

CTOR SAYS VINOL IS THE BEST TONIC

It Opinion Doctor Gave
His Patient

rd, Ohio.—"I was in a pitiful
n, weak, nervous and run
I could not do my housework.
doctored for years and tried
under the sun. A friend
about it, and he replied, 'It
is the best medicine that can
today. I couldn't give you
ter.' I took it, and today I
ell and strong as any woman
to be, and it was Vinol
ed me."—Mrs. Frank A. Hor-
St. Bedford, Ohio.

arrantee this famous cod liver
tonic for all such conditions.
E. Richards & Co.

this battle field. It is call-

Three Oaks," taking its
om three large water oaks
and at one corner of this
t is a two-story house 30 x
ith a double verandah sup-
y 26 colonial pillars, one of
as struck by a cannon ball
his battle.

ather here is becoming quite
the thousands of northern
r (estimating one hundred
have begun to go north.

Levi Young

WEATHER HARD ON BABY

adian Spring weather—one
and bright; the next raw
ry is extremely hard on the
ditions are such that the
not take the little one out
sh air, so much to be de-
is confined to the house,
ten over-heated and badly
He catches cold; his lit-
n and bowels become dis-
d the mother soon has a
o look after. To prevent
asional dose of Baby's
ts should be given. They
e stomach and bowels,
ting or curing colds, sim-
colic or any other of the
ailments of childhood.
s are sold by medicine
y mail at 25 cents a box
Williams Medicine Co.,
Ont.

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on principal day trains.
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BALL, Agent, Aylmer

y the Best
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nd Brunswick
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e the various styles
nd get our prices
ictor and Brunswick
ways on hand

nt for
anes and Player
anoe

McLEAN
albot St. E., Aylmer

Won By Devotion

— BY —

Mary A. Fleming

"She knows you," she said, almost involuntarily, "I thought—"
She checked herself and looked away. But in that moment she had divined, with a woman's quickness in these things, that the dark, dashing soldier of fortune by her side had had his romance, and that the end was not yet. And Miss Martinez—was this the secret of her proud indifference to all men, of her coldness to Sir Beltran? Colonel Ffrench was the sort of man to win a woman's heart and keep it. They had known each other in America—been lovers, perhaps. And now they met as strangers, and Miss Martinez's superb black eyes blazed as they looked on him. Mrs. deVigne made up her mind that she would watch them this afternoon, and find out something of this interesting little romance if she died for it.

Nothing was said—there was a brea kin the line, and the carriages passed. But in Colonel Ffrench's face there was a change which his fair friend was quick to see. She was a pretty little woman, and a flirt of the most pronounced order, and this handsome free lance had caught her inflammable fancy from the first. He was due to-day at her villa near Richmond. The Dane Fanshawe and Sir Beltran Talbot were also to be guests. It was the last invitation the Fanshawe would accept, as Mrs. de Vigne gayly put it to her companion—positively the last appearance of Miss Martinez. No doubt the engagement would be announced almost immediately. It would be a most brilliant match for Miss Martinez. Beautiful she was—of that there could be no question, but mere beauty counts for so little, and Sir Beltran, with his rent roll, and his pedigree, might have won the highest in the land. Still he was absolutely untrammelled, and his passion for la belle Americaine was a thing to marvel at in these degenerate days.

Mrs. de Vigne's gay little tongue ran merrily all the way during that drive to Richmond. Her companion said very little—as a rule she said little—but he was more silent to-day than she had ever known him. A total revulsion of feeling had taken place with him at sight of his wife and the man beside her. Should Dora Fanshawe, ambitious, scheming, unprincipled, rule his whole life? Once she had found him plastic as wax in her hands; should she find him forever? And yet, was it altogether her tears, Mrs. Carlton's bitter words, his stepfather's decree, that had caused his marriage? Even in those far-off days was not like Vera to him; he knew it not to save her possible pain was it not because she cared for him, and it would make her happy? He

Always Had Headaches

Liver Was Torpid and Bilious
Spells Brought Sick Headaches
—Lost Much Time, But is
Now Completely Cured.

Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Overeating is the most common cause of sluggish liver action. You lose your appetite, have distressing bilious spells, usually accompanied by headache and vomiting, the bowels become irregular, constipation and looseness alternating, digestion is upset and you get irritable and down-hearted. No treatment so quickly awakens the action of the liver and bowels as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For this reason this medicine is wonderfully popular and has enormous sales. Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, N.B., writes: "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often have to stop work for a day or two. I lost many a night's sleep every month with bilious sick headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines, and also many other patent medicines, it was without success. When I had these headaches I would vomit, and could keep nothing on my stomach. I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Fairweather, druggist, of Sussex, N.B., and after taking one box I was so much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone suffering from sick headaches is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and be completely cured."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you ask for.

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Or-
ganic Trouble by Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound for an or-
ganic trouble which pulled me down un-
til I could not put my
foot to the floor and
could scarcely do my
work, and as I live
on a small farm and
raise six hundred
chickens every year
it made it very hard
for me."

"I saw the Com-
pound advertised in
our paper, and tried
it. It has restored
my health so I can do all my work and
I am so grateful that I am recommend-
ing it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M.
Alters, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Women everywhere have dragged
along from day to day can realize the
relief which this famous root and herb
remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.
Women everywhere have suffered the
torments of such troubles and have dragged
along from day to day can realize the
relief which this famous root and herb
remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.
The result of their 40 years experience
is at your service.

ming actress, but pretty women
abound, and charming actresses are
everywhere, and he had known her
six weeks, and Dora was growing
jealous, poor soul, and Mr. Fanshawe
struggled with a yawn, rose languidly,
and departed to see about state
rooms. He was not at the Richmond
villa today he was dining with Mrs.
Ellerton and a select few not on his
wife's visiting list, at the Star and
Garter.

Sunset lay low, translucent, rose
and gold, over the world. It was
neither the classic Tiber, dreamy Nile,
nor flowing Arno—it was only the
Thames above Richmond, but the riv-
er glided cool, blue, bright between
its green wooded banks—a strip of
silver ribbon between belts of emerald
green.

Mrs. de Vigne's place was a dream
of delight, all of rare and radiant
flowers, of ancestral oaks, elms, and
copper beeches, slanting down to the
river side, and Mrs. de Vigne, was a
queen of hostesses. The house was
cool and breezy, the dinner the mas-
terpiece of a chef, the guests select,
well-chosen and not too many. Re-
moved from him by nearly the whole
length of the table, and on the same
side sat Vera, so Colonel Ffrench,
seated near his hostess caught but
one or two fleeting glimpses of her
during the ceremonial. She was
dressed in pale-gold-colored silk,
with black lace, and she wore dia-
monds. He had never seen her in
jewels before, and the flashing bril-
liants and rich-hued silk became her
magnificently. She looked regal, he
thought—more beautiful than he had
ever imagined her, and as unap-
proachable as a princess. Sir Bel-
tran was not quite by her side, but
he was sufficiently near to pay her
much more attention than he paid his
dinner.

The Martinez is in capital form
this evening," drawled a man near
him to his next neighbor, "hand-
somest woman, by Jove, in England.
Pity she goes so soon. Never saw
her look half a quarter so superb be-
fore."

"Isn't This
True?"

When you "feel mean"
— dull, tired, nervous,
bad digestion, no appe-
tite—
Don't you find out, after-
wards, that your bowels
were not acting freely
and naturally?
Due, of course, to a liver
gone on a strike.
Take two or three pills—
once. After that, only one,
until you're all right.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
PILLS

Genuine Bears Signature
Brentwood

Colorless faces often show
the absence of iron in the
blood.
CARTER'S IRON PILLS
will help this condition.

So it was settled. Mr. Dane Fan-
shawe shrugged his shoulders, smiled
under his blonde beard, glanced at his
handsome sister-in-law, and assented.
"As the queen will," was, after all,
the law of the household, although
Mr. Fanshawe did pretty much as he
pleased in the main. Mrs. Ellerton
was a pretty woman and a char-

"It is a way of Miss Martinez's,"
was the answer, "to look more be-
wildering each time than the last.
And to-day, as you say, she is daz-
zling. Like the sun, she flashes out
most brilliantly just before setting.
Lucky fellow, Talbot—confound him!"
"Ah, you may say so," the first
speaker responded gloomily, and
Richard Ffrench turned with angry
impatience away.

How dare these men discuss his
wife—link her name with Talbot's?
He felt impelled to turn savagely
upon them, and annihilate them all
present with the truth.

But he did not—he chafed with ir-
ritated impatience and restrained
himself. As yet no presentation had
taken place—he had no desire for
formal presentation; he would seek
her out in the drawing room and
speak to her, if he could, alone. And
if the Vera of old was not dead and
gone forever, the dear little Vera of
Shaddeek Light, he would claim his
wife before the world ere it was a
week old.

The ladies, at Mrs. deVigne's tel-
egraphic bow, rose and departed, and
he watched in their train that one
slender figure, with the mien and
grace of a queen. Sir Beltran watch-
ed also—he, too, was silent, preoccu-
pied, absent. Ffrench noted it
jealously. The interval ended, and
they were in the drawing-room,
where fair women fluttered about
like bright-plumaged birds, and there
was music, and the subdued tumult
of gay voices and laughter. Outside
May was not yet done—the lovely
afterglow still lingered, a pearly
sickle moon was cut sharply in the
sapphire blue, and down in the copse
a nightingale was singing. A faint,
hay-scented breeze stirred the lace
window draperies—one or two stars
came out in their golden, tremulous
beauty as he looked. It was a pic-
ture he saw to the last day of his
life—photographed sharply as a vi-
sion on his brain.

"It is so warm," said someone;
"come out and let us hear the night-
ingale."

A little, jewelled hand was pushed
through his arm, a pair of soft eyes
looked up at him, a plaintive voice
made the sentimental speech. But
it was only Mrs. de Vigne, and Mrs.
de Vigne on mischief bent.

"Do you ever hear nightingales in
Mexico or New York? Look at that
moon, Colonel Ffrench, and wish—
er glided cool, blue, bright between
its green wooded banks—a strip of
silver ribbon between belts of emerald
green."

The interjection was at once mali-
cious and opposite, for at that mo-
ment Miss Martinez came in view,
and Sir Beltran was with her. They
stood in the shadow of the trees, he
had both her hands in his, his face
was flushed, eager, impassioned. The
hour had come! Vera's they could
not see—it was in the shadow and
averted, but the attitude, the look of
Sir Beltran told the whole story.
Mrs. de Vigne glanced up at her com-
panion and laughed.

"Only now," she said, "and I
thought it was all settled ages ago.
I wanted to introduce you to Miss
Martinez, but I suppose it would never
do to interrupt that tableau. We
shall have to go and listen to the
nightingale after all."

He stood still, his face dark, his
brows knitted, his eyes gleaming. He
neither heard nor heeded. Mrs. de
Vigne looked at him with even more
interest than she had looked yet.

"Colonel Ffrench," she repeated in-
cisively, "shall we go and listen to—"
She paused. Miss Martinez had
suddenly drawn her hands away, and
turned resolutely from her. In
turning from him, she turned to them
—him—stood, and let them approach.

"My dear Miss Martinez," said the
bright voice of little Mrs. de Vigne,
"let me make two of my most es-
pecial friends acquainted—let me
present you to Colonel Ffrench."

Vera looked at him—fully, steadily.
Instinctively he held out his hand—
she did not seem to see it.

"I have met Colonel Ffrench be-
fore," she said, in a voice as steady as
her look. All that Dora had told her,
all her outraged woman's pride, all
the words of that fatal letter of long
ago, rose and burned with passionate
pride within her. She would rather
fall dead where she stood than let
him see his presence had power to
move her.

His hand dropped by his side—they
turned as by one impulse, and moved
on together. But in dead silence,
until Mrs. de Vigne, pulling herself
up with an effort, broke out with a
sort of gasp, to fill up the awful
hiatus. No one knew what she said—it
was doubtful if she did herself.
Only she was saying something—this
blank silence was quite too horrid.
Where was Sir Beltran Talbot? She
glanced behind—she had disappeared.
She looked at Miss Martinez—her
face was marble in the pale shimmer
of the moon. She turned to the Mex-
ican Colonel—his had set itself in an
impression of invincible resolve.
Something wrong here, something
seriously wrong—she was playing
gooseberry—she would get away and
let them have it out by themselves.
Some guests approached, a word of
apology, and she was gone. Then he
turned to her:

"Vera!"
"Colonel Ffrench!"
Her eyes flashed out upon him, but
despite the fire of her eyes, two words
kept in a refrigerator for a year
could not be more thoroughly iced.
"You are about to leave England?"
"The day after tomorrow—yes."
"I wish to see you before you go—
I must see you!" he said, in a tone
that made a second flash leap from

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his per-
sonal supervision since its infancy.

Allow no one to deceive you in this.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

the Southern eyes; "I must see you
alone. Here is your sister. At what
hour to-morrow may I call?"

"You take a remarkably authori-
tative tone, do you not, Colonel
Ffrench? However, as I have a few
words to say to you in turn—if you
call at four to-morrow you will find
me home."

She turned swiftly to Mrs. Fan-
shawe, bowed slightly and for the
first time, and so left him.

CHAPTER VII.

The parting of the ways.

A quiet scene—a pretty picture. A
handsomely appointed parlor, the too
ardent afternoon sunshine shut out,
a young lady sitting alone. She sat
alone in a low chair, the absolute re-
pose of her manner telling of intense
absorption—her hands clasped in her
lap, her eyes fixed on the door. She
wore black—a trailing black silk—up
to the throat, down to the wrists,
that fell with the soft frou frou dear
to the feminine heart whenever she
moved, unlit by rose, or ribbon, or
gem. It was that consummation, so
impossible to attain except by the
very rich—elegant simplicity.

She had been waiting there for ten
minutes. There was always some-
thing in waiting, in expectation that
made the heart beat; Vera's heart
was going like a trip hammer, her
eyes excitedly gleamed; she was
bracing herself for the most trying
ordeal of her life. It moved her to
the very depths of her being, but
it simply must be, and she was wise
enough in her two-and-twenty years
to know the folly of fighting fate.

Perhaps of all the trying positions
in which a woman can be placed—
and life holds many—there can never
be any so humiliating and crushing as
the knowledge that she had been
forced upon the acceptance of a man
who does not want her. To Vera it

was a clear case. She had been
guilty of a foolish fondness for a
man who gave her in return the sort
of amused regard he might give the
gambols of a kitten, but who, forced
by his friends and his own overdone
sense of chivalry, had married her.

And now he was there; he came to
plead for his legal freedom that he
might marry that "some one" in Mex-
ico, and she must stand and listen
to the crudest, most humiliating words
that ever were spoken by man to
woman!

A tap—Felician gently opened the
door.

"Colonel Ffrench, mademoiselle,"
she announced, and departed.

Vera started up. He stood before
her, and something she might have
thought wistful pleading, if seen in
other eyes, looked at her out of his.
He held out his hand.

"Vera!" he said, in a tone that
matched his look.

She made a rapid gesture and pas-
sed him, and once more his hand
fell. She was excited, as she had never
been excited before in all her life.
She had trembled through all her
frame, so that she had to lay hold
of the low marble mantle for sup-
port. Her voice, when she spoke, was
not like the voice of Vera.

"Oh, wait!" she said, in a breathless
way, "give me time. I know what
you have come to say, but wait—wait
one moment. Listen to me first. It
has all been a mistake—from first
to last, a mistake that can never be
set right, but I am not so much to
blame—so much to—"

Vera broke, words would not come,
the words she wished to say. She
tried to catch her breath to stop the
rapid beating of her heart.

"Oh," she cried out, "what must
you have thought of me in that past

(continued on page 8)

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