

When— The Stomach is Sick The Liver Sluggish The Bowels Clogged The Blood Impure The Skin Sallow Then— It's Time to Take That grand, old, time-tested remedy— BEECHAM'S PILLS

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER VI. LOYD-MOSTYN'S REVENGE. HOW proud she was of the magnificent man beside her! She was proud of his appearance, proud of his name, proud of his breeding, and of his standing in the Old World where she was some day to meet his friends, and then she was aware of a curious sensation.

"Think what you are doing, Eric! she cried excitedly. 'The man is a lunatic!' 'I am not a lunatic!' exclaimed the stranger. 'That man is Eric Childes, the brother of Harold Childes, who was hanged in Wheeling, Virginia, for the murder of my brother, Ralph Breakenridge. That man was accused of being accomplice—a crime of which he could not prove himself innocent. If you doubt my word, ask Lillford Loyd Mostyn here. He knows it all the truth.'

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Lindsay, Ont.—'I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I wrote to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the female organs, and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend this medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and think they are fine.'

CHAPTER VII. VIRGINIA'S ORDEAL. DEVEREUX begs that you will receive him, madam. 'The Duchess sat up in bed, her long hair falling about her in great loose curls, like those of a child; her wild frightened eyes gazing about her as though in an endeavour to discover some escape from the hideous position in which she found herself placed.

'Where is he?' she whispered, her teeth clicked over the question, her face ghastly in its pallor. 'In the library, madam.' 'Did he wish to come—here?' 'He did not say so. Oh, madam, surely he deserves some pity. I beg that you will forgive me for taking the liberty of speaking, but you would scarce recognize him. He suffered—I cannot tell you. No one could, I think, but God. But your own heart would understand—' 'Hush!'

had begun, but she was startled by the cold, haughty look upon the lovely face. It was no longer that of fright or of wounded love, but only stern resolution. A few minutes afterward, with the coldness of death in her heart, the Duchess descended the stairs and entered the library. She was deadly pale, her heart seeming to have ceased to act, but she staggered as she saw Devereux for the first time since her marriage to him.

It seemed as though ages of seated suffering had passed over him. There were great lines in his brow, lines of agony that no power could ever erase. His lips were blue. A cold moisture stood about his mouth. No words ever could picture the representation that he appeared of mental anguish. He took one step toward her, then something in her expression warned him. He became even a shade paler, pressed his hand over his breast, as though to calm the rebellion in his heart, then sighed as he paused. 'It was a moment before he could speak, but when he did his voice was that, though filled with an expression that she never did and never could forget.

CHAPTER VIII. DEVEREUX'S REVENGE. Virginia glanced from her husband's working face to that of her cousin. Devereux dared do nothing. It had dawned upon him in some unexplained way, perhaps from the expression of Loyd-Mostyn's face, that he was the cause of it all; that the hideous plot was one of the making of the man whom he had believed to be his friend. And Loyd-Mostyn stood there with that truthful sneer, looking straight into his cousin's eyes—those great, terrified eyes that might have caused him some remorse had he been less than a brute.

Boy Had Fits For 6 Years. Druggist advised DR. A.W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD—Cure complete and lasting. Mrs. J. D. Palmer, 38 Park St., Amsterdam, N. Y., writes: 'When six years of age my boy began to have fits. They came on in the night. He would make strange noises, stiffen out, fret at mouth, face would twitch and sometimes turned purple. After the fit he would not talk. The family physician said all he could do was to keep them down somewhat. The second physician, a prominent reliable Jeffersonian physician, but could not cure him. He suffered for six years and before beginning the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food had three fits in about five days. Our druggist recommended Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. He has taken seven boxes and has no more symptoms of a fit since. I feel that he has greatly improved; he is a happy and irritable little fellow. I do not consider his cure complete. Such results are only obtained by the use of the genuine Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. I have had my boy out from his fits for 30 months. 50 cents a box, all druggists. L. L. Cummings, Limited & Co., Toronto.'

Rheumatism Cured In 3 Weeks. By Father Morriacy's "No. 7" Tablets. Mr. James L.E. Johnstone, a prominent member of the Citizen's Band, of Chatham, N.B. 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 Morriacy'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 pains since.'

Devereux sprang forward and seized her by the arm, forcing her to look at him. 'Is it possible that you believe that?' he cried hoarsely. 'Is it true that you can regard me as a murderer?' 'Answer me!' His face was bent eagerly over hers, and with the horrible slowness of inflicted death the cruel answer fell from her lips: 'I cannot tell. You have brutally deceived me once—why not again? Do you think that I had not rather you had killed me?' He staggered as though under a blow, his hand falling from her arm with appealing helplessness. 'Perhaps I should not have said that,' she cried huskily, 'but you have only yourself to blame. What had I ever done to you that you should have selected me to visit so horrible a punishment upon? I never saw you in my life until you entered that door as my cousin's guest. You came here an impostor. By your own acknowledgement you borrowed, not alone a name, but the family representations that gave you standing in the homes of decency. You were false in every particular. Why should I believe you now? Was your innocence of that crime ever proved?' To be continued.

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to OCT. 3rd, 1910.

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z listing names and addresses.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for name, ship, and agent.

Shot Cartridges!

Eley's Schultze Pegamoid, 12G. 4 to Dust Shot. Eley's Schultze Nitro, 12G. BB. to Dust Shot. Eley's Schultze Nitro, 16G. 4 to 10 Shot. Eley's Smokeless, 12G. BB. to Dust Shot. Eley's T. S. Black, 12G. Ball to 4 Shot. Eley's Universal, 12G. BB. to 4 Shot. Kynoch's T. S. Black, 12G. BB. to 4 Shot. Winchester Ballistite, 12G. BB. to 6 Shot. Winchester New Rival, 10G. BB. to 4 Shot. Winchester New Rival, 12G. Ball to 6 Shot. Winchester New Rival, 16G. BB. to 4 Shot. Eley's T. S. Black, 10G. SSG. Shot. Also, C. F. and P. F. Shells, Re-loading Sets, Cleaners, etc. All Selling at Lowest Prices. MARTIN HARDWARE CO'Y. JOB PRINTING Neatly EXECUTED

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