HEART WAS SO BAD HAD TO SIT UP IN BED

Mrs. O. E. Fitzgerald, 106 Ross street, St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "In the fall of 1921 I was taken ill with my heart, but I did not pay much attention to it. I kept on with my household duties, but seemed to become worse and worse, and finally had to call in a doctor. He said I was all run down, and was a nervous wreck. I had a severe pain in my chest which would move over to my heart, and it became so bad I could not lie down, as when I did I had such a smothering feeling I would have to sit up in bed till it passed away.

"I tried several remedies, but with no good results. Finally, I was induced to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took seven boxes, and I am now as well as I was 30 years ago, and I am now 65 years old."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box, at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price, by The T. Milburn Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

CAN'T BEAT "TIZ" WHEN FEET HURT

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-pestered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a "Tiz" bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that "Tiz" bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try "Tiz." It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from corns, callouses and bunions.

There's nothing like "Tiz." It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

A few cents buy a box of "Tiz" at any drug or department store—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. Advt.

ERUPTIONS ON HEAD AND FACE

Red, Swollen and Sore. Cuticura Heals.

"I had my trouble from childhood. It took the form of white, scaly, sore eruptions which caused terrible itching and burning, also loss of sleep. My head and face and parts of my body were affected. The skin on both my head and face was red and swollen and awfully sore. The breaking out caused disfigurement, and I lost nearly all my hair.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they afforded relief, and at the end of three months I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. W. A. Miller, Marshall, Washington, Nov. 8, 1923.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Cuticura, P. O. Box 2616, Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

NOTICE!

A CHANGE OF TIME

will be made on

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1924

Canadian National Railways

For full particulars, apply to any ticket agent

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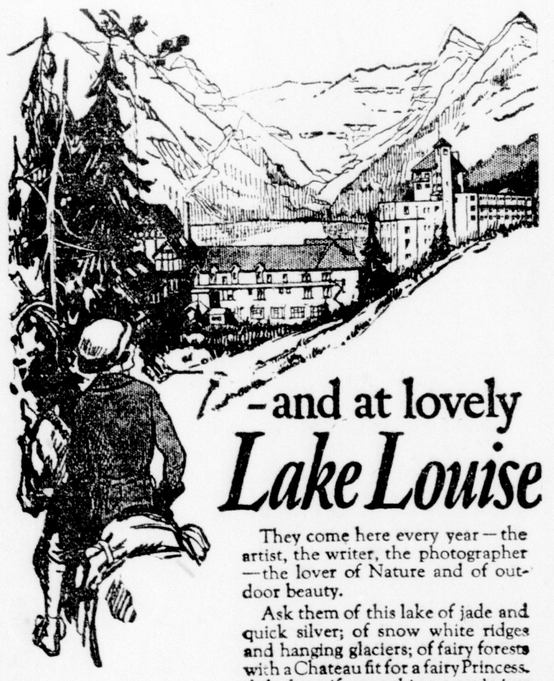

—and at lovely

Lake Louise

They come here every year—the artist, the writer, the photographer—the lover of Nature and of outdoor beauty.

Ask them of this lake of jade and quick silver; of snow white ridges and hanging glaciers; of fairy forests with a Chateau fit for a fairy Princess. Ask them if everything wasn't just right—the company, the comfort, the food. Then forget every other place.

To get there is the simplest thing in the world. For full information, 'phone, write or call.

H. J. McCALLUM, City Passenger Agent
417 Richmond St., London—Phone 125.

Canadian Pacific

IT SPANS THE WORLD

THE NECKLACE OF TEARS

By LOUISE GERARD.

Installment VIII

THE LEADING CHARACTERS

DESIREE DE MAILLY, a young countess, the beautiful and innocent niece of

COUNT DE GILBERT, an unscrupulous adventurer, who holds Desiree in his power.

EUGENE DE GILBERT, the count's son, who with his father plans to marry the countess off to

MANUEL BASSINO, a voluptuous millionaire, who pays $50,000 to the Gilberts for the privilege of marrying Disiree after she becomes 21.

MRS. GREEN, an inspiring nove auriche.

JOHN WILSON, handsome, self-made businessman and in love with Desiree, is holding the "Necklace of Tears," Desiree's valuable heirloom, in safe-keeping from the clutches of her conspiring relatives. After observing a ballroom theft in which Desiree, the count and Eugene take part, he accuses her of being a crook, but discovers afterward that she is blind. Mortified, Desiree flees to her servant's daughter's home nearby, while Wilson and the count, bitter enemies, search for her. Bassino arrives in Nice and demands his $50,000 beauty. Wilson searches for Desiree and finally discovers her at Eze. They are reconciled and Wilson apologizes for his statements He brings her back to the hotel where she is cared for by Mrs. Green while Wilson tells the Gilberts point blank where Desiree is and that he intends to keep the jewels. Wilson learns from Desiree that her guardian has never tried to correct her blindness.

CHAPTER XV

A Consultation

That morning Wilson took his charge for a drive to a favorite spot of his—a jutting tongue of land where pink and white and yellow villas nestled among orange, lemon and loquat trees. Because she could not see, he took her to the sweetest spot he could find, where wild thyme and lavender grew, where the sun drew out the incense of the pines, and the sea crooned on the rocks below.

"It's very nice here," she said presently. "So beautiful and fresh and peaceful."

"It is not as beautiful as you," he answered, a touch of passion in his voice.

'Mr. Bassino always says things like that," she said in a low voice.

"Who's Mr. Bassino?" he asked sharply.

"The man my uncle says I must marry; I can't bear him near me. But my uncle says I must marry him because he's a millionaire."

"You're never going to be made to do anything now, Desiree," he answered. "I'll see nobody makes you."

They drove back and after lunch, when she was out shopping with Mrs Green, he went to the manager and inquired the name of the best eye specialist in the place. Then he telephoned and made an appointment for 5 o'clock. At 4 he had arranged to meet Desiree and her chaperone at a fashionable restaurant for tea.

Having nothing else to do in the interval, he went to a large jeweler's shop and looked at rings. Finally he chose one mounted with a big pearl set around with diamonds.

Having made his purchase, he produced "The Necklace of Tears," and asked what it was worth.

On seeing it, a look of awe passed over the jeweler's face, to be chased away a moment later by an incredulous expression. Then he tapped and tested all the stones, and looked at them through a magnifying glass.

"Would get £200,000 for that if you took it to the right market—America, of course," the jeweler finally answered.

Promptly at 5 o'clock Wilson's motor drew up outside the doctor's house. During tea he had told Desiree where he was taking her, and Mrs. Green had volunteered to accompany them. When they were ushered into the waiting-room Desiree sat beside him. They did not have to wait very long before being ushered into the consulting room. Leaving Mrs. Green behind, Wilson went in with the patient.

On making the appointment Wilson had asked that Desiree should not be in the room when the verdict was given, and a quarter of an hour had barely elapsed when the specialist put down his instruments.

"I think I've seen all I need," he remarked.

"I'll take the Countess de Mailly back to her friend," Wilson said, hurrying with her toward the door.

Leaving Desiree with Mrs. Green, he made his way with all haste back to the consulting room.

"Well?" he asked, the moment the door was closed.

"There's no reason why your young friend shouldn't see as well as you or I can," the doctor replied.

Wilson did not wait to hear any more. At once he was back in the waiting-room.

"It's all right," he said quickly.

"All right?" she repeated faintly.

"There's a very good chance of a cure. Every chance, in fact."

"Every chance?" she repeated, in a dazed voice. "Then my uncle—Oh, mon Dieu!"

Her hands went to her face, as if to shut out some hideous truth. Then she started to sway slightly.

However, the specialist, who had entered the room, took the announcement very casually.

"Through gross neglect she has been condemned to pass the whole of her young life in darkness," he said severely.

The words roused Wilson to the fact that for the sake of her own good name Desiree's relatives must be screened.

"The countess had only been in my charge 24 hours, or you may be sure it would have been done sooner." The doctor's gaze rested on him with interest this time, no censure.

"When would you like me to operate?" he asked.

"Tomorrow, if possible. I won't have the child kept in darkness one day longer than is necessary."

"Tomorrow, then," the doctor agreed.

When Desiree heard the news she stretched her hands toward him.

"To be able to see!" she whispered, "To be just like every one else! I can't believe it. Oh, my savior, my king!"

When Desiree had recovered sufficiently to leave the house, Wilson accompanied her back to the hotel. Afterward he went out again on a little mission of his own.

Wilson knew what he wanted. Whoever heard of a fairy princess who had not a cloak of ermine? His poor little princess had only a cheap wrap, a mixture of wool and cotton, altogether out of keeping with her position.

He was in a reckless mood, begotten of the taste of Desiree's lips, and the thought of the sight that was so soon to be hers. He intended to have what he wanted, no matter what it cost.

Before long the coveted garment was spread before him—a cloak of white fur, glossy as silk, soft as velvet, with a fringe of black-tipped tails, and a hood that would drop in a most fascinating manner about a small face.

When the cloak was packed up and put into his motor, he went to a florist's shop and bought roses—a great bouquet of pale pink ones, like Desiree's wistful mouth, a mouth that he determined should be neither pale nor wistful once the final dragon was slain, but smiling and happy and coral red, as a young wife's should be. A bouquet, too, that matched a new evening frock Mrs. Green had started to talk about during tea, before he had mentioned the appointment with the specialist and hope had taken thought of all else from Desiree.

With his two purchases he returned to the hotel.

That night as he got into his evening clothes he scanned himself critically, wishing he looked more like the men in Desiree's own set, and less like a prize-fighter. Afterward he went down to the hall and awaited the girl's coming.

Presently one of the chambermaids brought her in. There were mostly men in the hall just then, awaiting the womenfolk. Wilson knew that none of their wives and daughters and sisters could be compared with Desiree. And the men seemed to know it, too, for they all stared at her with open or covert admiration, according to their nationality.

In buying a frock for a young girl Mrs. Green could be trusted; all her own tastes were youthful, and at a good French shop, however outre the style might be, it would not be common or vulgar.

Desiree was wearing a quaint, sacklike garment of pale pink silk, stiff with quality, with a low, round neck, and little straight sleeves about three inches long—a frock that did not come much below her knees. There was a fluff of white swansdown about the neck and sleeves and hem. Loose and low about her waist was a golden girdle, and she wore gold shoes and stockings to match.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Operation.

Out from some inner pocket Wilson drew "The Necklace of Tears," and with his big hands clasped it about her slender throat.

He took a step back and looked at her, everything and everybody forgotten except Desiree with her high-bred, fragile beauty, attired in the richest of silk and ermine and diamonds, crowned with her own golden hair.

"Come along, princess," he said gayly.

It was a beautiful evening, and the distance between their hotel and the one where the diner dansant was taking place was so short that by mutual consent no carriage was taken.

During dinner, infatuated as he was, and accustomed by now to the stares that always followed his companion, Wilson could not help noticing that a man seated at the far end of the big room stared more blatantly than any of the others. No wonder Bassino looked at the Countess de Mailly and could not believe his eyes.

When dessert was over, and the coming of coffee and liqueurs brought some of the diners to their feet, Bassino bore down in the direction of his fiancee.

"What are you doing here alone with this man, Desiree?" he almost shouted.

Wilson looked round quickly.

"Anything you have to say, Mr. Bassino, kindly say it to me" he put in quickly."

"You! What the hell have you to do with it?" Bassino asked savagely.

"I'm looking after the Countess de Mailly at present," Wilson answered quietly.

To be dismissed in this casual manner infuriated Bassino still further.

"Do you know who I am? I'm a millionaire," he shouted, as if that fact made him all powerful.

"Be quiet," Wilson said again, for by now the Brazilian's noise had attracted the attention of the whole room. "Whatever you have to say, come round and say it at my hotel, not here, in a public room, before this lady."

Bassino then retreated, spluttering and raging. "I shall go to her uncle. I refuse to give her up," he screamed from a safe distance.

Wilson turned to Desiree, who sat white-faced and trembling behind him. "Desiree, I think we'd better go," he said.

At once she was on her feet.

Outside all was peace and moonlight. The sea was a heaving sheet of silver. The white light from above crowned the palm trees as if with snow. The vague hills and the bay were wrapped in a luminous veil of misty, milky blue. High above, in the deep, dark vault of a star-strewn sky, the moon soared, a mass of burning silver.

"After the operation, what's the first thing you'd like to see, princess?" he asked.

"You," she said, without hesitation.

"Why?" he asked gently.

"God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light,'" she whispered.

The answer left him silent.

The next day was an anxious one for Wilson. At 11 o'clock he drove Desiree round to the nursing home. There he left her, knowing there would be very little likelihood of seeing her before the following morning.

The operation was to take place that afternoon.

After lunch he fidgeted round the hotel vestibule and in and out of the great hall, staring aimlessly into the little shop windows surrounding it, and in a fever of anxiety awaited a telephone message from the specialist.

At about 5 o'clock one reached him, saying everything was satisfactory. He asked when he might see the patient and was told that no visitors would be allowed before the next afternoon.

At 4 the following day Wilson was at the nursing home.

"The anaesthetic has tried our patient severely," the doctor commented, but she will come out all right."

Limp and white among a fluff of soft pillows Desiree lay, her eyes bandaged, a long golden plait on either side of her thin face, her hands lying weak as a baby's on the coverlet.

"Well, Desiree?" he asked anxiously.

She smiled at him shyly. Then she took the hand that caressed her and pressed it on her heart, since he had said she must not kiss it, holding it there with her own two hands.

Wilson did not stop her. He kept on looking down at her, feeling the throb of her heart beneath his hand—the heart of his abject slave, had he but known it, overflowing with gratitude, tender, passionate and true.

He was thinking of the time, two or three weeks hence, when those bandaged eyes would rest on him full of sight, when he would be something more than a shadow.

Then his imagination got to work again, as it used to in years gone by, when he was a small, shabby boy and he and the princess were all in all to one another.

If only the fairy tale would come true! If only she would stoop to love him, once she had seen him! Then one day he might come to her as she lay weak and white in bed. There would be no bandages on her eyes then. It would not be his hand she nursed on her breast, but a tiny morsel of humanity with a fluffy head—their first-born—and she would say:

"Oh, look, John!" in a weak, excited voice, full of surprise and delight at the miracle they had accomplished between them.

Strong man as he was, the thought set him trembling. In an anxious, longing manner he watched her—the girl he loved, who had never seen him.

As Wilson stood there worrying about his personal appearance, and lack of breeding, looking at the two little hands that held one of his pressed against a soft, warm breast, it did not strike him to consider that if Desiree had had eyes to see with when they first met, he might have had no chance at all. Had she even deigned to look in his direction, in all probability she would have seen only a short, thickset, commonplace man who was wildly infatuated with herself, who put himself in her way on every possible occasion, and whose attentions she would have resented. She might never have known the real John Wilson, the honest, upright, just and kindly man that lived beneath the plain exterior.

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TOMORROW—Despair!

FUR AUCTIONS OPEN.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Montreal, June 16.—With isolated exceptions every European American and Canadian fur-bearing centre is represented today in Montreal, where the Canadian Fur Auctions Company, Limited, opened their fifth June sale. Auctioneers will offer during the five days of the sale 906,669 separate pieces of fur. According to officials prices will rule along the same level as in previous years.

GO TO PORT STANLEY

Western Ontario's "Coney Island"

MASONIC PICNIC, PORT STANLEY

Wednesday, June 25th

Under the auspices of the Masonic Lodges of St. Thomas and District, and to be participated in, by special invitation, by the Masonic Lodges of London and District.

A DAY OF FUN GALORE.

Big Sports Program with Events for All and First-Class Prizes.

THREE BALL GAMES.

Community Sing-Song in the Movie Theatre at Night.

BABY SHOW with Northern Life Championship Prize of $500 and Consolation of $100, as well as Silver Cups, etc. A prize for every baby.

Hourly service and cheap summer fares every day—London to Port Stanley and return, Adults 50 cents; Children 25 cents. St. Thomas to Port Stanley and return, Adults 30 cents; Children 15 cents.

THE LONDON & PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

A Dip In the Lake And Then—Lunch

No visit to Port Stanley is complete without a plunge in the waters of old Erie, where the soft, sandy beach at the L. & P. S. Bath House is most inviting. With the appetite whetted by the lake breezes you'll want to eat, and you can get what you want without waiting at the L. & P. S. Cafeteria, one of the finest on the continent. The foods are unsurpassed and the prices very moderate.

Dance?

COOL LAKE WINDS SWEEP THE GLISTENING FLOOR OF THE BIG AIRY CASINO. ANY HOUR YOU CAN CATCH A TRAIN TO PORT.

Port Casino Stanley

THE DRINK THEY COME MILES TO GET.

Mackie's Orangeade

TRY IT, AND YOU'LL SAY WITH THOUSANDS OF OTHERS, "BEST YET!"

DISTRICT MASONS PLANNING PICNIC

June 25 Marks Opening of Championship Baby Show At Port.

SILVER CUP GIVEN

One of the biggest events of the season at Port Stanley will be the picnic to be held Wednesday, June 25, of the Masons of Western Ontario, under the auspices of the Masonic lodges of St. Thomas and district, and in which the Masons of London and district will participate by special invitation. The committee has been at work energetically for some time, and all reports received are enthusiastic and tell of big crowds that will go to the lakeside from many quarters.

The sports program will undoubtedly be one of the best ever staged at the Port. In addition to three ball games, there will be all sorts of races and comic events, with generous prizes for winners. Music will be plentiful and at night there will be a community sing song in the moving picture theatre on the beach. Everything will be in full blast on the board walk, and the L. & P. S. bathhouse and L. & P. S. cafeteria will be at the service of the picnickers. For those who bring baskets, there will be hot water and places to check bundles and baskets as well as ample table accommodation.

Compete For $500 Prize.

The Masonic picnic will mark the opening of the great Western Ontario sweepstakes championship baby show. On June 25 the first baby show of the season will be held when the greatest prizes ever hung up will be open to competition. The champion baby of the day will be entitled to compete in the competition for the Northern Life Assurance Company prize of $500 on Labor Day. Here is a prize that is really worth while. It consists of four fully paid-up Northern Life investment bonds of $100 each, redeemable at the end of twenty years, if the insured is living, for $125 each, or a grand total of $500. In the event of the death of the winning child before the end of ten years the amount payable on each of the four bonds will be as follows: First year, $100; second year, $120; third year, $140; fourth year, $160; fifth year, $180; sixth year, $200; seventh year, $240; eighth year, $280; ninth year, $320; tenth year, $360.

Silver Cup Awarded.

At death, any time after ten years, the full amount of $400 will be payable. It costs nothing to enter. Just bring your baby to the L. & P. S. show, and if it wins first prize it will be entitled to compete for the Western Ontario sweepstakes prize, the Northern Life Assurance bonds with a value of $500.

But this is not all. The champion baby of the day will receive a handsome silver cup, and there will be first class prizes for babies that win in their class. For babies that do not win a first prize there will be offered as a grand consolation prize a Northern Life $100 bond with the first year's payment paid. Remember only the babies that have not won a first prize will be eligible for this consolation prize. Each baby will be given a coupon with a number and the winning number will be drawn by a disinterested person.

A point that is worth while considing is the fact that parking space at the port is becoming very scarce and on big picnic days much trouble is being encountered in securing room for cars. At the Masonic picnic there will be so many people come from East and West Elgin and other places in motors that in order to avoid congestion all who can should use the L. & P. S. electric line.

The program for the Dominion Day celebration at Port Stanley on July 1 is rapidly being completed, and the day is certain to prove the greatest in many years. One of the events will be the big trap shoot of the Canadian Indians, Incorporated, and the Western Ontario Championship. The shoot commences on Dominion Day and will be continued on July 2. More than 100 crack shots from points in the United States and Canada are expected, including a contingent from Detroit, who will arrive at the Port in their own cruising yacht. Others are coming from Buffalo, Cleveland, Hamilton and other places.

Grocers Plan Picnic.

The grocers of London have finally decided to hold their annual outing at Port Stanley on July 16, and the committee promises to have the biggest crowd of grocers and their friends in many years. As usual, the sports program will have a number of unique features.

Every day now the cheap summer rates and the hourly summer schedule are in force. The band concert drew a large crowd on Sunday last. Next Sunday there will be an especially good program rendered by one of the finest orchestras in the Dominion. Every Sunday afternoon during the season there will be a concert on invererie Heights.

Fishing is reported to be excellent at the Port now, and the piers are lined daily with numbers of sportsmen, who report some fine catches.

The L. & P. S. Bath House is doing a splendid business, as it always does when the weather is hot. There are lockers for 1,000 men and women, with sterilized suits for all, and electric hair dryers for the ladies.

The L. & P. S. Cafeteria is enjoying a remarkably good patronage. Moderate prices and well-cooked foods appeal to the picnickers as well as to the summer population at the lake.

FATHER IS ARRESTED AFTER ATTACK ON BABE

Walter Hynes of Toronto Charged With Assaulting Two-Month-Old Son.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, June 16.—Two-months-old Walter Thomas Hynes is in the Hospital for Sick Children with two discolored eyes and an injured mouth, while his father, Walter Hynes, is charged with assault. He was arrested by detectives, who saved him from the hands of many enraged neighbors.

According to information as given the police, Hynes had attacked the babe because it was crying. They allege he used his fists to blacken the babe's eyes and in placing his hand over the child's mouth had further injured the child. Neighbors intervened and took care of the child until a doctor arrived.

While at the lake maintain the usual high standard of quality in your food. Have

NEAL'S

Good White Bread

delivered regularly to your summer cottage.

NEAL BAKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Windsor London St. Thomas Sarnia

Summer Toilet Requisites

Talcum Powders, Cold Creams, Lotions. Also complete line of Bathing Caps.

WHEATON

PORT STANLEY DRUG STORE.

Everything Fresh and Clean

Our stock never grows old. We keep it right up to the minutes. Delivery, of course!

Bert Nicholas

GROCER

PT. STANLEY ONT.

FARMER BADLY BURNED IN ELECTRICAL STORM

Calgary and District Suffers One of Worst Storms in Years.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Calgary, June 16.—One of the worst and most intense rain, thunder and electrical storms of the last few years struck Calgary and district in the early hours of Sunday morning, causing damage to property, injuring residents, endangering life, uprooting telephone poles and felling trees, temporarily extinguishing lighting power in the city and interfering with telegraphic and telephone communication.

H. Hanna, a farmer living 18 miles southeast of Calgary, was struck by lighting and probably fatally burned while standing in the doorway of a barn. The barn caught fire from the same bolt and was destroyed.

The storm was of a freakish and peculiar nature, striking one spot with swift intensity and missing nearby localities.

The total precipitation over the week-end amounted to more than one inch.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots —How To Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Stenhouse, Ltd., 35 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal, Que.—Advt.