

**"I Now Feel Fine"**

Mrs. F. G. Murdoch, Box 433, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes:

"I was troubled for years with biliousness, constipation, kidney and liver troubles. I tried many different kinds of medicine, but nothing did me much good until I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I now feel fine, but am never without these pills in the house. Dr. Chase's Ointment has relieved my husband of piles, from which he used to suffer badly."

**DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**

At all Dealers.  
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

**The Heir of Bayneham**  
AND  
**Lady Hutton's Ward.**

CHAPTER XXXII.

He went into the hotel to look at the Railway Guide which lay upon the table. His wife left her home some few minutes past two o'clock; at twenty minutes past three there was a train for London; at four, the express for Scotland; later on, the train for Newtown, the largest junction on the line. His only resource was to go to the station and make all the inquiries possible.

"How was Lady Bayneham dressed," he replied. "I remember nothing of her ladyship's wear, except a thick waterproof cloak."

"Take the carriage home," said Lord Bayneham, "and mind, Dickson, I have trusted you. You will be the only servant in the house who knows the secret of your lady's flight; guard it as you would your life. Say what you like to the rest to allay their suspicions, if they have any; and stay—take this note to Lady Bayneham."

He wrote a few lines just to say what he had done—that he was now going to the station, and if he found any trace of his wife he should follow it up, therefore they need not feel any uneasiness at his absence. Dickson told Lady Bayneham—knew the truth, and in any emergency they must trust to him. In the meantime they must shield Hilda as best they could, for he hoped to bring her back with him.

Lord Bayneham was not long in reaching the little station, where he was well known, but he found it difficult to ask many questions without exciting curiosity and wonder. Fortunately there was a new porter who did not know his lordship, and to this man the young earl addressed himself.

The porter had been on the platform all the afternoon, and remembered the London train, and that four passengers left Oulton by it, but that only two went by the Scotch express. There were perhaps twenty for the New Town train, but among them he did not remember to have seen a lady in a waterproof cloak.

"A dark waterproof cloak, did you say, sir?" continued the porter. "Ah, now I remember something. Just before the London train started a lady in a long, dark cloak sent me to get her ticket. She sat there at the lower end of the platform and spoke in a low voice as though she were ill. I did not see her face clearly, because she wore a veil, but I thought I saw that she was very pale and had golden hair. I bought her ticket and saw her get into a first-class carriage for London."

**Constipation**  
Relieved Without the Use of Laxatives

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot grip.

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's Lubricating Fluid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Try it today.

**Nujol**  
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

The porter looked astonished when Lord Bayneham slipped a sovereign into his hand; and like a wise man he saw that there was something in it, and resolved to keep his thoughts to himself.

"I am sorry, too, if he is in trouble," thought the man, "for a nicer or more liberal gentleman I never did see."

The London express started in half an hour and the earl resolved to go by it. That one half hour, spent in pacing impatiently to and fro on the little platform, seemed like an age to him. There were times when he felt that he must be dreaming. It could not be possible that Hilda, whom he had loved so well, should have flown from him—that his sweet, fair wife had left him. Why, only last week they had been at the station together. Now she was a fugitive—lying, he knew not what from—and he, trying his best to shield her and keep her name from the idle comments of busy men, was seeking her.

The journey to London seemed never-ending, but Euston Square was reached at last and then his task seemed hopeless.

The train from Oulton had reached there about six o'clock; two other trains came in at the same time, and the station for some minutes was one grand scene of confusion; no one remembered a lady in a waterproof cloak—there were several ladies, first-class passengers, but no porter remembered to have proffered either cap or carriage for any tall lady in a waterproof cloak.

The ticket collector was found and closely examined by Lord Bayneham. He had taken a ticket from a lady in a first-class carriage, a ticket marked from Oulton to London; he had not noticed her dress; he remembered that her hand was very white and she wore several costly rings.

Lord Bayneham's heart beat quickly; without doubt that was Hilda, but where had she gone? No one had seen her leave the carriage or quit the station. In spite of the collector's testimony he was as much lost as before.

He spent some long hours at Euston Square, but discovered no more. He had traced his wife to London, but there she vanished completely, and he knew not what to do.

Then he went to Scotland Yard, for he had heard wonders of the sagacity of an officer who was said to be the cleverest private detective in England, and he told him the whole facts of the case and offered him a large reward for any information he could procure. There was no more to be done. The detective told him to leave the matter in his hands and promised to do his best.

Tired and depressed Lord Bayneham went to his house in Grosvenor Square. Although taken by surprise at his sudden appearance, the house-keeper soon sent up a recherche little supper, which she was much disappointed at finding the next morning untouched upon the table.

During the day following he had one long interview with the detective, and the rest of his time was spent in writing. On the Thursday morning the chief papers contained an advertisement wherein "Blue Bell"—the pet name he had given her in Brynmar woods—was entreated to send her address, as there had been some terrible mistake; but no reply came to them—no news came to Lord Bayneham of his fair young wife.

All at once an idea struck him. Of course she was gone to Brynmar—where else should she seek refuge. It was past ten o'clock on Thursday night when the thought came to him, and he never rested again until he saw once more the bonny woods of Brynmar. He had hoped strongly, he

had believed his search ended; but the hall looked lonely and deserted; he knew by old Elspie's face when she admitted him that his lost wife was not there. No, nothing had been seen or heard of the young lady of Brynmar. She had not been there.

The earl did not wait for either sleep or refreshment, but hurried back again, sick at heart, and more disappointed than he cared to own.

At London he found strange letters awaiting him from Dr. Greyson, the trustee and guardian of his wife. He had received a letter from Lady Hilda, saying that she renounced all further claim upon the Brynmar estates, or any of the money bequeathed her by Lady Hutton, and should never receive more, nor apply to him again. Lord Bayneham, she said, would understand why, and he was to decide what should be done with the fortune she thus renounced.

More bewildered than ever, Lord Bayneham could only agree with his mother that Hilda must be insane. He understood nothing whatever of the motives which actuated her. He telegraphed for Dr. Greyson to join him, but when they took counsel together neither one nor the other could suggest any solution of the mystery.

He then took Bertie Carlyon into his confidence. The young member had found himself famous and his speeches were eagerly listened to and eagerly read. He was considered, and justly, too, as one of the most gifted and eloquent speakers of the day, and his career was now one of great and incessant labor, rewarded by well-earned success. But Bertie, his old friend and confidant, could render him no assistance. He could throw no light upon the subject.

The post-mark upon Lady Hilda's letter was London; but from that all agreed it was foolish to believe that she was in the great city.

The constant anxiety of such a search began to tell heavily upon Lord Bayneham. He had been for several nights without sleep and for several days with little food. One morning, as with Bertie Carlyon, he was coming from Scotland Yard, the two friends met Mr. Fulton. At the first glimpse of him Lord Bayneham clinched his hands tightly. After all, what he had heard of those nonsensical notes had been the first cause of his present sorrow. But Mr. Fulton hurried up to him with a smile of welcome playing over his face, holding out his hand with a few words of cordial greeting. There was something so genial and kindly in his manner that Lord Bayneham's half-formed suspicions died away at once.

"How are all at Bayneham?" said Mr. Fulton. "How is Lady Hilda? Is she here with you?"

He evidently knew nothing of what had happened at Bayneham.

"You look extremely ill," he continued. "I hardly knew you at first. When are you returning?"

Lord Bayneham replied briefly and then hurried on. Only ten days since and this man was an honoured guest under his roof. What had happened since then?

That morning he met several of his friends, who were all pleased and surprised at seeing him, but grieved at his changed appearance. There seemed to be only one topic of conversation, the engagement of the fair and fashionable Lady Graham to Mr. Fulton.

(To be continued.)

**For Colds, Influenza and as a Preventive**

Take

**Bromo Quinine**

Laxative Tablets

The First and Original Cold and Grip Tablet

The box bears this signature

**E. W. Brown**

Made in Canada

**Choice of Writing Paper Important.**

While many mourn "the gentle art of letter writing" as a bygone thing, it is, nevertheless, quite true that the average woman not only gives careful thought to the form of her written conversations, but chooses with care the texture and color of her letter paper and its personal markings. Usually her crest or monogram appears on the stationery she uses for friendly letters, and her house address is engraved on her "business stationery."

But there's something even more individual than address, crest or monogram. It is not exactly new, though yet far from common, the stationery that bears an imprint of the writer's house—perhaps in the lower right hand corner, with address in the upper left. This work is not engraving, but printing, done from a cut that has been made from a photograph or a pen and ink sketch of the house. It is hardly more than tracery, yet it is unmistakably worked out in blue or white; soft gray stamped in a deeper gray; buff on yellow, there are wonderful possibilities, both as to color and arrangement in this printed stationery. One needs only a picture of her house; personal preferences as to form, and a friendly printerman!

**Argentine Schoolboy.**

REPRIMANDS PROVINCIAL GOVERNOR.

BUENOS AIRES

Called by his proud teacher to make an address of welcome when the Governor of the Province of Santa Fe, visited his school at Totores recently, a fourteen year old schoolboy jumped into fame throughout Argentina by telling the Governor to his face that he had not kept his election promises to improve the school. The lad had a set oration to deliver which he had learned by heart, but as the Excellency and the education officials accompanying him listened with benevolent attention, they got the shock of their lives. "You, Mr. Governor," shouted the boy at the conclusion of his prepared discourse, "You promised to make some improvements in this school. You promised to provide more desks. You promised to enlarge the building and to give us more teachers. Nevertheless, Mr. Governor, you have not kept a single one of these promises." The boy's teacher nearly fainted, while the Governor gasped and made a hurried departure. The newspapers are asking the Governor what he is going to do about it.

**Onions for Beauty.**

Nothing is better for the complexion than fresh fruit and vegetables. Oranges and apples are good for clearing the blood; so are cress and celery. Fruit has the best effect if eaten first thing in the morning. The finest vegetable to eat if you want a nice complexion is the onion, which contains sulphur and also has a laxative tendency. Spinach and tomatoes contain iron, and should bring colour to the pallid cheek. Cabbage purifies the blood, as do other green vegetables and acid fruits.

There is nothing to touch the lemon, the juice of which can be taken in any form, as another fine complexion improver. Hot lemonade, sipped just before going to bed, is a splendid cure for sleeplessness. If taken cold and strong in the morning it will brighten the eyes and cure constipation.

The use of drugs and cosmetics will never give you a clear skin; you can only obtain this by keeping in perfect health, and the eating of plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables will keep to this end.

Remember, however, that it is useless eating fruits that disagree with you, for what suits one person may not suit another.

**Pain's Enemy**

SLOAN'S LINIMENT is proclaimed the world over as being Pain's greatest enemy.

Multitudes of people use and recommend it.

Rheumatic aches and pains instantly obey its command and disappear.

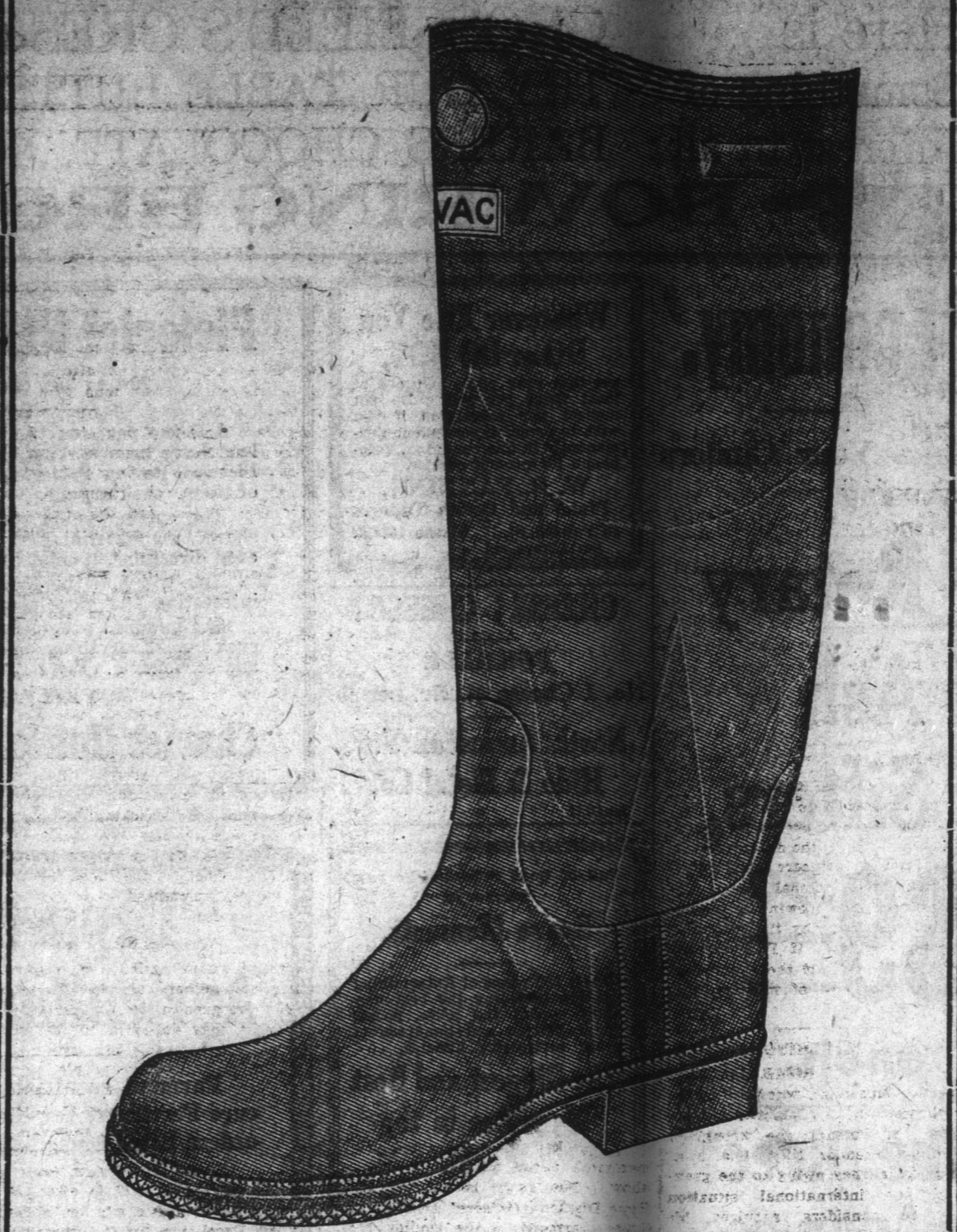
It penetrates right to the sore spot. No need of rubbing. It does its work thoroughly. Give it a trial.

One bottle will convince you. At all druggists and dealers.

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**  
(PAIN'S ENEMY)

SOLD BY G. KNOWLING, LTD.

**THE FISHERMEN'S FRIEND!**



**FISHERMEN!—We sell only the Best Rubber Boots.**  
**FISHERMEN!—These Rubber Boots are made by the best skilled American and Canadian Workmen. Double wear in each pair.**

- MEN'S RED BALL VAC. Price . . . . . \$7.20
- MEN'S SEA (The Rubber with the White Sole) . . . \$5.50
- MEN'S REDMAN (The Rubber with the Red Sole and Heel) . . . \$4.75
- BOYS' SEA (The Rubber with the White Sole) . . . \$5.00
- BOYS' REDMAN (Red Sole and Heel) . . . . . \$4.00
- YOUTHS' LONG RUBBERS . . . . . \$3.00
- WOMEN'S LONG RUBBERS . . . . . \$3.75
- GIRLS' LONG RUBBERS . . . . . \$3.30
- CHILD'S LONG RUBBERS . . . . . \$2.70

**STORMKING BOOTS.**

- MEN'S RED BALL VAC STORMKING . . . . . \$8.20
  - MEN'S SEA STORMKING . . . . . \$6.75
  - MEN'S REDMAN STORMKING . . . . . \$6.00
  - BOYS' STORMKING SEA . . . . . \$5.70
  - BOYS' STORMKING REDMAN . . . . . \$4.80
  - YOUTHS' STORMKING REDMAN . . . . . \$4.20
  - GIRLS' STORMKING . . . . . \$4.50
- SPECIAL PRICES TO WHOLESALERS ON 12 PAIR LOTS.

**F. SMALLWOOD,**  
The Home of Good Shoes. - 218-220 Water Street

**Smelt in the Great Lakes.**

At various times during the last dozen years, the U.S. Fisheries Bureau has furnished the State of Michigan with smelt eggs, with a view to introducing this valuable food fish into the Great Lakes. Results are now beginning to appear in a very striking way.

Already the fish have become numerous in parts of Lake Michigan, and, especially in Crystal Lake, Mich., where a considerable number of eggs were planted. A news despatch from Frankfort, Mich., says: "Many people from here are driving to Beulah to get some of the myriads of fish that are coming out of Crystal Lake, and going up Cold Creek to spawn. The Beulah farmers are catching them by thousands, hauling them home by wagonloads. They catch them with dipnets, or sometimes use a common burlap sack for the purpose."

The Fisheries Bureau says that the fish are undoubtedly smelt, and are the result of the planting of 16,000,000 smelt eggs in Crystal Lake ten years ago.

The advent of smelt in the Great Lakes is deemed a cause of rejoicing. Aside from their value as human food—and, as everybody knows, they are delicious—smelt in many bodies of

**Smelt in the Great Lakes.**

water are a valuable asset in the way of food for game fish, such as trout and landlocked salmon.

Fragmentary evidence of unclassified prehistoric rodents and reptiles has been found by Albert Thompson, paleontologist, in the ranch lands of Nebraska, where in former years research staff of the American Museum remains of mastodons, rhinoceroses, giant camels, alligators, dwarf horses and other queer beasts.

The bones of the strange animals were uncovered on a ranch in Sioux county, while Mr. Thompson, who is a member of the paleontological research staff of the American Museum of Natural History, was searching

**Smelt in the Great Lakes.**

for skeletons of three-toed sloths.

Mr. Thompson began the study paleontological skulls employed as cowboy in the Dakota Bad Lands more than 30 years ago. He was specially interested in the remains of the three-toed horse and other beasts of the same family.

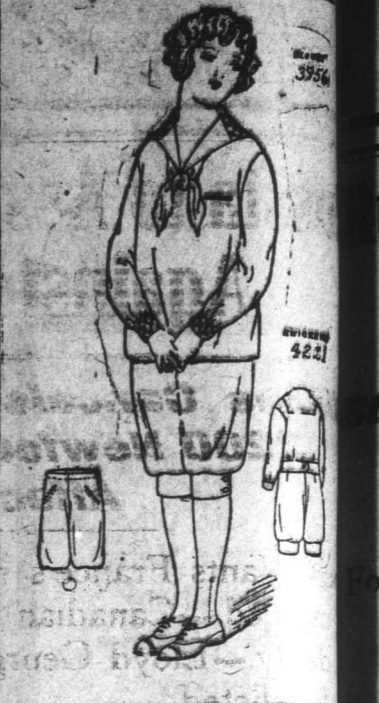
In the interest of this work went to Nebraska early last summer. Aided by several students, he was digging in a channel bed that appeared to be rich in bones of all sorts. He found bits of the dwarf horse skull, the character of which was new to him.

He delved further in an effort to uncover complete skeletons. His student helpers returned to the schools and he kept on alone, but with no further success.

Bad weather finally set in and Thompson was compelled to abandon his work. He had, however, uncovered hundreds of bones and skulls of great research value. He plans to return to Sioux county next year to resume work in the channel bed.

**Fashion Plates**

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our latest Fashion Plates. These will be found useful to refer to from time to time.



AN UP-TO-DATE COSTUME

8956-4221. "Knicker" and blouse suits appeal to the active girl much as do "crown ups." This suit is ever so serviceable and pleasing. It may be worn with or without skirt. Serge, flannel, jersey and other knitted materials, as well as linen, khaki andingham are good for its development.

The Blouse Pattern 3956 is cut 7 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. To make the costume for 14 year size will require 5 yards 32 inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed any address on receipt of 10c PER EACH pattern in silver or stamps.



A STYLISH COAT STYLE

4209. Black velvet and sequin fur are here portrayed. This is a model for broad cloth, velours, and other cloakings. The collar is detachable. It may be turned up high, rolled low with the fronts open.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year requires 2 1/2 yards of 54 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Name . . . . .  
Address in full . . . . .  
No. . . . .

**He Found Bones of Strange Animals.**

Fragmentary evidence of unclassified prehistoric rodents and reptiles has been found by Albert Thompson, paleontologist, in the ranch lands of Nebraska, where in former years research staff of the American Museum remains of mastodons, rhinoceroses, giant camels, alligators, dwarf horses and other queer beasts.

The bones of the strange animals were uncovered on a ranch in Sioux county, while Mr. Thompson, who is a member of the paleontological research staff of the American Museum of Natural History, was searching

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