

**"Eat, drink and be merry"**  
but see to it that the cook seasons your dinner with

**Windsor Table Salt**  
PUREST & BEST  
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

**Lady Wyverne's Daughter.**

CHAPTER I.

My uncle is ill—dying," said the young man. "I must go at once. How can I get from here to Lynnewolde?"

"Drive to the station and take the train to Bathurst—that's the quickest way," said Lord Wyverne. "How sudden! He has not been ill long, has he?"

"I have not heard from him for some months," replied Mr. Lynne, who had grown pale, and looked half-bewildered. "The telegram is from my cousin Inez Lynne. It says, 'Lord Lynne is ill—dying. We fear. He wishes to see you. Come at once.'"

"How did they know where to find you?" asked Lord Wyverne.

"I wrote to my uncle three days ago," replied Philip, and Lord Wyverne noted the warm color that flushed his face.

"What a solemn council! I never saw the owls in committee, but even they could not look wiser," said Florence, whose bright face smiled in at them from the window. "Pray do be like ordinary mortals," she continued. "How can I make tea or coffee for gentlemen who look as though the world depended on their next word?"

"Hush, Flor!" said Lord Wyverne. "Mr. Lynne has had news. Lord Lynne is ill."

"I am so sorry," said Florence, as her face changed. "Pray forgive me, Mr. Lynne. I never dreamed there was anything serious. What can we do?"

"Nothing at present," said Lord Wyverne. "Give Mr. Lynne a cup of tea, while I order the carriage. I will go down to the station with you myself," he added, turning to Philip, and then he left them alone.

"I am so grieved, Mr. Lynne," said Florence; "bad news always seems to me doubly sorrowful coming on such a bright, beautiful day as this. Half an hour ago, while we were so careless and happy out in the garden there, how little we thought what was coming for you!"

She held out the cup of tea, and Philip drank it hastily; he could not eat, and she watched him wistfully as he pushed the plate away.

"Are you very grieved?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes," he replied. "I esteem Lord Lynne very much. I should grieve to lose him; and if he dies, all my life will be so terribly changed! The first trouble is, that I have to leave Severnoko and you."

"But you will come again!" she said eagerly.

"Yes, I shall come again," he replied; "that is, if I can do so."

Philip finished his tea in silence, and Florence watched him with a wistful look on her beautiful girlish face.

"You will be ill before you reach Lynnewolde," she said. "Unless you try to eat something. Let me persuade you to try."

"I would do anything at your request," he replied, "but to eat just now is impossible. You do not know—you cannot understand what the shock is to me. My thoughts were full of something so very different. I feel lost and bewildered, and unlike myself."

He drew near her as he spoke, and held out his hand to say adieu.

"I shall never forget this pleasant visit, Lady Florence," he continued. "I have been happier than I ever was in my life before. I only regret that it ends so abruptly."

There was no mistaking the young girl's face; the warm color that mounted to her white brow, the trembling lips, the shy-drooping eye. If ever a face told a love story it was Florence Wyverne's in that moment when she turned away lest Philip should read too clearly what she could not help showing. He looked at her with a half-mourning smile. The bright, dainty, wistful beauty, whom no one had ever yet tamed, shrank timidly from him.

"Florence," he resumed, "if I—"

The sentence was never finished; for at that moment Lord Wyverne entered the room hastily, saying that the carriage was waiting.

"Good-bye," said Philip to the young girl; "my regret of leaving you is lessened by the hope of being allowed to see you soon again."

If Philip Lynne could, but have foreseen where and how he would see that beautiful young girl next—if she had known how many years would pass before her hand touched his again—before she would see his face or hear his voice, she would not have parted with him so cheerfully.

Twice that morning Philip Lynne had been on the point of proposing for Lady Florence—once to her father, and once to herself; but each time a sudden and accidental interruption prevented the words from being spoken that would have bound him to her for life. In after years he wondered much what his life would have been had he quitted Severnoko Castle as the betrothed husband of Florence Wyverne.

There was not much time for thought. In two minutes after Philip Lynne had said good-bye to Lord Wyverne's daughter, he was on his way to the station.

It was not until Philip was seated in the train that he had time to review at leisure the events that had happened, and to speculate upon the future that lay before him.

CHAPTER II.

It was not a very eventful life that Philip reviewed on that summer morning as he traveled from Severnoko to Bathurst—a calm, happy life of twenty-five years' duration, neither brightened by vivid sunshine nor darkened by violent storms. His home had been a peaceful one—no dark care brooded over it; but he remembered how his parents had struggled to keep up appearances, and to maintain the dignity of their name and race. His father was the youngest and only surviving brother of Lord Lynne. He was not a wealthy man. He had but a younger brother's portion, and that was not a large one. He married a lady who, though well-born and beautiful, had no fortune; and their union proved a happy one, although they had been obliged to economize, and deny themselves sometimes even the comforts of life, in order that they might live as became the Lynnes of Lynnewolde.

No expense had been spared on Philip's education; for, although his parents had much ado to keep their footing in society, he had bright prospects. He was the heir of his uncle, the wealthy Lord Lynne of Lynnewolde.

There are not many older families in England than the Lynnes. In the earliest history of the kingdom they figured largely in nearly every reign.

**Corns Go**



The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stop the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid in this plaster. The action is the mark. At your druggist.

**Blue-jay**

One of the bravest knights who served that brave king, Edward the First, was Hubert Lynne of the Wolde, as their house was then called. Stephen Lynne fought with the Black Prince, and added fresh laurels to his name. Henry the Fifth had no braver or better soldier than Bertrand the Strong, Lord of Lynne. In the Wars of the Roses they fought and distinguished themselves. A Lynne helped to win the battle of Bosworth Field. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold a Lynne was among the handsomest and most brilliant knights. The great maid Queen herself visited Lynnewolde, where she received the homage of the then Lord Lynne. When Charles the First came from his prison cell to the scaffold, a Lynne stood near his royal master, and would gladly have died in his place. When the "Merrie Monarch" was welcomed to his throne, none received him more joyously than the Lord of Lynne, who had expended nearly all his wealth in the service of his debonnaire sovereign.

But from that time the glory of the Lynnes faded. Whether they were really impoverished through the immense sums raised by Richard Lord Lynne, for the benefit of his royal master, or whether their real debt was the Stuart, none can say; but from the reign of Charles the Second there is no more mention of them—at least, in public history. In the private annals of the family there is a record of each Lord Lynne who lived and died at Lynnewolde.

The present Lord Lynne had succeeded to the title when very young. His father had been a wild, reckless man; and the once great wealth of the family had nearly all vanished when Stephen Lynne took possession of the estate. Nothing, in fact, remained of their once large possessions, except Lynnewolde. He married twice. His first wife was a beautiful Spanish lady, who was never seen in his stately English home. Her portrait was in the picture-gallery; but she had not lived to shine as she would have done, farthest among the peeresses of England. She died in Spain, one year after her marriage, leaving one little girl, an infant a few days old.

Stephen Lord Lynne married again—not a beauty this time, but a gentle English girl, one of the wealthiest heiresses of the day. She also had one daughter; but a son, the wish of Lord Lynne's heart, was not given to him. Lady Lynne loved her husband; she was very happy; and at her death she left the whole of her large fortune to him, giving him the power to do what he would with it.

Lynnewolde had been restored to more than its ancient grandeur, and Lord Lynne was known to be a wealthy nobleman; still, many people wondered how it would be with the heir of the Lynnes.

(To be continued.)

Simple frocks of serge or wool are embroidered in colored thread in imitation of the printed crepe.

**Facial Blemishes**

Sallow, mottled, roughened or blotched complexions are usually due to constipation. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

**Nujol**  
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

**Just Folks.**  
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

TOE.

It isn't the money you're making. It isn't the clothes you wear. And it isn't the skill of your good right hand which make folks really care. It's the smile on your face and the light of your eye and the burdens that you bear.

Most any old man can tell you, most any old man at all. Who has lived through all sorts of weather, winter and summer and fall. That riches and fame are shadows that dance on the garden wall.

It's how do you live and neighbor, how do you work and play. It's how do you say "good morning" to the people along the way. And it's how do you face your troubles whenever your skies are gray.

It's you, from the dawn to night-time—you when the day is fair—You when the storm is raining—how do you face despair? It is you that the world discovers, whatever the clothes you wear.

You to the end of the journey, kindly and brave and true. The best and the worst of you gleaming in all that you say and do. And the thing that counts isn't money, or glory or power, but you.

**MILKMAID MILK**  
IS THE  
**BEST MILK MADE**



**Parker & Monroe, Limited**

**A SHOE STORE**  
—FOR—  
**ALL PEOPLE!**

Announcing the New Spring Footwear and inviting your inspection.

THE SPLENDID FOOTWEAR WE OFFER IS THE CAREFUL PRODUCT OF THE BEST MANUFACTURERS; HIGH GRADE LEATHERS, EXPERT WORKMANSHIP AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPARISON.

**LACE SHOES.**

**LADIES' BLACK LACE SHOES**—With med. heel and soft, pliable leather. This shoe is specially priced at **\$2.50 & \$3.00**

**BROWN LACE SHOES.**

**LADIES' BROWN LACE SHOES**—Made of good Calf Leather, medium heel with rubber heel attached at **\$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.50**

**BLACK STREET SHOES.**

**LADIES' BLACK STREET OXFORDS**—Made of Black Kid and Calf Leathers; with that medium pointed toe and heel. These shoes are made from the best leathers **\$2.75 and \$3.00** obtainable. Only

**STRAP SHOES.**

**LADIES' BLACK, 1 strap, medium toe and heel** at **\$2.50 & \$3.50**

**LADIES' BROWN, 2 strap, medium toe** **\$2.75 to \$3.75.**

**LADIES' BROWN, 1 strap and buckle, rubber heel** at **\$3.75**

**LADIES' BLACK & BROWN WALKING SHOES**—In lace, with medium and low heels; others with straps at **\$2.50, \$2.75, \$2.85, \$3.00 to \$4.00**

**MEN'S BLACK KID BOOTS.**

**MEN'S BLACK KID BLUCHER BOOTS**—Made of genuine Vic Kid with solid leather soles and heels. A good fitter. **\$4.50**  
The pair only . . . . .

**MEN'S BLK. CALF BOOTS.**

**MEN'S BOOTS**—Made from the best Box Calf Leather that can be procured; solid leather inner and outer soles; all sizes **\$4.50**

**MEN'S DARK BROWN BOOTS.**

**MEN'S DARK TAN BOOTS**—Made up of the best Tan Calf Leather. This Boot is genuine from heel to toe; solid leather heels and counters; a good heavy sole for every day wear, and is made in a good wide width. **\$4.75**  
This Boot is specially priced at

**MEN'S BLACK & BROWN BOOTS**  
WITH RUBBER HEEL.

**MEN'S BLACK KID BOOTS**—With rubber heel at **\$5.50**

**MEN'S BROWN CALF BLUCHER**—With rubber heel at **\$5.50**

**MEN'S BLACK CALF**—Leather lined, rubber heel at **\$6.00**

New arrivals in **MEN'S BROWN OXFORDS**, with perforated toe and rubber heel at **\$5.00, \$5.50, \$5.75**

**Parker & Monroe, Ltd.**  
The Shoe Men

King Khama Died at Sea.

The London Missionary Society has received a cablegram announcing the death at sea recently, at the age of 35 years of King Khama, chief of the Damangwato in Bechuanaland.

Khama was described by Sir Frederick Lugard as the greatest living African. He ruled over 35,000 subjects and his life was one of the romances of Christian Mission work.

He was the oldest sovereign in the world.

"He worked as a small boy of 12 with his father, who was a witch doctor, and then the chief met David Livingstone," Mr. Matthews, of the London Missionary Society, said to King Khama. "This was on Livingstone's first exploring journey in Central Africa. In his early twenties Khama became a Christian and was baptized with his wife. He infuriated his father by refusing to be a polygamist or be associated with witchcraft."

"Khama was a great prohibitionist. He fought the manufacture of Kafir beer by his tribe because he saw its demoralizing influence, and was so furious with the white settlers who, after repeated warnings, refused to stop selling spirits, that he expelled them from his territory."

Early in his reign Khama proclaimed religious freedom for his own and Christian states and introduced many reforms, abolishing witchcraft, and the practices of selling women as cattle and burying live babies with dead mothers.

While Khama was still a young man, the Matabele tribe, under the notorious Lobengula, conquered him and enslaved his people. Later, however, the Damangwato, under Khama's leadership, regained their independence and since that time have waxed strong and prosperous until they now total 35,000.

**Fashion Plate**

The Home Dressmaker's Catalogue Series Book of 1000 Outfits. These will be useful to refer to from time to time.

A STYLISH GOWN FOR FIGURES.



4271. Black velvet and lace. Portrayed. This will be a Canton crepe in the same patterns, combined with georgette. Figured silk used in combination with net.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes and 20 years. An 18 year quires 5 1/2 yards of 40 inch fabric. To make the bertha require 1 1/2 yard, 10 inches wide of the skirt at the top, 10 inches wide at the bottom. The skirt at the foot is 3 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address receipt of 10c. in silver or gold.

**A COMFORTABLE HOUSE DRESS.**



4081. Long waisted dress, prevail, as this style shows nice for tub silk, gingham, also for tulle, ruffles and blue and white checked gingham. Portrayed with banding of chambray and orandy for cuffs. The sleeve in wrist fitted with a dart.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches measure. A 38 inch size requires yards of 32 inch material. The skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards with extended. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require 1/2 yard each.

Pattern mailed to any address receipt of 10c. in silver or gold.

**Try Libby's**

When you fine flavor ter, don't contain enriching

But the quality of thousands use Libby's ter fat. of this pr

Try Lib when you will use groceries

Write our good results—Milk.

**ECZEMA**

Presant blouses are most in bright colored embroidery full sleeves have stripes of broderie, sometimes ruffled, cally, sometimes horizontal.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR AND TALK.