

Was so ill couldn't even sweep the floor.

Now, thanks to Carnol, she can work sixteen hours a day without fatigue.

Here's her story: "When a young girl I was knocked down by a horse and trap in London, England. I was kicked in my side and head. In later years I always had a cramped feeling in my left side if I sat too long. Five days out of seven I was never well. I underwent an operation and my doctor told me that my bottom rib was growing up over the other and caused my back to be one mass of inflammation and lambo. He also said that my kidneys were affected. Even sweeping gave me pain. My operation took place in Brazil, South America. After my operation I had a nervous breakdown with insomnia. One time I didn't sleep for three months day or night. My doctor advised me to go home to England for a change. I stayed in England only a short time, but couldn't sleep. I then came to Canada. I have been here two and a half years and have been laid up now and again. I have also been great sufferer from ulcers in the mouth due to stomach and my food has given me trouble. One night my husband brought home a bottle of Carnol and I still

take it. I can honestly say now that the ulcers are gone. Your great tonic Carnol has been my salvation, for I can now work with anyone. I cook and care for fourteen, nine men, four children and myself, so that's a good proof that I am feeling all right. All my friends are telling me that I am feeling well. I can work from five o'clock in the morning till nine and ten at night. My friends here in Timmins say, 'Don't you find it very hard work?' I say, 'Oh, no, I take my Carnol and that helps me.' I find the days all too short, I wake up in the morning fresh, and sleep as sound as a bell. It would take too much of your time to tell you how I have suffered. It was nothing for me to be taken like one dying, from my tongue to my feet. I could just feel my heart beating. My husband or anyone near me had to rub me until I could feel life return to my side. This seems to be a great cure for ulcers in the mouth. I am thankful to think I have come to Canada to find so valuable a tonic as Carnol."—Mrs. J. Drew, P.O. Box 306, Timmins, Ont. 7-24

LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER —OR— THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I will never marry you," she interrupted, with more spirit than he had ever dreamed she possessed. "I will never marry you! I detest you! You are an evil-minded, spiteful old man, and I am not afraid of you in the east. Only a coward would threaten and bully a defenseless woman. I cannot help what my grandfather has promised you, but I am not to be disposed to like a horse or a sheep."

"My poor, silly girl," said Mr. Marlowe, "I do not wish to be unkind, but before we put this matter before Esther, let me inform you that if you persist in this mad course you jeopardize your grandfather's liberty. One word from me is sufficient to consign him to a prison. In addition to that, the very house he lives in is mine. I need not explain to you the nature of his crime, but a term of years is attached to it. Esther Marsh will tell you that this is true; indeed, I am not sure that he would escape with her imprisonment."

"I do not believe you," pouted Dora. "You hint at murder."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Nevertheless, what I tell you is as true as gospel. In addition to this, I know all about you, and you should consider yourself highly honored when I offer to marry you—to lift you from infamy to respectability."

"I hate you worse than ever for this!" she said, steadily. "And I repeat that I will never marry you! I care not what your power is, you had, wicked man."

He stood aside now to let her pass, a little doubtful whether his actions had been wise or not.

"Half-an-hour with Esther will bring her to her senses," he muttered. "And if she still persists in refusing me, I will take other and more desperate measures. I will not lose her—no—by Heaven! I must get!"

Dora went direct to Esther, her heart filled with a whirl of indignation.

"Esther," she said, "I desire you to answer me a few questions. You will please do so without prevarication."

The housekeeper turned upon her a cold, surprised stare.

"Since when do you command me?" she asked, harshly. "What has come over you, child?"

"I am a child no longer, Esther Marsh," retorted Dora. "And no longer will I be treated as such!"

"This is a touch of her aristocratic father," thought the old woman, grimly, "but it will soon die out."

"I have been grossly insulted by the creature who calls himself Mr. Richard Marlowe. I have been taunted with being of infamous birth; I have been told that my grandfather is a criminal, hiding from justice—from death—and that, unless I marry this man, he will even claim the roof that shelters us. What have you to say to this, Esther Marsh?"

"I have only to say that it is all true," replied the housekeeper, her face as pale as ashes. "And now let me ask you why Mr. Marlowe has told you these things?"

"Because I have refused to marry

him, and I still refuse. I defy him, for I do not believe that my grandfather is guilty of any crime. I will not be made a party to any shallow conspiracy. I defy him, and Esther Marsh, I defy you! Your dark looks have no longer any terror for me. I have help where you little dream that it is to be found!"

She walked away, trembling at her own boldness. The whole torrent of her words had completely bewildered the housekeeper. More than one of her shots had told, but she dared not longer remain lest she break down.

She went to her bedroom to think, and from the window saw Marlowe slowly pacing to and fro in the garden walk, an expression upon his face that sent a thrill of fear into her heart, and she found herself shivering as though afflicted by the ague.

For half-an-hour he paced to and fro then turned his steps toward the house, and for a long time was engaged in earnest conversation with Esther Marsh.

When he left it was nearly dark, but as he passed the sitting-room window the glow from the table lamp fell upon his oily face, and it was distorted to one of animal ferocity.

It was now that an awful feeling of dread and desolation crept over Dora. She believed that both Marlowe and Esther were capable of any evil deed, to force her into the power of the man she now loathed.

Impressed with this idea, she dared not partake of the food that was set before her lest it were drugged, and shivered under the baleful eyes of the housekeeper, who now knew of her meeting with Edmund Lockley.

At an early hour she kissed her grandfather good-night, and then rapidly formed her plans to leave the house in the first—perhaps forever.

If she could leave without being seen, she could walk to Deal, and from thence to London. The discovery of her flight would not be made until the next morning and not then until a late hour, for Esther dearly loved her bed.

At eleven the house was hushed, and at twelve Dora crept softly downstairs, a small parcel of clothing in one hand.

With bated breath she passed Esther's door, then paused to listen, every creak of the stairs sounding a had arrived by an early train.

At last the door was opened, closed gently behind her, and she was flying into the night!

In her terror of Esther—in her terror of being followed, she forgot the loneliness and the darkness of the way and pressed on, never faltering until the lights of Deal shone out toward her like beacons of hope.

At this strange hour, how could she hope for any one to take her in? The hotels were closed and none would care to take pity on a lonely woman now!

As Dora had braved so much, her mind was quickly resolved. She would spend the night on the shore—she would hide behind the ruins of Sandown Castle until morning, and then find a hotel, representing that she had arrived by an early train.

This plan answered admirably, and she felt little inconvenience by exposure, for the night was beautifully warm.

Very early in the morning she saw the beach dotted with bathers, both male and female, and she escaped notice in the crowd. Very few people make a careful toilet at the seaside.

At eight o'clock she went to the telegraph office, having hired a room at the Marine Hotel, and, with a fluttering heart wired a message to her lover. Oh! how soon would it deliver her from her enemies! She had no knowledge of the power of the law, and evaded a policeman as she would the pestilence.

Perhaps her description had already been given to the police! Perhaps Mr. Marlowe would seize her, vested with authority from her grandfather—from Esther.

She went to her room at the Marine Hotel and waited, starting in terror at the sound of every footstep on the pavement below.

At last there was a knock on the door. It sounded like the booming of a cannon. She clutched at her heart, and her limbs were helpless. She could not move. The enemy had found her! No, a pink envelope was thrust under the door. It was a telegram—a telegram that told her that her lover was coming to her rescue.

WORKING GIRL'S EXPERIENCE

Read how She Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Amprior, Ontario. "I must write and tell you my experience with your medicine. I was working at the factory for three years and became so run-down that I used to take weak spells and would be at home at least one day each week. I was treated by the doctors for anemia, but it didn't seem to do me any good. I was told to take a rest, but was unable to, and kept on getting worse. I was troubled mostly with my periods. I would sometimes pass three months, and when it came it would last around two weeks, and I would have such pains at times in my right side that I could hardly walk. I am only 19 years of age and weigh 115 pounds now, and before taking the Vegetable Compound I was only 105 pounds. I was sickly for two years and some of my friends told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken a bottle of it I felt a change. My mother has been taking it for a different ailment and has found it very satisfactory. I am willing to tell friends about the medicine if it is for a different ailment than mine."—Miss HAZEL BERNETT, Box 700, Amprior, Ontario.

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felt that she could defy the world. It was like a draught of warm wine to a starving body. It had invigorated heart and brain, and she now looked bravely out upon the street below her window, she heard the tramp of feet without fear, and there was music in the laughter of the gayly-attired holiday-makers on the beach.

Eleven o'clock was chimed from the bell of a distant church, and she murmured almost rapturously:

"He will be here before noon!"

Oh, what a joyous thrill pulsed through every artery of her being! How she loved this man whom she had known but a few short days! What limitless confidence she had in his every action, his every word!

For a little while she amused herself by looking at the few trifles that she had been careful to bring away with her. They had all belonged to her mother, and not even Esther had ever denied her right to them. A necklace of pearls, a tiny gold brooch, and a watch of exquisite workmanship. In the case of the watch was inscribed the name of "Dora." It had been her mother's name, and the jewelry had been given to her by her husband.

(To be continued.)

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

HOMESICKNESS.

To be at peace, I need a certain street. Lined with grown-common and familiar things; 'Tis not enough that every song bird sings. And every happy melody is sweet, I want the one bird I have learned to meet.

Whose nest within my sheltering maple swings, I want the doorway where young laughter rings. And two glad children dance about my feet.

I may be selfish, but I want my own! My people, and my little bed of down. Skies have small beauty where I stand alone.

There is no joy in strange, rich-colored hours; No matter where I wander, I can find No spot so fair as that I left behind.

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- Girl's School Dresses.** Pretty little tub frocks of fast colour gingham. Children love them because of their bright freshness, always crisp and dainty; a complete assortment of sizes in a wide range of styles; 2 to 14 years. **Each, \$1.75 and \$1.98**
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