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OUTDOORS or in, choose **ML Pure Paints** for your money because they do all any paint can do—and will last longest and be best. The special ingredients used only in **ML Paints** fortifies surfaces they cover against the ills that destroy other paints so quickly. **ML Paints** protect best, cover better, and satisfy. Made of guaranteed pure materials, mixed with 17 years knowledge of paint-making for practical painters.

ML Pure Paints

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And recommended and Sold by all reliable dealers.

Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XX.
(Continued.)

WAIT here a moment. Look at the pictures and—anything else you like; I shall not be long," said Eva; and she went and knocked at the door of the den.

Sir Edward and Sidney Bassington were seated at the table. They had just finished a hand at ecarte. They were both flushed, as if they had been drinking—a couple of champagne bottles, both empty, were on the table—and Sidney was jotting down some memoranda in a gold mounted pocket-book.

He was a very different Bassington to the one we last saw. He had lost the timid, deferential air; and gone forever was the shyness and nervousness which had appealed to Eva on the first dinner at the Hall; and in

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. A. WILKINS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial. This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

their place was a confidence and self-assurance which were a bad exchange for his old modesty and self-depreciation. He had grown stouter, especially in the face—nothing fattens so quickly as champagne—and it was Mr. Sidney Bassington's favorite drink—and he "carried himself," as the French say, with an easy swagger which accentuated his lack of breeding.

"That's two-fifty since the last account, Rashleigh," he said, looking up from his pocket-book. "With

Canadian Bear's Grease
Is unequalled to promote the growth of the hair.

BEARINE

Delicately perfumed, it is supplied so as not to become rancid or stale.

50c. per Jar.
Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

the loan, that makes four thousand, six hundred, doesn't it?"

Rashleigh nodded.

"Daresy you're right, Bassington," he said. "You're a better hand at figures than I am. What devilish bad luck I get! I haven't won a tenner from you for a whole week. Never mind, my luck will change—it must. Hallo! Hush! There's someone at the door! It must be my sister. The cards—quick, man!"

They slid the cards under the cloth they had become adepts at this operation by this time—and Sir Edward sauntered to the door and opened it.

"Hallo, Eva, is that you?" he said, with an assumption of ease. "Bassington and I are having a drink after our labours. We have been doing a bit of horse-dealing—What is the matter? You look as grave as a judge?"

Eva had bowed rather coldly to Sidney Bassington, who stood, with one hand in his pocket, by the table.

"Such a strange thing!" she began. "I met a boy—a mere boy—who had just come from Australia. He had been robbed of nearly all he possessed—four hundred pounds! And he's such a nice, good-looking boy, Edward. And I've been to the police-station, and Mr. Stebbings can't help us, and I've brought him on here—"

"Mr. Stebbings?" asked Sir Edward, reaching for a cigarette.

"No, no—the boy. His name is Bell—Ronald Bell—and he hasn't a friend in England—he is quite a stranger, and helpless—"

She paused for lack of breath; and Sidney Bassington, who had been regarding her with a bold and scarcely veiled admiration, cut in with a sneer:

"A fit subject for the workhouse or a lunatic asylum, I should say, Miss Rashleigh."

Eva winced, and seemed to shrink

into herself before the heartless, cynical interruption.

"Oh, no!" she said in a low voice. "He—he is not an impostor—that is what you mean, isn't it, Mr. Bassington? He is quite a simple, honest-minded boy—quite a boy and I thought you might help him, Edward."

Sir Edward smiled at her in his easy-going fashion.

"Eh? How the deuce can I help him? Most likely it's a plant, a plant of the greenest description."

"Just so. I agree with Sir Edward, Miss Rashleigh," cut in Sidney Bassington. "I'm afraid you have been imposed upon. It's quite a common kind of trick, a sort of confidence dodge. Better send him to the workhouse or the county gaol; they'll know how to deal with him."

Eva turned upon him with an indignation which was rare with her.

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Bassington," she said, her beautiful eyes flashing. "The boy is—is honest and true. I am sure of it; and I believe every word he says."

"Well, all right, Eva," said Sir Edward. "Where is he? Let's have a look at him."

"He's in the hall," said Eva.

"Cottie was not only in the hall, but near the door, which Eva had unwittingly left ajar, and she had heard every word with her quick ears: the girl could have heard a pin drop in the middle of a thunder-storm. Eva went out to her and saw her standing before a picture with her face scarlet and her eyes flashing.

"Will you come and see my brother, Sir Edward?" said Eva.

"No, thanks; I don't want to," said Cottie, resentfully. "He wanted to

send me to—where was it?—the workhouse or to prison—"

"No, no; that was not my brother; that was another gentleman—a friend—Mr. Bassington. Oh, I'm so sorry you heard! But come with me. I am sure they will believe, trust you, when they see you. Oh, please come, there's a good boy!"

Cottie followed her reluctantly, and as she entered the room, looked at two young men who were leaning against the mantel-shelf.

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ward unflinchingly; her shoulder was turned to Sidney.

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"How do you do? So you've been in trouble, youngster, eh?"

(To be Continued.)

Liver and Stomach Wrong. Indigestion, Bad Color, Pale, Fatigued. Those oppressed by Palpitation and Heart Pains will find interesting Facts in this Article.

The following letter is printed with the hope that it will show a clear road to health to those who suffer the pangs of indigestion and weak stomach.

"I am anxious to send the message of hope far and wide to all who are in poor health, as I was a year ago," writes Mrs. Ernest P. Gomez, from Meriden. "For years I have had a weak stomach and have experienced all the distress caused by indigestion. I may say that the heart pains, watery risings, pressure of gas from fermentation at times almost drove me wild. For a time I could scarcely eat a mouthful without causing myself endless misery; I could not sleep well, my color was fearful, dark circles under my eyes, bad dreams, etc.

"As a last hope I was persuaded to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. As I persevered with this treatment my appetite gradually returned, and I began to relish my meals. My strength slowly returned, the headache and chest pains grew less severe, and at last I began to look my old self again. Dr. Hamilton's Pills cured me, and I use them occasionally still because I find as a system regulator and health-supporter no medicine is equal to them."

The same medicine that so wonderfully restored Mrs. Gomez will also cure you, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00. Beware of substitutes. By mail from the Cattarhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

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Chest Inflammation. Suffered From a Heavy Cold—Pleuritic Pains in Side—Constant Coughing.

"NERVILINE" CURED QUICKLY.

"Anyone that goes through all that I suffered last winter will appreciate the value of a remedy that cures like Nerviline cured me." These are the opening words of the solemn declaration of E. P. Von Hayden, the well-known violinist of Middleton. "My work kept me out late at night, and playing in cold drafty places brought on a severe cold that settled on my chest. I had a harsh racking cough and severe pains darted through my sides and settled in my shoulders. I used different liniments but none broke up my cold till I used Nerviline. I rubbed it on my neck, chest and shoulders, morning and night, and all the pain disappeared. Realizing that such a heavy cold had run down my system, I took Ferruzone at meals, and was completely built up and strengthened. Since using Nerviline I have no more colds or pleurisy, and enjoy perfect health."

It's because Nerviline contains the purest and most healing essences and medicinal principles, because it has the power of sinking through the pores to the kernel of the pain—these are the reasons why it breaks up colds, cures lumbago, stiffness, neuralgia, sciatica and rheumatism. Refuse any substitute your dealer may suggest—insist on Nerviline only. Large 25c. bottles, five for \$1.00. Sold everywhere, or The Cattarhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Italian Wanted for Murder in Maine, is Arrested in Canada.

St. Marie, March 22.—Gleuseppe Stefani was arrested at the Canadian Soo to-day on the charge of having murdered Angus Grant in a saloon at Millinocket, Me., two years ago. It is said he made a full confession.

Bangor, March 22.—The police of Bangor and Millinocket have been looking for Gleuseppe Stefani since Oct. 27, 1907, when he shot and killed Angus Grant in the shack of Fred Pelucet in that part of Millinocket known as Little Italy, but never got trace of him.

Both men were laborers in the employ of the Great Northern Paper Company at Millinocket, and Sunday, Oct. 27, 1907, Grant and two companions went over to Little Italy searching for liquor.

Stefani volunteered to show Grant where liquor could be found. They had some drinks at Pelucet's, and then Grant said he wanted to buy a gallon of whisky. That quantity of liquor was not to be had at the shack, but Stefani volunteered to go and get it, and started out, Grant at his heels.

Stefani turned and asked Grant why he was following, and a quarrel ensued. Suddenly Stefani, so witnesses say, turned and shot Grant through the head. Stefani disappeared and no trace has since been found of him, although the whole of the northern country was searched for weeks. Stefani has worked in Millinocket for seven years and was known as a bad man. He left there a wife, child, mother and sister. Grant left a wife and child.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DAN-DRUFF.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Peers Who Would Rather be Commoners.

"Oh, Johnny, you'll find it mighty dull here!" was the veteran Lord Brougham's greeting to Lord John Russell, when that eminent statesman was promoted from the storm and stress of the Commons to the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords. And so true was Lord Brougham's gloomy prediction that Earl Russell declared, not long before his death, that he had been as good as dead for sixteen years—ever since he made his last speech in the Lower Chamber. "If I hadn't been a fool," he added, "I should have lived and died a commoner."

On the very day on which the late Earl of Shaftesbury took his seat in the House of Lords, after many years' experience of the Commons, he wrote in his diary: "It seems no place for me. A 'statue gallery'; some say a 'dormitory.' Full half a dozen peers said to me, within as many minutes, 'You'll find this a very different place from the House of Commons. We have no orders, no rules, no sympathies to be stirred!' Shall I ever be able to do anything? But God has willed it, and I must, by His grace, do my duty."

Warning Nova Zembla.

His lordship's foreboding were amply justified; for, a little later, he wrote, "One of the most striking effects to me, on removal from the House of Commons, is my absolute ignorance of the political movements, thoughts and facts of the day. Everything of importance revolves round the centre of the Commons' House. Unless you be there to see it, hear it, feel it, you get it at second-hand, and then only half."

A few days later he wrote, "The difficulties of the House of Lords seem to thicken as I survey them. Everything must be done between five and half-past six, or you will have no auditory; consequently there is an unseemly scramble for the precedence, and a terrible impatience after you have got it."

Only once the earl, who had cut quite a notable figure in the Commons, succeeded in rousing his fellow-peers from their lethargy. One of his speeches actually stirred them to applause; and in his surprise and delight Lord Shaftesbury wrote, "My surprise knew no bounds; I had warned Nova Zembla!"

Even Beaconsfield found his vast energies paralysed in the sleepy atmosphere of the Upper Chamber. To a friend who congratulated him on his elevation to an earldom he said, with a pathetic smile, "Yes, but political extinction is rather a heavy price to pay even for an earl's coronet. Do you know," he continued, placing his hand impressively on his friend's shoulder, "I would barter all the coronets in the world for ten years more of the fierce delights of the Commons."

All House of Commons Men.

And the late Lord Salisbury's opinion was precisely the same. "I had fifteen years in the Commons," the great statesman once declared, "towards the end of his life, and every year of them was worth all the long years I have spent in the other place." And such instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely. "Indeed," as a noble Duke said in the recent election campaign, "it is no exaggeration to say that there are a hundred men in the present House of Lords who would gladly sacrifice some of their dignities for the privilege of exchanging the sleepy air of their own Chamber for the vital atmosphere of the House of Commons."

And, after all, it is quite intelligible that a noble legislator who has not outlived his enthusiasms should thus sigh for the arena of the other House, where his talents could at least have full play.

In a Chamber where, as a rule, no business is done until half-past four, and frequently ends within half an hour; where the audience consists of a few languid and bored peers, sprinkled over a desert of empty benches; and where the most eloquent oration has no warmer greeting than a faint laugh or a murmured "Hear, hear!" Pitt himself would have lost heart, and the eloquent tongues of Burke and Sheridan would have soon lost their magic.

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Cured His Rheumatism In Three Weeks.

James LeB. Johnstone, a prominent member of the Citizen's Band, of Chatham, writes:

"I contracted Rheumatism by exposure five years ago, and was ailing for two months and in great pain all the time. I got Father Morriscy's No. 7 Tablets and took them for about three weeks, when the Rheumatism all left me and I have had no return of the pain since."

Father Morriscy's "No. 7" Tablets have cured thousands of this terribly painful disease.

Rheumatism is generally brought on by exposure, but is really caused by Uric Acid in the blood. This Uric Acid is an irritating poison, formed from the waste matter of the body. The kidneys should remove it, but when they fail it poisons the blood, and, settling in the joints, causes Rheumatism.

"No. 7" Tablets clear out the clogged-up Kidneys and stimulate them to perform their task of filtering the Uric Acid out of the blood. When this is done the Rheumatism simply and naturally vanishes.

"No. 7" Tablets cost 50c. At your dealer's. 28

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. Chatham, N.B.

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For Parlor, Church and School.

LARGE STOCKS TO CHOOSE FROM.

Terms arranged to suit customers.

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BEAVER FLOUR

is a blend of Ontario Fall Wheat and Manitoba Spring Wheat.

It is thus a "Bread" Flour and a "Pastry" Flour.

Best for either. Best for both.

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Gossage's Soaps

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