protested shrilly.

The woman watched curiously as he passed from house to house. "Such a foolish!" she muttered. "Vy has he dot wagging? Ah dunno. There he is, at dose Pearson's howis. Dey don't got nudding, not nudding, dose poor Pearson!"

She strained her eyes. "Vell!" she murmured, in amazement, "None peoples iss crazy! Dey bin askit him in!"

It was Jim Pearson who had come to the door.

"Yu might be settin down over there, old man," he said with grave gentleness, "set right next to Elzmary. She kin move over some. There ain't much besides coffee and sowbelly, but Sue kin rustle yu some o' that."

Little Etta Mary Pearson picked up her bowl of bread and milk, carefully, in her baby hands, and daintily made room next her, on a rough board resting on two soap boxes.

She recognized the visitor instantly, with a birdlike flint of her golden head, and a sparkle in her round blue eyes. It was the builder of the powerful navy of ships, that bravely navigated the raging ocean out in the sage brush, the wise man from nobody-knew-where, who showed her the little gray rabbits, lying in their burrows; who told her why the lizard can shed his tail, and just who it is the cat-spider lates, and how many stars there really are.

"Hello, Thom!" said Etta Mary, affably, and beat on the table with her spoon, so that her greeting might not be missed.

"H'lo!" answered the old man, bashfully. A covert glance of understanding passed between the two. They were old friends, each of whom knew and appreciated the other. He slid awkwardly into his seat. The meal proceeded in silence.

Jim Pearson drained his tin cup, and rising slowly to his feet, went to the door of the house, half of boards, half tent. He looked thoughtfully out toward the side hills, whether the road to the mining camp of Dellabar, twenty miles away, would sinuously through the powdery dust of the flats. "I reckon I'll be movin' Sue," said he, "We've got

WE HAVE JUST LANDED—

4 CASES

Of remarkably choice

FRENCH BISCUITS

Manufactured by the famous firm of
PERNOT, at Dijon.

You are respectfully invited to call and inspect varieties, as follows:—

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| Amanas | Faust and Marguerite |
| Bernardin (Long and Round) | Mandarine |
| Brignette | Mont Blanc |
| Campagna | Nougat Breton |
| Amanda (Baton) | Meringue |
| Chablis Praline | Amandine de Provence |
| Croissant Glacé | Ecargo |

Parisette, Etc., Etc.

H. M. SMEETON, Limited,
GENERAL PROVIDERS,
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.