

"CASCARETS" FOR BOWELS

When Sick, Bilious, Headachy, Constipated, for Sour Stomach, Gases, Bad Breath, Colds

Your bowels may seem regular—move every day—yet your thirty feet of bowels may be lined with poisonous waste which is being sucked into your blood, keeping you half sick, nervous, despondent and upset. Whether you have headache, colds, sour stomach, indigestion, or heart palpitation, it is usually from bowel poison.

Hurry! One or two Cascarets tonight will clean your bowels right. By morning all the constipation, poison and sour bile will be out—thoroughly! Cascarets will not sicken you—they physic fully, but never gripe or inconvenience. Children love Cascarets too. 10 cent boxes, also 25 and 50 cent sizes. Any drugstore.

The Heir of Bayneham

Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Then Lady Hilda, taking the little one, said, "Lionel, you must love this gentleman. You remember all I have told you of your own papa, whom you had never seen—how kind, and brave, and good he was. This is papa, and you must love him."

"I do love him," said the child gently; "I loved him yesterday, without knowing why."

"I have been too bewildered to ask how you came here," said Lord Bayneham to his wife.

"Let others tell that story for me," she said, quietly; "first let me explain why I left you, Claude. It was all a terrible mistake; we can speak freely now, my oath binds me no longer, for Captain Massey told me yesterday my father is dead."

"I was with him," said Lord Bayneham, "and his last words were for you."

"I cannot tell you how this secret weighed upon me," she continued. "My poor mother sought me at Bayneham; she came there to look at me and die. The poor sick woman who died at Fir Cottage and lies in the little graveyard—she was my mother, Claude."

"How could you ever dream that I should love you less for that?" he said, kissing the beautiful face raised to his.

"From the day she told me her story and mine," continued Lady Hilda, "my life was one long sorrow; I was wretched at keeping a secret from you, yet I dared not break my oath. Once, you know, Claude, I asked you what you should do if after marriage you found you had been mistaken in your wife, and had taken some one tainted with disgrace to your home; you said, such a one must return to her friends."

"But how could I suppose those words applied to yourself?" said Lord Bayneham.

"You could not," she replied. "My father came, and my miserable secret weighed upon me with double force. He was bewildered. He has told you all, Claude? Ah, then, you know of the notes he wrote to me, of the interview I was compelled to have with him in the Lady's Walk. When you came that morning into my room and said that you knew all, I believed you had

discovered my secret, and that your anger arose from that cause."

"I saw it afterward," said Lord Bayneham. "I only meant that I knew all the secret of your night walk. What a mistake it was, Hilda! What tears of misery it has caused us. If you had but trusted me, darling, instead of going away!"

"If there is any excuse," said Lady Hilda, "it lies in the fact that I was half mad. Three days after I left home I was taken ill with a severe attack of brain fever, and the snow lay on the ground before I was myself again."

"And you have seen nothing of all my advertisements," said Lord Bayneham.

"No," she replied; "when I left you I left all the world; when shelter was offered to me here, I accepted it on the condition that no one should see or hear of me, and that the news of the outer world should not be told to me. I thought I should soon die. It seemed to me then I had no right to Lady Hutton's money—no claim upon her fortune. I wanted to be dead to everything, since I could no longer live to you."

"Poor child!" said her husband gently; "but why, at least, did you not tell me of Lionel's birth?"

"I meant to send him to you," she replied. "I did not forget that, although my son, he is your heir. I would have sent him in two more years. Remember, it has all been a mistake, Claude. I thought you would never allow me to return to Bayneham when you knew my secret."

A knock at the door interrupted Lady Hilda.

"Come in," she said, and Mrs. Massey entered, her face glowing with smiles.

"Did you know the lady?" she asked Lord Bayneham, who met her with a torrent of thanks. "My son is anxious to know if he may enter."

"Since we owe our happiness in a great measure to him," replied Lord Bayneham, "his request is very reasonable. Ah, Massey!" he cried, as the master of the house entered, "how am I to thank you for your great kindness? Now explain to me why and how I find my lost treasure here."

my attention was attracted by a lady leaving a first-class carriage. She wore a cloak and a thick veil; she seemed uncertain where to go—lost and bewildered. I saw her go to one of the seats and place herself there. For one whole hour she rested there. I watched her. She did not appear to be waiting for any one, and no one took any heed of her. Then she arose, and stood for a few minutes as though uncertain what to do. She seems bewildered with trouble, I said to myself: "I wonder if I could help her?"

"I went very respectfully up to her, and raising my hat, asked if I could be of any service to her. She did not seem to understand me. When I repeated the question she drew back her veil, and looked at me with wild, woe-filled eyes. Imagine my horror at recognizing in this grieving, bewildered lady no other than the young Countess of Bayneham, Lady Hutton's ward.

"Lady Bayneham," I said, "do you not know me? I am Captain Massey, your husband's friend."

"Yes, I know you," she replied; "then she laid her hand on my arm. 'Will you help me, Captain Massey,' she said humbly; 'I have left home and my husband forever. I feel very ill; my brain is on fire, I believe. Can you take me somewhere, where I can lie down to die?'"

"I looked at her in utter amazement; the lovely, brilliant Lady of Bayneham, here in this deplorable state!"

"Does Lord Bayneham know?" I began but she interrupted me.

"If you cannot take my word on trust," she said, "leave me; I can bear no questions—I cannot endure the sound of his name. If you will befriend me, take me from here."

"Her face was deadly pale, and her eyes burned with a wild, strange light; she trembled violently. My only fear was lest she should fall; she looked like a bruised, broken lily."

"I will befriend you, Lady Bayneham," I said; "try and walk a few steps with me. I will take you to my mother's and leave you in her charge."

"As I have told you, on the morning following I was to start for India; time, therefore, was very precious. We walked out of the station-yard, and then I took a cab. It was a long drive to my mother's house here at Kew. Lady Bayneham never once spoke. She sat white and cold and still as a marble statue.

"My dear mother was amazed to see me return so accompanied, and her amazement was increased when she knew it was Lady Bayneham whom I had brought to find refuge under her roof.

"That night Lady Bayneham told us part of her story. She laid no blame upon you, but much upon herself. She said she had left home, because you knew the story of her parentage and were displeased; she would not wait until you sent her away, and she seemed so fearfully agitated at the mention of return that we agreed it was better to defer it until she should have regained health and strength."

"Lady Hilda made a compact with us; we promised entire and perfect secrecy as to her place of concealment—we promised that under the shelter of our roof she should be hidden from the outer world she dreaded so much, and that no news of it should be told to her. She was to be as one dead in life. We promised all she asked. My mother dared not oppose one word, so critical was her state. In the event of her death, Lord Bayneham was to be sent for. She begged us to call her by her mother's name of Hurst, and we did so."

"I never saw her from that night until a few days ago. I set sail for India, and the news came to me there that the unhappy lady was lying ill of brain fever, and the doctors despaired of her life.

Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



A SMART STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4206. The girl who likes something different will be pleased with the style lines of this model. The long waist and side closing are youthful and becoming. Plain suit in brown tones, with bands of red broad cloth developed this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. One could have this in blue homespun with pipings in henna or orange. Or in black panne velvet with pass stitchery in green or white.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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4205. This style has a very new and desirable sleeve, with extensions that form yoke sections over the shoulders. This is a good model for homespun, tricotee and serge. It is nice also for wash fabrics.

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No.
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 Name
 Address in full—

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By EDGAR A. GUEST.

CYNIC AND FOOL.
 Heed not the cynic nor the grinning fool!
 Neither is right in all that he declares.
 Life is not but a heap of needless cares.
 Unending misery and drab affairs,
 To call it always happy, is but drivel;
 The harlequin upon a dunce's stool
 May mock the sombre raiment duty wears,
 But man cannot be children out of school.

Neither is right! Life is a moving stream
 Whereon are floated freights of joy and care.
 Needless at times the agonies may seem,
 But never doubt they have a purpose there.

Grease spots may be removed from black woolen goods by washing in a solution of borax and warm water. Rinse in clear water.

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