

MOTHERHOOD SUGGESTIONS

Advice to Expectant Mothers

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it over her system, has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

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If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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Her Adopted Daughter

"Not I, my friend; I am not foolish I hope, whatever my sins, and folly is the worst of sins, I reckon, if the magnitude of sin is to be gauged by the magnitude of its evil results. You're staring at me as if I were some curious puzzle—am I?"

"By Jove! yes, and always have been!" exclaimed Gus, eagerly seizing the lead he saw, but was quite unaware had been purposely given. "On one point especially."

"What is that? Out with it frankly, my son; you won't offend my sensibilities."

"It's this, then," said Featherstone with for once genuine frankness—"you are just the very fellow to be carried by storm by a beautiful woman, and to carry her by storm, too, without much with your leave or by your leave either."

"Thank you for the compliment; yes—well?"

"And yet," said Gus, emphatically "from the first day I knew you to this minute, I can not be certain of a tit whether you only admire Lenore and regard her almost platonically or whether you care for her. It caps me by George!"

Castlenau threw his half-smoked cigarette among the budding bushes, as he said, coolly:

"Well, suppose I do not care for her what then?"

The man who had once already sold his dead wife's child for a price glanced sharply into that dark face, striving to read there how far he dared go in the old line; then he looked down, and said slowly:

"Has she ever told you—I suppose you know that she is married—that she does not know whether her husband is dead or alive?"

"Yes, I know all that."

"She told you?"

"She told me in the first week I knew her."

"You do care for her, then?" asked Featherstone quickly.

"Well, since it suits me to answer," said the other, with the same intense quietude—"Yes, I do care for her; and still—what then?"

"What then?" repeated Gus, impatiently, because puzzled and uneasy.

"Why, you are not the man to care for any obstacle, problematical or existent, between you and the object of your passion, or scruple for a moment to sweep it aside or crash through it; and yet you went off to Rio Janeiro for nearly two years, and did not take Lenore with you. I'm blessed if I can make you out, or see what game you are up to. It was in your hands, if only through the child. You could have won the girl at a canter, and persuaded her to anything, for all her fid-fad scruples about Gerald would not stand a day against the man she was in love with. Pout! no woman's would!"

Errol's right hand was clinched like a vise in the fierce constraint he put upon himself, for his darling's sake, to restrain the one insulting blow full in the speaker's face that was the answer he deserved.

Then he said, with a silent laugh: "Perhaps not; but, you see, I didn't try my powers, whatever they may be. And she might have resisted all my persuasions, you know."

"Not she."

"Pardon me," said Castlenau, now thoroughly determined to keep up the role of unprincipled, unscrupulous scamp, assigned to him, in order under the mask, to completely probe and outplay the villainy of this man, "but I think you overrate me, and rather mistake her. Sometimes these fragile, clinging women, who, like a child seem to melt, are just unmanageable if you touch upon any risk to honor; they'll turn on the too audacious lover for a reckless scamp who insults them and appeal to the father to forbid them the house; that puts a fellow in a fix, five does not mean to be beaten in the end, which I don't, I tell you straight out, Gus, whether you're friend or foe."

"Not I, by Heaven!" said Featherstone, eagerly. "You stand by me, and I'll stand by you, only there are people who must not be offended into harking off—wouldn't pay me at any price."

"Ah, not but if," said Castlenau, slowly, covertly watching the other under his long, black lashes—"suppose, just for argument's sake, that she should hold to her scruples, what then?"

"Oh, well, hang it!" said Gus brusquely, "all's fair in love and war, you know, and if it were worth my while I suppose I could manage to get-to-fish out positive proofs of Gerald's death."

"Ah! if even that failed of belief, if she still refused me her hand?"

Gus gave him a quick, furtive look, and, pulling off a spray of ribs bush at hand, broke out laughing.

"There was a fellow," he said, "when we were in Vienna, some seven years ago, used to be constantly at our salon, rich, handsome, wild, and he was desperately in love with a girl who persistently refused him for some absurd fanciful nonsense. Well, he vowed he'd have her, and he bought over her guardian (a spendthrift noble) and by his aid the count so completely compromised the pretty maid that she was obliged to marry him. Not a bad idea, was it?"

Errol Castlenau swung round.

"By the heavens above!" he began, and in that very second desperately

smothered back the blaze of wrath that must have betrayed and lost his whole game, turning off the fierce exclamation with a laugh that sounded strange in his own ears, as he added, so quickly that there scarcely seemed a break, "no, not bad, certainly; but rather an extreme measure, wasn't it? And I scarcely think"—he paused to light a cigar, and so gain a moment for perfect self-mastery—"that such an experiment would quite succeed nearer home."

"Ha! ha! don't you?" laughed Featherstone, quite deceived, and complacently assured that his bold stroke had struck the mark. "Why not? All the girls like best you high-handed fellows, who stop at nothing—they're all alike!"

"That is just where you take a mistake, most sagacious Augustus," said the other, sarcastically; "and if I am not very much mistaken in the particular woman you of course indicate, she would have a slightly different answer for her lover."

"What answer?"

Castlenau laughed again, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Nonsense," said Gus, hastily, rather taken aback; "she's not a bit the sort to be up to that kind of desperate game."

"Yes, she is, just exactly the sort; pardon the flat contradiction," said Errol.

How cool he was outwardly, when within his very blood was at white heat! His own success in forcing the other's hand had in one sense almost recoiled on himself, and like Frankenstein, he shrank from the monster he had invoked and unmastered to his own gaze. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, that this genial, laughing, frank-faced scoundrel would not gladly betray and sell for interest or gold to the highest bidder, whoever he might be.

Errol turned back; he felt like a man in a foul atmosphere stifling for a breath of pure air.

"Well," he said; "all is said that need be said. We understand each other, I think; but not a word to her, mind, Gus—that is my affair."

"Of course, my dear fellow, that's all right!" He glanced at his watch. "I must write a few letters before twelve. Will you stay to luncheon?"

"Thanks; I can't resist the temptation; though I must unpack today, for I have brought over a lot of curios and other presents for madam and daughter—gold ornaments, too, from Sant' Anna."

"Really! She must wear them in honor of the mines, then, to-morrow. Ta, ta! I'll go to the library, you to the breakfast room again; she is still there, I dare say."

Castlenau strode away quickly; but ten minutes after before Lenore now alone in the morning-room, saw the tall figure step through the open window. He came straight to her, and took both her hands, holding them tightly, as a man clinging to the one thing that can save him. The woman's countenance just passed through, and read something of the truth.

"Let me just hold something true to you," he whispered, at last. "Let me for one moment touch something pure and innocent; it is no shame—may I—so?"

He bowed his face and laid his lips on hers, keeping them there for seconds—not the kiss of a lover's passion but what the man's very soul had thirsted for, prayed for in humble worship—the close lingering pressure that was drawing in the sweet honey of purity from those dear lips as the flowers draw the sweetness from the dew.

CHAPTER XXII.
A GOLD AND DIAMOND SET.

That evening Mr. George Rivers, on his return home was excitedly informed by his sister of the important fact that this dark, foreign-looking fellow who went to the Lodge yesterday, had never left till three o'clock to-day.

"It's the fact, George, and this morning he took Mrs. Deleware and the child to Kensington Gardens; two hours they were out. Most fortunately I was just going to start out to the bathers in High street, when they came out and turned eastward; so, of course, I followed as near as I dared because she knows me by sight, of course; he had the child's hand, and she was dancing along, and chattering to him in French, as she does to her mother so often. I'm sure, George, he is her lover—Mrs. D's, I mean."

"I'm engaged to her; and wasn't it provoking," said Miss Lettie, "I got quite near enough to hear what they said by that large fancy shop near the station, and they were talking Spanish; but I've found out something, anyhow," added Miss Rivers triumphantly.

"What—what?" asked Georgie, eagerly.

"Well, they went into the shop, so I stopped and went in, too—bought some paper as an excuse. He was buying a book for the child, and I had a good look at him; my dear, he is handsome, such glorious dark eyes, such lashes! Well, the shopman remarked, 'A fine day, sir, but rather warm,' and he laughed, and so did madam. 'Not warm to me,' says he. 'I am just back from South America.' 'Indeed, sir,' says Mr. Gough, 'rather thought you were foreign.' 'No, I am English,' says the gentleman. 'I'm certain he has Southern blood in him though, Georgie,' but a good part of my life has been passed abroad, and in the tropics, so I call your sun nothing.' He must have known them before, that's quite evident. To-morrow is his usual evening at Home, and we shall see if he comes. I shall find out more about him, by then. I dare say; to-morrow the gardener comes, and when he goes to his dinner, perhaps Eliza can waylay him and pump him."

Presumably these, or some other tactics, were moderately successful, for

the following evening, at tea-time, Mr. Rivers' curiosity was fed, as well as his inner man. The handsome South American's name was Castlenau; he was very rich, being the owner of vast gold and diamond mines in Brazil, (how Errol would have laughed at that!) and was a very old friend of the family.

"Which, of course," added Miss Lettie, "means that he was a lover of the young wife's, and the husband didn't see it, and he went off to prevent scandal!"

"The husband or the lover?" asked George. "Your speech is involved madam."

"You silly boy; this fast-looking fellow, of course—the lover. Oh, I'm certain there is something rather queer about those people. Ah! look—look, George! there he is already, in that hansom just stopped, with a small valet in his hand—quite half an hour before any other guest, my dear. Take care; he'll see you peeping."

Alas! for the warning that, as usual with warnings, came a day behind the fair. Five minutes after Castlenau, as he clasped Lenore's hand, was saying, laughingly:

"Your prying opposite neighbors the lady who followed us yesterday, and some one else, are on the spy at their windows, gossiping our heads off. I'll be bound. Poor thing; the Spanish yesterday, sold her awfully. Where is Featherstone?"

"He will be down directly; he got home late, and had to dress after dinner."

"So much the better, sweetheart," said Errol, wickedly, "for I got you to myself for a few minutes. You look simply exquisite in that rich crimson and old gold; it only wants my humble offering to complete its perfection instead of those pearls."

"Your offering, Errol, instead of these; what do you mean?" she said drawing back a little.

"Only that I have brought over a number of trifles for you and Pearl," answered Castlenau, unlocking the valet and taking from its contents a casket, "and among them this set, which I had made on purpose for you out of gold from Sant' Anna."

"Oh, Errol, you should not—not for me!"

"For who else, then, in all the world, child? See how you like them. I've opened the casket, and the girl's exclamation, 'Oh, how beautiful!' was involuntary, as her gaze fell on the rich red gold, and flashing diamonds set in it—necklet, bracelets, brooch, and long eardrops, all cut in curious antique fashion."

"You do like them, then? And you will wear them now. You will let me clasp them on?" he said, eagerly.

Lenore flushed crimson, then grew white, and her lips trembled as she faltered:

"But they are so unique, so beautiful, they will be noticed; and—father is sure to say where they came from, and who brought them, and those people will think that you—"

"Are a lover," said Errol, quietly. "Well, what matter, even if some do so think? You forget that to the world you are free for any man's wooing. Besides, as an old friend, and a (supposed) friend of your father's coming from where I have, it is only on repute to bring such a young and beautiful woman costly ornaments; it would be almost remarked if I did not, so you will let me make the exchange if only to give me the pleasure of seeing you honor my little gift," he added, smiling.

"Little! Oh, Errol!"

"You are late," said Lenore. "Allow me—Mr. Montague—Mr. Castlenau, and old friend of ours."

"And not," said Dudley, bowing, "quite a stranger, to me by sight, for I remember seeing you at a concert with Mrs. Deleware long ago."

"Yes; and I must return the compliment of recollection," answered Errol, with a slight smile, "for you spoke to us in coming out about a handkerchief."

"How do, my dear Montague?" exclaimed Gus, coming up. "You're late for you. I see my daughter has done the introducing; my friend is just fresh from Sant' Anna, so if you want to know all the pros and cons, ask him—ha! ha—he can tell you," then aside: "Been at the California gold mines in his time, and knows a thing or two—clever fellow—up to everything—they couldn't fool him, I tell you. Ah! who is playing?"

Mrs. Deleware had risen, and crossing to a well-known pianist, who was present, asked him to play.

Dudley Montague's eyes followed her graceful figure, and then went covertly from her to Errol Castlenau with such an evil look—hate, jealousy and a furtive, sinister triumph underlying the whole expression that was odd—er lurked too, under the smile, which, after a pause, he turned to Featherstone.

"I must be rude enough to remark on the jewelry; you see my beautiful daughter is wearing to-night—so antique, so unique, in their style of setting; I never saw her wear them before, I am certain"—this last half a question.

"Why, no," answered Gus, delighted but watching to see how he took the reply; "she only received them to-night, and I begged her to wear them. My friend, Castlenau brought them as a pretty little compliment. 'A trifle, but mustn't come back empty-handed,' says he, 'and I thought the child would like a set of real rich Sant' Anna gold from her father's mines.'"

"Oh, really?" said Mrs. Deleware, bit his lip under the thick mustache. "It is gold, then, from our mines, in very truth?"

"Ay, no mistake, unbelieving Jew!"

But she stood still, and let those gentle deft hands unclasp the chain from round her soft, white throat take the pendants from the delicate ears, and the bracelets from her arms. Then he clasped on his own gift, and with a proud, admiring smile, turned her to a tall mirror.

"See there," he said, softly, "the queen of hearts. I must still sing my old song—"

"There be none of Beauty's daughters With a magic like thee."

"Errol—Errol, how wicked you are!" she said, half under her breath.

"Forgive me, my darling!"

"Hush! I hear my father."

Mrs. Deleware drew back quickly from his side, and was gathering up her pearls as Gus came in in his usual hearty way.

"There you are my boy, playing the cavalier, of course," said he, shaking hands. "You'll have plenty of rivals shortly. Are those your presents? By Jove! what a splendid set! And they become the child. But I guess you have said all that and more, too, already—trust your silver tongue."

Castlenau laughed.

"That goes without saying, my friend. Lenore, where is this valise with your other treasure to go till you can examine it?"

"Allison shall take it to my boudoir," she said, ringing the bell, "and the pearl set to Angelique."

And when Allison came he quickly obeyed his young mistress, giving Miss Angelique the information that madam had got the most beautiful gold and diamond jewels, which he was sure Mr. Castlenau had given her, which confirmed the faithful femme's report and secret opinion that he had Monsieur de Castlenau adored madam.

The guests now began to arrive in quick succession, and the newcomer was introduced duly as an old friend who had been for two years in Brazil. Gus presently informing two or three in a conversational way, that Castlenau was a very clever fellow; had been out to Sant' Anna looking after our valuable mines.

"Ah! he can tell you their worth if any one can. Get them into finest working order. I had no idea that such wealth was to be developed there till now, though I was out there myself at first, as you know."

And meanwhile Errol himself was talking to the Wyndham trio and Lenore, and unconsciously winning golden opinions.

"I perfectly remember you," Fred remarked, "for I saw you at a Philharmonic with Mrs. Deleware; but I don't remember her ever speaking of you."

"Out of sight, out of mind, perhaps Mr. Wyndham," said Errol, lightly.

"Oh, what a charge!" cried Lady Wyndham, merrily. "Lenore, will you stand that wicked speech?"

"My dear, I am used to wickedness from that quarter," returned Mrs. Deleware, lazily; "it doesn't disturb my equanimity at all. Ah! there is Mr. Montague just entered," lifting her hand with a pretty nonchalance to him, perfectly aware that Gus was taking note.

He came up directly, but with a strange, angry flush in his light eyes and a start as he saw Errol. He recognized him at once for the man who, for some reason, had aroused his jealous antagonism when he saw him with Mrs. Deleware at the concert—the man of whom Fred had then spoken as having had such a reputation for wildness at Monte Carlo.

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HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD DIGESTION

THE STOMACH MUST BE TONED AND STRENGTHENED THROUGH THE BLOOD.

The victim of indigestion who wants to eat a good meal, and he will suffer if he eats one, finds poor consolation in picking and choosing a diet. As a matter of fact you cannot get relief by cutting down your diet to a starvation basis. The stomach must be strengthened until you can eat good nourishing food. The only way to strengthen the stomach is to enrich the blood, and thus tone up the nerves that control it. The only way to enrich the blood, and tone up the nerves, and give strength to the stomach—strength that will enable it to properly digest any kind of food—is through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The one mission of these Pills is to make rich, red blood, that reaches every part and every organ of the body, bringing renewed health and activity. The following case illustrates the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in indigestion:

Miss Lottie Carr, of Lequille, N. S., says: "For several years I have been a great sufferer from chronic indigestion. At times I almost loathed food, and no matter how hungry, I found that to eat even lightly was followed by great distress and often nausea. I tried many so-called cures, but did not get more than temporary relief, and naturally I was going down both in health and strength, and was greatly discouraged. While in this despondent condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I doubted that they would cure me after so many other medicines had failed, but as I wanted health, and the Pills were highly recommended, I decided to try them. I am thankful now that I did so, for after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for five or six weeks every vestige of the trouble had left me, and I was again blessed with the best of health. From my own experience I believe there is no case of indigestion Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure if given a fair trial."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Westmount, Que., is to be run as a business concern. Scores are applying for the position of general manager.

NEWS IN BRIEF

John Heaslip, a farmer, is the new postmaster at Wellandport.

Hamilton is to have a new incline railway at Wentworth street.

C. R. Wheelock was chosen president of Orangeville Building Trades.

Hamilton teachers in convention resolved to ask for a pension system.

There were 190 casualties and 28 lives were lost in Canadian waters last year.

Capt. J. D. Weir has been appointed superintendent of construction and of lights under the Montreal agency of the Marine Department.

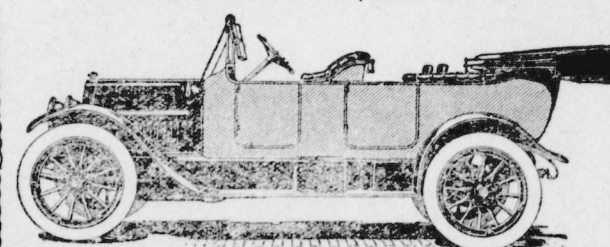
Each of Toronto's Controllers is to specialize upon one department of the civic department.

E. W. J. Owens, M.P.P., addressed the Centre and South Toronto Conservative Associations last night.

A million dollar company has been organized to operate a chain of groceries between Winnipeg and Victoria.

Studebaker

35 H. P. \$1500.



Six Passenger, 116 inch wheelbase, Electric Lighted, Electric Self Starter

34x4 inch Goodyear tires, luxurious upholstery, full floating rear axle, clear-vision, ventilating wind-shield, rain-vision type, electric horn, deep cushions, silk Mohair top, Studebaker jiffy curtains, detachable, demountable rims, Stewart & Clark Speedometer, three-quarter elliptical springs, crowned fenders, extra rim, tire holders, full set