

GILLETT'S LYE

HAS NO EQUAL

It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XXVI
"I Want My Wife."

"Your wife!" ejaculated Osborne, his face suddenly white, his lips drawn tightly. "You—you must be mad, Lashmore! That lady is Miss Eva Lyndhurst, Sir Talbot's daughter. Yes; you must be mad, must be the victim of some hallucination!"

Herdale drew himself up and snarled contemptuously. "It is evident that Mr. Osborne has solved the problem," he said, with a sneer. "This person is evidently out of his mind."

Lashmore looked from one to the other, as if he thought they were all joined in a conspiracy against him. "I am not mad," he said; and, strangely enough, he spoke almost calmly. "I repeat, that lady is my wife—Eva," he extended his arms to her. "Why do you not speak, why do you disown me? Why are you so changed? What has wrought this change in you? What has happened since we parted? Are you disowning me of your own free will—are you ashamed of me? There is no need to be now. Have you not had my letter? Did you leave before you knew the truth, the change that had come over my fortunes?"

By this time Eva had also become almost calm. She, too, had at first thought that Lashmore was mad; but gradually she had perceived that he was sane, that he had some reason for thinking that she was his wife. There was evidently some extraordinary mystery; he was obviously the victim of an extraordinary delusion. Pity for him stirred in her bosom.

Lady Lorchester had, in a trembling whisper, implored her to come away, but Eva would not do so. "Let me speak to him," she said. "There is some terrible mistake." Her hand went to her throat as if she found it difficult to speak; then she drew herself from her aunt's support, and, looking steadily at Lashmore, said, in a low but clear voice:

"I am Eva Lyndhurst. You know that, Mr. Lashmore. I am not married. Why do you think that I am your wife?"

Lashmore's passion rose again. "Eva! Can it really be you speaking to me, asking me such a question? Do you think I do not recognize your voice, that if I were blind I should not know you by it? Have you forgotten the day we were married—everything? Come to me! Come away at once. I will be patient. See, I am not angry. No doubt you have some explanation; you shall explain everything when we are alone."

Again he made as if to take her in his arms. Eva shrank back with a faint cry of alarm. Herdale stepped in between, and once more Lashmore raised his hand to strike him; but Osborne, who was watching Lashmore closely, seized him in a grip of steel, saying quickly, as he did so:

"Take Miss Lyndhurst away!"

Lady Lorchester led Eva from the room. Lashmore struggled for a moment or two to follow her, but Osborne held him tightly and implored him to restrain himself. The spectators were now chatting loudly with excitement; one or two ladies threatened hysterics. Herdale stood, with his arms folded, looking at Lashmore with an affection of tolerant contempt.

"Who is this person?" he demanded of the company in general. "I do not know him."

Lashmore put Osborne aside and regarded the other man steadily. "I am Lord Herdale," he said very quietly, but so distinctly that every one heard the words.

Herdale's pale face was distorted by an insolent sneer. "I think that settles the matter," he said. "The man is mad." With a shrug of his shoulders, he turned and went out of the room.

"Come out of this, Lashmore," said Osborne; and to Osborne's surprise, Lashmore nodded and allowed Osborne to take him outside. Without a word Osborne called a cab, almost pushed Lashmore into it, and told the cabman to drive to Vincent Square.

On the way he thrust a cigar in Lashmore's hand, and Lashmore lit up and smoked furiously. Neither man said a word until they reached Osborne's rooms; then Lashmore sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. Osborne paced up and down for a minute or two, glancing every now and then at the bent figure of the man who crouched in the chair as if overwhelmed and utterly broken up; at last he said very gravely:

"I am waiting for your explanation, Lashmore. Here! drink this, and for God's sake pull yourself together!"

Lashmore rose and took the glass with an unsteady hand; his throat was parched, every vein in his body seemed filled with fire.

"She is my wife," he said hoarsely. "I left her at Quirapata—we were married near there! Heaven, how can I keep calm! I am cruelly wronged; no man has been more cruelly wronged in this world. I tell you she is my wife! I met her in London—I have spent weeks at her father's place, Ripley Court—I told her there that I loved her. I was obliged to go abroad. There was a stain on my birth, I was regarded as illegitimate. I went abroad—I could not ask her to marry me—I went to make my fortune. It was agreed between us that she should come to me when I sent for her, or before, if she wished to do so. She came; we were married—were—his voice choked and broke for a moment—"were happy together. She was broken-hearted when we parted. I mean, when I came to England."

Osborne stared at him with wonder and bewilderment. "When I got to England I found that I was not legitimate, that I was my father's lawful son, that I was his heir, the owner of the title. Yes; I am Lord Herdale. I have been preparing my case; the man who called himself Lord Herdale was to have been served with the writ in a few days. But that is a secondary matter

and sinks to nothing beside the other." He drew a long breath. "I want my wife!"

The words, quietly spoken as they were, rang through the room. Osborne went to him and laid a restraining hand on his shoulder, and, looking steadily into his bloodshot eyes, said:

"Then you must go back to Quirapata for her. Miss Eva Lyndhurst is certainly not your wife. Wait! Don't speak! Listen to me for two minutes. I say that she is not your wife. And who should know it better than I? Lashmore, don't you see, don't you realize, that Eva Lyndhurst is the woman I love?"

Lashmore started and glowered at him fiercely. "She is the woman I love," said Osborne. "I have seen her for months, have been constantly in her company. How can it be possible that she should be here in England and out there in South Africa at the same time?"

Lashmore frowned at him sullenly. "There is some hideous mistake," he said. "But it's yours, not mine. Do you think a man doesn't know his own wife?"

Blood Food

Right now is when you need a good blood medicine—to overcome impurities in the blood—to supply the elements that enrich the blood—to protect the system against the depressing effects of "spring fever".

Mother Nature, the great physician, has provided this "blood food" in

Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS

It is a simple and effective remedy, made from Nature's healing herbs—that was a favorite medicine in our grandfathers' time and is just as effective today. The best of spring tonics and blood purifiers. 25c a bottle, Family size, five times as large, \$1. At most dealers or prepaid on receipt of price. 25

The Brasley Drug Co., Limited, St. John, N.B.

"Levison thinks so," replied Lashmore. "There is no doubt in my mind or his. But it will be a hard fight."

Osborne was silent for a moment or two; then he said thoughtfully: "I am not so sure. Levison hinted to me that there was something shady about our friend Herdale—I say, that is the name I ought to call you."

"Not yet," said Lashmore gravely. "I have not established my right to it yet."

"If there is anything shady in the past career of Herdale, he will probably be glad enough to compromise, especially if he sees that you have an irrefragable case. He is a lawyer, you know, and an astute man. How I hate that calculating, cold-blooded look of his! How he came to get that beautiful creature to— But we must not speak of her."

"I will go home now," said Lashmore.

Osborne pressed his arm tightly. "Not yet," he said. "Come back to my rooms and we'll sit up and smoke the time away till the cable comes. Frankly, my dear Lashmore, I don't care to lose sight of you. I can put myself in your place, and I know exactly how I should feel if I were in your shoes; mad, enough to do any insane trick; in fact, I don't think I should have behaved half as well as you have. We should neither of us sleep if we went to bed, and we shall both be the better for each other's company."

(To be Continued.)

Drinking Tea Upset Nerves

Mr. Burroughes Compares Canadian Customs With Those in Old Land, and Tells How Nerves Were Set Right.

Orillia, Ont., May 15th.—"How to be well and strong?" is the question many are asking at this time of year, and in this letter you will find the answer.

It tells something of the blood-forming, nerve-invigorating influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great restorative which is causing so much talk here just now.

Nature's way of curing disease is by building up the vitality of the body, and this is exactly what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does. The blood is made rich and red, and it nourishes the exhausted nerves back to health and vigor.

The experience of Mr. Burroughes as described in this letter is similar to that of hundreds of others in this community who have recently put this well-known food cure to the test.

Mr. George Burroughes, 23 Peter street, Orillia, Ont., writes: "A few years ago, after coming out to this country from England, the change of customs seemed to have some effect on me. In the old country the habit of drinking strong tea was prevalent, and after arriving here I suffered very much from nervousness. If I put my arm down on the table it would shake very noticeably, and while performing my work I would easily tire, and want to sit down and rest. A friend recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, so I secured some and took a treatment. It built me up and made me strong and healthy. I have not had a trace of the nervousness since. I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment also, and find that it heals the skin very quickly. In fact I find all of Dr. Chase's medicines good."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Everyday Etiquette.

"When one wishes to give a piece of silver to a girl about to be married, what monogram should be engraved upon it?" enquired George.

"The monogram of the girl's maiden name should be engraved on the silver," replied his father.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A CHARMING SPORTS OR BEACH COSTUME.

This attractive style, comprises House Pattern 2061, and Skirt 2063. In white serge, with pipings of black, this costume would be very smart. It lends itself nicely to bordered goods, and could be made of embroidered flouncing, shantung or linen. As here shown, plain and embroidered voile are combined. Blouse and skirt may be worn separately. The Blouse is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 28-inch waist. The skirt has 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of flouncing or bordered material 48 inches wide, or 4 1/2 yards of 54 inch material for a 24-inch size. It measures (with plaits drawn out) at the lower edge, about 3 3/4 yards.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A SMART DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

2064—This style is good for any of the materials now in vogue. The neck is finished with a shaped collar. The waist front is lengthened to form a panel, below the belt. The skirt is full and gathered. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:

Name

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURSUS BURNS, ETC.

THE Newest of the New!

A splendid array of bright, Spring Merchandise is here to greet you on every hand.

We have now on display a large and well assorted stock of American Hats—all the Leading Shades and Styles.

LADIES' COSTUMES, DRESSES and BLOUSES.

New, fresh goods at moderate prices. It will be worth while your inspecting our stock before purchasing.

Open Week Evenings from 7 to 9 p.m.

ALEX. SCOTT,

Popular Drapery Store, 18 New Gower St.

Wholesale DRY GOODS.

We have in stock the largest assortment of Dress Goods in the city in

MELTONS, TWEEDS, SERGES, WHIPCORDS, VOILES, CREPE DE CHINE, PLAIDS, POPLINS, REPPS, SATIN CLOTHS, COTTON CASHMERE, Checks and Fancies.

SILK CHIFFONS, ITALIAN CLOTHS, LININGS, Also FLANNELETTES, MOTTLED FLANNEL, CIRCULAR PILLOW COTTON, APRON CHECKS, COTTON BLANKETS, LADIES' UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, ETC., ETC. Prices right.

GARNEAU LIMITED,
1st Floor T. A. Hall, Duckworth Street.
Phone 727. P. O. Box 36.
ap30,101,60d

A Wonderful Help in Keeping the Complexion Youthful and Clear.

Perhaps you wonder how so many women manage to have a complexion that is always fresh and clear, and how you can make your complexion better. Here's the secret—

NYAL FACE CREAM

This is the Vanishing Cream that softens the skin and gives it that soft, velvety radiance that we all desire. Nyal's Face Cream is not oily or greasy, and it is readily absorbed by the skin, vanishing without leaving any tell tale gloss on skin. The skin welcomes this pleasant, soothing, cooling cream. It makes dry, tight skin soft and pliable. It makes rough skin firm and smooth, and gradually gives to coarse rough skin a finer, more delicate texture.

FOR SALE AT

Nyal Quality Stores

McMURDO'S, Rawlins' Cross, STAFFORD'S PHARMACY, Duckworth Street. DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, Theatre Hill. PETER O'MARA, West End.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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MY WHOLE LIFE was spent in trying to cure an ulcer by using ordinary ointments. writes Mrs. Jeffrey, of 21 Beach Street, Methuen. "Then I heard of Zam-Buk, used it, and am now completely cured."

"Thirty-three years ago the ulcer appeared on my ankle, and gradually spread to my knee. The pain was terrific. For years I could hardly walk and had to remain in the house. For twenty-five years I received doctors' treatment, but got only temporary relief."

"Then I heard of some wonderful cures worked by Zam-Buk, and commenced using it. The relief experienced was wonderful. The inflammation was gradually drawn out. The pain was soon gone, and, at last after thirty-three years of misery, I was on the road to recovery. To cut a long story short—perseverance with the wonderful balm resulted in complete and permanent cure."

Zam-Buk is also unequalled for eczema, ringworm, abscesses, blood-poisoning, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries. All druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 95c. box, 3 for \$1.25.

Zam-Buk

The Steel Monster

(Souvenirs of the Somme Battle. "His Majesty's Land Ships.")

Such is the official designation given to the new machines of armor which create it would seem, the imagination of Wells. But he has baptized them with a characteristic nickname:

"Tanks."

I saw them for the first time on the 14th of September. And the mist of dawn gave them strange outlines—made them stand out against the trenches like fantastic and diabolical beasts.

They were truly monstrous machines made of armor plates, roughly painted over with daubs of paint, which, from a distance, fused into a brown wilderness of the battle field and made them almost invisible.

enormous revolving bands of white steel links scraped the ground and transported the travelling force across marshes, trenches and holes. The small turrets on each side were armed with machine guns. The interior of these cages and the crew enclosures, as in submarines were invisible. One could hear the muffled roar of powerful engines and feel the breath coming from the breathing apparatus in spirals of white vapour, reeking of petrol, as it vanished in the air.

The Tanks, also known as pillars" were rolling towards the field, breaking through the formed by miles of barbed wire up and down hillocks with astonishing ease. Long low and devoid with the crude colourings of the catenars, they bore a strange resemblance to caterpillars; but man-eating caterpillars which crawl slowly on the slimy, crawling bodies and smashing through the sun shone through the mist of mist, bathing the chaotic group of burnt woods, ruined villages, fields turned into endless chaotic vivid red light. I looked to the undulating line of valleys, the prairies and fancied that the Tanks covered the immense field and stretched out, menacing, until it reached the end and settled on Bapaume!

Liquid fire, asphaltizing gas, matatory gas. . . . The Germans' tanks invented the most cowardly weapons for use on the field. Like diabolical agents they enclosed deadly fumes in cylinders and the breeze of the

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