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 -

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER VI.

OW proud she was of the magni- unatic! ficent man beside her! She was proud of his appearance, proud of his name, proud of his breeding, and of his standing in the Old aware of a curious sensation

to have seen before, but she was too ask Lilford Loyd Mostyn here. He happy to think of that, She gave him knows : Il the truth.' her hand, and then she saw him turn Virginia glanced from her husband's

married turn as white as death; she had dawned upon him in some unexsaw him stagger, and a film like that plained way, perhaps from the expreswhich follows dissolution gather be- sion of Loyd-Mostyn's face, that he the handsomest she had ever seen.

The strange man who had congratu-

house of a gentleman?' he exclaimed less than a brute. *I wonder if old St. John Beaufort be disproven?

a step forward and seized him by the

Quicker than thought Lilford Loyd-Mostyn sprang forward to the strange man's assistance, and Dexereux was recalled to himself by feeling the weight of his wife's hand upon his

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pink. ham'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 to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suf-

nd could not

mend this medicine to all women ffer with female troubles. I have humiliated pride,

ake chances with an operation or out a sickly half-hearted exist-missing three-fourths of the joy ing without first trying Lydia E.

'Think what you are doing Erie!' LOYD-MOSTYN'S REVENCE. she cried excited y. The min is

'I am not a lunatic!' exclaim the stranger. 'That man is Erle forget. Childes, the brother of Harold Childes who was hanged in Wheeling, " e World where she was some day to Virginia, for the murder of my brothmeet his friends, and then she was er, Ralph Breakenridge. That man was accused of being accomplice-a A man came up to congratulate her; crime of which he could not prove hima man whom she never remembered self innocent. If you doubt my word,

working face to that of her cousin.

She saw the man whom she had | Devereux dared do nothing. It fore the eyes that she had considered 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 lated her drew back, a heavy frown friend. And Loyd-Mostyn stood there contracting his brow. His finger: with that trightful sneer, looking unconsciously closed, his eyes con- straight into his cousin's eyes—thostained the gleam of a ferocios canine's. great, terrified eyes that might have What are you doing here in the caused him some remorse had he beer

knows that he is harboring that ac- frighten you, could it?' he said scorn- am ready to do what I can to repair complice of a murderer, Erle Childes, fully. 'But you see I have kept my the wrong. What is it to be, Duchwho is an exile from his own State word. The man you have married is ess? You have but to speak to exact because the charge of murder remains what this man has told you. If you obedience from me!' against him, a charge that never can doubt it, ask Erle Devereux Childe: | himself.'

All the animation seemed to be Very slowly she turned her gaze suspended in Devereux, but as the upon her husband. Then, without a last words left the man's lips he took I word, she fell at his feet, happily unconscious for the moment of the hideous disgrace that had fallen upon her

CHAPTER VII.

VIRGINIA'S ORDEAL.

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

She stretched out her hand, and

'Where is he?' she whispered, her teeth locked 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-I beg that you will forgive me for taking the liberty of speaking, but you would scarce recognize him. He suffered-1 cannot tell you. No one could, I think, but God. But your own heart would understand-

For a moment the lady of Beaufort Park had listened breathlessly; then the remembrance of all the grief that Erle Devereux had brought upon her came back, and her heart seemed to freeze under the terrible gale of her

. She took all the tenderness of her nature in the palm of the hand of determination and crushed it. With of bed and turned to the girl again. 'Say to Mr. Devereux that I will

possible. Then return to me, The girl obeyed. When she came back the preliminaries of the toilet

join him in the library as soon as

had begun, but she was startled by the cold, haughty look upon th fovely face.

It was no longer that of fright or of wounded love, but only stern re-

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 seared uffering had passed over him. There vere great lines in his brow, lines of agony that no power could ever erase. His lips were blue. A cold noisture stood about his mouth, No words ever could picture the repre sentation that he appeared of mental

He took one step toward her, then omething in her expression warned He became even a shade paler, press of his hand over his breast, s though to calm the rebellion in his u, then sighed as he paused.

It was a moment before he could eak, but when he did his voice was tiet, though filled with an expression that she never did and never could and with the horrible slowness of in-

'Duchess,' he said gently, 'your ather has sent me to you to see what your desire is in this unfortunate matter. I-I scarcely know what to say in defense of myself, for I realize but too well that there is nothing that could make the terrible wrong that I have done you appear in a more favorable light. I have no wish to shift the blame which is all mine upon the shoulders of another; I should have had the courage to resist temptation ike a man, but I loved you too wel to think of that. My life was selfish. I grant you, but all love is that where t is so boundless as mine. I shill attempt to make you no agology for the wrong that I have done you, because it would seem but insult, I did it because I loved you too well to resist the temptation. And now that myself a scoundrel and have freighted My threat of vengeance could not your life with a hideous humiliation, I

> How different his words were from those he had intended to say! He himself that if he could ' measure her love by his own,' that he could surely move her to forgiveness; but there was something in the 'white face tha forbade all thought of that, Hope

> had died, and died hard, She stood before him with her hands clasped before her, her lips quivering under the restraint she was putting upon herself. Somehow she, too, had hoped; and with a wail in the voice that not even the power of pride could conquer, she exclaimed:

'It is all true, then?' 'Yes,' he answered softly, 'it is all true. I do not attempt to make a denial. It is too late for that now, My most unfortunate brother was her faithful maid came closely to hanged, for a crime of which I was afterward accused; but badly as I have treated you, Duchess, I do not think that I have need to assure you that I

was innocent.' shiver that accompanies some grew some uncertainty.

Boy Had Fits For 6 Years

Mra. J. D. Palmer, 38 Park St., Am sterdam, N. Y., writes: "When si years of age my boy began to have fits They came on in the night. He would make strange noises, stiffen out, frot at mouth, face would twitch and some times turned purple. After the fit he could not talk.

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Laminout, bates & Co., Toronto.

sure 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

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Devereux sprang forward and seized her by the arm, forcing her to lock '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 here,

flicted death the cruel answer fell from her lips: 'I cannot tell. You have bruta ly deceived me once-why not again?

Do you think that I had not rather you had killed me?' He staggered as though under a Clark, Miss Mary,

with appealing helplessness. Perhaps I should not have said that,' she cried huskily, 'but you Campbell, C. J. have only yourself to blame. What had I ever done to you that you Clear, John, should have selected me to visit so Coppin, Rev. H. horrible a punishment upon? I never Conway, Katie, card connley, Miss L. care G. P. O. South Side Walsh, Miss Fix care was you in my life until you entered that door as my cousin's guest. You came here an impostor. By your b false in every particular. Why should I have put this terrible strain upon I believe you now? Was your inyour life, now that I have stamped nocence of that grime ever proven? To be continued.

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Aspell, John,
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Armstrong, Miss, Gower St.

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Barter's Hill
Blanche, Miss K., card
Benson, Miss, 16 — Street Hackett, Margaret, card

Miller, Wm., card
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Miller, Wm., card
Miller, Wm., card
Miller, J.
Miller, Mrs. Ed.,
Miller, J.
Miller, Mrs. Ed.,
Miller, J.
Miller, Mrs. Ed.,
Miller, J.
Miller, J.
Miller, J.
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Miller, J.
Miller, Mrs. Ed.,
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Miller, J.
Miller, Mrs. Ed.,
Miller, J.
Miller, J.
Miller, Mrs. Ed.,
Miller, Mrs.

Burke, W. J. Burt, Mazie Miss

Butt, Elizabeth
Buckwell, Mrs. E. D.
Butler, Mrs., Patrick St. Butler, Mrs. A.,

blow, his hand falling from her arm Campbell, Mrs. Joseph,
Bond St. Campbell, G. S.

Duff, Bella, card,

Luther, Miss Jessie,

Duckworth St.

Rose, A., Duckworth St.

Russell, Edward,

Freshwater Rd. Martin, Mrs. S., Charlton St. Strafford, John

Minnie, Cochrane Street Hunter, Roger

care Jas. Fletcher Hughes, H. V. Lion's Square

Dulcey, Miss Margaret, late Northern Bight less lies, Dr. H. A. LeDrew, Maggie, card, LeMerchant Road Duckworth St

Martin, Mrs. S., Charlton Martin, William, King's Road Stamp, Jame, Mandy Pond Rd.

May, James, late s.s. Portia Sparks, N., Casey's St.

Mercer, J. C.

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Water Street

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West Mentzel, Jas., care G.P.O. Stewart, Mrs. Alex.,
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Blanche, Miss K., card
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Bennett, Walter,
West End Fire Hall
Bishop, Jake,
Iate Battle Hr.
Buffett, H.,
Buffett, H.,
Brien, Miss Bertha, card
Bogdon, J. J.
Brown, Patrick,
Iate Sound Island
Bolden, John, Casey St.
Brooks, Arthur, card
Boustead, F. W.
Butter, E. J., Mt. Scio Road
Brussett, L. A., Queen's St.
Burke, W. J.

Care B. Cameron
Hackett, Margaret, card
Hay, Mrs. George
Adelaide Street
Morgan, G. H.
Morgan, E. J.
Miles, Emma, card,
Adelaide Street
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Moore, M., Signal Hill
Moleur, Chas. A.
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Burke, W. J.

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Mc McCarthy, Mrs. Mary, Pleasant Street McNeil, Alice, Water St. McManus, D.

Hurley, Thomas, Hughes, Jeremiah, Hughes, Jeremiah, late Holyrood Newhook, Richard, Hunt, Lizzie, Water St. J. F.,
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Newhook, Richard.

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Thompson, H. W.
Thompson, R. A.
Thompson, R. A. Johnston, Mrs. J. F., Johnson, James P. O'Donnell, Miss, City ry, care G. P. O. Johnstone, Miss A., Gower Street O'Toole, Wm.

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berlain, H. C.
bell, C. J.
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