

You Are Invited to Visit This Place.



This is a view of the laboratory in Lynn, Mass., in which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made. There is a sign 5 feet long and 24 feet wide attached, permanently, to the front of the main building which reads as follows:

Public inspection invited—from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M.
—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

What does this sign mean?

It means that public inspection of the laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the Pinkham business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify the statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made exclusively from roots and herbs?

Come and See for Yourself.

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?

Come and See for Yourself.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write?

Come and See for Yourself.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential?

Come and See for Yourself.

Have they really got letters from more than a million women?

Come and See for Yourself.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women?

Come and See for Yourself.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

Which Was The Heir?

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

As he sauntered along he was picturing the dirty, dirty, hateful office in which, if Fate had not intervened in this extraordinary fashion, he would at that moment have been quill-driving, and wondering how the principals would receive the news of his absence; and as he recalled the grimy office, he shuddered and pitied the poor devils, his fellow-clerks, and hugged himself with the thought: no more rushing for the office, no more soul-killing work, no more dread of dismissal and starvation!

He was so lost in self-congratulation that he wandered on mechanically and without any heed to where he was going. But he was pulled up suddenly by a sight which was, as he would have said, as pretty as a picture. He had followed a path which abruptly turned into a small, open space surrounded by trees. It had the appearance of a garden apart from the rest, and not so precisely kept for the

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.
This is the age of research and experiment when all nature's secrets are unlocked by the scientific method. Science has been the cause of the most wonderful discoveries in the history of the world, and it is only a question of time when it will have unlocked the secrets of the human mind.

THERAPION.
This preparation is unquestionably one of the most genuine and reliable. It is the result of the most careful and scientific research, and it is the only preparation of its kind. It is the only preparation that has been found to be effective in the treatment of all the diseases of the human mind. It is the only preparation that has been found to be effective in the treatment of all the diseases of the human mind.

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lawn and beds were not so trimly cut, and the flowers were growing in semi-wild profusion.

But, pretty as it was, there were something still more attractive, for in a hammock, slung between trees, reclined a girl. She was lying with her legs swinging, showing black stockings and what our forefathers loved to call 'a neat ankle'; her head was pillowed on her arm, and she was reading a novelette.

Sidney Bassington had approached so quietly, or she was so intent upon her paper, that she had not heard him, and he stood and looked at her with a quickening sense of curiosity and admiration.

And, indeed, she made an exquisitely effective picture. She was fair,

with the faultless complexion which goes with red hair—and her hair was so red that it literally shone like copper in the sunlight that filtered down upon it through the leaves overhead. Her lashes were red, but of a darker colour than her hair—hid her eyes, but her lips were visible, and though they were rather thin, giving an expression of acuteness and intelligence to the face, they were not badly formed. She wore a cotton frock, which, though simple and inexpensive, was neatly made, and clothed a figure small and graceful. The only faulty feature in the picture she presented to his gaze was her hands. They were rather too long for so small a girl and they were thin and, in some indefinable way, more masculine than feminine. They struck a discordant note which was too loud to escape notice.

With such hands Charlotte Corday might have murdered Marat or Judith might have slain Holofernes.

Presently, as if she felt her eyes resting on her, she raised hers, and gazed at him with surprise, and a curiosity which matched his own. The eyes were almost as remarkable as the hands, for though they were blue, there

was a faint, slight bar of red across the pupil which produced an almost weird and uncanny sense of fascination in the beholder.

Slowly, with her thumb between her book, she lowered her feet to the ground, and, instinctively smoothing the glowing tendrils on her white forehead, waited for him to speak. Sidney Bassington remained silent for a moment or two; as a matter of fact, he did not know who or what she was or how to address her. She might be one of the innumerable servants, though it was rather unlikely that a servant would be permitted to loiter in a hammock, reading a novel, in the forenoon. On the other hand, little as he was to discriminate in the matter of social degree, he had a feeling that, though pretty and well-dressed, she was scarcely a lady. Looking behind her as if for some key to the enigma, he caught sight of a small cottage which somewhat resembled the lodge he had seen. No doubt she lived here—but in what capacity? Still she waited, the red bar in her eyes growing more distinct with the keenness of her scrutiny, and at last he raised his hand, and flushing, said, awkwardly:

'I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I disturbed you. I didn't know anyone was here.'

She smiled and gave an ingratia- tory nod of the head: she took him for a friend of one of the servants, or perhaps Mr. Yates, the butler, or of Goodley, the valet. In truth, he looked as little like a gentleman as she did a lady.

'No need to apologise: you didn't disturb me; only I didn't hear you coming, and I was so interested in my paper,' she said, in a voice which, as he felt, in some vague way, matched her hair: it was low and rather deep, and by no means unmusical. 'It is not often anyone comes this way.'

'Indeed?' he said, looking round.

'I—I am a stranger here, and don't know the grounds very well. Where does this lead to?'

She shrugged her shoulders towards the cottage behind her.

'To my grandmother's cottage, and of course, afterward to the high road. You go through the little wood after you leave the cottage. I think they call it a 'coppice' down in the country here.'

'Don't you live here?' he asked, with a smile which was of the same kind as her own, ingratia- ting and inviting.

She made a little move with her thin but extremely mobile and expressive lips.

'Oh, dear, no; I'm only down here on a visit to my grandmother. I live in London.'

'This must be a nice change for you,' he remarked, glancing at the picturesque surroundings.

'Oh, it's all very well for a time,' she said, as she looked around with a lack of enthusiasm. 'I like it well enough for a change, but I should be bored to death if I had much of it.'

'You find it dull?' he said, for want of something to say.

In his innermost heart he too had a suspicion that, notwithstanding its grandeur, he should find the place dull.

She stifled a becoming yawn with her strangely long and sinewy hand.

'Oh, lor', yes! You are the first stranger I've seen for three days. Are you going on the road? If so, I'll show you the way.'

'Thank you, but I'm going back to the house first. What's what is your—grandmother's name?'

She checked a smile as she eyed him under her red lashes; she knew he had been going to ask her own, but that his courage had failed him.

'Farren,' she said.

'Then—then you are Miss Farren? he ventured.

She laughed.

'That's a bad guess. My mother was grandmother's daughter; my name is Lane—Rachel Lane. I'm studying at a training-school for a governess; and I've got a holiday to

recover from the influenza. Is there anything else you'd like to know?' she added, with the short, pert laugh of her class.

Sidney Bassington coloured and looked from side to side awkwardly; then he tried to look dignified and self-possessed.

'I beg your pardon. I did not mean to be curious. I asked because I—well, I found you here, and of course I—that is, I like to know who people are. My name'—he drew his head a little higher—'is Bassington—Sidney Bassington.'

To his surprise and discomfort, she did not appear at all impressed by his name.

'Oh,' she said; 'and you are staying—'

'At the castle,' he said, with still greater dignity. 'Is your—Mrs. Farren's husband employed on the estate?'

'Grandfather? Oh, he's dead,' she said, carelessly. 'My grandmother used to be the housekeeper, nurse, or something—I forget. It was before I was born. She was pensioned off long ago, and has been living in the cottage here for years.'

(To be Continued.)

Canadian Bear's Grease
Is unequalled to promote the growth of the hair, in

BEARINE
Delicately perfumed, it is supplied so as not to become rancid or stale.

50c. per Jar.
Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

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(To be Continued.)

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The Source of Consumption
Cured Permanently
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CATARRHOZONE

It Soothes and Heals every part of the Mucous Membrane, Cures all Forms of Catarrhal Diseases of the Nose, Throat, Vocal Chords, Bronchial Tubes, Lungs and Deafness.

If you have Catarrh or a cold you cannot afford to be indifferent to its progress. Your unsatisfactory experiments with the old-fashioned treatments requiring the use of disagreeable snuffs, powders, washes, ointments, etc., should not influence you against Catarrh.

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Get the large \$1.00 size of Catarrhzone, including a beautiful, hard-rubber inhaler, and sufficient medication to last two months. Smaller sizes 25c. and 50c. Beware of imitations. By mail from the Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

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(To be Continued.)

UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G. P. O. to MARCH 1, 1901.

A Armer, I. C. Anderson, Sophie Miss Andrews, Thomas, card Ase, G. A. Armstrong, C. Mr. and Mrs. Augustin	B Bradley, Herbert. Barnes, F. P., card Bennett, John, card Bennett, Mrs. T. Beer, Wm., Neagle's Hill Brine, John. Brown, E. C. Brown, Wm. J. Brothers, Mrs. John Butt, Wm., Water St. West Burden, John M. Butt, Levi, card Blowett, Mrs. F. M. Budden, W. Butler, E. J. Buck, Mrs. J., ret'd. Butler, James T. Burns, Bridget, ret'd.	C Cameron, Mrs. King's Road Cane, Beatrice. Clarke, Robert Clarke, Wm., Belvidere Street Clarke, Wm., late Glace Bay Clarke, A., ret'd. Carnochan, Dr. W. L. Chaffey, Mrs. James Crawford, A. G. Clarke, Robert. Crichton, Matilda, Water St. Collier, Miss Mollie Courtenay, Mr. Cormick, Miss Florence Cullins, Miss Cushman, Mrs. P. Costello, Miss Annie Coombs, Eli Cowan, M. F., Gower St. Cute, Miss Carrie Dalton, Peter, Water St. Dawson, Miss Florence, card Dodd, Charles Dover, James Donohue, Mrs. J. T. Donohue, Mrs. Bridget Dunlop, Mrs. J. T. Dunlop, Mrs. Clara Dunlop, Mrs. Clara	E Edwards, John, Waldegrave St. Edelston, Ale. Ewing, Wm., Plymouth Road Ellis, Mrs. K. W. F Frances, Ellen Fleming, Miss Debarah French, Stephen Flynn, Michael, of John Finlay, Mary Ann, ret'd. Ford, Harry, card Follett Furlong, Daniel. G Gault, C., Plymouth Rd. Gault, C., late Wood's Bakery George, Francis, ret'd. Greening, Miss Julia Gilbert, Arthur, George's St. Gosse, Willie, ret'd. H Hackett, M. F., late Western Bay Hannan, Thos., Signal Hill Rd. Hannan, Mrs. M., card Harris, Miss Kittie Henderson, Edward, late Reid Co. Hancock, Peter, Lime St. Hayward, Miss Sophie, Gower Street Haslam, W. Heel, Miss Jessie, Military Road Henebury, J., Freshwater Road Hepedge, John Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs., card Hicks, George, city Hobby, F. T., card G. P. O. Holland, Mike J., New Gower St. Howlett, Patrick, ret'd. Hockin, Miss M. L. Hurley, J. A. Jones, David Jackson, or Lackson, G. E. Jackson, G. C. James, Mark, late Bell Island K Kavanagh, Mr., King's Road Kearney, Ella, ret'd. Kennedy, Horace, card Kavanagh, Peter, card W. H. Franklin Kane, O. W., Duckworth St. Kennedy, Wm., card Kennedy, Maurice, card Knuttling, H. L Laitanus, John Lait, Miss Henrietta, late Fogo Lane, Alexander, New Gower St. Lewdrew, Mr. and Mrs., late Piller's Island LeMessurier, Claude, Clifton House Lewdrew, John, card Levasseur, Leo. Lilly, Eli, Bully St. Little, Miss Rebecca Line, D., card	L Locke, Philip, Alexander St. M Matthews, Miss Dora J., Leslie Street Malone, Miss Thresa, Bond Street Maldestod, Oscar, s.s. Bellevue Martin, Miss Francis, care P. Martin McFarage, Mrs. Nathaniel Machan, Herbert, ret'd. Milley, Mrs. John, care Mrs. Smith, Water St. Miller, Miss I. M., late Glasgow Mitchell, J. W., Patrick St. Milley, Mr., Cabot St. Miller, James, Plymouth Road Morgan, Miss Moore, care Mrs. Moore, Wickford St. Moore, John, Field St. Moore, Isaac J., care Mrs. Moore, Wickford St. Moss, Joseph Martin, Capt. George Moore, Wm., Tessler Place Moore, Mrs. Ege, Field St. Murphy, Walter, Water Street West Murphy, Mrs. James, ret'd. Murphy, Maurice, ret'd. McGuire, Mrs. McGee, N., card McDonald, Allan, card McDonald, K. A., card McDonald, Mrs. Kate, Springdale St. McDonald, Aug. McLennan, William G., Water Street N Neil, S. Newhook, Ralph, late Tilt Cove Newell, R., ret'd. Newhook, R. F., late Grand Falls Nicholson & McLaren Noseworthy, Hilda E., Barnes' Road Noftall, Jas., Plymouth Rd. O O'Dwyer, J., Scott Street O'Neill, Charles, card O'Neill, M., Gower St. P Parsons, Mr. Parker, Rev. Lindsay Parsley, Mrs. Mary Penny, Harry, ret'd. Penny, Jack, Freshwater Rd. Penny, E., card, Tessler Place Pedigrew, A. Pike, Arthur, Long's Hill Pike, Mr., late Atlanta City Pippy, Mrs. J., Hamilton Street Pierce, Robert Pitman, Wm., New Gower St. Phynn, Mrs. Henry, ret'd. Piercey, J. Phillips, Ada, late Channel Porter, Mrs. ret'd. Power, Ed. Mrs., Cuddihy St. Powers, Mrs. Agnus, card Power, Miss Katie, Bannerman St.	Q Quigley, Wm., Long Pond Road R Rahal, Thos., ret'd. Reddy, James, Mrs., ret'd. Richardson, Mrs., Crosby Hotel Robertson, Mrs. John, Gower Street Rose, Mrs. Mary, card Rose, Josiah Rowe, Wm., Cabot St. Rielly, Mrs. Levinia, ret'd. Rhodes, R. A. Rose, Joshua, Munday Pond Rd. S Saunders, Martha, ret'd. Scaplin, Edward Smetzer, Maurice, card Salandra, E. M., Wayne Grove, City Spencer, Matthew, care G. P. O. Snelgrove, Mrs., care Postal Telegraph Stevens, Jas., card Shennell, Minnie, care Mrs. Gorman, Military Road Sheppard, Mrs. M., Sheppard, Martha Mrs., Carnell Street Symonds, W., Alexander Street Shines, Miss Eliza Smith, Mrs. C., Munday Pond Rd. Shammond, Jessie, ret'd. Smith, Katie, ret'd. Snow & Co., card Sullivan, S., card, Duckworth St. T Taylor, Mrs. John, card, Hamilton Street Trelogan, J. F., McBride's Hill W Walters, G., late Bay of Islands Walsh, Miss Mary A., card Walsh, Miss Lilly, card Wall, John Walsh, Maggie, care Patrick Ryan Whelan, Mrs. John, Murphy's Square Whelan, Thomas, ret'd. Willis, Mrs., Battery Road White, Dug., care Andrew White White, Wm., card Willis, Mrs., ret'd. Winsor, Frederick Wood, W., care J. N. Wood Yates, Nellie, card Yates, Mattie
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SEAMEN'S LIST.

A Jones, Elias, schr. Allanlida Tuffe, Miss M., card, s.s. Athenia McCarthy, J. V., schr. Annie Affleck, Mr., s.s. Athenia B Coles, W. T., boat Bellona Reid, Bernard, schr. Bernard Bragg, Robert, s.s. Britannia Norcross, A., s.s. Beria Witherall, George, care Capt. Forsey Malone, Richard, schr. Blanche Squires, Wm., s.s. Cacouna D King, John, schr. D. M. Hilton E Devereaux, Capt. Chas., schr. Emulator G. P. O., March, 1st, 1901.	M Martin, Alfred, schr. E. V. Conrad Murray, Wm., card, schr. E. Thomson White, Stephen, schr. Excelsa Meany, Peter, schr. Excelsa Crocker, Robert, schr. Enavmore Prestun, A., schr. E. P. Morris F Joseph, schr. Friedham G Rose, Wm. J., schr. Gay Gordon Walsh, John, schr. George Rose Brushett, James, schr. George Rose H McCarthy, schr. Hazel B. Moshur Cloutier, Allen, schr. Hetty Bess G. P. O., March, 1st, 1901.	M Matthews, schr. Harold I Cross, John M., schr. Isabella L Greet, J. H., schr. Little Mystery Norman, Nathan, schr. Laura Doon M Kilfoy, John, schr. Mary VeVerge, Robert, schr. Maggie Gear, Thomas, care Capt. Kennedy Butt, R., schr. Miss Ayre Favour, George, schr. Maggie W. Leek, Ezor, schr. Mystical Rose N Poole, Jack, schr. Nellie R. O Babb, John, schr. Olinda H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.	D Dean, George B., schr. Olinda French, Eugene, schr. Olinda O'Keefe, John, schr. Ottena R Bishop, Harold, s.s. Ryhope Robinson, J., s.s. Ryhope S Moore, R., schr. St. Clair Parsons, Thomas, schr. Springbird Ryan, Patrick, schr. Swift Mathison, Karl, s.s. Sanabastine Moore, Roland, schr. St. Clair T Petite, Capt. Henry, schr. Tobacat V Poole, John A., schr. Valoria Y Oikie, schr. Watanga Cupitt, schr. Wilfred M.
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