

"There Were Many Things Which I Could Not Eat"
 Mrs. H. Robert Wells, English Harbour, Trinity Bay, Nfld., writes:



"I was troubled with nervous dyspepsia—so much so that there were a great many things I could not eat at all on account of the distressed feeling afterwards. I used many different remedies, but they did me little good. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills, and was surprised at the relief this combined treatment gave me in such a short time."

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 At all Dealers.
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Lady Wyverne's Daughter.

CHAPTER II.

"To my nephew, Philip Lynne, who succeeds me, and who by right of entail inherits Lynneville, I give and bequeath the exact half of my fortune, the sum of two hundred thousand pounds, on one condition, which is, that within the next two years he shall marry one of my daughters, Tess or Agatha Lynne. To my daughters I leave the sum of one hundred thousand pounds each.

"If my nephew does not comply with this condition, I leave to my daughters the sum of two hundred thousand pounds each, the whole of the fortune I received from my late wife being thus equally divided between them."

Four executors were appointed, and with the usual formalities the will closed.

"A very just and equitable will," remarked Sir Harry Leigh, as Mr. Gregson folded up the parchment; "this condition, to my mind, being a remarkable pleasant one."

Lord Lynne made no remark of all possible contingencies, he had just expected this. He had thought it very probable that his uncle might not leave him any money at all, but that this enormous sum should be his on so strange a condition bewildered him. To his honor be it recorded that he did not make up his mind then and there that the money should be his. More than that, if he had spoken those few words which he intended to speak to Florence Wyverne, he would have at once made known his engagement, and there would have been no further question about the money. But he had not done so; he was a free man; and several times during the last few days it had crossed his mind that he had been too hasty in thinking he loved Lord Wyverne's daughter. She was gifted with a strange, winning beauty; her charming, half-wild, half-childish manner had fascinated him. Had he remained with her much longer he would have asked her to be his wife. But when the charm was at its height, he was separated from her; and when he came to reflect upon the last few days, he was surprised and half-shocked to find how small was the share she had in his thoughts and plans.

The solicitor bade him "good-morning." Sir Harry Leigh, and the others who had assembled to hear the reading of the will, left him; and

Lord Lynne sat alone by the fire in the large library thinking very anxiously of the future that lay before him.

CHAPTER III.

Every family has its skeleton, its strange incidents, its romantic story, its secrets that the world faintly guesses but never knows. The Lynnes of Lynneville had a romance, but it had not been hidden—it had been partly forgotten; that romance, was the marriage of Stephen Lord Lynne to the beautiful Andalusian whose life had ended so suddenly. No one knew much about it; the English papers had announced it; but no one ever saw the fair and ill-fated Lady Lynne.

The only thing known of her was that she was the daughter of a widow lady, who was inconsolable at her death, and who begged from Lord Lynne permission to keep the little child. He gladly consented; some said because he did not like to see the little Inez, as she reminded him of his lost wife; be that as it may, certain it was that he made no effort to see her. An English governess was provided for her, so that she was brought up not only with a thorough knowledge of the English language, but also of English polite literature. A sum of money was paid annually to the Senora Monteleone, and twice every year the father received a letter giving him all details of the child's health and progress. He was satisfied to have things as they were; he knew the child was well and happier than she would be in his house, where another Lady Lynne lived and ruled. He had formed fresh ties, and that one early romance of his life was nearly forgotten. But there were times when the remembrance of sunny Spain, her myrtles, orange-groves, and olives, her dark-eyed daughters and chivalrous sons, came upon him—that one year of wedded life, when the warm love, the deep devotion, the almost adoration of the beautiful Spaniard had been his own. His English wife's calm, quiet affection paled before it; there was no romance about that gentle lady, whose vast wealth had been so great an acquisition to the Lynnes of Lynneville.

Lord Lynne looked back upon that past as upon a beautiful poem that he had read in his early youth. He shrank selfishly from inflicting pain upon himself. He knew, for they had told him, that his daughter resembled her lost mother. She had the same dark, passionate, beautiful face; the same wondrous southern eyes and hair. He did not wish to be obliged to suffer the old pain of that loss over again. So he allowed his eldest child to grow up in a foreign land, under another's care. In his own heart he wished that she would marry and settle there. He intended to endow her most liberally; but one day there came a message from that far-off home, saying that the Senora Monteleone was dying, and Inez must be sent for. Then Lord Lynne sent a trustworthy agent to bring his unknown daughter home. Lady Lynne was dead, and his younger child, Agatha, was only too pleased to have her sister with her. They were prepared to see a pretty girl; but nothing like this dark-eyed Andalusian had ever been seen at Lynneville. No mere words can do justice to that wondrous beauty—to the proud, dreamy eyes, in whose liquid depths there lay a world of beauty and of love—to the rich, rippling hair, black as night, yet soft and shining as the wing of a bird—the graceful figure, so perfectly molded, the dainty, white jeweled hands, the rare mixture of languid ease and dignity. Yet what made her most wonderful, was



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the passion and genius that seemed to emanate from her. Every eye who saw her felt instinctively that she was capable of great things—either great evil or great good. There was no mediocrity in Inez Lynne.

When once the old lord had recovered from the first effect of seeing her, he could never rest out of her sight. He did all that was possible in order to atone for his indifference and neglect. He lavished jewels and money upon her; and when he made the curious will, that some people thought a just one, he secretly hoped that his beautiful Inez would be Lady Lynne.

"She is so dazzling, so new so pleasant, so unlike other girls," he thought, "that Philip will be sure to fall in love with her, and then my darling will be mistress of Lynneville."

Inez, on her part, did not evince any very great affection either for her father or sister. Her heart was sore from her long neglect; she could not forget all at once that for many a long year she had been kept away from her rightful home, deprived of her share in the grandeur and magnificence of the Lynnes. She had not even been known by her rightful name. No one had ever called her Inez Lynne. In her grandmother's house she had always been addressed as the Senorita Monteleone. When she thought over these things, Inez did not feel any great affection for the father who had neglected her, or the sister who had taken her place. She was quiet and passive, rarely making any remark, when Lord Lynne caressed her and loaded her with presents; her beautiful, passionate face never lighted up for him as it could light up for one she loved.

When Agatha Lynne grew more accustomed to the presence of her sister, she wondered much why she made no mention of that past life. She never alluded to her home in Andalusia. She never talked of love and lovers, as young girls do; she had no story to tell of sweet words whispered under the shade of the myrtle; no story, no love secrets; and yet she was beautiful as a houri, and only twenty-two.

Agatha had related all her life's history; it was not an eventful one. She had had lovers, but none that she cared much for. She liked Philip Lynne best in the world, next to her father. She blushed as she told how Allan Leigh, Sir Harry Leigh's son, had sent her a valentine, and Captain Hope had written some verses to her. All these little secrets, sweet, simple Agatha had confided to her sister; but there was no confidence given in return. Inez listened with a far-off, dreamy look in her beautiful face, but she said no word of herself. She had nothing to tell in return.

"Did no one ever love you, Inez?" asked her sister, gazing at her in wonder. "You are so beautiful, I should have thought you would have many lovers."

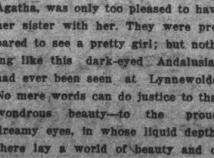
"The fairy prince will come some day," said Inez, half impatiently. "Love and lovers have so great attraction for me."

Then again simple, sweet Agatha wondered. So beautiful, so young, and not even to care about love—never to have had a lover! She could not help thinking that there was something incomprehensible in this mystery. Twenty-two, and never to have had a lover.

It was the morning after Lord Lynne's funeral. No one knew how the sisters had received the news of their father's strange will; but Mr. Gregson had been with them, for more than an hour, and then he left them with a smile on his face.

(To be continued.)

Corns Go



The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid in this plaster. The action is the same. At your druggist.

Blue-jay

Just Folks.
 By EDGAR A. GUEST.

GRANDMA.
 I know what makes a Grandma grand—the always has a treat. A cookie or a piece of cake-on-a-plate to eat. And when we go to visit her, she gets the good things out. And we can't have to stand on ceremony long as she's about. Then Ma will say, "That's all to-day, Don't give them any more, You'll make them ill. I know you will. To-night we'll walk the floor."

A Grandma never punishes the boys that we are bad. She always takes us out her knee and tells us she is glad. To have us racing round the house, and when we get too smart. An' Pa an' Ma are awful cross, she always takes our part. And once when I had told a lie. And had to go to bed. Without my tea. She came to me. And brought me jam and bread.

Ma says it's funny Grandma acts the way she does to-day. When she was Grandma's little girl she could't disobey. Or only eat the things she liked an' get the stomach ache. Or pick the chocolate frosting off an' never touch the cake. When she was bad. She always had. The punishment to bear. But we can be much worse than she. An' Grandma doesn't care.

Pa says that Grandma's are alike, their job of training's done. They don't like to see a child alone and spoil the children's fun. They love to see the youngsters eat, an' though it isn't right they never let us walk the floor or stay up all the night. An' children know. The times they go. To Grandma's house to play. Though bad they are. Their Ma and Pa. Can't have a word to say.

Choosing Your Cue.

How many billiard players realize the importance of always playing with the same cue?

No two cues are exactly alike, and in order to get a good touch, which either enables a player to leave the ball in the position he wishes, it is essential to use a cue to the weight and balance of which you are thoroughly accustomed.

You may have some special ideas of your own in regard to the weight of a cue, but if you are like the majority of amateurs, you will approach the selection of a new cue with an entirely open mind.

Most people find that 15½ oz. is the most suitable weight, while one heavier than 16oz., or lighter than 14½oz. may be considered a "freak." It is true that one or two of the leading professionals use "freak" cues, but these are generally quite unsuited to the amateur player.

Having decided on the weight of cue you desire, the next thing to look for is grain. It is a perfect cue the grain should be straight and regular, and should run longitudinally up the shaft. Good grain gives more drive, and enables clean, crisp striking.

But the most important feature of all is to ensure that your cue is properly balanced. If the balance is correct, it should be possible, by placing your first finger just above the end of the butt splicing (about the spot where the weight is stamped), to make it balance, as a pair of true scales, balances on its fulcrum.

All the best English cues are hand finished. That is to say, the shafts are roughly turned on a lathe, and then they are "trued up" by hand and the butts are spliced on by expert craftsmen.

The shaft should run the whole length of the cue, the butt-end being cut square. On to the square end the butt, which is made of ebony or some coloured wood, is carefully applied in four separate strips, and then glued into position and planed smooth.

The difference in the weighing of the cue is not due to any alteration in the design of the shaft but is obtained by making variations in the butt. In fact, cues are made heavier by boring small holes in the butt-ends and inserting pieces of lead.

THE BEEFING CROWD.

I walk along the village street, for ever more I mumber; and so much misery I meet. I often sigh and blubber, we hear so much of Sunny Jim's you'd think we'd meet them daily, and see them prance on buoyant limbs to scatter sunshine gaily. But nearly all the chaps I know are specialists in sorrow, in their desire to corner we they'll kidnap grip or borrow. "Good day," I cry to Quentin Speedy; "you're looking blithe and speedy." "I have a green pain in my back," he says, "and I feel seedy." "Ods hods," I say to Widow Prigg, "I hope you're stacking proper." "Oh, some one stole my Alredale pig, and now I hunt a copper." And when

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