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Spring Valley, Ill.—"For many months I suffered from periodic pain—I doctored with our family physician but received no relief—then I explained my trouble to another doctor and he advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon after taking it I began to notice a change for the better, and after taking six bottles I am in perfect health, and I cannot thank you enough for the relief it has given me."—Miss KATE LAWRENCE, Box 725, Spring Valley, Ill.

School girls and girls who are employed at home or in some occupation should not continue to suffer torture at such times, but profit by the experience of Miss Lawrence and thousands of others who have tried this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found relief from such suffering. If complications exist write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience in advising girls on this subject is at your service.

A Terrible Disclosure

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER XX.
"It—it is a lie!" he cried, pushing Nagle from him—"a lie! Do you think I am a fool to be deceived by such a clumsy trick as that?"

Nagle walked up to the bookshelves, and took down a volume, and opening it at a certain page, pointed to a line in it.

Clifford Revel snatched the book from him, glanced at it for a moment, then, with an oath, let it fall to the ground, and stood dazed and crushed, as if he had received a death-blow.

"You see?" said Nagle. "And now you understand? Revel, it is my turn to offer advice. Lose no time, but leave England to-night. You have been playing with edged tools, and they have turned against you. You are in danger—danger that increases with every hour. Take my advice, and seek safety in flight."

Clifford Revel pointed to the door. "Go!" he said, hoarsely and brokenly. "Leave me to myself!"

Nagle started, and looked at him, and Clifford Revel understood the look, and smiled.

"No, I shall not commit suicide," he said, in a hollow voice that still had a trace of his old, sardonic irony in it. "I will take your advice. All is not lost yet. Go!"

CHAPTER XXI.
"Upon my word, I think you have, all of you, made a great deal of fuss about it," said Lord Edgar, with a laugh. "It isn't half so bad as the other cropper I got when I broke an assortment of limbs. From what the doctors say, I suppose it was concussion of the brain, and, seeing that I haven't any brain to speak of, why, it hasn't mattered much."

A fortnight had elapsed since the accident, and Lord Edgar was seated in an easy-chair in the drawing-room of the villa, a mild—very mild—climatic in his lips, and a glass of barley-water and chablis by his side.

At the window sat the marquise, looking out on to the Badmere course, which had been so nearly fatal to his son.

Lord Edgar wore a black patch on his forehead, where the hair had been cut away, and looked rather thin and pale, but otherwise there did not seem such the matter with him. Of the two, the marquise looked the most absorbed and serious. And for a very good reason. At present, Lord Edgar knew nothing of his false marriage, and Clifford Revel's other villainies; and the marquise was dreading the moment when concealment should be no longer possible.

And that moment was drawing very near.

"I can't quite understand yet how it all happened. The beast must have nerved and flung itself down from sheer ill-temper."

"Very likely," assented the marquise. Lord Edgar sighed. "I must ask Clifford when he comes."

Let the reason be what it may, that slip caused me to lose the race, and, I am afraid, an immense sum of money, sir."

"What does that matter?" said the marquise, shortly, his eyes fixed meditatively on the heath, his thoughts with the poor girl in the next room.

"The suddenness of the fall must have been rather startling," said Lord Edgar. "Thank Heaven, my darling was not there to see it!" and he drew a breath of relief.

The marquise's lips tightened. Should he tell him that Lela was there, and did see it?

Strangely enough, very little had been said between them about Lela. On recovering consciousness, the first thing Lord Edgar knew was that Lela was kneeling beside him, and that his father was standing by the bed, and he took it as a matter of course that his father had now become acquainted with their marriage.

Since that time he had always spoken of Lela as if she had been fairly acknowledged by the marquise, and was not surprised to see that they appeared on excellent terms together. Once or twice, indeed, he had caught the marquise glancing at her, with an expression that was almost one of pity; lover-like, he gave Lela the credit of softening the marquise's heart.

"It is strange Clifford does not come down," said Lord Edgar, slipping his wine, and frowning thoughtfully.

"Yes," said the marquise, between his teeth.

"He used to be able to get leave whenever he wanted it. Can't you write a line to one of the big people at the office?"

"No," said the marquise. "You are emphatic, sir," he said, good-temperedly.

There was a silence for a moment, and Lord Edgar rang the bell.

"Lovel, go to her ladyship's maid, and ask if her mistress is awake yet, and how she is."

Lovel departed, and returned presently.

"My lady is awake, my lord, but has a bad headache, and would like to be left undisturbed, my lord," said Lovel, in a low voice.

Lord Edgar sighed, and a look of vague uneasiness came into his face; he sat silently for a moment, biting his lip and looking at the marquise's calm face, as if he wanted to speak, and at last out it came:

"Father—it was another strange thing that ever since his illness Lord Edgar had called the marquise by the gentler title.

"Well!" said the marquise. "He knew the moment was approaching."

"I—scarcely know how to put it into words; but—but I am uneasy about Lela."

The marquise leaned on his stick, and frowned out at the heath.

"Is she simply knocked up, poor darling, with nursing me, or is it something more serious? Ever since I got out of bed I have not seen her. She keeps me at arm's length, as it were. Surely, she is not dangerously ill."

Rheumatism Entirely Gone. After Twenty-seven Years of Suffering—Swelling and Puffiness Has Disappeared—Not a Pain or an Ache Left.

A most astonishing cure of rheumatism and eczema has been reported here, and Mrs. Ray is enthusiastic in telling her many friends how cure was effected.

Rheumatism and eczema frequently go together, and in this case caused the most keen distress imaginable. All the swelling and puffiness resulting from many years of rheumatism have disappeared, and there is not a pain or an ache left.

Mr. G. H. Ray, R. R. No. 1, Kincardine, Ont., writes: "Mrs. Ray has been using your Kidney-Liver Pills. She was very bad with rheumatism and eczema, and had had that fearful itch for twenty-seven years. It was simply terrible what she suffered. I persuaded her to try \$1.00 worth of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. She is now on the last box, and let me tell you she scarcely knows herself, she is so free from both these diseases. All the swelling and puffiness caused by the rheumatism has gone away, and she has gone down in weight 12½ pounds. She never has an ache nor pain, biliousness nor sick headache all these months. She often says herself 'How glad I am that I know what to do instead of paying doctors so much to make me worse.'"

There is only one way that the poisons in the blood can be cleaned away and the cause of pain and aches removed, and that is by the healthful action of the Kidney, Liver and Bowels. Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and specifically on these organs and insure their activity they remove the cause of rheumatism and other dreadfully painful and fatal diseases. One pill a dose, costs a box, all dealers or Edman, Bates & Co. Limited, Toronto. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy.

Ill, and you are keeping it from me?" The marquise was silent, but shook his head.

"Whatever it is," said Lord Edgar, "you and she must know that, now I have strength to crawl about, I must go to her! What is it you are keeping from me, father? Do you think I have not noticed that you are acting in concert with her? What is the matter with my poor darling?" and he half arose, discovering his weakness in the uncertain movements of his limbs.

"Sit still," said the marquise, in his grave voice. "She is not well enough to see you, and you are not well enough to go to her."

"Send the doctor who is attending her to me," said Lord Edgar, quickly. The marquise bit his lip.

"No doctor is attending her," he said. An impatient sigh burst from Lord Edgar's lips.

"No doctor! And she is so ill that I may not see her! That she cannot come to me! Great heavens, sir, I—"

"Leave the bell alone," said the marquise, rising and hobbling to the door. "I will go and inquire how she is."

He summoned Lela's maid, and begged permission to see Lady Fane, and presently she took him to a sitting-room which Lela had used for her own.

She was sitting by the table, with writing materials before her, but the pen had fallen from her fingers on to the paper and made a great blotch, and that was all. She arose as the marquise entered, and stood white as marble, with her hands clasped together, but outwardly calm.

The marquise was silent for a moment.

"I have come," he said, "because the hour I have been expecting has arrived. Your husband—my son—insists upon seeing you."

A spasm of wistful pain crossed her pale face, and her lips quivered.

"He is, naturally, growing suspicious. I am surprised he has not insisted upon coming to you before this. This morning he said: 'If you were so ill, how would it be possible for you to go to Faneworth the day after to-morrow? What am I to say?'"

And the great marquise, whose name for diplomacy and strategy stood so high, leaned upon his stick, and bit his lip, utterly perplexed and non-plused.

Then Lela spoke.

"I have been thinking"—she had been doing little else, poor child, since the moment she had known the truth—"and I have come to a decision. I must leave this house at once, my lord. I—I have no right here, now that Lord Edgar has recovered."

She said it with such simple innocence and pathos that the marquise's eyes drooped before the anguish in hers.

"No right," she repeated, in her low, rare voice. "When I am gone, you must tell him. He—he will bear it, and will know what to do."

The marquise stood with compressed lips and heavy frown. He had spent a fortnight in the society of the girl whom he had sworn should never be his son's wife, who was not his son's wife yet. He had watched her as she, with a devotion no woman

could have excelled, had nursed the man whom she thought she married—her husband; and, though he had often seen the tears come into her eyes and roll down her cheeks, he had never heard a word or a moan of complaint. She had behaved like an angel, a saint; in her innate purity, she had even refrained from bestowing one kiss or caress, beyond a touch of the hand, on the man whose life she was watching over.

And, thinking of it all, as he stood and looked at her, the marquise's heart melted.

"You will go!" he said. "Where?" She sighed.

"To Germany"—she touched the blotched paper with her finger. "I—I have been trying to write to my grandfather, but I—I cannot! I cannot!" and her lips twitched. "But, if I can find strength to tell him, perhaps he will love me still—he will let me stay with him. You will take Ed—Lord Fane—to Faneworth, my lord? Will you—shall I be asking too much if I ask you to let me know how he—"

she could go no further for the tears, but turned her head aside.

The marquise, for the first time in his life, was guilty of uttering an oath before a lady.

"By Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed—the gout was coming on—"this is too much! I cannot stand it any longer! Child, come with me!"

Lela shrank back as he extended his white hand.

"No, no! I could not bear to say good-by!" she said.

"Come with me, I say!" he said, almost sternly, though his voice shook; and, grasping her arm, he drew it within his own and led her into the room where Lord Edgar sat perplexed and troubled.

"Lela!" he exclaimed, rising and forgetting his weakness. "Are you better?"

He would have crossed the room and taken her in his arms, but that the marquise put up a hand, and stopped him.

"Wait!" he said.

"What do you mean?" demanded Lord Edgar, his face paling—he was still weak. "What is it, Lela? Why do you not come to me?"

For answer she looked at him sadly.

"I will tell you," said the marquise. "Sit down, Edgar. Child you stay by my side."

Edgar sank into the chair, his eyes fixed on Lela anxiously, but glancing now and again at the marquise's haughty face with a half-born fear and doubt that he was about to snatch Lela from him.

"Edgar, the reason the child cannot let you come near her is an all-sufficient one. If it were possible, I would have kept the truth from you until you had regained your strength, but it was not possible. At any rate, I suppose you will be man enough to bear the shock, and to decide on a course of action."

"I can bear anything but suspense where Lela is concerned, sir," said Lord Edgar, with a short breath. "Go on, sir!"

The marquise leaned upon his stick, and looked down at him.

(To be Continued.)

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That very canny person, President Kruger, was once called upon, as King Solomon before him, to pass judgment in a matter of ownership. The case was that of two brothers, who had been left a farm and could not agree as to the division which the Christian Science Monitor had to be made. They agreed that rather than take the matter to the courts, they would let President Kruger decide. President Kruger appears to have hesitated about as little as King Solomon did. He instructed the elder brother to make what he considered a fair division, and then he gave first choice to the younger brother. A solution like Solomon's is considered a fair division, and then he gave first choice to the younger brother. A solution like Solomon's is considered a fair division, and then he gave first choice to the younger brother.

NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor refuses to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.

Our Baseball

PLAGIARISED AND

Just two weeks more to get in shape. Wants hurry up with come. Wanderers, the Cubs are just ready to eat ye up.

PLAYING FROM THE GRANDSTAND

When he boots one round in a circle you yell—"You poor boob, sand on your tracks!"

And whenever he falls to come through in a pinch.

Yes, holler, "Your dome's full of cracks."

It's all very nice when they're getting sad the breaks.

When they handle the ball mighty sweet.

Remember, you fans that this old game of ball isn't played in a grandstand seat.

Looks like a chinch when he camps 'neath a fly.

And you'll yell in disgust if he drops it.

It bobbles a grander you're up in the air.

But you'll cheer like a band if he stops it.

Out on the diamond some day if you want to see how they buzz round your feet.

And then you'll agree that this old game of ball isn't played in a grandstand seat.

I was out there I could hit it a mile!

You say when some better takes three;

And if even the ump misses one by a hair,

You will yell "You poor boob, can't you see?"

Take a tip from a pal, they're all in there to win,

And it's best to be always discreet.

Whether winning or losing, this old game of ball,

Isn't played in a grandstand seat.

Victoria Day.

LET

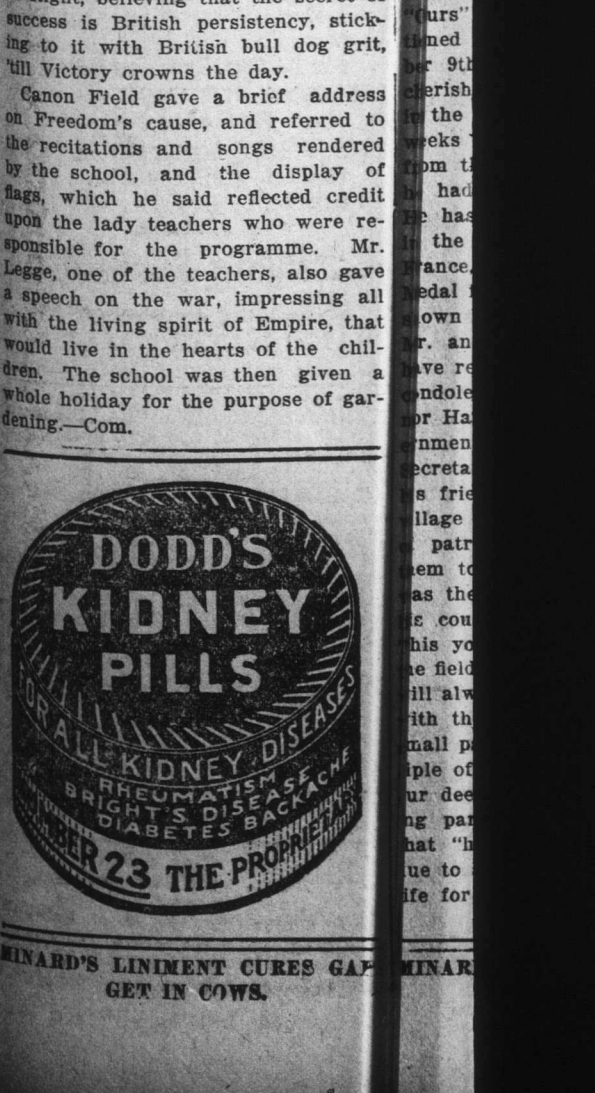
AT SPRINGDALE STREET SCHOOL

The eve of Empire Day, called Victoria Day, was observed at the Springdale Street Commercial School on Thursday, by a report of the patriotic work of the year; inspiring speeches and a programme by the school; and Miss Coker's report showed that one thousand pairs of socks had already been knit by the pupils of the school for the soldiers, and three pupils had knit as high as fifty pairs each. The patriotic collections were also kept up, the school gardening proceeds given to the Halifax Relief Fund, and a medal awarded to John Jones, Commercial Department, who scored highest marks for production and essays on the work accomplished.

The Principal, Mr. P. G. Butler, gave a speech on the Empire, comparing it to an oak tree, with its roots, the colonies, sinking deeper into the soil by the action of reversed seasons, making the Empire stronger like the oak tree, or as a poet says: "Still more majestic shall thou rise, More dreadful from each foreign stroke; As the loud blast that tears the skies, Serves but to root thy native oak."

He also referred to the part each colony is taking in the work and the betrayal of a friend like Russia, the unkindest blow of all, that should only nerve everybody to greater action. Over three hundred old pupils have already volunteered for the war, and many have made the supreme sacrifice. Two "Rolls of Honour" are being prepared and framed in the school, one containing the names of these heroes; and the other the names of the present pupils who have contributed twenty-five cents or more towards the noble object for which the school has worked during the past three years, and for which it will continue to work, however long the war may last, viz. The Triumph of Right, believing that the secret of success is British persistency, sticking to it with British bull dog grit.

Mr. Victory crowns the day, Canon Field gave a brief address on Freedom's cause, and referred to the recitations and songs rendered by the school, and the display of flags, which he said reflected credit upon the lady teachers who were responsible for the programme. Mr. Legge, one of the teachers, also gave a speech on the war, impressing all with the living spirit of Empire, that would live in the hearts of the children. The school was then given a whole holiday for the purpose of gardening.—Com.



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WINDARD'S LINDENT CURES GARDEN GET IN COWS.