

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

On the following day Sir Richard and I devoted ourselves to the entertainment of our guest, for Madame de Teouours carried off her ladyship immediately after breakfast and we did not see her again till the evening.

I got on fairly well with the widow, who, though she was entirely wrapped up in herself and her grievances, yet had a pretty, appealing manner and a sweet, low voice that enlisted sympathy and made one overlook the monotony of her discourse.

After luncheon, as it was a bright, mild day, we induced her to go out for a drive in the Bois, and, taking the children with us, made quite a family party of it.

'Look, pappy, look!' cried Birdie, suddenly breaking in rather boisterously upon one of Mrs. Massey's most pathetic death-bed speeches.

'With a lady? No, Birdie, we won't. It wouldn't be polite to frighten a lady, you know. Is it Miss Bloomfield?' he asked, in a lowered voice, glancing at me with a smile.

As he was short-sighted, I leaned forward to look; but, before I could answer, Birdie exclaimed:

'No, pappy; I know Miss Bloomfield; she came to see me one day with cousin Laura, and I know she is taller than that. Her face is turned away now, but when she looks round I'll tell you whether I am right or not.'

'Look, Birdie, look at that little girl over there riding a tricycle!' I interrupted suddenly, seizing the child's arm and pointing in the opposite direction. 'Don't you wish you could manage one like that, eh? Isn't it wonderful?'

I do not know why I did it, I only know I was obeying one of those wild, blind impulses or instincts which seemed at that time to be constantly governing the actions of my life.

The lady with whom Captain Nesbitt was walking was not Miss Bloomfield, but his own kinswoman—his mistress; and why I was suddenly reminded of her, I do not know.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Here is her own statement. Paw Paw, Mich.—'Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it. Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. E. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.'

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

WELL, WELL! THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use. I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. DYOLA

denly prompted to hide the fact from her husband and Mrs. Massey I could not for the life of me comprehend the next moment. What motive was there in it? I asked myself indignantly, while my heart was beating violently. Had they not walked together day after day in the park at home without censorious or the slightest comment? Was not Sir Richard complaining every night before of Dolfs' tardiness in visiting him? Why did I not tell him then that his grievance was premature, that Dolff could tear himself away for a couple of hours from Miss Bloomfield's side, to take one of his old friendly strolls with the kinswoman who treated him with such frank, sisterly kindness and affection? Why could I not tell him now even though they were well out of sight? It would not be too late to turn back and offer her ladyship a lift home; she might be tired, and the sky was cloudy too. Yes, I would tell him at once.

I opened my lips to speak, but found it so hard to frame my announcement naturally that, after one or two attempts, I abandoned the effort and resolved to think no more about it. There was really no reason why I should do so; it could only make a difference of an hour or two. When Jessie returned she would, of course, tell her husband it, and re-establish Dolff in his good opinion.

She came in while we were all three waiting in the drawing-room for dinner, and, with a hurried greeting, announced, before rushing up-stairs to dress, that we should have her company the whole of the evening, as, thank goodness! she had been able to shrink a couple of tiresome engagements.

I thought that dinner would never be ended. I waited, with an eagerness and an anxiety that completely robbed me of my usual excellent appetite, for the announcement that was not made. Jessie did not mention her meeting with Dolff, though, laying aside her first day's attempt at silent sympathy, she talked as volubly as usual, accounted, to all appearance, for every hour of her day, gave us a graphic sketch of a second stormy sojourn on Mount Ida, which actually roused the widow to contribute a description of some magnificent theatricals in which she had taken a prominent part a couple of years before; her ladyship even casually mentioned a late call at Madame de la Riviere's with Sophie, where they had mixed round with their tea instead of cream! But not a word was said about the walk with her husband's cousin, not a word, not even when Sir Richard told her of our pleasant drive in the Bois. She looked up quickly for a moment, then went on peeling her orange in silence.

I rose from the table, feeling strangely heart-sick, one moment altogether doubting the evidence of my senses, the next tortured with the blackest suspicion. As I was standing by the window cooling my hot cheeks, I heard the bell from a convent chapel close by ringing for evening prayers. I slipped out quickly before my absence could be noticed, and, kneeling before the high altar, with the solemn familiar strains filling my ears, I gave way altogether, and found myself sobbing hysterically, wishing, with a feverish revolt against Fate, that I had never been tempted away from my happy, quiet home into such a vortex of folly, treachery, godlessness and sin; wishing I had the courage to go back thither and end my life, surrounded by the peace of Heaven.

I stayed some time after the congregation had left, praying for guidance and grace, and my prayer was not murmured in vain; for I was soon vouchsafed a glimpse of hope and trust; my suspicions melted away by degrees; solutions and explanations, natural and satisfactory, came crowding upon me; and when I re-entered the salon, and saw my lovely little mistress presiding at the tea-table, a smile on her lips, guileless gayety in her eyes, her husband and children grouped round her, evidently making high festival because of her unusual presence at that hour, I felt inclined to kneel at her feet and beg her to pardon my shameful, desecrating suspicions.

'Miss Bernard' broke in Birdie, anxiously, 'did you pray for me and all the things I want so bad? Did you pray that pappy might buy me a tricycle, like the one that little girl was on when we passed Dolff and the lady in the Bois to-day—did you do that?'

I could not keep my eyes averted, struggle as I would; and I saw Lady Nesbitt's face, as hot and disturbed as my own, turn swiftly from Sir Richard to me, and from me to the window, in startled inquiry, then sink over a book lying upside down upon her knees.

I had strength, however, to withstand the temptation this time; and, before going to bed, I impulsively stooped and kissed my mistress' flaming cheek—an action which seemed to discompose her as much as if I had dealt her a blow. She turned to me with parted lips and heaving breast. 'What do you mean? Why—why did you do that?' she asked. Then as I was stammering an apology, she laid her hand lightly upon my arm and whispered brokenly, 'Is it—is it hard to pray as you pray, Marie? I—I was never taught—told how to pray. I—I don't think I could make any one hear me now if I tried. O, pray—pray for me again!'

And I did, from my heart—from my heart, as I hope you know now, my little Jessie—oh, as I hope you know now!

CHAPTER V. Mrs. Massey left at the end of the week, somewhat revived in spirit, and after a few short and sharp engagements with her hostess, which showed that the good lady, notwithstanding her prostrate condition, was not lacking in a fund of some somewhat sprightly malice.

'Good-by, good-by, my dear Jessica!' she murmured, kissing Lady Nesbitt effusively. 'Thank you so much for your sweet sympathetic hospitality, which I never, never shall forget, and which—oh, believe me!—I should never, never have intruded upon, had I known it would have interfered so materially with your numerous social engagements, your innocent pleasures and amusements. Good-by, good-by, dear! If ever you are in trouble or distress, remember that Olivia's heart will be open to yours—that she will repay you, tear for tear, the sympathy and attention you have wasted upon her in the hour of her sore bereavement.'

'To which my poor mistress answered not a word, the attack being too subtle and unexpected for repartee. 'The venomous little cat!' she cried, turning to me indignantly. 'Marie, if I should die, and she should get round Sir Richard and make him marry her, take the children—do you hear me?—and run away with them—bring them up as your own. Richard will, of course, make you a suitable allowance. I tell you, I shouldn't sleep in my grave if I knew that creature was scratching my poor little children—I shouldn't!'

'Why are you always referring to your grave, Lady Nesbitt? Is there any immediate prospect of its being occupied, may I ask?'

'I am always referring to my grave, Miss Bernard, because I don't mean to occupy it for the next half-century. Don't you know that people who prophesy premature decease invariably outlive their own graves?'

Be Warned by Headache. It tells of Serious Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys—Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. You can stop a headache with powerful drugs. But it is not generally wise to do so.

They are wonderfully prompt, as well as safe and thorough in action. You can depend upon them, no matter how long-standing or complicated your case. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; all 4's—50 cents. Bates & Co., Toronto.

This Will Stop Your Cough in a Hurry

Save \$2 by Making This Cough Syrup at Home.

This recipe makes 18 ounces of better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50. A few doses usually conquer the most obstinate cough—stops even whooping cough quickly. Simple as it is, no better remedy can be had at any price.

Two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for 30 minutes. Put 1/4 ounce of Pinex (duty cents) worth in a 16-ounce bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. It has a pleasant taste and lasts a family over a time. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Has a good tonic effect, braces up the appetite, and is slightly laxative, too, which is and is a handy remedy for hoarseness, croup, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung troubles.

The effect of pine on the membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated component of Norwegian white pine extract, and is rich in galic acid and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe has attained great popularity throughout the United States and Canada. It has often been imitated, though never successfully. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to the Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

children? And, by-the-by, talking to children and grandchildren, what do you think, my dear, is the last addition to our tableau? A Cupid in a train. Miss Birdie in a pale pin mallet, with gauze wings to be shoulders, standing on a rock behind me, aiming a jeweled arrow straight at the heart of Paris. A sweet idea isn't it?—suggested by Sophie de Teouours. Monsieur Pinex is a awful well, for he is not overfond of an idea that he has his own. He indeed objected that the addition wouldn't be strictly Homeric; but, as Sophie wisely remarked, if we follow Homeric directions to the letter—why—why couldn't we have the picture at all. H. admitted the force of the reasoning and bade me bring the child with me to the next rehearsal.

BOVRIL IS ALL BEEF

Questions we are often asked

- Q.—What is the sediment at the bottom of a cup of Bovril? A.—That is a valuable portion of the nourishment, and should never be lost. Q.—Are you serious when you say the Bovril is more nourishing than ordinary Meat Extract or Home-made Beef Tea? A.—Certainly! and we have for years offered large rewards to anyone who can prove the contrary. Q.—But can you prove your statement? A.—Yes—from the pen of Baron Liebig himself, who told the world that the man who managed to get the nourishing, as well as the stimulating properties of Beef in a liquid form would produce something far better than Liebig's Extract, and would be a public benefactor. Q.—And you have done this? A.—Yes. By a special process, the entire nutritious constituents of prime beef are separately treated, purified and added to specially-prepared Meat Extract, and that is Bovril. Don't experiment with artificial imitations of dubious quality (which are dear at any price) when such a tried and proven nutritious food-beverage "made in England" is within your reach.

T. J. EDENS, Agent for Nfld

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. O. to FEB. 13th, 1912.

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z. Each column lists names and addresses of individuals with unclaimed letters.

Advertisement for Storm Boots and Women's Storm Boots. Includes text: 'Men's Storm Boots - Women's Storm Boots - Children's Storm Boots - The White Shoe - S. B. KES - THE WINTER HENRY Good Go 1100 Women's He full sizes, long Women's Rib Cre Ladies' Grey Flee Misses and Child all sizes. Boys' Fleece Lined 360 Pair Men's Fle Lowest Prices. 360 Men's Fleece We are well know A small lot Ladies' worth Soc. to HENRY'