# EVERYBODY IS DIFFERENT



The Fourth of a New Series of "Anne" Stories

# By L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

I'M so different," sighed Hazel. It was really dreadful, she felt, to be so different from other people, and yet rather wonderful, too, as if you were a being strayed from another star. Hazel would not have been one of the common herd for anything . . . no matter what she suffered by reason of her indifferentness. "Everybody is different," said Anne Shir-

ley amusedly.
"You are smiling." Hazel clasped a pair of "You are smiling." Hazel clasped a pair of very white, very dimpled hands and gazed adoringly at Anne. "You have such a fascinating smile, Miss Shirley... such a haunting smile. I knew the moment I first saw you you would understand everything. Sometimes I think I must be psychic, Miss Shirley. I always know so instinctively the moment I meet anyone whether I'm going to like them or not. I felt at once that you were sympathetic... that you would understand. It's so sweet to be understood, Nebody understands me, Miss Shirley... Nobody understands me, Miss Shirley . . nobody. But when I saw you some inner nobody. voice whispered to me, 'She will understand. With her you can be your real self.' Oh, Miss Shirley, let's be real . . . let's always be real! Oh, Miss Shirley, do you love me the leastest, teenlest bit?"

"I think you're a dear," said Anne, laugh-ing a little and ruffling Hazel's golden curls with her slender fingers. It was quite easy to be fond of Hazel.

Hazel Marr had a notorious "crush" on Miss Shirley. She was "an October blonde," as she liked to describe herself, with hair of golden bronze and brown eyes, and, so gossip averred, had never been much good in the world since she had found out she was pretty. But Hazel was popular, especially among the boys who found her eyes and curls a quite irresistible combination.

Hazel caught Anne's hand and pressed

her lips to it reverently.
"I hate all the people you have loved before me, Miss Shirley. I hate all the other people you love now. I want to possess you exclusively, Miss Shirely."

"Aren't you a bit unreasonable honey?
You love other people besides me. How about Terry, for example?"

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"Oh, Miss Shirley, it's that I came up this evening to talk to you about. I can't endure it any longer... I cannot, Miss Shirley. I must talk to someone about it... ley. I must talk to someone about it . . . someone who understands. The night before test I went out and walked round and round the pond nearly all night . . well, till twelve anyhow. I've suffered everything . . . . everything!"

everything!"
Hazel looked as tragic as a round pink-and-white face, long-lashed eyes and a halo of curls would let her.
"Why, Hazel dear! I thought you and

Terry were so happy . . . that everything was settled."

Anne could not be blamed for thinking Anne could not be blamed for thinking so. During the past three weeks Hazel had raved to her about Terry Garland . . . for Hazel's attitude was, what was the use of having a beau if you couldn't talk to somene about him?

"Everybody thinks that," retorted Hazel with great bitterness. "Oh, Miss Shirley, life seems so full of perplexing problems. I feel sometimes as if I wanted to lle down somewhere. . and fold my

somewhere . . . anywhere . . . and fold my

is a self-revelation. And yet I cannot write out what burns in my soul. It ... it stiffes

Hazel clutched dramatically at her throat.

'Of course I'd like to see it if you wanted
ne to. But what is this trouble between me to.

me 10. But Perry?"
you and Terry?"
"Oh. Terry! Miss Shirley, will you believe you and letsy.
"Oh, Terry! Miss Shirley, will you believe me when I tell you that Terry seems like a stranger to me? A stranger! Someone I'd never seen before," added Hazel so that there might be no mistake.
"But, Hazel, I thought you loved him.

ou said . . . ."
"Oh, I know. I thought I loved him, too. But now I know it was all a terrible mis-take. Oh, Miss Shirley, you can't dream how different my life is . . . how impossible

"But what-

"But what—"
"Oh, Miss Shirley, I'm sure I don't love him enough to marry him. I realize that now. I was just moonlighted into thinking I loved him. If it hadn't been for the moon I'm sure I'd have asked for time to think it over. But I was swept off my feet by the moonlight. I see that now...wen it's too late. Oh, I'll run away...I'll do something desperate.'

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"But, Hazel dear, if you feel that you've made a mistake, why not just tell him."
"Oh, Miss Shirley. I couldn't. It would kill him. He simply adores me. There isn't any way out of it, really. And Terry's beginning to talk of getting married. Think of it . . a child like me! I'm only eighteen. All the friends I've told about the programment as a secret are congratulations. eighteen. All the friends I've told about my engagement as a secret are congratulating me... and it's such a farce. They think Terry is a great catch because he comes into ten thousand dollars when he's twenty-five. His grandmother left-it to him. As if I cared about his money! Oh, it's such a sordid world, isn't it, Miss Shir-

"I suppose some . . . in some respects. But, Hazel, if you feel like this about Terry . . . we all make mistakes . . it's hard to know our own minds sometimes . . ."

to know our own minds sometimes..."

"Oh, isn't it! I knew you'd understand.
I did think I cared for him, Miss Shirley.
The first time I saw him I just sat and gazed at him the the whole evening. Waves went over when I met his eyes. He was so handsome... though even then I did think his hair was too curly and his eyelashes too white. That should have warned me. But I always put my soul into everything, you know... I'm so intense. I felt little shivers of ecstacy whenever he came near me. And now I feel nothing... nothing Oh, I've grown, old these past few weeks, Miss Shirely... old! I've hardly eaten miything since I got engaged. Mother could tell you. I'm sure I don't love him enough to marry him."

"Then you shouldn't."

"Then you shouldn't."

"Even that moonlight night he proposed to me I was thinking of what dress I'd wear to Joan Pringle's masquerade. I thought it would be lovely to go as Queen of the May in pale green, with a aash of darker green and clusters of pale pink roses in my hair. And a Maypole decked with tiny roses and hung with pink and green ribbons. Wouldn't it have been fetching? And then Joan's uncle died and she couldn't have the party after all, so all my planning went for nothing. But the point is . . . I ragged. I might as well do them while I'n taiking. Isn't it just lovely to exchange confidences like this? It's so seldom one get the opportunity. . the world intrude itself so. Well, what was I taiking of . . . oh, yes. Terry. What am I to do, Mim Shirley? I want your advice. I feel like a trapped creature."

"But, Hazel, it's so very simple."

"Oh, it isn't simple at all, Miss Shirley
It's dreadfully complicated. Momma is a
outrageously pleased, but Aunt Jean isn't
She doesn't like Terry and everyone say
she has such good judgment. I don't wan
to marry anybody. I'm ambitious . .
want a career. I've always felt I'd love to want a career. I've always felt I'd love to be a nurse. It's such a romantic profes sion, don't you think? Smoothing fevere-brows and all that . . and some hand some millionaire patient falling in love with you and carrying you off to spend a honey moon in a villa on the Riviera, racing the morning sun and the blue Mediterranean I've seen myself in it. Foolish dreams, per haps, but oh, so sweet. I can't give then up for the prosaic reality of marrying Terry Garland and settling down in Sum-

Hazel shivered at the very idea, and scru

Hazel shivered at the very idea, and scru-tinized a half-moon cruically.
"I suppose," began Anne.
"We haven't anything in common, you know, Miss Shirley. He doean't care for poetry or romance and they're my very

poetry or romance and they're my very life. Sometimes I think I must be a re incarnation of Cleopatra . . . or would it be Helen of Troy? . . . one of those lar guorous, seductive creatures anyhow. have such wonderful thoughts and feeling . . . I don't know where I get them that lan't the explanation. And Terry really ad matter-of-fact . . . he can't be re-incarnation of anybody. What he sal when I told him of Vera Fry's quill pe proves that, doesn't lit?"
"But I've never heard of Vera Fry's qui

"But I've never heard of Vera Fry's qui en," said Anne, patiently. "Oh, haven't you? I thought i'd tol ou." I've told you so much. Vera's fianc gave her a quill pen he'd made out of feather he'd picked up that had fallen froi a crow's wing. He said to her 'Let you spirit soar to Heaven with it whenever yo use it, like the bird who once ibre it Wasn't that just wonderful? But Terry sai wash that just wonderful but ferry sai the pen would wear out very soon, espec-ally if Vera wrote as much as she talker and anyway he didn't think crows eve soared to Heaven. He just missed the meaning of the whole thing completely. Its very essence."

"What was it's meaning?"

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"Oh, why."... why ... soaring, yo know ... getting away from the clods cearth. Did you notice Vera's ring? ... sapphire. I think a sapphire is too dar for an engagement ring. I'd rather hav your dear romantic little hoop of pearls." Terry wanted to give me a ring right awa . . . but I said not yet awhile . . . it woul

... but I said not yet awhile ... it would seem like a fetter ... so irrevocable, yo know. I wouldn't have left like that if really loved him, would I?"
"No, I'm afraid not, but ..."
"It's been so wonderful to tell somebod what I really feel like. Oh, Miss Shirley if I could only find myself free again .. free to seek the deeper meaning of life Terry wouldn't understand what I mean

about."

Hazel fluffed out her hair and put on her hat. She looked so distractingly pretty in it that Anne kissed her impulsively.

You are the prettiest thing, darling," she

It that Anne Rissed ner impulsively.
"You are the pretiest thing, darling," she said admiringly.

Hazel stood very still. Then she lifted her eyes and stared clear through the ceiling of the room, clear through the attic above it, and sought the stars.

"I shall never, never forget this wonderful moment, Miss Shirley," she murmured rapturously. "I feel that my beauty... if I have any... has received its consecration. Oh, Miss Shirley, you don't know how really terrible it is to have a little reputation for beauty and to be always afraid that when people meet you they will not think you as pretty as you wers reported to be. Sometimes I just die of mortification because I fancy I can see they are disappointed. Perhaps it's only my imagination... I'm so imaginative... too much so for my own good I fear, I imagined I was in love with Terry, you see."

Perhaps it was because Anne had a rather poor opinion of the said Terry that she found it rather hard to believe anyone could imagine herself in love with him. Anne thought Hazel would be throwing herself away on Terry, in spite of the ten thousand he was "coming into." Anne considered Terry to be a good-looking, rather weak youth who would fall in love with the first pretty girl who made eyes at him and would, with equal facility, fall in love with the next one if Number One turned him down or left him alone too long. Anne had seen something of Terry that Spring, for Hazel had insisted on her playing goose-berry quite often and she was destined to see more of him for Hazel went to Kingaport to visit friends and during her absence Terry rather attached himself to Anne, taking her out for occasional rides and walking home with her from places. They called each other "Anne" and "Terry," for they were about the same age, though Anne felt quite motherly towards him. Terry felt flattered that "the clever Miss Shirley" seemed to like his companionship and he became so sentimental the night of May Connelly's party, in a moonlight garden where the shadows of the acaclas blew crazily about, that Anne amusedly reminded him of the absent Hazel. "Oh, Hazeli" said Terry, "That child!"

"Oh, Hazel!" said Terry, "That child!" "You're engaged to that 'child,' aren't you?" said Anne severely.

"Not really engaged . . . nothing but some boy-and-girl nonsense. I . . . I guess I was just swept off my feet by the moon-light."

light."

Anne did a bit of rapid thinking. If Terry really cared so little for Hazel as this the child would be far better freed from him. Perhaps this was a Heaven-sent opportunity to extricate them both from the ally tangle they had got themselves into and from which neither of them, taking things with all the deadly seriousness of youth, knew

all the deadly seriousness of youth, knew how to escape.

"Of course," went on Terry, misinterpreting her silence, "I'm in a bit of a predicament I'll own, I'm... I'm afraid Mazel took me a little too seriously... and I don't just know the best way to open her eyes to her mistake."

Impulsive Anne decided to take a hand a little and assumed her most maternal

once and assumed her most

at once and assumed her most monitors.

"Terry, you are both a couple of foolish children playing at being grown up. Hazel doesn't really care anything more for you than you do for her. The mognlight apparently affected you both. She wants to be free but is afraid to tell you so for fear of hurting your feelings. She's just a bewildered romantic little girl and you're a bey in love with love and some day you're both going to have a good laugh at yourselves."

("I think I've put that very neatly,"

("I think I've put that very neatly," thought Anne complacently.)

Terry drew a long breath."
"You've taken a weight off my mind,
Anne. Hazel's a sweet little kid of course.
. . I hated to think of hurting her . .
but I've realized my . . . our . . miatake
for some time. When one meets a woman

(Continued on Next Page.)

curious tricks sometimes . . ."
"I really don't think I ever want to get

married at all, Miss Shirley. Do you hap-pen to have an orangewood atlck handy? Thanks. My half moons are really getting



pour out my

. ten nim what I leel .

you're wonderful . . . he'd be guided by what you say . . ."
"Ifazel, my dear child, how could I do

that?"
"Oh, I don't suppose you could." finished the last half-moon and laid the orangewood stick down tragically. "If you can't, there isn't any help anywhere. But I can never, never, never marry Terry Gar-

"If you don't love Terry, you ought to tell bim so, no matter how badly it will make him feel. Some day you'll meet someone you can really love, Hazel dear . . you won't have any doubts then . . . you'll know."

"I shall never love anybody again," said Hazel, stonily caim. "Love brings only sor-row. Young as I am I have learned that. This would make a wonderful plot for one of your stories, wouldn't it, Miss Shirley? Well, I must be going . . . I'd no idea it was so late. I feel so much better since

# (Continued from Page Twenty.)

... the woman ... you're not going in yet, Anne? Is all this moonlight to be wasted? You look like a white rose in the moonlight

But Anne had flown.

But Anne had flown.
One evening, a few weeks later, Anne, correcting examination papers in her room, paused to wipe her nose. She had wiped it so often that evening that it was rosy red and rather painful. The truth was that "Anne was the victim of a very severe and very unromantic coid in the head. It darkened all her past and overshadowed all her future. And on top of this, came Hazel Marr, only a day back from Kingsport and evidently a much disturbed Hazel Marr, bursiles stormily into Anne's room without evidently a much disturbed Hazel Marr, bursting stormily into Anne's room without even the formality of knocking. "Hazel dear . . kershoo! . . are you back from Kingsport? I didn't expect you till next week."

"No, I suppose you didn't," said Hazel sarcastically. "Yes, Miss Shirley, I am back. And I find that you have been doing your best to lure Terry away from me . . . and all but succeeding." "Haze!!" (Kershoo.)

"Oh, I know it all. You told Terry I didn't love him. . . that I wanted to break our engagement . . . our sacred engage-

"Of course I did. You asked me to."

"Of course I did, You asked me to."
"I., asked ... you ... to!"
"Ilere ... in this very room. You toid me you didn't love him and you could never marry him. You ..."
"Oh, just a mood, I suppose. I never dreamed you'd take me aeriously. I thought you would understand the artistic temperament. You're ages older than I am of course, but even you can't have forgotten the way girls talk ... feel. You, who pretended to be my friend!"
"This must be a nightmare," thought poor Anne, wiping fier nose. "Sit down, Hazel, do."
"Sit down!" Hazel flew wildly up and down the room. "How can I sit down ... how can anybody sit down when her life is in ruins all about her! Oh, if that is what being old does to you ... jealous of young peoples happiness and determined to wreck it ... I shall pray never to grow old."

Anne thought a little gentle chastise-

ment was indicated.

ment was indicated.
"If you can't alt down and talk sensibly,
Hazel, I wish you would go home. (A very
violent kershoo.) I have work to do."
(Sniff . . . sniff . . , aniffle.)

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T'Im not going till I've told you just what I think of you. Oh, I've only myself to blame . . . I should have known. I felt instinctively the first time I saw you that you were dangerous. That red hair and thôse green eyes! But I never dreamed

and those green eyes! But I never dreamed you'd go so far as to make trouble between me and Terry. I never heard of anyone doing such a thing. Well, you've broken my heart so I hope you're satisfied now!" "You little goose." "I were so happy before you spolled things. I was so happy ... the first girl of my set to be engaged. I had my wedding all planned out ... four bridesmalds in lovely pale-blue silk dreases with black velvet ribbon on the flounces. So chie! Oh, I don't know if I hate you or pity you the most! Oh, how could you hurt me like this ... after I've loved you so ... trusted you so ... believed in you so?" Harel's volce broke ... her eyes filled with tears ... she collapsed on a rocking chair.

"This will just kill momma," she sobbed.
"Every body was so pleased . . . they all

# Everybody Is Different

thought it an ideal match. Oh, will any-thing ever again be like it used to be?" "Wait till the next moonlight night and

"Wait till the next mooning with try," said Anne gently.
"Oh, yes, laugh, Miss Shirley, laugh at my suffering. I have not the least doubt you find it all very amusing. You don't know what suffering is. It is terrible...

terrible."
Anne looked at the clock and sneezed,
"Then don't suffer," she said unpityingly.
"I will suffer! My feelings are very deep,
of course a shallow soul wouldn't suffer.
Itave you any idea what it means to love,
Miss Shirley! Really, terribly, deeply,
wonderfully love? To trust and to be
deceived? I went to Kingsport so happy wonderfully love? To trust and to be deceived? I went to Kingsport so happy , loving all the world. I told Terry to be good to you while I was away . . not to let you be so Jonesome. I came home last night so happy. And he told mc he didn't love me any longer . . that it was all a mistake . . a mistake! . . and that you had told him I didn't care for him any longer and wanted to be free!"
"My intentions were honorable," said Anne, laughing. Her implah sense of humor had come to her rescue and she was laugh-

had come to her rescue and she was laugh-

### وإسهامتها فالمالية والمراحدوا

"Oh," said Hazel wildry, "I walked the floor all last night, You don't know . . . you can't imagine what I've gone through today. I've had to alt and listen . . actu-ally listen . . to people talking about you can't imagine what I've gone through today. I've had to alt and listen ... actually listen ... to people talking about Terry's infatuation for you. Oh, people have been watching you! Aunt Jean knows what you have been doing. And why ... why? That is what I can't understand. You had your own lover, hadn't you? Why couldn't you have left me mine? What had you against me? What have I ever done to you?"

"I think," said Anne in exasperation,

"I think," said Anne in exasperation, you and Terry both need a ling. If you weren't too angry spanking.

been betrayed in everything...in friend-ahlp as well as in love, Well, they say after your heart is once broken you never auffer any more. I hope it's true."
"What has become of your ambition, Ifazel? And what about the millionaire

patient and the honeymoon villa on the Mediterranean?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about. And I'm not a bit ambitious... my highest ambition was to be a happy wife and make a happy home for my husband. Was... was! To think it should be in the past tense! Well, it doesn't do to trust anyone. I've learned

Hazel wiped her eyes and Anne wiped

"You'd better go, I think, Hazel. I'm really very busy and I can't see that any-thing is to be gained by prolonging this interview."

Hazel walked to the door with the air of ary, Queen of Scots, advancing to the

Mary, Queen of Scota, scaffold.
"Farewell, Miss Shirley. I leave you to

your conscience."

Anne, left alone with her conscience, laid down her pen, and sneezed three times.

"Anne Shirley, you may be a Redmond B.A. but you have a few things to learn yet. Be honest with yourself, my dear girl. Admit that you were carried off your feet. . . moonlighted . . by flattery . . . common flattery applied with a trowel. Admit that you really liked Hazel's professed admiration for you. Admit you found it pleasant to be worshipped. Admit that you rather liked the idea of being a sort of dea ex machina for saving people from you rather liked the idea of being a sort of dea ex machina for saving people from their own folly when they didn't in the least want to be saved from it. And having admitted all this and feeling wiser and sadder and a thousand years older pick up your pen and proceed with your examination paper, pausing to note by the way that Myra Pringle thinks that a seraph is an 'animal that abounds in Africa.'"

A week later a letter came to Anne, writ-

A week later a letter came to Anne, written on pale blue paper edged with silver. The man shirley,

I am writing this to tell you that all misunderstanding is cleared away between Terry and me and we are so deeply, intensely happy that we have decided we can forgive you. Terry says he was just moonlighted into making love to you but that his heart never really swerved in its allegiance to me. He says he really likes sweet simple girls . . . that all men do . . and has no use for intriguing, designing ones. We don't understand why you behaved to us as you did . . we shall never understand. Perhaps you just wanted materials for a story, and thought you

could find it in tampering with the first awest tremulous love of a girl. But we thank you for revealing us to ourselves. Terry says he never realized, the despermening of life before. So it feally was all for the best. We are so sympathetic. . we can feel each other's thoughts. Nobody, understands him but me and I want to be, a source of inspiration to him foreven I am not clever like you but I feel that I can be that for we are soul males and have yowed eternal truth and constancy to each other, no matter, how many jealous people or false friends may try to make trouble between us. between us.

between Us.

"We are going to be married as soon as a lave my trouseau ready. I'm going up to Boston to get it. There really isn't anything in Summerside. My dress is to be white moire and my traveiling suit will be of dove-gray with hat, gloves and blouse of delphinium blue. Of course I'm very young but I want to be married while I am young, before the bloom goes off life. Terry is all my wildest dreams could picture. Every thought of my heart is for him alone. I know we are going to be rapturously happy. Once I believe that all my friends would rejoice with me in my happiness but I have learned a bitter leason in worldly wisdom since then. wisdom since then.

"Yours truly.

"Hazel Almira Marr.

"P.S.—You told me Terry had such a temper. Why, he's a perfect lamb, his sister says. H. M."

# SYNTHETIC GEMB

While it is almost impossible to create synthetic diamonds, which are pure carbon, the making of rubles and sapphires, two oxides of corundum, present far less difficulty. difficulty.

difficulty.

As far back as 1877, two Frenchmen, Fremy and Feil, met with such success that a portion of one of their crucibles containing ruby flakes is today on exhibition in the Natural History Museum of Bouth Kensington, says a writer in Tit-Bits. The old method of making rubies was to fix together a number of particles of natural rubies. This method destroyed a great deal of the natural color, so a little bichromate of polassium was added, and bichromate of potassium was added, and this largely revived it. In 1904 Vernauli this largely revived it. invented a system whereby he made drops

that after cutting vied with the best nastural rubies. By Verneuit's method—in use almost

By Verneuit's method—in use almost unsaitered today—the manufactured stone has the same density, hardness, refraction, and other characteristics as the real stone. Careful examination under a lens, however, shows the synthetic ruby to have a flumber of tiny air bubbles beneath the Burface. The success attending the manufacture of rubbs tempted their makers to try to produce sapphires. At first they could not get the color right; the blue lended to form blotches instead of an even line. Once again Verneuil came to the freezue, and he succeeded in producing a satone very little different in color from the real sapphire.

The success that followed the making of The success that followed the making of fartificial rubles and sapphires turned the attention of manufacturers to emeralds—another high-prided atone. Powdered beryl (emeralds being silicates of beryl) was treated by the Verneuil process, chromic oxide being added to color the stone green, and good imitations of true emeralds were made, each one even being provided with a flaw, since it is almost impossible to find a genuine emerald that is flawless.

When first nut on the market the syn-

When first put on the market the synthetic rubies fetched over \$30 a carat, but this rapidly fell to \$7.60, and is now \$1.25 and even less. This great difference in price between the real and the synthetic stones makes substitution a great tempta-tion. Let your motto be. "Look before you buy."

Paste gems have no relation to the syn Paste gems have no relation to the synthetic stones described here. Paste, derived from the Italian "pasta," food, is
a plastic material that can be made to
resemble precious stones, but in appearance only. It is generally composed of
glass, and the resultant stone is so soft
that it can be scratched with ordinary window glass. dow ginns.

Imitation paste diamonds need no color-ing matter; for rubies, sapphires, emeralds or amethysts suitable metallic oxides are fused with the paste.



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