



During the anxious times of illness  
**BOVRIL**  
gives strength

Prevents that Sinking Feeling

**An Indispensable Favorite**  
OR  
**Wealth and Beauty at Stake!**

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I declare solemnly," poor old Miss Dornier says, with feverish earnestness, thrusting her gray hands of hair off her temples and pushing her cap away, one would actually think that the floors of this house were washed with milk and the walls painted with eggs and butter, to see the weekly bills that come in! Here is a bill of one pound eight and sevenpence-three-farthings from the dairyman for one week, and no company or anything extra—only dear Lolie at home. The expenses of this house are something really awful! the poor old lady declares, with tragic emphasis. "I can't enjoy the blessed Sabbath services nor sleep in my bed on Sunday nights, thinking of that tyrannical-looking cook marching up to me at eleven o'clock with her pile of little red books."

"Let me settle with the cook, aunt," Yolande says, quietly, "and look after the housekeeping for you. It is wearing you out."

"You may well say that," Miss Dornier responds, irritably, "but there's no use in your offering to do it, child. I must get some one as a housekeeper, I suppose, and increase the immense expenses still more!"

"Why, aunt?" Yolande inquires, with a faint smile. "I am not going to ask any salary from you. And it is absurd," she adds, "to have another servant in the house when there are seven already, including Pitts. I'll be housekeeper, aunt. It will be nice employment for me."

"My dear, there is no use in talking in that way," Miss Dornier says, looking scandalized. "You know your husband would not like it or allow it; just fancy," the innocent old lady goes on, with a futile attempt at a woman-of-the-world voice, "if your mother-in-law, Countess of Pentreath, were to call you and find you downstairs worrying with the cook!"

This grand speech is all uttered for

**DOCTORS WANTED TO OPERATE**

**Mrs. Quillon Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her from an Operation**

Muskegon, Michigan.—"After doctoring for eight or nine years with different physicians, without any relief at all, they said at last that medicine would not reach my case and I should have an operation. I had heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and often saw it advertised in different papers where some women had suffered just as I did and got well and strong again by taking the Vegetable Compound. I decided to see what it would do for me, and before I had finished the fourth bottle I was much better, the weakness stopped and the severe pains in my sides left me. I am now much stronger and do my own work and work in the factory besides. I am still taking the Vegetable Compound and give it all the praise."—Mrs. M. QUILLON, 11 Morris St., Muskegon, Mich.

Women should heed such warning symptoms as bearing-down pains and weakness, for they indicate some female trouble, and a persistent and faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will seldom fail to help.

the benefit of Mrs. Sargent, who has come in to pay a somewhat early visit at the primitive hour of eleven o'clock; and Mrs. Sargent resents the speech accordingly.

"No, that would never do, Yolande," she says. "Since you're married among such grand people, you'll have to live according. 'Cut your coat according to your cloth,' as the sayin' is! Well, when did you see your mother-in-law—Lady Flora, or Dora, or whatever her name is?"

"Not since my wedding, Aunt Sargent," Yolande answers, composedly; but Mrs. Sargent sees the color rising in her face, and scents some secret which Yolande is endeavoring to conceal, and which therefore it behoves her to ferret out immediately.

"Never been to see you since the earl's death!" she exclaims.

"Lady Nora is not in England, Aunt Sargent," Yolande replies, the color deepening a little. "Besides," she adds, smiling carelessly, "I didn't marry Lady Nora when I married Captain Glyme. She isn't bound to love, honor, and obey me!"

Aunt Keren laughs at the mild little joke; but Mrs. Sargent, who fancies that Yolande is trying to avoid giving her any information, throws herself back in her chair, crosses her arms, puts one knee over the other, and turns her eyes on young Mrs. Glyme.

"She seemed a very stiff, cold-mannered, affected woman that morning at your wedding breakfast," she observes decisively; "and what a present she gave you—a bit of a silver egg-basket! It never cost a penny more than five pounds!"

"But I think five pounds was quite enough for Lady Nora to give for a present, Aunt Sargent," Yolande says, coldly. "She is not at all well off, you know, though she is an earl's daughter and the widow of an earl's son."

"Goodness me!" Mrs. Sargent exclaims, her face getting redder than usual in an outbreak of radical emotion. "I hope you haven't many more of these grand beggarly aristocrats without a penny in their pockets in the family you've got into, Yolande, child! They'll all hang on to you and sponge on you frightfully, if you don't take care!"

"Lighting and nods as she utters this pleasant prophecy; and Yolande looks at her in grave displeasure, the color rising from chin to brow.

"I should never dream of considering that my husband's mother was asking too much from me if she came and lived with me whenever she liked," Yolande says, with a subdued passionateness of manner; "she should have the best welcome I could give her, for his sake."

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Sargent exclaims, resentfully, with a sarcastic laugh. "You'd better tell Lady Nora that—she'll take you at your word, never fear! You're just the daughter-in-law that will suit her, I should think!"

"I hope so," Yolande rejoins bravely; and Mrs. Sargent abandons the topic in despair of rousing Yolande to a "proper spirit" toward her aristocratic connections, she turns to Miss Dornier, however, and harasses the poor old lady into an actual fit of temper by her assertions and declarations and her ridicule of poor Aunt Keren's nervous dread of her servants.

"You pay 'em high wages, and you feed 'em on the fat of the land, and then you say you're afraid to make 'em do their business!" she says, scorchingly. "You should take a leaf out o' my book, Aunt Keren. My servants are as meek as lambs, and my cook knows

that her bills are to be so much and so more; and, if there's a shilling one week more than another in my dairyman's bill, I know the reason why!"

"Well, I can't do that with mine, Aunt Keren says, crossly. "My cook gave me notice because I spoke of the immense quantity of parsley she had from the green-grocer's, and asked her what on earth she used it for, as I never saw a bit on the table!"

"And you didn't take her notice, of course!" Mrs. Sargent questions, with a smile of superiority.

"No—oh, no!" poor Aunt Keren replies, red and trembling at the bare remembrance. "She is a very bad-tempered woman, and I only said, 'I don't want to displeas' you, cook; I only asked a question; and so she said she'd stay.'"

"And what you should have done, and what I'd have done, Aunt Keren," Mrs. Sargent says, in the tone of an amiable instructress of the ignorant, "was to pay her a month's wages and turn her out of the house there and then! Your other servants would have seen you weren't afraid of them, and they'd have been tame enough for a while, I'll engage! Let your servants see you're not afraid of them, and they'll soon learn to be afraid of you. And do you mind what I'm saying, Yolande," she adds, sharply, "it a point to be very undermimous with Mrs. Dallas Glyme, lest she should get 'stuck up' on account of her aristocratic marriage. 'You'll find the wisdom of my words, no matter how grand an establishment you're goin' to keep up!'"

"I am not going to keep up any grand establishment, Aunt Sargent," Yolande says, steadily. "Aunt Keren thinks that I—that we might as well stay here, unless Captain Glyme wishes me to go abroad with him."

This statement sounds simple and creditable enough; but it is not spoken without some curious hesitations; and some still more curious blushes; and, as Mrs. Sargent cannot possibly understand what even such a girlish wife Yolande can find to blush and falter about in speaking of her husband and a possible new home, she grows quite indignant at what she calls "humbug and nonsense."

"Well, but I suppose you know which you are going to do, don't you?" she asks, sharply. "Bless my soul! You sentimental girls think that matrimony is to be all spooning and mooning and soft speeches and romantic rubbish! You'll find out your mistake, my dear," Mrs. Sargent predicts, "you'll find it's house rent, and taxes, and bills, and babies, and worry, and bother, and anxiety, and your husband as cross as two sticks if you don't extra pin money, and staying out at night until two in the morning, and coming home smelling of cigars and brandy, and talking thick—though I'm happy to say Sargent never did that but twice in his life, from the day he was married to the day he died," impolates Mrs. Sargent. "He know I wouldn't stand these games. Oh, you've got it all to learn, my dear!"

"No, I think not," Yolande says, telly, with a red spot flaming on each cheek. "Thanks to you, Aunt Sargent, I have learned it already."

"Oh, that's nothing!" Mrs. Sargent rejoins, with a loud laugh. "It's a hundred times worse than that, Yolande, though, of course, you wouldn't believe a word against your darling What's-his-name now. Wait till you're married a year and a day, my dear, and you will. By the bye, where is your husband, Yolande?"

(To be continued.)

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**THEY CALLED HIM AN "OLD PILL"**

THAT was years ago when he packed a terrible groach, a mighty irritable stomach and a liver that refused to do the things that all good livers should. No wonder, friends, called him an "old pill" and stayed away.

But that was years ago—long before he discovered Beecham's Pills and learned that two at bedtime can bring sunshine into a man's life. Today, he's an optimist, a hero to his wife, and a staunch believer in Beecham's Pills.

The cheer that Beecham's Pills bring into a man's disposition, is the incomparable cheer of sound digestion, active liver, and the regular habits that make good health.

At All Druggists—

**Better Headlighting for Automobiles.**

(Literary Digest.)

How to get better road-illumination, and at the same time eliminate glare, is told by T. M. Falco, automobile lighting specialist, in an article printed in Light (Cleveland). Marked improvement in the situation, he says, would result at once if motorists in general would realize that it is possible to get better road illumination, and at the same time to eliminate objectionable glare by proper adjustment of the majority of headlights now in service, and that the driver who makes the adjustment now, without waiting for others, not only removes the annoyance he is causing every one else, but also protects his own eyes, and his own driving light.

The sooner the idea that headlamp adjustments are made for the benefit of the other fellow can be dispelled, the sooner will the problem receive the attention it demands. He goes on:

"Good headlighting without objectionable glare is obtained by concentrating the rays emitted in all directions from the filament of an automobile headlight lamp into a shallow band of light having a candlepower hundreds of times greater than that of the lamp, directing it straight ahead of the car, and tilting it so that the top edge or cut-off of the beam is at the level of the headlamp. The beam should spread far enough to the sides to illuminate the ditches and turns. A low-intensity, diffused light, sufficient to reveal pedestrians, overhanging obstructions, etc., but not enough to blind approaching drivers, is desirable above the cut-off."

"Many motorists have attempted to follow the brief instructions accompanying their headlights, but, only to find, after several hours, effort, that their headlighting was no better than before. A knowledge of the fundamental principles governing the operation of headlamps will materially assist the motorist in carrying out the real intent of these instructions."

"The most common type of headlighting equipment consists of a highly polished parabolic reflector using a 21-candlepower lamp, gas filled, in a socket which may be moved forward or backward along the reflector axis to compensate for variations in the positioning of the filament in commercial lamps; a cover glass is provided which spreads the beam to either side, and may or may not bend it downward."

"The filament of an automobile lamp must have some size, and it can not, therefore, all be exactly at the focal point. Rays which come from points not reflected exactly parallel to the reflector axis. The farther from the point they happen to be, the more they diverge. Actually, an image of the filament is reflected from every point on the reflector. These filament images increase in size with distance, and at twenty or thirty feet ahead of the car, when the filament is properly placed about the focal point, they overlap and intermingle in such a manner as to produce a fairly uniform intensity over the cross-section of the beam."

"Some means is provided in every headlamp for moving the lamp along the axis of the reflector to compensate for variations in the distance from the filament to the looking glass on the base of the lamp. Provision is rarely made for correcting axial variations, although frequently serious beam distortion may be traced to the fact that the error in placing the socket in the reflector is added to the variation in the positioning of the filament in the lamp. In such cases the lighting may be improved materially by removing the lamp and re-aligning it, or 180°

**7 1/2 teaspoons of butter fat in every can**

**No wonder it gives greater richness to cooking**



When you want to make foods especially rich and fine-flavored you put in plenty of cream or butter, don't you?

They're expensive you know; but they're great enrichers because they contain lots of butter fat. Now you can get milk that is rich in butter fat, milk that must give finer results in your cooking but which is inexpensive to use.

The grocers are featuring it—Libby's Milk. Every 16-oz. can of it contains 7 1/2 teaspoons of pure butter fat!

"The milk that good cooks use"

Good cooks everywhere are using this milk. So many of them, in fact, that in certain localities nearly everyone calls it "the milk that good cooks use."

It isn't ordinary canned milk, of course, nor is it milk from ordinary cows.

There are, as you know, certain sections of this country which are famous for their dairy products, pasture lands where grass grows thick and green in watered valleys and wooded hills give grateful shade.

Cows naturally produce their richest milk where nature and man combine to help them, as in these favored sections.

And you know, too, that certain kinds of cows give richer milk than others.



**Will Death be Abolished?**

The race has grown up through ages of experience with the inbred racial expectation of death. The law of the subconscious mind is suggestion. It is the body building power, the superintendant which accepts without question the orders or impressions handed down by the conscious mind and puts them into execution. We have been handing down the suggestion "You are getting old now, the years have passed and the heart is still alive and beating. The cells are all healthy, show no signs of disease, decay, death. They seem to contain the potency of immortality."

If the heart of a living organism can live indefinitely isolated from the body, under proper protective conditions, it seems to indicate that the principle of old age and death is not inherent to the cell life, but these conditions are introduced without. No tree has ever died because assailed by some death force outside of itself. The human apparently true of the human when we become wiser than we are and learn how to protect ourselves from all ravages from within and to obey the laws of life, calm, mental and spiritual, we will be infinitely more effective lives than we are now.

Dr. Alexis Carrel reported to the French Academy of Medicine in 1913 that he had kept an animal heart, isolated from the body, alive and beating for several months. The members were skeptical and many refused to believe the report. The years have passed and the heart is still alive and beating. The cells are all healthy, show no signs of disease, decay, death. They seem to contain the potency of immortality."

Real Homemade Cake in a variety at the Blue Puttee, or Raisin Cake, Layer Cake and Shortcake with Whip Cream. Delicious with Chocolate, Coffee or Tea.

Now science is showing that there is nothing inherent in the germ cell

to justify old age and death. The deadly fallacy of "Three score years and ten" is being exploded. Modern methods of hygiene have greatly increased the span of the average life. A few mighty souls have lived long past the hundred mark just to show it can be done.

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**SAI**

For 30 YEARS of "Tea Delicacy" Every cup a

Rich Good in Br

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LOAN NOTE EXT LONDON

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**The Importance of Being Pretty**

Many a girl's fortune is determined by her face. A skin which is fresh, smooth and alluring with the radiance of health, predicts a happy future, because this is the greatest of all womanly charms.

Every girl can have a beautiful, attractive skin if she will only learn to give it proper care.

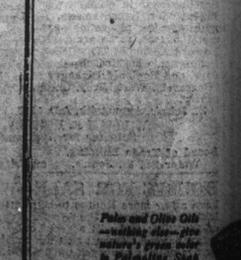
The constant application of cold creams, lotions, powder, and rouge tend to make the skin sluggish and insensitive. Dirt accumulates and blackheads and other blemishes appear.

Thorough cleansing once a day prevents such a condition and keeps the complexion fresh and smooth. Cold Cream is beneficial when applied to a clean skin and rouge and powder are harmless beautifiers—but start fresh every day on a clean foundation. Keep your skin active and it will be clear, fresh, youthful and attractive.

Soap to be thorough, need not be harsh. The mildest toilet soap made is the most thorough of all cleansers, as you will know after you have once tried Palmolive.

You can buy Palmolive Soap at all first-class dealers.

Used the me washing water, containing a 1000 other pr



Many a girl's fortune is determined by her face. A skin which is fresh, smooth and alluring with the radiance of health, predicts a happy future, because this is the greatest of all womanly charms.

Granny used it  
Granny cooked with Windsor.  
Mother used it too.  
Now you've got your own home  
It will be best for you.

**Windsor Table Salt**  
PUREST & BEST

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED