

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907.

SPECIAL SALE SATURDAY!

MEN'S FANCY TWEED SUITS, regular \$10 values for \$7.98.
MEN'S SCOTCH TWEED SUITS, regular \$15 values for \$11.98.
MEN'S REGULAR \$3.00 TROUSERS for \$1.98

Union Clothing Company,

26-28 Charlotte Street

Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

Sir Hilton's Sin.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.
Author of "Black Blood," "A Woman Worth Winning," "Master of Ceremonies," "The New Mistress," "The Meeting of Greeks," "Drawn Swords," Etc.

(Continued.)
She looked at the telegram again, read it, and then noted that the postmark was Tilbury; and she turned it over to examine the envelope, which she had dropped—she did not recall in her half-dazed state when or where.
But it was enough—the boy had given it to her, and it could be for no one else. "Oh, Hilton, Hilton!" she groaned. "What is this? A liaison with some down-brother, base creature. Kept with my money. This is why you have always been so short; this is why you have always been degrading yourself by asking for more. All found out at last. Oh, I tell her, I tell her, I tell her. She won't be very hard upon me! Indeed!" she said, half-aloud, and through her fingers, "Of course not. Oh, what! I could have overlooked a rapscallion into his old gambling vice, but this—this—this villain!"

"Who is this?" she muttered, reading again "La Sylphide. Some French creature, dwelling in that nest of infamy, Tilbury. Why? Oh, great heavens! That wretched racing woman—that widow! She must have been to see him this morning when we passed. Oh, I see it all now. The telegram—dated yesterday—she did not join her according to her request, and she had the audacity to come here after him. That is it. All found out at last! What could be all found out at last? Oh—oh—oh!"

Lady Lisle covered her face with her hands, the colored paper crackling softly as it touched her temples, making her start as if it had stung her burning skin, and dash it down on the carpet and stamp upon it in disgust.
But it was a proof of her husband's infidelity, she thought, and she stooped and picked it up, wishing her fingers were the tongue, as she smoothed it out, and held it ready for the interview about to take place.
"And so I am not to condone everything. Well, I am to condone everything. Well, she added, with a bitter laugh which seemed to tear itself from her throbbing breast, "we shall see."
She paused again with her poor brain seeming to seethe with wildly jealous thoughts, and seeming to tell more and more against the culprit, till everything suffering from the belief that she was seeing more and more clearly as the cruel moments glided on.

"Yes, I see it all now," she cried, passionately—proud, weak, deluded, loving fool that I have been! Vile, treacherous wretch! Horrible creature! Yes, of course. A woman who is said to have refused to offer after since her poor husband's death. La Sylphide, of course, as if I had not heard that she bought a portion of Hilton's stock when his horses were sold, and one was the Sylphide, whose name she dares to assume in her clandestine communications to him. Oh, how kind to me fate has been! To think of it! I might have been a trusting victim for years—hoodwinked—blinded to their infamy. Ah! he shall find out what weak, loving, confiding woman whom he has deceived can be."

There was a very peculiar smile upon Lady Lisle's handsome face as she crossed to the fireplace, to be met by Khan, the Persian cat, who descended from his ottoman, stretched himself, and made a look to give himself a comforting electric rub against his mistress's silk dress, but she, with a violent side by a boot, to stand staring while her ladyship continued her march. She did not rush but went to the bell deliberately.

"Yes, I will be firm and calm," she said, half-aloud, and the smile grew more strained and peculiar. It was such a look as Medea of old might have worn when a certain trouble of classic fame had arisen with a gentleman named Jason, but she dragged at the bell-handle in a way which brought Jane in a hurry to the room.

"I will not seek him in his study," muttered the poor woman, tragically. "I will have him fetched to me here."
"Your ladyship rang?" said Jane, looking at her mistress wonderingly.
"Yes, go and—no, stop. Where is Master Sydney?"

"I think he has gone fishing, my lady. I saw him with his rod and basket. Oh,

yes, my lady, I remember, he asked me to cut him some sandwiches."
Jane's tongue wanted to say a few words about the lack and sherry, but she had a sneaking liking for the saucy young rascal, and she suppressed that.
"To be sure, I remember," said Lady Lisle, quite cold and calm now—upon the surface. "Go and ask Sir Hilton to join me here."

"Yes, Did I not speak plainly?" she said, cuttingly.

"Yes, my lady, but I thought you had forgotten again. Sir Hilton's gone out."

"Gone out?"

"This came like a volcanic burst through the calm envelope of the bright envelope of the sun eliminates a sun-spot at times."

"Has he—gone fishing with Master Sydney?"

"No, my lady, I didn't see, for I was doing your room. But he ordered the dog-cart, Mark said, and they've gone together."

"Where did Mark say they were going?"

Lady Lisle was losing her calmness at this check to her plans.

"Jane was silent."

"Why do you not speak, girl?" came in sternly tragic tones.

"Please, my lady, I'd rather not."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to get a fellow servant into trouble."

"Speak at once, girl. No fellow-servant of yours will meet with injustice while I am mistress of the house."

"Of course not, my lady."

"Tell me then, at once, what more Sir Hilton's groom and valet said."

"Well, my lady, if I must I must; but it wasn't Mark's fault."

"Certainly not. Go on."

"Mark said he thought they were going over to the races, but he was not sure."

"H'm!" sighed Lady Lisle, and then to herself, "Tilbury—the telegram—"

Jane backed towards the door, and had already taken the handle, when, after a few moments' internal struggle with jealous rage within her, Lady Lisle said, in a slow, would-be careless way: "Did anyone call while I was out?"

"Well, my lady, if I must I must; but it wasn't Mark's fault."

"Certainly not. Go on."

"Mark said he thought they were going over to the races, but he was not sure."

"H'm!" sighed Lady Lisle, and then to herself, "Tilbury—the telegram—"

Jane backed towards the door, and had already taken the handle, when, after a few moments' internal struggle with jealous rage within her, Lady Lisle said, in a slow, would-be careless way: "Did anyone call while I was out?"

"Well, my lady, if I must I must; but it wasn't Mark's fault."

"Certainly not. Go on."

"Mark said he thought they were going over to the races, but he was not sure."

"H'm!" sighed Lady Lisle, and then to herself, "Tilbury—the telegram—"

Jane backed towards the door, and had already taken the handle, when, after a few moments' internal struggle with jealous rage within her, Lady Lisle said, in a slow, would-be careless way: "Did anyone call while I was out?"

"Well, my lady, if I must I must; but it wasn't Mark's fault."

"Certainly not. Go on."

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



BABY PRINCESS LINGERIE, ELABORATED WITH LACE AND EMBROIDERY.

So elaborate are the lingerie frocks of this summertime with lace and embroidery that very often no lingerie material such as fine lawn or batiste, is employed in their make-up. Wide embroidery flouncings with a very deep portion of the plain material above the embroidery are used very generally, and in this way the necessity of the plain material by the yard is very often done away with. In the skirt, the entire upper part is made of flouncing inset with two rows of narrow Val insertion in Vandyke points, and to the scalloped edge of this flounce is set the lower part of the skirt much inset and tucked, the material being of fine batiste. The waist, joined to the skirt in baby princess fashion with a band of embroidery, is an elaborate creation of lace edging and insertion and embroidery. The bodice, joined front and back with a cross piece of the embroidery. The sleeves are made entirely of lace frills on a foundation of batiste matching the body of the blouse, and are gathered into a lace filled band of the embroidery. A delicately inset silk slip of oricora made in princess fashion and boned to the figure is worn beneath this gown, set off by a bell shaped hat of white chip with underbrim facing of black satin, and trimmings of black velvet ribbon and on ostrich plumes which encircle the crown and droop over the brim to the shoulder in the back.

"Yes, my lady, for I reached out and there was the bicycle leaning up against the creepers and the roses, and I could hear voices, and someone sobbing, and—"

"Jane's mouth shut with a snap."

"Why do you stop?" said Lady Lisle, exactly.

"I don't—don't like to tell you any more, my lady. I—I don't—"

"Jane!"

"I don't make me tell, my lady."

"Sobbed the girl, 'it will hurt you so.'"

"I must bear it, Jane," said the poor woman, gasping. "I must know the truth."

Jane gave a gulp, as if she was swallowing something, and her voice changed almost to a whisper, as she went on: "I heard her whispering, my lady, and—"

"—Oh! don't make me tell, my lady."

"I must know, Jane," cried the quivering questioner, in a tone which completely mastered all further hesitation.

"There was kissing, my lady, quite plain, and she—"

"She?"

"Yes, my lady—began sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

"—And she was sobbing and crying, and—"

EVIDENCE COMPLETE IN B. F. SMITH CASE

Woodstock, July 11.—The evidence was finished this afternoon in the case of B. F. Smith, charged with buying stolen lumber, and counsel will address the jury tomorrow morning.

This morning, John Farley, William Giberson, Perry Crain and Deputy Sheriff Foster gave evidence. The evidence of Lewis H. Bliss, as taken at the preliminary examination, was admitted and read by arrangement.

The crown then rested and after a brief opening address J. C. Hardley called the defendant, B. F. Smith, to the stand. He said he was defendant in the suit and resided in East Florenceville; had been two and a half years engaged in lumbering, but engaged on a small scale for six or seven years. He organized a company last fall as the B. F. Smith Co. Ltd. Had three mills and operated one in Gordonsville. Going up to Bath in the forenoon of the day in question and while driving in a carriage he asked Dyer who owned the logs now under dispute. Dyer said they were his. On my return, from the raft, remarked that river logs were running but I made no reply. Dyer said, 'If you have a bottle of whiskey you might get some.' I said I did not carry whiskey. I did not say to Dyer, 'Why not put them on the raft?' Jos. Curtis scaled the Bell logs, about 52,000 feet. I sold all these logs to Farley & Smith. J. R. Tompkins scaled 47,000 feet, which left 5,000 feet short from the Bell logs. Dyer rafted in Bristol. The second time I saw the joint of disputed logs was when I accompanied Tompkins when he scaled them. I was sixty or seventy feet away from the disputed joint. Never was nearer until after Dyer was arrested. Tompkins was on the raft and scaled about ten logs and averaged the others. I cut a scalp of the log on which Tompkins made his entry and signed his initials.

While I was on the raft I saw, what I considered was a river log and told Dyer to cut it out. He paid no attention. I again told him it was a river log and he showed it to me. I believed the disputed joint was part of my Bell logs. I saw him. Even Foster admitted at the time that part of them were my Bell logs. I met Foster when I was going down the hill. He said he had arrested Dyer. On an examination of the raft I told Foster that some were river logs and we cut them out. He then said he could not stop the logs from running but had subpoenaed some of the raftsmen as witnesses and leaving for the justice's trial I did not then float the raft.

I never intimated to any man who worked for me to take river logs.

In April, 1906, I lost 200 logs out of the Monquart before the ice ran in the river; probably 100 of these were picked up at the river. These were logs of mine.

Mr. Dyer, as to look after. He said he would get his son, Cole, I gave him instructions to pick up nothing but my own logs. Practically all up the Monquart stream were mine, about twenty different marks in all. I always gave my men instructions not to take river logs.

When Foster told me about arresting Dyer, the officer and I agreed that if Dyer should plead guilty through ignorance of the law, it would be lenient with him. After Dyer was under arrest I asked him the log he took river logs for the raft and told him that he should not have taken either marked or unmarked logs. Dyer was then out of the country and he was advised by an up river lawyer who advised him to leave the country. I advised him to stay, and he stayed.

The great cloud of birds descended upon Hop Hollow, obscuring the heavens and throwing the forest into darkness. The dormant locusts, not expecting the sudden attack, were slain by millions. The birds which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

Many bands of the feathered warriors returned greatly diminished in numbers. The locusts which formerly had their homes in Hop Hollow are rebuilding and restoring the forest to its normal beauty. The birds that came from other sections to aid in the battle are returning home.

THEY ALL BOUGHT IT

Men of Franklin, Mass., Accumulated Elegant Jags on Cough Medicine.

FRANKLIN, July 11.—Rock, eye and honey has been a popular remedy for coughs and colds in Franklin, but its day is past, for some observing officials have discovered that it contains 80 per cent of alcohol. They weren't the first to make the discovery by any means—in fact it was the discovery of this fact that brought so many sudden colds upon the people of Franklin and caused them to hurry to the drugstore for the popular remedy.

Chief of police John W. Nickerson who is one of the staunchest of no-license men in the town, has been conducting a crusade against the liquor element and he had William G. Dana and Albert C. Mason in court charged with illegal sale of liquor, the charges being based on this same 80 per cent cough medicine. The chief carried a few bottles of the stuff to court with him as evidence. The defense ante pleaded guilty and their cases were placed on file.

A PLEASANT OUTING

Guild of St. Audrey Holds Enjoyable Picnic in Rockwood Park.

The members of the Guild of St. Audrey, of the Mission Church of St. John Baptist, held the first of a series of summer outings on Wednesday last.

The girls assembled in the Sunday school hall, shortly before 2.30 o'clock and, with Miss Christian, the superior of the guild, proceeded to Seaside Park, where a very delightful afternoon was spent.

These little outings, as previously announced, are intended to combine instruction and pleasure, and the subject for Wednesday was geography.

About six o'clock a dainty little repast was partaken of and the party returned to the city shortly after 8 o'clock. All agreed that the first outing had been a success in every respect. The next will probably be held at Rockwood Park, on or about the 24th of this month.

At a meeting of the buildings committee of the school board last night, tenders for the painting of the High school building were opened. John Johnston was awarded the work.

The Superfine in Chocolates

Everything that is used in making Stewart's Chocolates—fruit flavors, sugar, cream and chocolate—must be the finest that money can buy. Our years of

experience tell us just how to blend these choice materials to make the most delightful chocolates obtainable.

Stewart's

THE STEWART CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

Gilbey's "Strathmill" Scotch

Guaranteed Genuine Pure Malt Whisky

Six Years' Old, and Full Measure in Each Bottle

FOR SALE IN ALL THE BEST BARS IN CANADA

Ask for it, and Refuse Substitutes

Agents: MCINTYRE & COMEAU, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOME PAPERS

THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences by carrier. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.

THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others, coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physicians can but find Nature's way to health. And this is especially true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But, combined with Epsom Salts, Slippery Elm Bark, and other ingredients, the same Cascara bark is given its greatest possible power to correct Constipation. A good one—Candy Tablets, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Enoch Laboratories, from this ingenious and most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Bloating, Colic, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No gripping, no unpleasant after-effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

Lax-ets

MADE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
GRAVEL
GOUT
MIGRAINE
NEURALGIA
PAIN IN THE BACK
PAIN IN THE HEAD
PAIN IN THE JOINTS
PAIN IN THE LIMBS
PAIN IN THE SPINE
PAIN IN THE THROAT
PAIN IN THE WRISTS
PAIN IN THE ELBOWS
PAIN IN THE KNEES
PAIN IN THE ANKLES
PAIN IN THE FEET
PAIN IN THE HANDS
PAIN IN THE FINGERS
PAIN IN THE TOES
PAIN IN THE NAILS
PAIN IN THE SKIN
PAIN IN THE EYES
PAIN IN THE EARS
PAIN IN THE NOSE
PAIN IN THE MOUTH
PAIN IN THE THROAT
PAIN IN THE WRISTS
PAIN IN THE ELBOWS
PAIN IN THE KNEES
PAIN IN THE ANKLES
PAIN IN THE FEET
PAIN IN THE HANDS
PAIN IN THE FINGERS
PAIN IN THE TOES
PAIN IN THE NAILS
PAIN IN THE SKIN
PAIN IN THE EYES
PAIN IN THE EARS
PAIN IN THE NOSE
PAIN IN THE MOUTH

"You have my lady, though you've always been a bit 'jaughty,' cried Jane, through her