

Piles
are usually due to straining
when constipated.

Nujol being a lubricant keeps
the food waste soft and there-
fore prevents straining. Doctors
prescribe Nujol because it not
only soothes the suffering of
piles but relieves the irritation,
brings comfort and helps to re-
move them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a
medicine or laxative—so cannot
give. Try it today.

Nujol
For Constipation

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"So she has, poor child; I am sure
of that. This is one of the evils of life
that will spend as much time here as
possible. The days will be dread-
fully depressing for her, poor child."

"Does the doctor think there is
danger?" asked Sir Basil, with white
lips.

The fever runs high, and she
is weak. I hope for Leah's sake,
she will spend as much time here as
possible. The days will be dread-
fully depressing for her, poor child.

"You may rely upon me," said Sir
Basil. "Indeed, the difficulty would
be for me to keep away. My world
is here."

It was indeed a melancholy time.
For many days the shadow of death
lay over the household. There were
hushed voices, silent footsteps, and
fervent prayers for the beautiful
young girl who lay quite unconscious
of all that passed. Everything that
skill and love could suggest was
done, for many days the issue
was doubtful. It was Leah's first
experience of illness or physical suffer-
ing and it impressed her greatly.
The house was put under a discipline.
No visitors came; there was no sound
heard. Piano, harp, singing—all
were tabooed. Leah would have shut
out if she could the soothing of the
wind and the creaking of the great
bare boughs. It was the strange
death-like silence that made the
place seem so unearthly. Not even
the barking of a dog was allowed
near the mansion. The poor tortured
brain could not endure the least
sound. It was a piteous sight to see
the fair head tossing restlessly to
and fro on the white pillow; it was
never still—from one side to the other
it turned with unwearying motion;
and the muttering—which is perhaps
the most awful accompaniment of
brain fever—never ceased. None of
the sufferer's words were intelligible.
Her utterance was only an inarticulate
murmur vague and terrible.
Once or twice, when Leah was with
her, she thought she overheard the
word "Glen," but she concluded it
must have been fancy. It brought no
meaning to her, although it was the
name of her lover's home.

During those long weeks of weary
suffering no man could have been
more miserable than Sir Basil. He
wandered round the house like a
shadow. He could not bear to leave
it, nor could he bear to be left alone.
He seemed to spend the greater part
of the day in asking but one ques-
tion from different people: "How is
she now?" He grew thin, pale and
haggard, years seemed to have fallen
on him.

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ALVINA

The Improved
Tasteful Preparation of an Extract
of Cod Liver Oil

Especially Recommended for
**Persistent Coughs,
Bronchitis,
Anemia**

A Splendid Tonic for Depleted
Women and Children

Prepared by
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal

Leah was troubled about him, and
warned him to be careful, for he look-
ed as though he were about to have
a severe illness himself.

One day, while the general and Sir
Basil were walking along the high-
road that led to Arley, they met a
huge lumbering wagon on its way to
the hall. When they drew near to it,
they found that it was from the rail-
way. The driver stopped when he
saw Sir Arthur, and asked if he was
to drive through the park.

"What have you there?" asked the
general in wonder.

"Ten packages," answered the bur-
ly driver. "Would you like to see
the book, Sir Arthur?"

The general looked at it, and found
that there were ten packages from
Southwood. Then he remembered
that, when leaving there, several
things in the cottage were packed up,
and left at the railway-station to be
forwarded to Brentwood—Martin
Ray's writing-desk, his favorite books,
one or two things that the girls
prized, Hettie's music, and what few
mementoes remained of the dear dead
mother. It occurred to Sir Arthur
that any knowledge of the arrival of
these things would be hurtful to Het-
tie; so he tore a leaf from his pocket-
book and on it wrote a note to
Leah, telling her that the packages
were from Southwood and that they
had better be put away in some re-
mote corner of the house until Het-
tie had quite recovered, and the sight
of them would not hurt her. He gave
directions that the wagon should not
go near the hall.

"No one can tell," he said, "what
harm the sound might do to Hettie;"
and Basil was struck by his kindly
consideration.

Leah read the note and hastened to
give the necessary orders. The
packages were stowed away in one of
the unused rooms of the western
wing. One of them, a square packet,
attracted Leah's attention. She un-
fastened the canvas in which it was
folded, and found that it was her
father's writing-case. Heaven only
knew what burning, bitter words had
been written on it! How well she
remembered the case! How often
she had seen her father seated at it,
with frowning brows and flashing
eyes! It lay open before him on the
day that she had left him—the day
he had cursed her. She thought of
Hettie's words, that the curse must
have fallen on her by mistake, and
she reflected that it was indeed true
that everything had gone wrong with
her hapless sister. If Leah could but
have known what the desk contained,
she would not have looked at it with
such careless eyes.

She forgot all about the packages,
Hettie, though weak as a little child,
hardly able to see or hear, was out
of danger, and the doctors agreed
that she had taken the critical turn
which leads to health. The terrible
strain of anxiety was ended, the
great mental stress over. Every one
in the house breathed more freely.
During her illness Hettie had endea-
red herself to all. Her sweetness and
patience, the severity of her suffer-
ings, her thought for others, her lov-
ing gratitude, were things to be re-
membered; and, when it seemed cer-
tain that she would not die of this
terrible fever, the rejoicing was great.

Once more the cheerful sound of
merry voices was heard. Hettie, half
amused, half alarmed at her own
feebleness, slowly traced the path that
leads from sickness to health. It
would be some weeks yet, the doctor
said, before she could be taken down-
stairs or allowed to see anyone—
even the general. It was five weeks
since the evening when she had cried
out to Sir Basil that she could not
bear her pain, and the overwrought
brain had suddenly given way; it
would be some weeks more before she
saw him again. When she was
strong, when her brain was clear, and
she could think without a hundred
fancies weaving themselves in her
thoughts, she would make up her
mind with regard to the future.

Once or twice, when she had so far
recovered as to be able to take no-
tice of what was passing around her,
Sir Basil had sent her, by Leah, a few
flowers. She took them without a
word, and laid them down languidly.
She did not show the least desire to
take care of them, and made no re-
monstrance when they were removed.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"What shall I do to rouse her?"
said Leah to herself, one morning,
after her usual conversation with the

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S NIPS

It's a DOUBLE treat
—Peppermint
Jacket over Pep-
permint gum.

10 for 5c

Candy jacket just "melts
in your mouth" then you
get the delectable gum center.

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standbys also affording friendly
aid to teeth, throat, breath,
appetite and digestion.

Soothing, thirst-
quenching. Making
the next cigar taste
better.

THE FLAVOR
LASTS

AFTER EVERY MEAL

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doctor. "She is sweet-tempered, lov-
ing, and grateful; but she seems to
have lost all desire to live."

Suddenly Leah bethought herself
of the packages from Southwood.
Safely among them she would find
something that, by memory or asso-
ciation, would startle her mind into
activity.

Leah went to the unused room in
the western wing where the packages
lay, and the writing-case was the first
thing that caught her attention. It
was probable there would be among
her father's papers something which
would remind Hettie of her old home
and rouse her into a more active
state of mind. She opened the case
and found it filled with documents.
Martin Ray had evidently arranged it
before his death. There, all yellow
with age, the thin edges all worn
folding, were her mother's love-let-
ters, written many years before! They
were tied with blue ribbon, and with
them were fastened flowers that had
soon died. He had loved her fair
young mother well to have preserved
these with such loving care. She
would not open them; they were sac-
red to her, these letters written by
the hand so long dead. She kissed
them with reverence, wondering as
she did so whether, if she died young,
Basil would keep her love-letters.
She found certificates of her parent's
marriage, of her mother's death and
of his birth and Hettie's. She found
a life insurance policy for one hun-
dred pounds, which had evidently been
intended for Hettie. There were nu-
merous other papers—invitations to
political meetings, reviews of her fa-
ther's books, articles written in his
favor, and articles that held him up
to ridicule and contempt. She found
some letters which she placed aside
for destruction—letters the contents
of which she well knew and shudder-
ed to remember. There were ac-
count books showing how Martin Ray
had spent the people's money; she

(To be continued.)

If your sewing machine thread
tangles, cut a piece of cloth larger
than the spool and put on the post
under the stool. This keeps the spool
steady.

When a child has contagious disease
and quarantine is necessary, the bed-
room with a glass door proves a bless-
ing, as he can see into the hall or
adjoining room.

Tins and clothes pins can be saved
if small articles, such as hankchiefs
and stockings are pinned together
with a safety pin and thrown over the
line.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

SMALL KIDNEY DISEASE
HEADACHE
RHEUMATISM
GRAVEL
DIABETES
MELLITUS
107 THE PRINCE

An Old Montreal Crook.

BARON FENTON, A FORMER
PICKPOCKET NOW A REFORMER.

One of the best known crooks in
Montreal twenty years ago was Rob-
ert W. (Razor) Fenton. He was of a
trio of brothers who were known to
the police. "Razor" appeared in the
Court of King's Bench for sentence
more than once and was sent to peni-
tentiary for picking pockets, for that
was his trade, and he was exceedingly
proficient at it. On one occasion he
was charged with picking the pocket
of a well-known Outremont farmer of
several thousands of dollars, the pro-
ceeds of a sale of land in what is now
a thickly populated part of Outremont.
He was tried and convicted and given
a long term. It was a sad scene in
the court, for the convicted man plain-
ly showed his distress. He was not
deserted, however, for his relatives,
women folk, supported by friends,
came up to the prisoner's dock and
kissed him good-bye. Then he step-
ped back to be taken to prison for a
number of years. He was a youth
then, but the terrible lesson was ig-
nored and he kept on getting into
trouble in cities all over America.

Years of hard living began to pall
on "Razor" in time, however, and he
came at last to realize that the way
of the transgressor is hard. The pick-
ing might seem easy, but there was
always the sequel, which was frequen-
tly a trip to jail or penitentiary.

"Razor" Fenton has reformed after
all these years and is now a preacher
in the United States. He is telling
young men that it is both foolish and
unprofitable to follow the crooked
path. The game is not worth the can-
dle. He should know.

Fenton in an interesting interview
in the New York American, gives his
views on crime and relates some of
his exploits, in Montreal, especially.

The present King of England un-
wittingly permitted him to pull off a
big con in Montreal, he says. When
the King was the Duke of York he was
on a visit to Montreal in 1901. The
newspapers were full of stories about
the great receptions planned for the
visitor. Fenton says he went to Que-
bec to get a line on things. When he
and his companions returned to Mon-
treal they decided to visit a bank and
steal a victim. It did not take long
to find one. The man who was select-
ed was known by the crooks to carry
plenty of cash in his business. Fenton
and his partners took up the trail. A
reception to the Duke was scheduled
that day. While the royal visitor rode
by in his carriage there was a slowing
up and the man with the wad, a promi-
nent citizen, managed to exchange
compliments with the Duke. That was
the crooks' opportunity for while the
two were conversing, the rich citizen's
pocket was picked. Fenton said he
robbed him of \$10,000. It was so easy
he says, it was a shame to do it.

That was a big haul, but it was only
one of the many made by the expert
in his career. Fenton says it was his
custom to travel south with the vaca-
tionists in the winter, and return with
them in the spring. In the summer
the biggest seaside resorts were work-
ed. The crooks always followed the
money around. They made those who
could afford it pay for their vacations.
Fenton and his pals were the big fel-
lows in the game. But even at that
he had nothing to show for it.

Fenton estimates that during his
crook career he made more than
\$200,000. His biggest single job net-
ted him \$20,000, and his second best,
\$10,000. The latter was the Montreal
touch.

Where did all this ill-gotten wealth
go? Much of it was squandered, a
lot spent in travelling about and look-
ing for victims; and a fortune went in
lawyer's fees and expenses while un-
der arrest. Easy come, easy go.

"Then there was the great under-
world to help support the saloon-
keepers, the cigar, the cabarets,
and the like, because that is the game
of the underworld, and if you are a
member of it, you play the game that
way. All this kept me broke. Those
people got the money I stole. I didn't
get the worth-while thing out of it."

So that is why "Razor" Fenton re-
formed and started to earn an honest
and sure living. The famous Montreal
pickpocket is making amends and
warning others to avoid the path he
once trod. He is a preacher now.—
The Review-Montreal.

To dry heavy woolen sweaters;
Place an old, clean sheet over a win-
dow screen and lay the sweater on
it, adjusting it carefully. Balance
screen on two chairs, over a floor
register or in some warm spot.

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Weight	105 lbs.	115 1/2 lbs.
Bust	38 in.	38 1/2 in.
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Nov. 20 Dec. 8

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splendid results just twice as quickly. Yeast
alone is admittedly good—but experiments
show that it doesn't go far enough to bring
100% results. For while yeast contains certain
mysterious substances which seem to have an
almost miraculous effect on health, scientists
tell us that some other agent is needed in
order to quickly convert these elements into
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Certain types of iron, as all physicians
know, are of great value in converting our
food into living cells and tissue. So working
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the amazing process of ironization. It is this
process which enables you to derive from
yeast ALL of the wonderful benefits it holds
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The remarkable process of ironization is em-
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scientifically correct yeast treatment. Thus, do
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never have that tired-out feeling,
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—Mrs. J. B.

Gains 6 Pounds!
"The improvement in my skin
taking IRONIZED YEAST is just
wonderful. Now I can handle
nerves have that tired-out feeling,
and I have gained 6 lbs."
—Mrs. J. B.

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"After one box of IRONIZED
YEAST, I have gained 8 pounds,
my skin is clear, my complexion
is every night. It is the greatest
I ever used."
—Mrs. J. B.

Gains 10 Pounds!
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a wonderful healthful and safe
for the complexion. I have gained
10 pounds after 10 days."
—Mrs. J. B.

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