

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

Mothers Advise Their Daughters to Rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Keep Them in Health

A Mother's Advice Restores Mrs. Hall to Health

Lindsay, Ontario.—"I had very poor blood and was bothered with pains in my side and back. I took kidney medicine for a while without success. I got pale, weak and nervous. My mother, who has used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a number of years with very good results, advised me to take it and I did. It did me worlds of good. I have gained twenty pounds and have not felt so well for a long time. You may use this letter as a testimonial to help others if you think it worth it."—Mrs. MARY E. HALL, R. R. 5, Lindsay, Ontario.

A Sickly Child

Mahoningtown, Pa.—"I would like to say a few words about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About a year ago I thought it would be necessary for me to take my daughter out of school. She was losing weight, was nervous, and when she would come home from school she would drop into a chair and cry, and say, 'Mamma, I don't believe I can go to school another day!' I

gave her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now she is a healthy, happy, hearty, strong girl and weighs 120 pounds. She has no difficulty in doing her 'gram' work, and she works at home every night and morning, too. I am a mother who can certainly praise your medicine, and if it will be of any benefit you may use this letter as a reference."—Mrs. GEORGE E. WERTACAN, 621 W. Madison Avenue, Mahoningtown, Pa.

Every girl wants to be healthy and strong, and every mother wants her daughter to do well in school and to enjoy herself at all times.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for young girls just entering womanhood. Mothers may depend upon it. Remember it is prepared from roots and herbs, contains nothing that can injure, and tends to tone up and strengthen the organs concerned, so that they will work in a healthy and normal manner.

For nearly fifty years it has been used by women of all ages, and these women know its great value. Let it help your daughter and yourself.

At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER I.

She remembered a fair, summer day, when she, with her mother, was sitting on the lawn, and the Squire came to them, full of eager interest in some news he had just heard. Wynchoombe Hall had been purchased by a French lady, a widow, Madame de Ferras, who had been exiled from France for political reasons. She had purchased the Wynchoombe property, and had named the Hall "Beaulieu." It was reported that she had one daughter, and was possessed of ample means.

"That will be very nice for Dolores," Mrs. Clifden had said. "I have often wished that she had a playmate!" and the gentle lady was highly delighted with the prospect.

Dolores could remember how, as her parents discussed the new comers, she wondered in her childish mind what this playmate would be like, never dreaming that on that day a new element would be brought into her life which would mar and blight it.

She recalled one day when they went together—the Squire, her mother, and herself—to visit Madame de Ferras. Dolores remembered the stately and handsome matron with her courtly, polished manner, and the startling, vivid beauty of her daughter Lola. Before her dusky beauty the complexion of English girls looked pale and delicate; for Lola de Ferras was gifted with unusual loveliness. She was three years older than Dolores; and there was every reason to believe that they would be great friends. Madame de Ferras was delighted with her visitors, she made friends at once with fair and gentle Mrs. Clifden, who was full of admiration for her, and charmed with Dolores.

"Why have they given you so sad a name when you have so bright a face?" she asked. "Dolores means sorrow. Surely life will not be sorrowful for you?"

When she asked the question she looked at the mother; but the Squire—the only one who could have answered it—turned away his head.

"Come and make friends with my daughter Lola," said Madame, and Dolores remembered how they went out through the open French window to where the dark-haired, slender girl stood. "My dear children, you must love each other and be friends," said Madame, in her pretty, broken English.

Then the two who were to be mortal enemies, who were to hate each other, touched hands and lips without the least knowledge of the future which was in store for them.

The first thought of the French girl was—

"How faded she must look near me!"

The first thought of the English girl was that Lola de Ferras was beautiful after the fashion of the pictures which hung in the gallery at Deeping Hurst.

Madame left them to entertain each other, little dreaming that she had brought together the two who, of all the world, ought never to have known each other.

Then followed other peaceful years, during which there was a constant exchange of visits between the occupants of Beaulieu and White Cliffe. Child as she was, Dolores, with her delicate, refined instinct, did not quite like Lola. The young French lady was very vain; and there was nothing that she delighted in so much as comparing herself with Dolores.

"You English girls are all so fair," she would say, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "You yourself, little Dolores, are like a snowdrop—so white. I like plenty of color, such as I have myself."

Then she would draw the golden hair through her brown fingers and laugh at the color and fineness.

"They call this golden in England,"

she would say. "I call it the color of straw." It was the same with everything; she would surpass Dolores where she could—in music, in dancing, in singing, in riding—and those pursuits in which she could not excel she abandoned at once. Dolores had the correct eye of an artist; she could sketch magnificently, and painted well. Lola laughed at her cleverness in these respects.

"If you could be a painter like Ary Scheffer or Rosa Bonheur now! But these attempts—I would never make them!" she would cry, when Dolores's skill was admired.

In music they were rivals. Dolores had a sweet, clear, soprano voice, well-trained, true, and flexible, Lola a melodious, low contralto. There was no comparison, she was always telling Dolores, between the two. Dolores had her own opinion, but did not care enough about the matter to express it. Dolores had a dreamy, poetical, artistic nature, ideal and romantic. Lola was practical, worldly, and matter-of-fact.

"I wonder," Lola would say, "when we grow up, which of us will be most beautiful or most admired? Shall we have many lovers, and which of us will be married first? I should think that I shall; my style is so much rarer than your. All the girls in England seem to have fair hair and blue eyes; few are dark like I am."

So it went on through the long stretch of years. The next great break was when Lola de Ferras went to Germany to school, and fair, gentle Mrs. Clifden died, quietly and sweetly, as she had lived. She was greatly missed and mourned for by her daughter. No one knew what the Squire felt; he must have regretted her, for she had been a good wife to him. Her death made Dolores mistress of White Cliffe. She was still very young, but the Squire said she knew as much as most people, and she could complete her education by reading with him.

A few years later Lola returned from Germany; and then the real rivalry of life began between the two girls. They were both beautiful. Dolores looked like a study by Greuze, Lola like a picture by Velasquez or Titian. Dolores was the type of fair, English loveliness, Lola of dark, luxuriant beauty.

(To be continued.)

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXI.

The next morning the hall bore a strong likeness to an old curiosity shop. Huge boxes covered with buffalo-hide yawned open, and their contents were spread and littered about on floor and stair and every available chair.

He had brought presents for everybody—lion and tiger-skins, elephants' tusks, little nuggets of virgin gold, old Dutch pottery bought of the Boers, ostrich feathers, assegais and Zulu shields of raw-hide, trinkets that had adorned duk Kadir beauties; and laughingly, admiringly, wonderingly, the two women got surrounded and hemmed in by the miscellaneous collection, listening to the story which Royce had to tell respecting each.

At last the countess declared that she could not have the litter any longer, and two footmen staggered up to Royce's room with it. When they had gone, and Royce and Irene were alone, he looked round cautiously, drew a skin aside, and revealed a plain wooden box.

"Here's something I want to show you alone," he said. "Kneel down, so that if mother comes I can cover it up again."

Irene laughingly knelt down, and he meekly took advantage of her position to kiss her.

"What is it?" she asked. "Something very awful and mysterious?" "You shall see," he said. "But wait," and he paused in unlocking it. "Aboard the steamer coming home was a most entertaining man. He was, as an American fellow-passenger remarked, a truly 'amostous cuss'—"

"Royce!" "—Full of anecdotes and jokes. Been everywhere, knew everybody, yet nobody seemed to know him. We used to try and guess who and what he was every evening after he had left the smoking-saloon—he used to trot off early—but none of us could do all satisfactorily. Well, the day before we reached England we stopped

Children Cry for



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MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants and Children all ages.

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ed the riddle. He was telling us a story. He said a man had sent for him the day before we sailed. The man was dying of fever, and wanted Mr. Bird—that was the passenger's name—to take charge of a box for him. Bird consented, and after the man was dead opened the box. There was nothing among the contents to guide him toward the owners, and he was bringing it to England to get it identified. He was a detective, and the man who gave him the box confessed that he had stolen it from a mate who had died in the bush.

"But why—why did he, this Mr. Bird—give it to you?" asked Irene, with wide-open eyes.

"Because—well, there's the answer," said Royce, and he opened the box. Irene uttered a little scream.

"The Landon jewels! Oh, Royce!" "Exactly," he said, coolly, though enjoying her amazement and delight. "The man who died in the bush was—Jake. Who the other man was we shall never know; but there they are, dearest."

"And here they must remain, Royce," she whispered. "If she saw them, they would recall—" He took her face in both his hands and kissed her on the lips. Then he locked the box and gave her the key.

"They will be yours some day, dearest," he said.

"Oh, not for a very, very long day, Royce," she murmured, piteously. "No jewels could be so precious to me as she is. And while our mother lives they shall lie in their dark little box if they were still lost."

And that is why, when Irene became Countess of Landon, she did not wear the famous Landon diamonds till many years after the old countess had passed to her rest.

One day, some six years later, Lord Rochester arrived at Monk Towers on a visit to his old friend Royce and the Countess Irene. As he got out of the carriage a boy and girl ran down the steps to meet him.

"Well, little ones," he said, as he shook hands with the boy, and took the girl in his arms and kissed her; "so you know who I am, eh?"

"Yes; 'oo's 'Ord 'Ochester," she lisped.

"Right," he said, stroking her golden curls with his white hand. "And what is your name?"

"Madge," she replied.

His hand stopped, and his handsome face became suddenly grave.

"Don't 'oo like it?" she asked, knitting her brows at him with surprise. "I 'ink it's a pooty name. I'm called after Auntie Madge, who died ever so long ago. We put flowers on her grave ev'ry Tuesday morning. I'll show it to 'oo if you like, and 'oo can put some flowers on, too."

He nodded, his lips tightly compressed.

"I'm trying to grow up like her," said the child, with a 'serious' nod. "Mamma says that if I'm like Auntie Madge, everybody will love me. Will 'oo love me?"

He nodded again. He could not speak.

"Everybody loved Auntie Madge—papa, mamma, ev'body. There was never anybody so good as she was. Did 'oo love her, 'Ord 'Ochester?"

"Yes," he said, so huskily that the child was almost frightened.

"Mamma," she called, "here is 'Ord 'Ochester! I like him. But why does he look as if he was going to cry when I tell him about Auntie Madge?"

THE END.



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New Lignite Process May Lower Coal Bills

Lignite is transformed into a fuel claimed to possess the heating qualities of anthracite coal by a new oven, perfected by the United States Bureau of Mines.

Lignite—primeval wood prevented from becoming coal by the excess of water in the earth surrounding it—underlies great areas of the Northwest. The Bureau estimates the cost of producing it at \$3.17 a ton.

The oven is essentially a vertical shaft with a top opening through which the raw lignite is supplied. Carbonization is effected by maintaining a combustion zone in the middle of the shaft and passing the lignite through it slowly enough to maintain a state of bare combustion. This is accomplished by supplying air under slight pressure. Varying air pressure and the rate at which the carbonized fuel is discharged regulate the degree of carbonization.

The carbonized lignite is in the form of char, which usually must be briquetted. A ton of lignite yields 42 per cent char.

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Giant Planets Now in View

(By Isobel M. Lewis, of the U.S. Naval Observatory.)

The two largest planets of the solar system, Jupiter and Saturn, are now in fine position for observation in the evening.

Saturn will be found nearly due south at 8 o'clock in the evening in the constellation of Virgo, The Maiden. It is yellowish in color and about twice as bright as the white, first magnitude star Spica, the brightest star in Virgo, lying a little to the west of it.

Jupiter is just appearing above the southeastern horizon at this time, and is by far the brightest object in view, now that Venus is drawing in toward the sun and setting earlier in the evening. On the date of its opposition with the sun, June 11, Jupiter will be on the meridian at midnight and will be visible throughout the night.

If it were possible to take the stuff of which these two huge worlds are made and fashion them into many balls the same size as the earth, 1,300 earth-globes could be made out of Jupiter and 760 out of Saturn, not counting the material that exists in Saturn's rings. This would be by no means a negligible quantity, for though the rings are mere sheets, scarcely one hundred miles in thickness, their width is enormous. The inner dusky ring is nearly eleven thousand miles wide.

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