TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

ined and pronounced "likely to be see them. tedious, but not serious." she was com- knight of the rueful countenance?" fortably ensconced on a sofa in her she aked, merrily, of Denzil, reining mother's sitting-room, whence, after in her horse beside him. dinner, she sent word that she would be very glad to see them all if they | sequently, about nine o'clock, consid- bright eyes," erable noise and laughter might have been heard issuing from the boudoir, verten, emphatically, shaking her well she loved him, and to beg on her where they had all assembled odedient head; "the signs of woe apon cour to her command-all, that is, save face are unmistakable. I suppose you Eddie, Miss Liste and Denzil Younge, have a presentiment that you will be Surely that calm, half smile had no with one or two others, who had lin- slain to-day, and naturally don't sympathy with death. Was she never

gered in the billiard-room. Lord relish it." Lyndon had, of course, been the first jured herself; but, finding her, though sweet and gracious as usual, somewhat disinclined for conversation, he ton, scornfully. had left her presently with the entreaty that she would try to sleep, and fortably; "is it possible you have se subdue all feverish symptoms. But she was flushed and restless, and could not compose herself, so lay open-eyed. though silent, with her gaze fixed sense?" upon the door.

When ten o'clock struck, Lady Caroline made a move.

"Mildred, darling," she said, bending over her, "would you not like to part seeming one mass of spotted skin go to bed? You are looking so fever- and waving restless tail. ich-and I know you are suffering pain. Let me persuade you, dearest, to do what is wise. Are you waiting for anyone? Would you like to see Lyndon before going?"

"No-no," answered Mildred, blushing vividly; "I do not want anyone. But I am not tired vet, mamma"pleadingly-"I wish to sit up a little lenger.

length, another half hour was tolled as it struck, feet came rapidly up the which was heard by all.

"I think Mr. Younge had the most

"Mamma," said Mildred, wearily, "I

CHAPTER YXI: "Mildred," said Sir George, one night about a fortnight later on, "if you really mean hunting co-morrow, you growing almost happy again. will have to be up betimes, as we shall have to start more than usually early. on account of the distance we have to go."

"I shall be ready," answered Mildred.

Accordingly, the next morning, true to her word, she was down-stairs, ginning straight in the line of vicequipped, even to the dainty little whin tory, without a moment's swerve. she carried in her hand, before any one but Denzil had put in an appear-

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Lyndon arriving shortly afterward in time for breakfast, they hastily despatched that meal, and started directly after for the meet, which was at some considerable distance Miss Trevanton and the acknowledged lover in front, Sir George with the discarded in the Lackground.

On their way they fell in with Frances Sylverton, attended only by a groom-Charlie having gone to refoin his regiment some days beforewho called out gaily that she had come this route on the mere chance of meeting them, and was therefore, for

A BLOOD-FOOD DISCOVERED THAT ENTIRELY OVERCOMES ANAEMIC WEAKHESS

tablish Truly Wonderful Results.

gain either strength or weight. Neither self and its rider heavily to the feed nor medicine in many instances ground. ran beneficial effect.

Concodate-coated Perrozone Tablets at a gream of golden nair.

the close of every meal. sing with new-found life and halin.

nights are turned into periods of rest. and you pick up fast. Dav. by day your appetite improves-this means more food is transformed into natriment that will build and energize weak organs. The inclination to werry passes away because Ferrozone imparts nerve tone and bodily

strength that prevents depression. Think it over-Ferrozone is a wonsands use it and ther by cleanse and no answer. restere the entire system to a perfect | She looked up wildly. Would nocondition. You'll feel the uplifting body ever come? How long they bound to help you if you only give come, would it, perchance, be only to it the chance. Sold by all dealers, it tell her that help was needless—that of the name Ferrozone. Forwarded --lifeless within her very arms? by mail to any address if price is Oh, to speak with him once more,

Mildred's foot having been exam- | once in her life, unfeignedly glad to

"And what has happened to you. O

"I had no idea I was looking se lugubrious," he said, laughing; "and would come and sit with her. So con- norning mist that has got into your

"No, it is not," persisted Miss Syl-

"You are wrong," said he-"entirely the loving tenderness that grew in his to approach Mildred to inquire how wrong. If I felt even the shadow of eyes for her alone? she was and express his tender, loving such a feeling upon me, I should go regrets that she should have so in- straight home again, and wait for the

dawning of some luckler day." "What a coward!" cried Miss Silver-

never before made the discovery?" "I wonder," thought Sir George, "if

"I am that" returned Denzil com-

young people nowadays ever talk And then immediately afterward

they came within full view of the bounds as they stood clustered together in the hollow, for the most Three hours later, and Miss Tre-

vanion, with heightened color and warmed blood, was riding excitedly along to the occasional music of the forward hounds. A little in front, Sir George and Lyndon gave her the lead. while behind there were none; for of but few now remained to be in at the leaving Sir George to follow him ai-"death." Some, finding the pace too So Lady Caroline, giving her her hot in the beginning, had wisely own way, said nothing more, until at drawn rein, and solemnly pledded home again; others, more adventurout by the small clock. And, even ously but scarcely co well judging, trusting to fickle fortune to favor the stairs, and then nearer and nearer, brave, had come to a violent end, and until they passed the door, when there now sat, or stood, lamenting their fate. came to those within a gay, ringing and abusing their goddess in no measlaugh, irrepressible in its joyousness, ured terms; while of those who still held on-among whom was Frances Sylverton-most of them rode to Milcharming laugh I ever heard," said dred's left, down deep in the hollow of Jane Deverill. "Don't you, Captain Hart's Chase, leaving to her right but one, and that was Denzil.

A passionate lover of riding, and am tired now; I should like to go to devoted to sport, Younge's keenest enjoyment was to feel a good horse under him, with the certainty of a hard day's run in view; and to-day. his mount being undeniable, he was

> Having made a false move about half an hour before he was now crashing through, or over, everything that a moment. came in his way, to make up for lost time, and gain on Sir George and Lyndon who-clever and wary sportsmen both had sailed along from the be-

Just as Denzil at last caught sight of them, and knew himself to be once more in the right way, he found he was on the same ground with Mildred Trevanion, only considerably higher up. It was a lengthy meadow, straggling and untidy in form, and Mildred, entering at the lower end, could scarcely distinguish her companion above, but succeeded in making a shrewd conjecture nevertheless.

From where she was it was easy enough to get into the adjoining field but with Denzil it was far different. A short ugly wall rose before him, surmounted by a hedge of some sort, thick and prickly, which effectually concealed from view the heavy fall on the other side. Still, it was not exactly an impossible thing to take, though decidedly a "facer"; and Denzil, understanding the danger, and trusting to his horse to carry him safely through, determined to risk it, come what might.

Miss Trevanion, slightly ahead of TOO LITTLE BLOOD him now-having managed her last jump satisfactorily-turned nervously in her saddle to see how it would end. Carefully Investigated Reports Es. She wondered breathlessly whetherwhoever he was ne knew of the And then she saw the norse rise, land heretofore it has often been a hope- at the other side, stagger, and then, less task for a tuta-blooded person to plunging helplessly forward, bring it-

Mildred shut her eyes, and pressed What is practically a perfect blood, ber teeth cruelly on her under lip to food, containing such elements as suppress the scream that rose so nairon has at last been produced, and turally from her heart; and when she when taken after meals will put new summoned courage to look up, she hite and figor-into people that have found the home had risen, and stood acapatred of ever poing strong again, trembling at some little di tance off, Lis truly wonder-working treatmans of brilling searlet cloth and est exertion, and too eften on the

- CHAPTER XXII.

This wonderful blood-food supplies in but les minutes time after the nourishment, vim, energy sends a accident Millired was beside Denzil, strerm of vigorous, strength-miking and down on her knees, her horse blood to every nook and corner of the idly wondering away. She stooped, body, makes every muscle and fibre and placed her hand upon his heart, but failed to detect the faintest beat. Tabt gnawing tiredness leaves you - She drew her fingers across his fore-Ferrozone drives it away. Sleepless nead—cold and damp with the chilling wintery wind-but to her it seem-

for evermore? pushing back the hair from his beautiful forhead, she murmured to him tenderly, almost reproachfully, half believing the cruel voice he had loved derful tonic, in fact it is more because so well on earth would recall him it establishes health that lasts. Thou- even from the grave. But there was

rewer of Ferrozone in a week-it's were-how long! And, when they did a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Be sure he was indeed dead, as he appeared

as it would take to let him know how Co., Brockville, Ont.



knees for his forgiveness! Why did he lie so silent at her feet? to hear his voice again-never to see

Was all the world dead or insensible, that none would come to her call, while perhaps each precious moment was stealing another chance from his life? This thought was maddening; she glanced all round her, but as yet no one was in sight. And then she began to cry and wring her hands.

"Denzil, speak to me!" she sobbed. "Denzil-darling-darling!"

Lord Lyndon, shortly after the accident had occurred, turning round in his saddle to discover whether Miss Trevanion was coming up with them, and not seeing her, raised himself in his stirrups to survey the ground behind, and beheld two horses riderless, and something he could not discern clearly upon the grass. "Sir George, look!" he called to his companion. "What is it-what has

happened? Can you see Mildred?" He waited for nothing more, but, putting spurs to the astonished aniall those who had met that morning mal under him, rode furiously back,

> most as swiftly. And this was what they saw. arm twisted half under him, in that she could say nothing; she only fol-Lying apparently lifeless, with one horrible, formless way a broken limb will sometimes take, lay Denzil Younge, with Miss Trevanion holding his head upon her lap, and smoothing back his hair, while she moaned

made Lyndon's heart grow cold. "Mildred!" he cried, sharply, putting his hand on her arm with the intention of raising her from the ground; but she shook him off rough-

over him words and entreaties that

"Let me alone," she said; "what have you to do with us? I loved him. Oh, Denzil, my darling, speak to me -speak to me!" What is the meaning of this?" Lyndon asked, hoarsely. "Trevanion,

you should know." Sir George, who was bending over

true," he answered, simply. "But I of this cold, unhappy day, a silence give you my word of honor as a gen. fell upon them both, while thoughts tleman, I was unaware of it. All I rose thick and agitating. know is that she refused him long | Suddenly the door opened and a serbefore you proposed for her-for what vant stood revealed. reason I am as ignorant as yourself. It has been her own secret from first

As Sir George spoke, Mildred looked up for the first time. "Is he dead?" she asked, with ter-

rible calmness. "No, no - I hope not; a broken arm seldom kills," answered her father, hurriedly, drawing the broken limb from beneati? What must he think of me? How misthe wounded man with great gentleness, "Lyndon, the brandy."

Lyndon, who was almost as white as Denzil at the moment, resolutely putting his own grievance behind him for the time being, knelt down beside Sir George, and, giving him his flask, began to help in the task of resuscitation. "How will it be?" he asked, in

whisper. "I cannot tell," answered Sir George,

MEANS MUCH MISERY

That is What Makes People Pale, Weak and Languid

The one source of most of the misbry that affects men and women and sight of the man now standing opposgrowing children is poverty of the blood. If you consult a doctor he says you are anaemic, which really means bloodless. That is what makes people drag along, always tired, never real hungry, often unable to digest verge of complete breakdown.

More weak, anaemic people have been made strong, energetic and cheerful by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. These pills actually make new, rich blood which reaches every part of the body, strengthens the nerves and brings new health and strength. The following is proof of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to restore health, Mr. Geo. Tured touched by the cold hand of Death. ner. New Haven, N. S., says: "No A terrible feeling took possession of doubt due to constant hard work, I her. Was he dead? Was he speechless, got in a badly run down condition. It deal, blind, beyond love, life, hope, took very little exertion to tire me, and my appetite was far from being Lifting his head on to her lap and good. Often I had headaches, and when going upstairs, of after any slight exertion my heart would palpitate violently, and I grew considerably alarmed about my condition. I decided to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a few boxes I felt much better. I continued using the pills for some weeks longer, and

warmly recommend this medicine to men who are weak or run down." You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for remitted to The Catarrhozone Co., if only for a moment—just for so long | 32.50 from Th Dr. Williams Medicine

"we can only hope for the best. I don't like the look on the poor lad's face, I have seen such a look before. Do you remember little Polly Stuart of the Guards? I was on the ground when he was killed very much in the same manner, and saw him lying there with just that sort of strange, calm half smile upon his face as though defying death.

"But he was stone dead at the time, poor boy." "How shall we get him home?" asked Lyndon. "I wish some doctor could be found to see him. Was not

Stubber on the field this morning" "Yes, but was called off early in the day, I think."

"His heart!" cried Miss Trevanion, suddenly. "His heart! It is beating!" She raised her eves to her father's as she gave utterance to the sweet words, and Lyndon saw all the glorious light of the hope that had kindled in them. Her white fingers were pressed closely against Denzil's chest; her breath was coming and going rapturously at quick, short intervals; her whole face was full of passionate, glad expectation.

"So it is," said Sir George, excitedly. 'Lyndon, more brandy." So life, struggling slowly back into

Denzil's frame, began its swift course once more for him; while for Lyndon, turning away sick at heart and miserable, its joys and promises were but as rotten fruit, ending in bitterness and mockery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was late the same evening, and Mildred, sitting in her mother's room, with one hand clasped in Lady Caroline's, was gazing idly into the fire, seeming pale and dejected in the red light of the flames, that ever and anon blazed up and sunk, and aimost died, and brightened up again. Yet in her heart there was a great well of thankfulness, of joy unutterable for had not the doctor, fully an hour before, declared Denzil out of any immediate danger, assuring the anxious watchers that with care and time his recovery would be a certainty?

Up to that moment Miss Trevanion had remained in her own apartment, not caring to encounter the gaze of curious observers-now walking feverishly backward and forward with unspoken prayers within her breast. now sitting stunned and wretched waiting for the tidings she yet dreaded to hear.

But when Lady Caroline came to tell her all was well for the present, lowed her mother back to her own room, where she fell upon her knees and cried as though her heart would break.

Here, too, she confessed all that had laid so heavily on her mind for the past few months, while the mother sat silent, listening and wondering, and caressing with tender, encourageing fingers the fair bent head that lay upon her lab.

Sir George, on his return, had told his wife all that had occurred—and probably more-together with a good probably more—together with a good deal of information on the subject of Grand Complexion improver his own feelings, which he described at length, as having received a shock not to be easily forgotten.

He had been extremely fussy and "I suppose, as she says it, it is Now, here, in the gathering darkness-

> "Lord Lyndon's compliments to Miss Trevanion, and he would be glad to see her for a few minutes in the

> north drawingroom," he said, and lingered for a reply. "I will be down directly," Mildred answered, tremulously, and when he had withdrawn, turned nervously toward Lady Caroline. "Oh, mother," she said, "what can I say to him?

> erable it all is!" "Have courage, my darling," whispered Lady Caroline, "and own the truth-plain speaking is ever the best and wisest. Afterward he will forgive you, Remember how impatiently

shall be waiting here for your return. "Of course he will understand that it is now all over between us?" Mil-

dred asked, half anxiously, as she reached the door. "Of course he will," said Lady Caroline, with a suppressed sigh. How could she help regretting this good thing that was passing away from her daughter? "Now go, and do not keep him in suspense any longer."

So Mildred went; but, as she passed the threshold of the room that contained Lord Lyndon, a sudden rush of memory almost overpowered her, carrying her back, as it did, to that I other night, a few short weeks ago, when she had similarly stood, but in how different a position in the ite to her. Then she had come to offer him all that was dearest to him on earth, now she was come to deprive him, of that boon-was standing before him, judged and condemned as having given away that which in nowise

belonged to her. She scarcely dared to raise her head: but waited, shame-stricken, for him though repentant sinner.

"I have very little to say to you," said Lyndon, hoarsely, in a voice that was strange and cold, all the youth being gone out of it, "but I thought it better to get it over at once+to end are delightful, and I will send them this farce that has been playing so

iong." No answer from Miss Trevanion no movement-no sound even, beyond a slight catching of the breath. "Why should you have treated me as you have is altogether beyond my liated. fathoming," he went on. "Surely I

could never have deserved it at your hands. When I gave you that paltry money a few weeks ago, I little thought it was accepted as the price of your affection. Affection! Nav. rather toleration. Had I known it I would have flung it into the sea 'efore it should have degraded both they completely cured me. I can yourself and me. Had you no compassion-no thought of the dreary future you were so coldly planning for us both-I ever striving to gain a love that was not to be gained-you perpetually remembering past days that

7AM-BUK

is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food! All Druggists and Stores -50c.

reproaching you now; the thing is done, and cannot be undone. You have only acted as hundreds of women have acted before you-ruined one man's happiness completely, and very nearly wrecked another's, all for the want of a little honesty."

He made a few steps forward as though to pass her, but she arrested him by laying both her hands upon

> (To be continued.) LAW OLD AND NEW.

his arm.

A Cynical View of Past Methods and Those of the Present.

Law, more especially criminal law, has usually been an occust silence. It is still the practice of Burma, we believe, to give two disputants candles of the same size, to be lighted at the same time. The one whose candle

the other. Less than 100 years ago a defendant in an English criminal trial appealed to the ordeal of battle, and the court was more or less surprised to find that the ancient law on which he relied

burns longest gets judgment against

had never been repealed. Determining a man's guilt or innocence by his ability to walk on hot plowshares or carry a hot iron or drink a poisonous decoction or by throwing him bound into water has been practiced for ages among many peoples. The medieval method of let ting accused and accuser fight it out with weapons was common over Eu-

rope. Our modest ancestors confessed their inability to find the merits of the cause and so relegated the whole affair to the intervention of supernatural agencies. The main difference is that we are less modest. Instead of the ordeal of battle or the old key and Bible test or the "sieve witch."

we have the defendant play a game of trip the court. If he can catch the judge putting down an "i" dot over an "e" he wins and is pronounced innocent.

Eetter Than Cosmetics

When it's so easy to bring back the discursive altogether, but the mother's bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when the prostrate man, raised his eyes for heart had divined the truth, and skin disfigurements can be removed, isn't it foolish to plaster on cosmetics?

Go to the root of the trouble-remove that cause-correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of. How much happier you'll feel-pimples gone, cheeks rosy again. eyes bright, spirits good, joyous health again returned. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, get a 25c box to-

KITCHENER.

Are we downhearted yet? Lor' bless yer, no!
But sye-it's cruel 'ard to see 'im go. 'Im as the Good Book calls-what is it "Bulwark and stren'th,"
Doin' 'is bit for us day after weary day, Until at length Gawd called him:

And we blind fools without 'im 'ere be-

low, Yet wait-I see 'im marshalling them Those white battalions wingin' by 'im slow. Called by his faith as though by bugle's blare.
To 'elp 'im strike a blow at England's for Because 'e loved us-and we loved 'im so

Come on, boys, cut the tears and sing, Tighten the Teuton ring, Fight on the Victory as e'd 'ave us go; God Save the King! Dave the King!
-Anonymous, in Montreal Star.

THE QUEEN'S APPRECIATION

The following is an extract from a letter received by the Montreal branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild from Lady Hawley, Hon. Secretary, at the Guild headquarters in London, England:

"I hardly know how to thank all

those who have so kindly contributed. and hope you will come to my aid by conveying the expression of Her lajesty's appreciation to the various branches and individual workers who have contributed to sour last consignto accuse her, with eyes bent sorrow- ment. Her Maje ar was much interfully downward. Her attitude, though ested in the Indian made secks, and she knew it not, was perfect. She much astoniched what one of her lit-looked a broken lily-a beautiful, alfor the cause, as we see that in additien to six case of comforts made from the proceeds of this little petticoat, there is more to follow.

"The South African picture-books to one of the officers' hospitals. "The dressings have been despatched to Cliveden Hospital as requested. "I must not forget to mention the comfort bags from Yarmouth, which were lovely and will be much apprec

"Should you by any chance get any women's and children's things, I should now be glad of a few, as I am asked for some for widows and orphana of officers, and as you know, our department for women and children has been closed.

"Could you let Mrs. Hamilton know that her shirt was quite correct? "With renewed thanks. Yours truly (Signed) Annie Lawley, Hon. Secretary.

"Don't you think Miss Howler has wonderful control of her voice?" "No, contained all the sweatness of your I don't. She sings every time anyone There—it is of small use my 'asks her to."-Boston Transcript.

Tommy Atkins to Captain Bunkum

The following poem, a parody on "You Are Old, Father William," ap-pears in the Hawick Isews (Scotland) of

"We are cold, Captain Bunkum," the

"And we slept in wet blankets last might, Yet we stand on parade till we're chilled to the bone. Do you think that is treating us right? 'The Canadian Contingent," the Captain replied,
"Is tough, as you'll see by the news.

And will rlinch from no hardships, how-

ever they're tried,
If you don't believe me, ask Sam
Hughes," 'We drill every day in the wet, Captain B.
And the clothes we put on damp.
This tells on one's stock of endurance, you see.

y, why don't we shift from this

Say, w. camp?" "The huts are not ready yet," same the reply,
"And we'll miss a parade if we move.
Be patient, take hardships, as soldiers By next spring things ought to im-

"If the cooks, Captain Bunkum, should vary our meals,
With Hamburg steak, sausage and such.

An occasional spud or two boiled without would the Government mind very

To grumble at rations with your scale of pay, Seems to me, my man, quite idiotic. You can buy extra chuck with your dellar a day.

Besides, Hamburg steak's unpatriotic. 'Just one moment, Captain," the private called out.
"I've one problem more then I'll quit.
If we're fit for the front as is rumored

Are our officers equally fit? T've answered three questions and that is enough,"
The Captain with energy roars.
"Say do you think we are throwing a bluff? DISMISS. or I'll make you form fours."

—Galt Reporter.

CURES CATARRH, BRONCHITIS BY SWIFT CERTAIN METHOD

Thousands of drug fiends have been started on their downward course through catarrh snuffs containing some habit-forming drug. If you suffer from cold, sneezing or catarri, don't use a snuff; use a sensible treatment

like Catarrhozone. It heals and secthes, brings relief at once, cures thoroughly. In bronchitis and throat trouble, no doctor can do better than prescribe Catarrhozone. Try it; see what wonders it works-what power it pessesses. Different from the old way -you inhale Catarrhozone. Get a dollar outfit, which includes the inhaler, and is guaranteed. Smaller sizes, 50c; sample size, 25c, at all dealers.

KITCHENER!

O thou, pillar of the Nation's Hall Woe there is that thou shouldst rall When thou'rt needed most! Whilst thy body should lie in state. The sad waves murmur in thy wake A whited, sneeted, ghost.

Thy silent face no in mans where the Nation had learned to lean Upon thy stalwart arm,
That, now, no longer guiding us,
Trumphant foes are biding us

With new, and strange, alarm, They triumph not o'er British born The nerves, that they give— For they laud to the skies in great

At the death of one who bears that name We lov'd the man that in him shone nor fawn o'er they stand.

Who knew stern duty's bendless sway. And the soldier's part that made obey kitchener—the man: We lov'd the fighting blood that coursed

Through throbbing veins, whose ardor forced
Oppressors to their doom—
And he who stood 'must shot and shell,
A lion at bay in the mouth of hell—
Kitchener, of Khartoum!

Who brav'd the storm of scandal'd tide That swept the nation, far and wide n hissing, seething rage— But, all in vain its juries spent. It broke cefore the adamant

We lovid our hero's silent face That, set for duty's bitter pace, Kept down all selfish sorrow Who gave himself to the nation's life.
To pilot her through endless strife.
Till a brighter to-morrow.

But his was not the high command. His was not the Ruling Hand To write the Fluai Word— There came the call beyond repute— And he bravely gave his last salute

Thou art the Nation's greatest loss That he within the State—
That he within the State—
Who cured not for the reflish things,
Who was honored by a Lundo I kings—
Kitch ner—the great.
—D. M. Chons, aged 15.
June 5th, 1916. ----

IMPOSING ON MISSOURIANS. (Bethany Chyster)

country solina e for taking f warts, when every early knows the dy way to take out a suit is to rub with a potato, which is alterward to be buried by a nigger in the northeast corner of a graveyard at midnight in the dark of the moon. As the potato decays the wart will disappear.

It's hard to keep your faith in your fellowman when you are always losing your umbrellas.



MEDICINE During the War there will be o essions in Medicine. HOME STUDY The Arts Course may be taken by corre

spondence, but students desi ate must attend one session. SUMMER SCHOOL GEO. Y. CHOWN JULY AND AUGUST