

Mothers' Advice

The responsibility for a daughter's future largely rests with the mother. The right influence and the information which is of vital interest to the daughter imparted at the proper time has not only saved the life but insured the success of many a beautiful girl. When a girl's thoughts become sluggish with headaches, dizziness, or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs and a desire for solitude, her mother should come to her aid and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, will at this time prepare the system for the coming change and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities. Thousands of women residing in every part of the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtues of this medicine, and what it has done for their daughters.

Brooklyn, N.Y.—“I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for what it has done for my daughter. She was 15 years of age, very sickly and pale and she had to stay home from school most of the time. She suffered agonies from backache and dizziness and was without appetite. For 3 months she was under the doctor's care and got no better. Always complaining about her back and side aching, I did not know what to do. I read in the papers about your wonderful medicine so I made up my mind to try it. She has taken five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and doesn't complain any more with her back and side aching. She has gained in weight and feels much better. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers and daughters.”—Mrs. M. FROST, 516 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



The Heir of Rosedene

OR,
The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XXIX.
IN THE GAMEKEEPER'S HUT.

“A bad wait,” he answered, “but where you like you may lead me, my queen! Mansion or keeper's cot are the same to me so you share them, my sweet Edna!”

Then they heard the dim, muffled thump of the horses upon the snowy road. How quickly that carriage must have come, they both thought; and, wrapping her in his greatcoat, and then again in the rug, he carried her in his arms through the snow to the carriage. Lights were flashing across the windows of the house as they approached it, and the hall door was wide open. Edward had, in his utter confusion and dismay, dropped a hint, and it had run through the whole house, as a spark dropped in the prairie runs through the snake grass. With Edna, all disheveled and flushed, he passed through the small crowd of servants, some of whom, being villagers, recognized him, and began to bow and cheer, and grow suddenly excited, and entered the drawing room, where they were instantly attacked by the anxious and excited questions of Aunt Martha and Mrs. More, who were, after the manner of each, perfectly upset.

Aunt Martha put up her spectacles as the fugitives entered, and stared at Cyril dumbfounded; then she sank onto a sofa; and then Edna, who had gone on her knees beside her, drew close to her bosom.

“Mr. Payne!” she gasped.

But before she could say one word more a thrilling little treble rang out:

“Uncle Cyril! Uncle Cyril!” and little Bertie ran forward and clasped Cyril round the legs.

Cyril was touched, and he was glad to hide his face for a moment behind the bonny, fearful one of the boy.

“Yes, it's Uncle Cyril, Bertie! You are glad to see him, eh?”

“Young eyes are sharp, mamma!” he said, addressing the bewildered mother and holding out his hand.

“You remember me now, Julia?”

“It is Cyril!” gasped Mrs. More—“Lady” no longer!—and as the horri-

ble doubt grew into certainty, she promptly fell into hysterics, and begged and prayed them to take “her home”—meaning, of course, to More Court—a request which her husband had seemed to anticipate, for he sent word into the room to say that the carriage was ready.

The weeping lady was conveyed into the vehicle with the greatest care, and Edward was about to follow, when it occurred to him that it would only be polite to invite Cyril to his own house, and gruffly telling his inconceivable spouse to be quiet, he returned to the drawing room to find Cyril already seated before the fire, with Edna at his feet and Aunt Martha close at his elbow, and both women listening to him with ears and eyes and mouth, as if every word that fell from him was a pearl; and after standing and staring for a moment unperceived, advanced into the room.

“Hello! is that you, Edward? Nothing the matter?”

“No—no—I'm going; but—but I thought—perhaps, you'd like to come home to-night. Of course, the place is not mine to ask you to—it's your own. I'll tell the people and have a room ready.”

“Thank you, Edward,” said Cyril, “but I think—and his hand played softly with the silken hair that half hid the downcast face at his knee—“I think I will stay here, if my wife will have me!”

So Edward went, and Cyril resumed his story. What a story it was! It sounded like one of the exciting romances the old novelists used to glory in; and Aunt Martha, much as she wished to leave the reunited lovers alone, could not tear herself away, could scarcely suppress her tears at some portions of the recital, and at others could not suppress little ejaculations of amazement and kindred sensations.

And Edna—Edna sat motionless, with her head leaning against his knee, where it was convenient to his caressing hand; motionless, but not emotionless, for her face went pale and red by turns as he told them of the hardships he had gone through, of the dangers of those sharp, bitter tussles, when his men fell around him like corn before the sickle; and when he came to the story of that night before Bilbao, her heart beat so hard and fast that she fancied the other two must hear it as she did.

“It was a hard fight, well won,” said Cyril. “We had been marching day and night to steal upon the town; we were but one against ten, and I

thought once or twice we should lose the day,” he broke off with a sigh, and the two women drinking in his words knew he was thinking of the wounded, the dying and the dead that fell beside him. Aunt Martha rose in her soft way, and went into the next room. Cyril bent down and turned Edna's face up to him. “It was a hard night, my darling,” he said. “I thought I had learned how to shuffle off the mortal coil decently. I thought that I had got my quietus in that last little charge which won us the skirmish, and all I wanted was to creep into the dark and lie quiet; when I saw you I thought I was already dead, or that the delirium had set in. You did not know me—how should you, my poor darling!—but I knew you at a glance. I could not speak, too weak perhaps, at the first; perhaps I should have done so, but I saw Morton—” he paused, and Edna caught his hand and looked up at him eloquently.

“I was a fool, darling, but I thought that you had forgotten me—that you had learned to care for him—no, no—let me tell you! Well, weak as I was, I swore I would not die and leave you to fall in his clutches, and then I swooned, I suppose, for I do not remember anything more than that your sweet face was bending over me like an angel's, had vanished like an angel's, and that all was dark. When I woke I found myself lying in one of the ambulances. They had taken care of me, though the sawbones had given me up. I thought I had been dreaming, and lay pondering and pondering all day until I suddenly recollected something—” here he took from his bosom the blood-stained neck scarf.

Edna gave a great sob and hid her face.

“I knew it had all happened then, and that little handkerchief saved my life. You see, I said ‘I'll live and give that back to her some day—no, not give it back, for I'll never part with it; but I'll show it to her some day.’ I stuck to that and got better; then I got them to put me down in the dead list, and crept back to England, to be near you, to watch over you, and to thwart that oily villain, Morton. On my way, I went to look at the old place—the old bitter-sweet place—where you stole my heart, God! I suffered there! Not another word if you cry—not another word!”

“No, no, go on!” said Edna, holding up her face. “See, I am not crying— if I do it is for joy, for joy!”

“Well, then, I went on to Baste—I couldn't help it, you see, and I went to the little church, and there I saw the weak-kneed young parson that married us, and I asked to see the registry, for I thought I'd like to see your name, the name you had written—the page you had touched, and while I was looking at it—‘Dear me,’ says the young parson, ‘didn't I marry you some time ago—and why, yes, I gave a copy of the certificate to a gentleman not a week ago.’ I was staggered for the moment, then I asked him to describe the gentleman who had condescended to take so much interest in our affairs, and, of course, it was Morton. I lost no time then, but I came straight to England, intending to watch, night and day, if

Edna rose on her knees, and wore her white arms round his neck.

“Will you never forget it?” she whispered, imploringly. “Oh, Cyril! how often I have longed to purchase that short hour back, even with the cost of my life. I was mad, mad with jealousy that comes of excess of love. I loved you too much, Cyril; and when that woman—a shadow came over Cyril's face, but he did not speak—when she came and spoke horrible things of you, things that I did not half understand, that I do not understand or want to know anything about now, I felt as if she had torn my heart out, robbed me of everything—before she spoke I sat there in the sunlight, the richest girl in the world, full of love and trust. She snatched them away from me—and left me mad! Oh, Cyril, I have never seen her since, but I have looked for her everywhere.”

Cyril looked with softened gaze and shook his head.

“You could not find her on earth, child—she is dead! Poor creature! she thought it the one good action of her life, that warning you against me; she did not know I had made you my wife; she would not have believed it if you or I had told her it was so—she meant to do good.”

“And though she did, what right had I to listen to her? What right had I, your wife, to send you from me, with hard and cruel words, because of something that had happened in the past? Oh, Cyril, night after night, I have lain awake, calling to you to come back. I have never dreamed one night but that you have stood beside me, with that look on your face. Oh!”

“Hush! my darling, my wife!—that is all passed.”

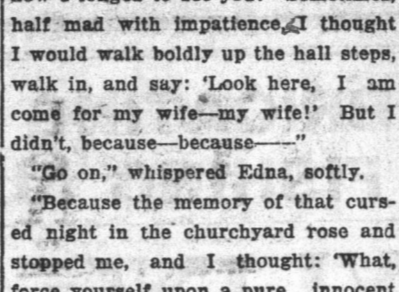
“But why did you not take pity on a foolish girl, and come back to me?” Cyril hung his head, speechless for a moment; then he looked up, with self-reproach in his eyes:

“Because I was a fool, a self-tormenting fool, Edna! I thought that you—no, not you, but the world—would say I had tricked you into a marriage for the sake of the paltry money—that I, a ruined man, had saved myself from utter shipwreck by a piece of chicanery; and that you would think that I had come back to you, not because I loved you, but because I wished to claim John Weston's money.”

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A SMART FROCK.

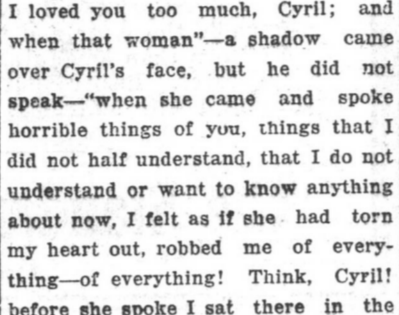


2740—Satin and serge, or satin and Georgette crepe, could be combined for this model. The vest could be of contrasting material, or of self material, braided or embroidered. Brown with sand color, blue with white, or green with tan, would be attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/4 yards of 40 inch material. With plait extended, the skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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2750—This style is easy to develop, easy to adjust, and easy to launder. It is comfortable and trim look. Nice for gingham, seersucker, lawn, drill, cambric, percale, alpaca and satin.

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Size

Address in full:—

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NOTE.—The above Shirts are all well made with Sateen neckbands and detachable collars, and are specially priced for this week.

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Japan's

Miners Commission

Poles Lack

LONDON, March 20. The interim report of the coal commission, of which Justice Sir John Kay is chairman, issued to-night, recommend seven hours for work underground instead of eight, from July 16, and six hours from July 16, 1921, subject to the economic position of the industry. The report recommends an increase in wages of two shillings per shift for colliers, and an advance of one shilling for workers under sixteen years. In the interest of the country, the colliers, it is further recommended, shall have an effective voice in the direction of the mines. Substitution of a coal for iron industry may be found either in nationalization or unification by national purchase or joint control. The Sankey report points out that the recommendations mean the distribution annual wages of £20,000,000 considered within that it should be considered whether a penny per ton brought to be collected at once on coal brought to the surface to improve the housing of the colliers. This would be equal to £1,000,000 yearly. The Sankey report was signed by Arthur Balfour, who was master cutter of Sheffield iron, and has been connected with various advisory commissions, Sankey, Director General of Aircraft production, and Sir Thomas Lloyd, member of the Shipping Commission. Another report by the mine owners on the Commission recommended an increase of eighteen hours a day in wages and a reduction of working hours to seven. A third report by the miners' representatives, signed by Robert Smillie, the miner-leader, Frank Rodgers, Sir James Pollock Money, Sidney Webb and others recommend full acceptance of the miners' terms.

POLAND'S PITIFUL CONDITION.

CHICAGO, March 20. In a letter received to-day by John Smutski, President of the National Polish Department, Madame Padon's wife, wife of the pianist, and Premier of Poland, described conditions in Poland as pitiful, and said the Polish army was hungry and without clothes in zero weather and lacked 28,000,000 of food. The letter was dated January 28. The city of Lemberg was without electricity, water, food, arms or munitions, had been constantly bombarded.

A JAPANESE AMENDMENT.

PARIS, March 20. (By the A.P.)—A Japanese amendment to the covenant of the League of Nations providing that the contracting parties shall agree to grant equal and just treatment to all aliens within their borders, who are Nationals or State Members of the League, will be submitted by the League Council, it is learned by Reuters from Japanese sources. The standpoint of the Japanese is that citizens of nations deemed sufficiently advanced to become members of the League, should have equal rights when travelling or living in foreign countries.

TO CONSIDER LEAGUE DRAFT.

PARIS, March 20. A meeting of the League of Nations Commission will be held at 6 o'clock Saturday morning when the proposed amendments and changes will be considered and the plan set into definite form. This will be the

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A MOTHER'S STRENGTH

• Mother, whose hands rock the cradle, often needs more than ordinary food to help maintain the blood-quality and strength and to assure adequate nourishment to the child. It is as unwise for the mother, as it is dangerous to the child, to place dependence upon alcoholic stimulation, for strength is not found in alcohol.

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of purest cod liver oil, absolutely free from harmful drugs, is mother's true friend, in that it performs a two-fold duty. Scott's is tonic-nourishment, particularly fitted for the trying period of motherhood.

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