

thing he had done, he claimed. He meant to do something in time.

So his brief calls continued, and the progress he reported was of an encouraging sort. His health was greatly improved, too, and one morning he came in wearing a new suit of clothes.

"If you are not careful," said the girl, as she shook her finger at him, "they'll be taking you for the Rhodes who owns the building."

"Not so bad as that," he cried. "They tell me he's not a man to be envied in spite of his wealth."

"I don't know anybody who has ever seen him," said the girl. "They say he's a misanthrope, and old before his time. I don't envy him. I'm only sorry for him."

"I'm not exactly sorry for him," said the man. "Perhaps he really needs something to wake him up—something to rouse his ambition and his energy."

Whereat the girl suddenly flushed, although there seemed no occasion for it.

And then one morning he had come in and invited her to take a street car ride with him the following Sunday. And she had agreed, on condition that he would take dinner with her mother and herself.

So the little programme was carried out. The guest found the dinner in the modest home a delightful one, and Mrs. Blanchard a charming woman. And after the dinner he and Nellie took a street car ride.

"Of course," he said, with a little laugh. "I must plan my excursions according to my income. Some day I hope to reach the luxury of a steam yacht and an automobile."

And Nellie professed to like the street car rides the best, because they were safe and entailed no responsibility.

"This line," she suddenly said, "takes us right to the allotment of which I have told you—the last one that my father planned. Would you like to look it over?"

He said he would, and so they wandered about among the pretty new homes and along the well-paved streets. And presently she stopped at a corner and looked back.

"This row of houses was to have been mine," she said, with a gentle smile. "That's what papa told me the last Sunday we came up here together. 'That's where your pin-money is to come from, Nellie,' he said, in his laughing way. 'You'll be quite independent with the income it will give you. Poor papa, he always was so optimistic.' And she gently sighed.

The man at her side looked the houses over carefully.

"Who owns them now?" he asked.

"The Columbia Trust Company," she answered. "They were security for a loan."

The afternoon was wearing away when they turned homeward.

"Let us walk part way," said Rhodes, and they slowly strolled down the thoroughfare that led toward the Blanchard cottage.

Presently the man spoke, and his voice was low and earnest.

"Miss Blanchard, Nellie," he said, "it is nearly a month now since I met you, and it has been a happy month for me. I can't tell you of the good your friendship has done me. I am a man with new purposes and new hopes. I need you, Nellie—I feel that I cannot do without you. Will you be my wife?"

There was a little silence. His face was eagerly turned to hers, but she did not look at him.

"I like you very much," she presently said, in her quiet way, "better than any other man I have ever met. But marriage is a serious problem. We must look at it in a practical way. I am independent and useful and reasonably happy. And then, I have some one to consider beside myself. If I married you I would have to give up my present employment."

"Of course," he cried. "And are you in a position to care for both my mother and myself?"

She asked the question with a gentle frankness, her tender eyes turned upon him.

He slightly flushed as he met her gaze.

"And will you marry me when I am?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment.

"Yes," she answered, "I will."

He laughed boyishly. He looked ten years younger.

"I'll promise you it won't be long," he cried. "It won't be long." And he fell to whistling a merry tune. "O, I forgot it was Sunday," he said, with a comical grimace. "And there's our car.

Come, let's run, dearest," and he caught her hand as they sped along.

There is no doubt Nellie Blanchard was disappointed when her Sunday guest failed to appear in the office of Milliken and Co. the next morning. She had expected him, and he did not come. And as the moments were along with no tidings from him she began to realize a little how much his companionship meant to her.

But the busy Milliken hadn't been gone from the office more than five minutes that afternoon when the missing man appeared. He came in quickly, and the girl noticed that his face was flushed and his eyes bright indeed.

"A little late," he said, "but there were so many details. It's all right, though. I'm going to make my last report on progress."

"Your last report?" she echoed. "O, I don't mean to stop progressing," he cried. "I only mean that I am going to stop coming here."

"I don't understand," she said, a little faintly.

"Things are looking so bright," he explained, "that I have actually come in to settle the little indebtedness that has bothered me so long."

"What indebtedness?"

"Why, the dollar you loaned me, of course."

She shook her head at him. She even smiled.

"It's hardly worth making all this ado about," she said.

"O, yes, it is," he cried, and drew from an inner pocket a long envelope. From this he extracted a legal document and laid it on the table before her. "For value received," he said.

"For me?" she asked.

He eagerly nodded.

"Read it," he cried.

She glanced rapidly through the paper and her eyes dilated as she read.

"The consideration is one dollar, as you see," he said.

She looked at him and her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Does this mean that you have given me that row of houses on Deratur Avenue, the row my father promised me?"

"That's the deed," he said, "and it's sealed, signed, recorded and delivered. And now, please, ma'am, will you kindly click out your resignation to Milliken and Co., and then name the happy day?"

Her eyes were still upon him.

"You you have deceived me," she murmured.

"I'll promise never to do so again," he eagerly announced.

"You ate my sandwich," she half laughed, "and you took my dollar, and now you prove to be a fairy prince. What am I to expect next? You may even be the misanthropic Mr Rhodes who owns this skyscraper."

He laughed merrily.

"Why not?" he asked.

Sentence Sermons.

It takes moral muscle to be meek. Sentiment will not pass for service. Self-denial is a specific for self-esteem. Watching the clock is but wasting the time.

Forget justice and you will find judgment.

Love usually tries to hide its noblest deeds.

A shadowless world would be a senseless one.

A white life preaches louder than a black one.

Kindness is more convincing than keenness.

A little elbow grease is worth a lot of oily phrases.

Most moral infection comes from apparently small vices.

The peroration of a sermon often prevents its application.

A man cannot have his interest in sin and keep his principle clean.

The lights of this world are not doing their shining before mirrors.

The wise are those who learn from the follies of others, as well as their own.

A man's moral measure may be known by the things that move him to mirth.

When faith and love go to work together, they never stop to think of the weather.

The man who is always talking about himself as a poor worm of the dust is not likely to have a great deal of power to lift the world.

DEADLY ANAEMIA.

Cared by the Great Blood-Builder, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Few girls suffered more than I did from Bloodlessness," said Miss Isabella Sharp, Hillside, Caversham, Ipswich. "Every atom of strength left me, and life was not worth living. I seemed to be in a hopeless decline. No one expected me to live more than a few months. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills gave me new life and strength. They made my blood rich and red, and left me as strong and healthy as you see me today."

Like Miss Sharp, there are scores of young girls in New Zealand who drag themselves along with one foot in the grave all through the years of youth which should be the happiest in their lives. And all because they have too little blood. A good supply of pure rich red blood is what every girl needs when Nature is making new demands upon her system.

New blood was what Miss Sharp needed to cure her headaches, backaches, and side-aches; her paleness, breathlessness, and dizziness; her heart palpitation; her sickly dizzy turns, and her deadly fainting spells. These were caused by her weak over-worked blood. And the only thing that "makes" new blood is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the one sure and lasting cure for Deadly Anaemia.

"It was in 1903," continued Miss Sharp, "that my health went to pieces with poor blood. I was as weak as a kitten. I could neither eat nor sleep. Thumping, throbbing headaches never gave me a minute's peace. I looked so pale and thin that my friends said I was the image of Death. Morning, noon, and night, my back ached until I thought that I would break. My feet would hardly drag my legs after me. Any sudden sound made my heart jump. The least exertion made me faint. I was always weary, listless, and miserable. I did my best to be cheerful, but I simply couldn't. Everything in the world seemed dark. I thought my health was gone for good. People said I was slipping into Consumption, and I felt myself that I could not live much longer."

"It was then that we heard about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from Mr Jas. Stirling, a friend of Father's. He told us how he had been a martyr to Neuralgia for years, and how nothing did him any good till he built up his blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cured him completely—and he made Father promise to get me some."

"The first couple of boxes gave me such a wonderful appetite, made me feel so much better that we bought some more," added Miss Sharp. "After that, every dose enriched my blood and built up my strength. I soon lost all my old listlessness and backache. A fresh colour came in my face and new energy in all my muscles. Now I sleep soundly, look splendid, and feel as happy as the day is long. And for all my present health I can never give enough thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure Deadly Anaemia after everything else fails, just because they actually "make" new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They go straight down to the root of the matter in the blood and cure "that." That is why they won't cure any disease that isn't caused by bad blood in the first place. But then, that is the one cause of most common complaints, such as paleness, pimples, head-aches, backaches, indigestion, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles, weak lungs, asthma, influenza, general weakness, lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, skin complaints, St. Vitus' dance, falling powers, and the special ailments of girls and women who suffer unspeakable distress when their blood becomes weak, overtaxed, or impure. For all these Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a sovereign cure because they make the blood pure, rich, red and regular. But, of course, you must not be getting "made" ill that often. Miss Sharp always in boxes, never in bottles. Substitutes never cured anybody. If your local chemist or storekeeper tries to palm off some bulk or bottled imitation on you, write for the genuine to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. It is a box six boxes 10/6, post free. Free medical advice can be obtained by writing to the same address.



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