

EXCRUCIATING PAINS, CRAMPS

Entirely Remedied by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Eberts, Ont.—"I started with cramps and bearing-down pains at the age of eleven years, and I would get so nervous I could hardly stay in bed, and I had such pains that I would scream, and my mother would call the doctor to give me something to take. At eighteen I married, and I have four healthy children. But I still have pains in my right side. I am a farmer's wife with more work than I am able to do. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I feel that it is helping me every day. My sister-in-law, who has been taking your medicine for some time and uses your Sanative Wash, told me about it and I recommend it now, as I have received great relief from it."—Mrs. NELSON YOTT, R. R. 1, Eberts, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for ailments common to women. It has been used for such troubles for nearly fifty years, and thousands of women have found relief as did Mrs. Yott, by taking this splendid medicine.

An Indispensable Favorite Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XV.
"As an indispensable favorite, don't tell you, Dallas?" Joyce replies, her pretty, red lip curling more and more. "She is head nurse and confidential companion, private secretary, general tell-tale, spy, and toady. A most charming person, possessing universal talents! She is a favorite with your wife, too, you see; and there is Lyulph the Lanky, making his way up to her, looking quite hilarious. There is quite a happy family party at Pen-treath at the present time, Dallas. Joyce adds, with a forced smile, "and clever mademoiselle is the center of attraction. Meither and I," Joyce adds, with a bitter, little laugh, "are quite out in the cold."
"I am out in the cold, too, Joyce," Dallas says, softly, looking into her eyes; and the blue eyes smile back at him as sweetly as ever they have smiled on him.

"We must console each other, Dallas, for being shut out of the happy family party," Joyce murmurs.
It is a large, well-furnished room of handsome proportions and exceedingly uncomfortable appearance, presenting the aspect of a first-class hospital ward and a surgical-appliance-manufacturing in one, with an all-prevailing odor as of a fashionable chemist's shop. A large likely couch, covered in crimson damask and adjusted to half a dozen angles, is extended before one of the lofty windows, which has a red silk curtain on one side and a green one on the other. These curtains are very full, but rather short, not quite touching the floor, which is of well-polished oak parquet, and they are uniquely ugly in appearance.

Before the other window, through which the bright sunlight streams unchecked, is a large, marble-topped table, on which are a plectre and mortar, a charcoal filter, a great jar of distilled water, and an open cabinet of large and small bottles; on a mahogany stand nearby is an elaborate galvanic appliance, with an array of gleaming handles and wires and cylinders, and a big burnished dial plate above all.

The opposite corner of the room is taken up with a gruesome-looking arrangement of pulleys and ropes and horizontal bars, and a wooden seat in the midst of all, as if some unfortunate were to be put to the torture there. Ward-looking chairs, with queer curves in their backs and protuberances at their sides, and leg-rests and reading-seats are scattered about the room, the floor of which is covered with a dull, grayish-brown, thick carpet in the center square, the wide margin being bare and polished.

On the walls hang several portraits of grave and scientific-looking men, and a low bookcase running along one end of the room near the big chair

couch contains an ample supply of large, well-bound volumes—books on religious subjects and books on diseases of the body and the mind; and around float the subtle odors of ether, Turkey rhubarb, spirits of wine, musk, camphor, rose-water and lavender.

This soothingly delightful apartment is the private sitting-room of her ladyship, Maria, Viscountess Glynn. Yolande experiences the sickly sensation of entering a dentist's waiting-room—fingers and toes tingling and growing cold, and the mental question repeating itself with extreme rapidity, "Why was I fool enough to come" as mademoiselle ushers her in on the following morning.

"It is one of her dear ladyship's good days!" she says, with the beamings of a devoted nurse.
And Yolande, resting timidly into the corner where the lilac couch is in green light of the emerald-hued curtain, wonders speechlessly what her ladyship looks like on her "bad" days.

A female form, looking horribly like one which has been disjoined and is waiting to be put together again, is extended on the couch, so odd is the attitude on the "ups and downs" of the surgical couch, so painfully defined are the joints of her ladyship's skeleton-like limbs, so cadaverous is her ladyship's long, thin face, with its prominent, long, blue-white teeth and large eyes with pinkish eyelids and long, thin, drooping, pinkish nose.

"I am sorry to have to ask you to visit me in my invalid retirement, Mrs. Glynn," Lady Maria says, languidly, but in querulous, high-pitched tones, as she puts out one chalky-white, bony hand from beneath the coverlet, and then replaces it suddenly; "but I am not equal to any exertion at times. Isabelle, the temperature is getting lower; it has quite chilled my hand."

Mademoiselle trips briskly across to the pier between the windows, where a large barometer and thermometer hang side by side.

"It hasn't varied a decimal, Lady Maria," mademoiselle says, with scientific decision; "but your temperature has, I dare say, allowed me." She has picked up a dainty little instrument of glass and silver from the marble-topped table, and, to Yolande's dismay, Lady Maria opens her mouth, and mademoiselle puts the little tube under her tongue.

"Ninety-seven! You have got up a degree," she announces, thoughtfully. "You must have your beef es-



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ence and a tablespoonful of local champagne."
"Very well, Isabelle, you know best," the invalid returns, wearily, closing her eyes; and mademoiselle glides into an adjoining room, where Yolande can see more marble-topped tables and a large, polished, brass spirit stove, and more bottles and jars and labeled drawers, like a dispensary.

Lady Maria opens her eyes presently, and look at Yolande, with a faint gleam of interest from beneath the pink eyelids.

"I am a great invalid; I lead a life of constant suffering," she says, with a faint smile, which is curiously complacent. "You, I suppose, Mrs. Glynn, know nothing of aches and pains and sleepless nights and weary days?" and she sighs wearily enough as she speaks. "I am obliged to live according to rule in every single particular," she continues, her wasted, bloodless face growing more animated as she expatiates on the intolerable existence she terms "living"—"to eat, drink, sleep, be clothed, go in and go out according to rule, or I could not live at all. I must rest so many hours in the twenty-four; sleep so many hours, have so many ounces of food and drink—the liquids and solids must be most carefully calculated, my doctor tells me—have restorative and strengthening mixtures—my maltine and peppin and bitters and mineral waters—all at their stated intervals, or I should never know what a moment's health was!"

(To be continued.)

Penury and Wealth March Side by Side in Brazilian Capital

Rio de Janeiro.—The million and a quarter citizens of this city are fighting a gallant but losing battle against the constantly increasing cost of living. The besieging army of speculators, profiteers, corner manipulators, and "middlemen" are pushing the attack with relentless vigor, while the desperate populace is making feeble but bitter resistance.

It is estimated that the cost of living here has increased 100 per cent. within the last twelve months. At the beginning of that period it was nearly double what it was five years ago. Many commodities which the common people considered necessities a few short months ago are now looked upon as luxuries.

Not only have prices doubled and tripled on food, clothing and housing, but the quality of all these things has deteriorated just as rapidly. Imitation, falsification and adulteration have become so common that they no longer cause comment. Owing to the cost of materials, only unavoidable repairs have been made on all buildings, and there is practically no new construction going on.

The local authorities, recognizing the desperate nature of the situation, are struggling to ameliorate conditions. The municipal council has created a committee to confer with the minister of transportation and the agriculture committee of the Senate to seek a solution of the problem.

The street fairs which were established in every section of the city a little more than a year ago have become tremendously popular institutions. Food staples and articles of clothing and household use are sold at these fairs at prices considerably lower than prevail in the stores. Rich as well as poor are patrons. It is no uncommon sight to see a richly dressed lady loading her limousine with her purchases as a street fair.

Two or three of the popular newspapers have been conducting campaigns against what they term "The Daily Tragedy," in which for weeks they have covered their front pages with pictures and heartrending stories of the poverty and misery that is found in all parts of the city, and which they assert has not been equalled here in modern times.

In contrast to these gloomy pictures, however, is the undeniable fact that never in Rio's history has there been such a display of wealth and luxury on the city's downtown streets as at present. The Avenida Rio Branco, on any pleasant afternoon, is almost impassable because of the fashionably dressed crowds that throng its sidewalks. Silks and jewels are conspicuous, and high priced automobiles pass in endless procession. The shop windows are lavishly in their displays of luxuries sold at fabulous prices. Motion picture shows, theatres, and amusement clubs are crowded to capacity by pleasure seekers.

There is little unemployment, and while wages have not increased in proportion to prices, there have been no strikes nor serious talk of strikes for more than two years.

Despite the increasing flow of immigration from Europe, both manufacturers and agricultural interests complain that they are unable to maintain or expand their activities because of labor shortage.

The Church of England Loses Two Bishops

The Bishop of Chelmsford.

The Church of England has lost within two days two bishops who were both peculiarly identified with London. Dr. Watts-Ditchfield, the Bishop of Chelmsford, entered the Church in an unusual way, having been trained for the Wesleyan Ministry and only ordained at the age of thirty. He remained all his life a fervent Evangelical, and from the time of his appointment in 1907 to St. James-the-Less, Bethnal Green, he became a great force in the Church at the East End of London. Practical and wide-minded, unconventional in manner, and a forcible and attractive preacher, he drew crowded congregations, and at the same time worked as effectively outside his church as within its walls. One of his gifts was a great hold over men, and he made a deep impression in Australia, Canada, and New Zealand during a pastoral tour as representative of the Church of England Men's Society. Mr. Asquith's bold choice in 1914 for the new and heavy See of Chelmsford was fully justified by the Bishop's work during the rest of his life, and his example should long remain as an inspiration to his successors and the clergy of the diocese.

The Bishop of Islington.

Like the Bishop of Chelmsford, Dr. Turner, the late Bishop of Islington, did all his best work in the East End of London, beginning with his appointment to St. George's-in-the-East in 1882 by Bishop Jackson, to whom he was for some years domestic chaplain. But in other respects there was little likeness between the two

bishops just deceased. In speech Dr. Turner was distinguished by a very quiet and unemotional style; but he was gifted with common sense and wisdom and an aptitude for all practical business. Educated at Highgate and Trinity, Cambridge, he was ordained in 1868, and first benefited in Fitzroy Square in 1877. He was consecrated as a suffragan to Bishop Creighton in 1898, and transferred in 1912 to St. Andrew Underneath, which he resigned in 1912. He was eighty-one at the time of his death, and for the last few years had been much incapacitated by increasing infirmity.

A young man and his wife were staying at a hotel in the country. On the evening of their arrival his wife went up to bed and left him smoking his pipe.
Presently he, too, went up, but it was dark, and he could not find the room. After a good deal of wandering about, he thought he had at last found it.
He tapped on the door and said, "Honey! Honey!"
A voice from inside the room answered: "Go away, you idiot! This is a bathroom, not a beehive!"

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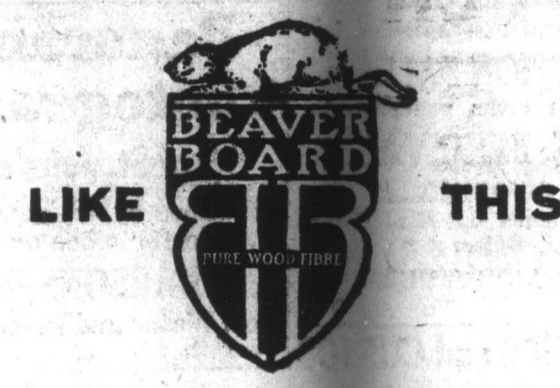
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The Only One.
The Territorial had just finished his first route march with his detachment. In the evening a friend happened to meet him on the way home, and stopped to inquire how he liked being a soldier.
"Oh, not so bad," replied the new recruit in an off-hand way.
"Why, what do you mean?" said the friend, surprised at his lack of enthusiasm. "You were so keen on it last week."

"Yes, I am now," said the other. "But I do wish I had joined a smarter lot."
"But I thought the lot you have joined were noted for their smartness?"
The other snorted contemptuously. "Smart? Call them smart? He asked scornfully. "Why, we went for a route march, and I was the only one in step the whole bloomin' way."
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