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Mrs. James Wells, Udora, Ont., writes—



"I took a severe pain in my right side. It was very bad at times. I tried oils and tablets without gaining any relief. The doctor pronounced it chronic appendicitis. I dreaded an operation and a friend advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I used them and not only obtained relief from pain, but I believe it has completely freed me of appendicitis, as it is now over a year since I have had any of the old symptoms."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

A QUEEN UNCROWNED

THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER VII.

But that was enough. As a slight dent with a boy's foot once overflowed the dam, and changed it to a foaming torrent, so everything was swept with relentless force from his mind at the touch of those rosy lips, save the one thrilling, tumultuous thought that he loved her, with all his heart and soul. The next moment she was in his arms, held there almost fiercely, while he stooped over her with a strange fire burning in his dark eyes, and a strange flush on his handsome face, crying out fiercely, passionately: "Jacquetta! Jacquetta! I love you!"

With a cry that he never forgot—a cry fiercer, wilder, more passionate than his own—he dashed his retaining arms away, wrenching himself from his grasp, and clasping her hands over her ears, as if to shut out the sound, fled—fled for more than life—away.

It was rather a peculiar mood, to use a mild phrase, that the Honorable Alfred Disbrowe walked home. There were a great many conflicting feelings surging through his mind, and chief among them were astonishment and mortification. Did ever man in this world make a proposal, and have it answered in such fashion as this?

He reached home, at last—half hoping, half dreading, to meet Jacquetta. The drawing-room door lay open, and a clear, sweet voice he knew only too well, was singing. The song stopped, and he heard her say: "There! there is a hole in the ballad! Where's papa, Frank?"

"Upstairs, in the library," said Frank, sauntering out, encountering Disbrowe in the hall.

Disbrowe went in—half afraid to do it, too, for he could not tell how Jacquetta would meet him. She was lying back, half buried in the downy cushion of a lounge, caressing her huge, savage dog, Lion, who crouched at her feet, licking her hand and watching her with his eyes of flame. As Disbrowe entered, he started up, with a growl like distant thunder.

"Now, Lion, be quiet!—have manners, can't you? It's only your cousin, Alfred, you know. Come in, my dear sir; I'm alone here, and feel awfully blue." And a dreary yawn attested the truth of her words.

As Captain Disbrowe, angry and provoked at this unlooked-for sort of greeting, obeyed, and flung himself, half sullenly, into an armchair, her eyes fell on the dearly-brought flowers which, almost unknown to himself, he still carried in his hand.

"Oh, what pretty flowers! Hand them here, Cousin Alfred. Lion, go after them."

Lion dutifully got up and trotted over took the flowers in his mouth and brought them to his mistress.

"How sweet they are—how pretty—almost as delicious as the giver!" And the wicked fairy looked up, and laughed in his face.

With a suppressed oath, Captain Disbrowe sprang to his feet and began pacing, with passionate strides, up and down. Of all her willful moods, he had not supposed she would meet him like this; so scorn and anger—biting and avoidance—silence and hauteur, he could have borne and managed; but this—this sublime forgetfulness of the whole thing—this ridiculous coolness and unconcern! Had she been trying for years, she could not have hit on a way so likely to enrage him; and I am afraid, as

he ground his teeth, more than one naughty word escaped.

Jacquetta arched her eyebrows, and pulled up her lips.

"Why, Cousin Alfred; Good gracious! I wonder you ain't ashamed! Do you know what you said, sir?"

"Jacquetta, you will drive me mad!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"Dear me! you said it again! Now, Lion, behave yourself! Don't eat all my flowers that way!"

"Jacquetta, will you listen to me?" he cried, stopping before her in his excited walk.

"Well—proceed."

"Jacquetta, I love you."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. It shows a good deal of good sense on your part."

"Jacquetta, are you merciful? I have asked for bread—shall I get a stone?"

"You deserve a viper, sir! Sit down, I tell you!" she said, imperiously.

He obeyed, with something like a groan.

"Now, then, Captain Disbrowe, what do you want."

"You, Jacquetta!—my love!—my darling!"

Oh, the infinite dept of mockery in her eyes and smile!

"Indeed! And what do you want of me, pray?"

"Oh, Jacquetta! what a question!"

"Is it? I see nothing extraordinary



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DOUBLE STRENGTH PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

(To be continued.)

in it. If you came and asked me for Lion, here, I should probably ask you what you wanted of him, as well. And I rather fancy you would find it an easier question to answer than this."

He was silent, and bit his lip. The look of intense mockery on Jacquetta's face was mingled now with unutterable scorn.

"Oh, the wisdom of these men! Oh, this wonderful love of theirs! Oh, this unspeakable depth of refinement and delicacy! Lion, my boy, thank God you love me, and have not a man's heart!"

"Jacquetta!" he said, with a haughty flush, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, to be sure!" she said, "you do not know. If I had been one of your Lady Marys, or Lady Janes, would you have dared to talk to me like this? Because you found me a wild Yankee girl, who rode steeplechases, played with dogs instead of Berlin wool and French novels, you thought you were free to insult me, and to talk to me as you would to a coal-heaver's daughter in England. Don't interrupt me, sir, and don't attempt to deny it; for knowing what we both know, such a declaration from you is nothing more nor less than an insult!"

He faced around, and the light of his dark, bright handsome eyes shone full upon her face.

"What we both know?" he said, slowly. "May I ask what you mean by that, Miss Jacquetta?"

She swept across the room like a tragic queen, with the ringing tread of an outraged empress. That light in her eye, that fire in her cheek—all unusual there—what did it forebode?

"What have I said—what have I done—that you should dare to utter words like these? I am a wild, willful, thoughtless girl—too fearless and masculine, it may be, for my sex—but is it my fault that God gave me a man's heart, to do, and dare, and brave? I was frank and open with you, because I thought you an honorable man—because I thought you would understand me; and I could have loved you as a brother. And you have returned it like this? Oh, Captain Disbrowe! it is worse than 'Et tu, Brute!' You know, and I know, now that the scales have fallen from my eyes, how you regard me. Would you marry me?—would you take me to England?—would you show me to your friends—me, the mad, uncivilized North American savage—as your honored wife, and the future Lady Earncliffe, of Disbrowe Park? No, sir—you never would! You never intended to! And, even if you would, could you, as a man of honor, have done so? Ask your own heart—if you

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NUT BREAD: 1 teaspoon salt, 4 cups flour, ½ cup sugar, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 2 eggs, 1½ cups water, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup English walnuts. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat eggs well, add milk diluted with water and mix with dry ingredients. Beat well, add nuts, put into two greased bread pans and bake in a moderate oven thirty to forty-five minutes. This recipe makes two loaves.

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have one—and let it reply. If I were the only one injured to-day, you might be forgiven; but that other—that other, to whom you are bound by vows death alone can ever break. Oh, Alfred Disbrowe! who shall forgive you for the wrong you have done her?"

Impetuously he started to his feet, and dashed back the clustering folds of his fair, brown hair.

"Jacquetta; this is not the first time you have insinuated something which must be explained—I repeat it, must be! What do you mean?"

She gazed before him, and met his excited gaze, with eyes from which the fierce, angry light had died out; and a faint, scarcely perceptible smile flickered around her mouth.

"Shall I really tell you?"

"Yes."

"And do you mean to say you do not understand me?"

"I say nothing. I want to explain."

"Then," she said, with a triumphant flash of her eye, "you shall have it! What of Norma?"

"Jacquetta!"

"Alfred!" she said, with a mocking smile.

"Who told you—how came you—"

"There, that is enough! Go—leave me!" And she opened the door and pointed out.

"First tell me—"

"I will not! Leave me!" she said, with an imperious stamp of her foot. "And take this parting piece of advice with you. Forget what has passed this evening, as I will endeavor, also, to do. Forget there is such a person as the girl, Jacquetta, and think of me only as the boy, Jack De Vere. There—go!"

Strong Men of Old

In all ages, feats of great strength have excited much interest, and the more extraordinary examples have been deemed worthy of record by historians.

Remarkable though present-day feats undoubtedly are, they have often been eclipsed by those recorded in bygone days.

One of the most famous strong men of antiquity was Polydamas, the Thessalian, who lived about 400 B.C. Wonderful stories are told of his colossal size and strength. On one occasion he is said to have held a wild bull so firmly, by one of its hind feet that the animal, in its struggles to release itself, wrenched off its hoof, while another feat for which he was renowned was the stopping of a chariot when driven at full speed by seizing the wheel.

Richard Coeur de Lion was an exceptionally strong man, and it is related of him that, while a prisoner in Germany in the hands of the Emperor, he performed a truly practical proof of the force of the blow he was able to deal with his clenched fist.

The son of his principal warder had invited the royal captive to an exchange of blows, and winning the right to deliver the first punch by the cast of the dice, struck the king a heavy blow on the side of the head, staggering him.

Richard, in his turn, now struck and "landed" on his opponent's ear with such force as to kill him on the spot. Sir Walter Scott, in his imitation of the feat, says:

Alkali in Shampoos
Bad For the Hair

If you want to keep your hair looking its best, be careful what you wash it with. Do not use prepared shampoos or anything else that contains too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, which is pure and greaseless, and is better than anything else you can use.

Two or three teaspoonsful of Mulsified is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries naturally and evenly, and leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months. Be sure your drugist gives you Mulsified. Beware of imitations. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

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Women will be glad to hear that they can save time, trouble and expense by using Pearline the great washing powder for all washing purposes. Pearline is easy to use and easy on the hands and the clothes. Pearline does not destroy or injure in the slightest manner the most delicate garments, and it never injures color.

In all respects Pearline is the ideal washing powder. Ask your grocer to get Pearline for you, if he hasn't stocked up yet from Gerald S. Doyle's—C

A Cross of Pearls

What are perhaps the most remarkable natural pearls in the world are being exhibited in the Australian Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition.

This extraordinary exhibit, known as the Southern Cross, is a cluster of nine pearls forming an almost perfect Latin cross. The shaft is composed of seven pearls measuring an inch and a half in length, while the arms of the cross are formed of one pearl on each side opposite the second pearl from the top downwards.

Examination under a powerful microscope shows that the gems were produced by nature in their present arrangement, probably as a result of mutual compression during growth.

The pearls were discovered in 1874 by a pearl fisher at Roeburn, in Western Australia, but so amazed were the finder and the owner of the vessel that, believing it to be a heavenly wrought miracle, they buried the treasure and left it to be forgotten.

It remained hidden until 1879, when an Australian explorer, Alexander Forrest, passed through Roeburn and, hearing accidentally of the pearls, discovered its existence to the world.

It is now the property of a London merchant, and is valued at £10,000.

Household Notes.

A very hot oven will ruin the texture of a milk pudding.

Some people like the flavor of curry with creamed chicken.

Sprinkle hot, glazed, caramelized carrots with chopped parsley.

Heated, crushed pineapple makes a delightful filling for shortcake.

Is Britain Overcrowded?

FEWER BIRTHS, BUT STILL TOO MANY PEOPLE.

The birth-rate in this country has been falling for nearly half a century, and you will find numbers of people who will pull long faces over this, and it means that Britain is going to the dogs. Point out to these people that over a million babies are born yearly in Great Britain, and they will shake their heads and say: "Yes, but look at the birth-rate. It is only 22.5 per 1,000, and falling!"

A birth-rate of 22.5 per 1,000 means that for each ten thousand people, 225 babies arrive yearly, a total for the country of well over a million. The deaths on the other hand, are less than half a million, and the rate is falling year by year. In other words, the births are more than double the deaths.

Emigration Does Not Help.

Large numbers are constantly emigrating from this country. The number is, in fact, a little over a quarter of a million yearly (177,000 to various parts of the Empire and 99,000 to foreign countries), yet, even so, the population is increasing. Not merely increasing, but increasing rapidly, for, in addition to the excess of births over deaths, we have also to reckon on the number of aliens who are constantly arriving and settling in this country.

From 1870 up to the date of the Great War the annual increase of our population averaged no less than 418,000. The war killed off more than three-quarters of a million of our men and cut the birth-rate by about 150,000 a year for four years. But the war stopped emigration almost entirely, and this alone was compensation for the extra deaths and diminished births. That is to say, if compensated, so far as numbers went, although, of course, it meant that the remaining population was short of able-bodied men and consisted largely of elderly people, women and children.

In 1920, the second year after the war, the birth-rate leapt upwards, there being 300,000 more babies born than in 1919. The rate has since fallen to about the 1914 level.

But here is the point which the pessimists forget, or of which they never think. A curious point, too, and one well put by the Registrar-General, Mr. S. P. Vignian: "The birth-rate, when operating on an increasing population, has a rearmetrical effect, and a declining birth-rate may then produce a constant or even an increasing annual addition to the population."

That is exactly what is happening in this country, and we already have more people than we can either feed or house. The fact that there are smaller families makes no difference, there being more smaller families. Thus, six persons with four children each equal twenty-four; eight with three produce the same result.

Each year about 550,000 young men and women come upon the labor market, which is already overstocked, and England is to-day the most over-populated country on earth, for we have actually 701 persons to each square mile. In other words, if we divided up the land amongst the people, there would be less than an acre apiece.

Compare our fearfully crowded state with other parts of the Empire. Canada has just over two persons to the square mile, and Australia just under two. Newfoundland has two, New Zealand eleven, South Africa only ten. Is it not about time that poor old Britain should get some relief, and be enabled to pour out her overcrowded millions into the open lands elsewhere?

Lard should not get so hot that it smokes when frying doughnuts. Shredded watercresses and mayonnaise are delicious in buttered brown bread sandwiches.

TIRED OUT ALL THE TIME
Nerves Gave Little Rest

Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Harrowsmith, Ont.—"I took your medicine before my baby was born and it was a great help to me as I was very poorly until I started to take it. I just felt as though I was tired out all the time and would take weak, fainting spells. My nerves would bother me until I could get little rest, day or night. I was told by a friend to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I only took a few bottles and it helped me wonderfully. I would recommend it to any woman. I am doing what I can to publish this good medicine. I lend that little book you sent me to any one I can help. You can with the greatest of pleasure use my name in regard to the Vegetable Compound if it will serve to help others."—MRS. HARRY MITCHELL, R. R. No. 2, Harrowsmith, Ontario.

In a recent canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over 100,000 replies were received and 98 out of every 100 said they had been helped by its use. This medicine is for sale by all druggists.

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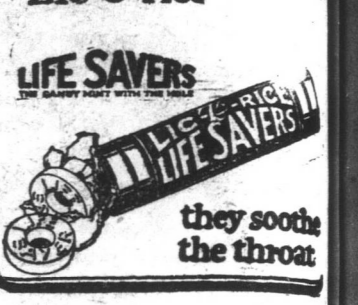
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