

THIS WEEK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous depression, which led to my weak condition. I kept up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

"THE NET"

By Rex Beach.

(continued from page nine.)

yours? He has the courage of a thousand lions."

"I admire your loyalty—and of course it's really not my affair, although—Why don't you go out to the park where the birds are singing, and talk it all over? These birds are always glad to welcome lovers. Meanwhile I'll look into the Poggi matter."

Bernie was glad enough to end the scene, and he arose with alacrity; but his face was very red and he avoided the eye of his friend. As for Miss Delord, now that her doubts were quelled, she was as sparkling and as cheerful as an April morning.

If Bernie Dreux supposed that his troubles for the day were ended with that stormy scene in the cafe, he was greatly mistaken. He had promised Felicie that he would fly to her with the coming of dusk, and that the claims of neither duty nor family should keep him from her side. But that evening Myra Nell seized upon him as he was cautiously tiptoeing past her door on his way out. The tone of her greeting gave him an unpleasant start.

"I want to talk with you, young man," she said.

Now nobody, save Myra Nell, ever assumed the poetic license of calling Bernie, "young man" and even she did so only upon momentous occasions. A quick glance at her face confirmed his premonition of an uncomfortable half-hour.

"I haven't a cent, really," he said desperately.

"This ain't about money." She was very grave. "It is something far more serious."

"Then what can it be?" He inquired in a tone of mild surprise. "You aren't going to die again, are you?"

But she deigned no explanations until she had led him into the library, waved him imperiously to a seat upon the haid-cloth sofa, and composed herself on a chair facing him. Reflecting that he was already late for his appointment, he wriggled uncomfortably under her gaze.

"Well?" she said after a pause. Something in her bearing caused his spirits to continue their downward course. Her brow was furrowed with a sombre portent.

"Yes'm," he said, nervously, quite like a small school boy whose eyes are fixed upon the sunshine outside.

"I've heard the truth."

"Yes'm" he repeated vaguely.

"Needless to say I'm crushed."

Bernie slowly whitened as the meaning of his sister's words sank in. He seemed to melt, to settle together and his eyes filled with a strange hunted expression.

"What are you talking about," he demanded thickly.

"You know, very well."

"Do I?"

She nodded her head.

"This is the first disgrace that has ever fallen upon us, and I'm heart-broken."

"I don't understand," he protested, in a voice so faint she could scarcely hear him. But his pallor increased; he sat upon the edge of the couch, clutching at it nervously as if it had begun to move under him.

Disturbed sleep usually comes from some form of indigestion. Strengthen the stomach and stimulate the liver with a course of

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He really felt dizzy. Myra Nell had a bottle of smelling-salts in her room and he thought of asking her to fetch it.

"Even yet I can't believe it of you," she continued. "The idea that you, my protector, the one man upon whom I have always looked with reverence and respect; you, my sole remaining relative. The idea that you should be entangled in a miserable intrigue. Why, it's appalling!" Her lips quivered, tears welled into her eyes, seeing which the little man felt himself strangling.

"Don't!" he cried miserably. "I didn't think you would ever find it out."

"I seem to be the only one who doesn't know anything about it," Myra Nell shuddered.

"I simply couldn't help it," he told her. "I'm human, and I've been in love for years."

"But think what people are saying."

He passed a shaking hand over his forehead, which had grown damp. "One never realizes the outcome of these things until it is too late. I hoped you'd never discover it. I've done everything I could to conceal it."

"That's the terrible part—your double life. Don't you know it's wrong, wicked, vile? I can't really believe it of you. Why, you're my own brother! The honor of our name rests upon you. The—the idea that you should fall a victim to the wiles of a low, vulgar—"

Bernie stiffened his back, and his colourless eyes flashed.

"Myra Nell, she's nothing like that!" he declared. "You don't know her."

"Perhaps. But didn't you think of me?" He nodded his head. "Didn't you realize it meant my social ruin?"

Again he nodded, his mind in a whirl of doubts and fears and furious regrets. "Nobody'll care to marry me now. What do you think Lecompte will say?"

"What the devil has Lecompte to do with it? You're engaged to Norvin Blake now."

"Oh yes, among the others."

Bernie was too miserable to voice his indignation which such flippancy evoked in him. He merely said:

"Norvin isn't like the others. It's different with him; he compromised you."

"Yes. It was rather nice of him, but do you think he'll care to continue our engagement after this?"

"Oh, he's known about Felicie for a long time. Most of the fellows know. That's what makes it so hard."

This intelligence entirely robbed Myra Nell of words; she stared at her half-brother as if trying to realize that the man who had made his shocking admission was he.

"Do you mean to tell me that your friends have known of this disgrace?" she asked at length.

Bernie nodded. "Of course, it seems terrible to you, Myra Nell, for you are innocent and unworldly, and I'm rather a dissipated old chap. But I'm awfully lonely. The men of my own age are successful and busy and they've all left me behind; the young ones don't find me interesting. You see, I don't know anything. I can't do anything, I'm a failure, nobody cares anything about me except you and Felicie. I found a haven in her society; her faith in me is splendid. To her, I'll all that heroic and fine and manly, so when I'm with her I begin to feel that I'm really all she believes, all that I hoped to be once upon a time. She shares my dreams and I allow myself to believe in her beliefs."

"And yet you must realize that your conduct is shocking?"

"I suppose you do."

"You must know that you are an utterly immoral person?" He nodded.

You're my protector, Bernie; you're all I have. I'm a poor motherless girl and I lean upon you. But you must appreciate now that you are quite unfit to act as my guardian."

The little man wailed his miserable assent. His half-sister's reproachful eyes distracted him; the mention of her defenceless position was more than he could stand. He was upon the verge of hysterical breakdown, when her manner suddenly changed.

Her eyes brightened, and, rising swiftly, she flung herself down beside him upon the sofa, where he still sat clutching it as if it were a bucking horse. Then curling one foot under her, she bent toward him, all eagerness, all impulsiveness. With breathless intensity she inquired:

"Tell me, Bunnie, is she pretty?"

"Very pretty indeed," he said lamely.

"What's she like? Quick! Tell me all about it. This is the wickedest thing I ever heard of and I'm perfectly delighted."

It was Bernie's turn to look shocked. He arose indignantly. "Myra Nell ed. He arose indignantly. "Myra Nell! You paralyze me. Have you no moral—"

"Rats!" interrupted Miss Warren, inelegantly. "I've let you preach to me in the past, but never again. We've the same blood in us, Bunnie. If I were a man, I dare say I'd do the most terrible things—although, I've never dreamed of anything so fearfully awful as this."

"I should hope not," he gasped.

"So come now, tell me everything. Does she pet you and call you funny names and ruffle your hair the way I do?"

Bernie assumed an attitude of military erectness. "It's bad enough for me to be a reprobate in secret," he said stiffly, "but I shan't allow my own flesh and blood to share my shame and gloat over it."

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The girl's essential innocence, her childlike capacity for seeing only the romance of a situation in which he himself recognized real dishonor, made him feel ashamed, yet he was grateful that she took the matter, after all, so lightly. His respite, however, was of short duration. Failing to draw him out on the subject which held her interest for the moment, Myra Nell followed the beckoning of a new thought. Fixing her eyes meditatively upon him, she said with mellow satisfaction:

"It seems we're both gossiped about, dear."

"You? What have you been do-

ing?" he demanded, in despair.

"Oh, I really haven't done anything, but it's nearly as bad. There's a report that Norvin Blake is paying all my Carnival bills, and naturally it has occasioned talk. Of course I denied it; the idea is too preposterous."

Bernie who in a measure had recovered his composure felt himself paling once more.

"Amy Cline told me that she had actually heard that he had bought my dresses, but Amy is a catty creature. She's mad over Lecompte, you know; that's why I encourage him; and she wanted to be queen too, but la, la, she's so skinny! Well I was furious, naturally—Miss Warren paused, quick to note the tell-tale signs in her brother's face. "Bernie!" she said, "look me in the eye!" Then "It is true!"

Her own eyes were round and horrified, her rosy cheeks lost something of their healthy glow; for once in her capricious life she was not acting.

"I never dreamed you'd learn about it," her brother protested. "When Norvin asked me if you'd like to be queen I forbade him, to mention it to you, for I couldn't afford the expense. But he told you in spite of me, and when I saw your heart was set on it—I just couldn't refuse. I

allowed him to loan me the money."

"Bernie! Bernie!" Myra Nell rose and, turning her back upon him, started out of the window into the dusk of the evening. At length she said, with a strange catch in her voice, "You're an anxious comfort, Bernie, for an orphan girl." Another moment passed in silence before he ventured.

"You see, I knew he'd marry me sooner or later, so it wasn't really a loan." He saw the color flood his neck and cheek at his words, but he was unprepared for her reply.

"I'll never marry him now; I'll never speak to him again."

(To be continued.)

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How the last
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BEFORE buying Victory Bonds again you may want to know how Canada used the money you loaned her last year.

Canada borrowed the money to carry on the war and to provide credits for Great Britain and our Allies.

CONSIDERABLY more than one-half of the Victory Loan 1918 was spent on our soldiers. This included \$312,900,000, for paying them, feeding them, bringing them home, separation allowances to their dependents, maintenance of medical services and vocational training schools.

\$59,000,000 of the Victory Loan 1918 was paid on account of authorized Soldiers' gratuities.

\$9,000,000 was spent at Halifax for relief and reconstruction after the disaster.

Other disbursements were not, strictly speaking, expenditures, but National Re-investments.

To Great Britain for example:

\$173,500,000 was loaned for the purchase of our wheat and cereals.

\$9,000,000 for our fish.

\$30,000,000 for other Foodstuffs.

\$2,900,000 for Canadian built ships.

\$5,500,000 to pay other British obligations in Canada.

Making in all \$220,900,000 advanced to Great Britain.

To our Allies, we loaned \$8,200,000 for the purchase of Canadian foodstuffs, raw material and manufactured products.

The Re-investments will be paid back to Canada in due time, with interest.

These credits were absolutely necessary to secure the orders for Canada because cash purchases were impossible.

They have had the effect of tremendously helping agricultural and industrial workers to tide over the depression that would have followed the Armistice, had we not made these credit loans.

As far as money is concerned, 1919 has been, and is still—just as much a war year as 1918. Our main expenditures for war cannot be completed until well on into 1920. Thus another Victory Loan is necessary—Get ready to buy.

Victory Loan 1919

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