



## Aubrey's Revenge.

### CHAPTER XIV.

"They had rooms together in the same flat, their husbands being away, and two children, both girls, were born to them at very nearly the same time. The strange likeness between the twin sisters was inherited by the children, and, as Janet declares, when the two husbands came home to visit their little families, it got to be a standing joke that if they happened to get the babies mixed, they were obliged to call upon the mothers for help before they could decide which was which.

"Janet Burns, as you already know, had lived with me and my wife for years, and after my wife's death she kept house for me and my assistants at Thatcher's Rock. When my son Fred married, and the baby came, he succeeded in persuading the good woman that it was her duty to go to New York and take care of his wife and child, as he was obliged to be away from home; and she agreed to do so.

"She lived with them a year, growing very fond of Fred's wife, but detesting her sister.

"As is frequently the case, the twin sisters, while they were the exact counterpart of each other in person, were dissimilar in disposition. Carolyn, Fred's wife, was an angel, while her sister, Hortense, to use Janet's own words, was a devil.

"She was crafty, jealous, and mischief-making to a degree, and she very soon succeeded in making trouble, not only between her husband and herself, but between Fred and his wife.

"The misunderstanding between my poor boy and his wife was so great that at his last visit he took his departure without bidding his wife and child 'good-by', and declared his intention never to return again.

"Janet took sides with Fred, of course, and in a very short time after his departure she left, also, and came back to Thatcher's Rock.

"So it turned out that something over six months later, when the sad news of poor Fred's death came, his wife was alone in New York, and in destitute circumstances, her sister having deserted her.

"The news of Fred's death came upon her like a sudden blow, and proved to be more than she could bear. She expired of heart failure within an hour after receiving the sad message, but not before she had wired to Janet Burns to come at once and take care of the child.

"Janet went, of course, without a moment's delay, or started on her journey, rather, but all manner of obstacles seemed fated to detain her. In the first place the sea was so rough that the boat was forced to put back to shore, and it was late in the afternoon of the next day before she succeeded in getting off. A blinding snow storm set in that same night and the roads were blocked, and when that was over, the poor soul encountered a railroad disaster and came within an inch of losing her life.

"It was a week, at least, before she succeeded in reaching her destination, and then she found, or was told, rather, that poor Carolyn, Fred's wife, was dead and buried.

"Where is the child? Janet asked at once.

"Mrs. Stonestreet's child?" asked the landlady, oh, she died quite a while ago.

"Then why did the mother send for me to come and take charge of her child?" said Janet.

"Did she do that? Well, I don't suppose the poor soul knew what she was talking about; she was so worked up over the news of her husband's death. Anyhow, her little girl's dead, but her sister is here; she can tell you more about it than I can."

"Janet sent for the sister and she came down, leading a little girl by the hand. She was in deep mourning, and looked so much like poor Carolyn that Janet could not have sworn whether it was the dead woman or the living one who stood before her.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am Mrs. Hilyard, of course. I should think you would know me. My poor sister, Carolyn is dead and buried."

"She sent for me to take charge of her little girl. Where is she?" asked Janet.

"Little Marion, do you mean? Oh, she's dead. She died nearly six months ago; but poor Carolyn would have it that it was my child, Flossie, who died, and she was so broken-hearted, poor dear, that I let her have her way."

"Whose child is this?" asked Janet, holding out her hand to the little girl, who was regarding her with great, solicitous black eyes.

"Oh, this is Flossie, my little girl. Don't you remember her?"

"No," said Janet, "I had but little acquaintance with your little girl. I knew Marion, Mrs. Stonestreet's child. This little girl looks very much like her."

"So she does; the two children were as much alike as their mothers were, but this is Flossie."

"I'm not Flossie!" screamed the child suddenly. "I'm not; I'm Marion, and I want my mudder; oh, I want my mudder!" and the little one threw herself on the floor in a paroxysm of childish grief and rage.

"Get up, you little pest!" cried the mother, and, seizing the child by the arm, would have dragged her to her feet, but Janet interposed.

"You shan't abuse the child," she said. "I don't believe she is yours. Come with me, little Marion!"

"She took the child in her arms and carried her from the room, and that same night she escaped with her from the house and brought her home to Thatcher's Rock."

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### Ends Dry, Hoarse or Painful Coughs Quickly

A Simple, Home-Made Remedy, Inexpensive but Unequaled

The prompt and positive results given by this pleasant-tasting home-made cough syrup has caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It gives almost instant relief and will usually overcome the average cough in 24 hours.

Get 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) from any drug store, pour it into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This makes 10 ounces—a family supply—of the most effective cough remedy at a cost of only 54 cents or less. You couldn't buy as much ready-made cough medicine for \$2.50. Easily prepared and never spoils. Full directions with Pinex.

The promptness, certainty and ease with which this Pinex Syrup overcomes a bad cough, chest or throat cold is truly remarkable. It quickly loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals and soothes a painful cough in a hurry. With a persistent, loose cough it stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the annoying hacking.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in quercetin, and is famous the world over for its splendid effect in bronchitis, whooping cough, bronchial asthma and winter coughs.

To avoid disappointment in making this, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

ing of what had happened, but gave me to my arms as my dear son's child, and for ten years I loved and cherished you in happy ignorance.

"Two years ago Janet sent for me to come over to Thatcher's Rock, and told me all. Tom Hilyard was dead, and his widow Hortense, had married a Van Cortlandt, an old man, who had died a month after their marriage, leaving her an immense fortune. She was childless, friendless, and tired of pleasure, and, although she had given you up so long, she wanted you back. You were her child, as she readily could prove, and you would inherit an immense fortune.

"This was what the letter contained, but the great lady added that she was not quite ready to claim you just then. She was going abroad, and had a few matters to straighten out, but she would let us hear from her in good time.

"So Janet and I have waited for two long years, hoping against hope that the blow would never come, but it has fallen at last."

Then and there the old lighthouse keeper bowed his grave head and covered his face with his hands.

Kelpie had heard at last the story of her birth.

CHAPTER XV.

The last day was not far off, the day on which Kelpie was to leave her old home at New Castle Light, and she had not yet made up her mind.

"I can't go; I won't!" she declared, again and again. "I don't believe one word of Mrs. van Cortlandt's story. I don't believe that she has any proof that I'm her child. My own heart is a better proof than anything else, and that tells me I am your own, your dear little granddaughter, daddy, and I don't intend to leave you, never as long as I live."

And then she would cling to the old man's neck, and hide her face on his shoulder, and sob fit to break her heart.

So the days came and went, and Kelpie lived in a state of miserable uncertainty. She decided not to go a dozen times a day, and as many times she wavered, and, going up to her little nest, read over the grand lady's letter.

It would be very pleasant to have a suite of fine rooms, and servants to wait on her, and learn to dance, and sing, and go to balls and parties, oh, yes, she would like all that immensely, and then she might meet Carroll Fitzhugh in New York. He had never come back to New Castle Light as he had promised, but he must have sent her the chain and the dainty little locket containing his picture. Who else could have fastened it under the white bird's wing? His home was in New York; he had told her so, and she might meet him if she went to live with Mrs. van Cortlandt.

This thought was very alluring, and had a great influence with the foolish little girl.

"I wonder if I couldn't go and come back again if I get tired?" she thought, at last. "I shall come back, of course, no matter how well pleased I might be. I couldn't think of leaving daddy in his old age. I've half a mind to try it, anyhow. Mrs. van Cortlandt can't compel me to stay against my will!

"I really think I'll do that. I'd like to see how it feels to be a grand lady for a day or two, and, besides, I should like to investigate Mrs. van Cortlandt's proofs that I am her daughter, and find out all about that great fortune that is to come to me when I am twenty-one. Yes, I really think I'll go and try it for a while."

"I know how it would be from the first," said the old keeper, when he had heard her decision. "You wouldn't be a woman if you could resist such a temptation. But I haven't a word to say against it."

"But I'm coming back, daddy. I'm coming back to you very soon," urged Kelpie.

"All right, little woman, old daddy will be glad to welcome you whenever you come."

Old Janet took the news a great deal harder.

"God bless and protect you, my bairn," was all she could say, as she turned away, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks.

"It seems wicked to go," thought Kelpie, her own eyes brimming over; "they all love me so. I don't know how they'll live without me, even for a few days. Ah, here comes Tom. I wonder what he'll say."

Tom hastened to meet her, calling up all his courage to sustain him. He had been expecting what was coming, day after day.

"Well, I'm in rags, you see," he began, exhibiting his tattered sleeve, "and I've been hunting you everywhere. I thought we'd take a trip down the secret ladder, if you don't object."

"Oh, I don't know that I do," replied Kelpie drying her tears. "I've been having a talk with daddy and poor old Janet, and it seems a sin for me to leave them."

"So you've made up your mind to go?" said Tom desperately, determined not to betray the anguish in his heart.

"Yes, if I don't change my mind. I'd like to go for a little while, anyhow."

"If you go," he said, quietly, "you'll never come back."

"Yes, I will; you'll see. I'll come back to daddy and poor old Janet as sure as I live."

Tom set his teeth hard together.

"And to—," he began, but he did not finish the sentence. What was the use? No, she had no thought, no pity for him.

"Oh, you may come back," he said, "but never to live here."

"How do you know? What makes you think so?" she demanded irritably.

"Oh, I just feel it, that's all."

"Tom," she said, changing suddenly and catching hold of his arm with both hands. "Tom, tell me, do you think I ought to go?"

(To be Continued.)

## TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation 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 your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK EMBLEY, 908 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.

Beatrice, Neb.—"Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."—Mrs. R. B. CULLO, Beatrice, Neb.



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should be kept up. Don't you often hear of a friend's loss? This should be a warning to you to look after your own

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PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.

### NOTICE.

Whereas it appears that some misunderstanding has arisen with respect to the free delivery of Parcels mailed to our Volunteers in Great Britain, the Public will please take notice that such parcels cannot be delivered free of postage. I have been notified that the Postmaster General of the United Kingdom could not undertake the delivery without charge of unpaid or insufficiently paid parcels to the troops on active service in Great Britain. Consequently all parcels mailed to members of the Newfoundland Contingent must be stamped according to the established rates.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NOTICE.

I am in receipt of a communication from the Postal Department of the United Kingdom intimating that the Postmaster General has agreed to a reduction of the postal rates on Registered Newspapers and Magazines published in this Colony and mailed to Great Britain.

On and after this date all such Magazines and Newspapers will be accepted and forwarded at the rate of two cents per pound or fraction thereof instead of eight cents (8c.) per pound as hitherto.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

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- LADIES' HIGH GRADE I. R. SHOES—Worth 80c. Now . . . . . 69c.
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- CHILDREN'S STORM I. R. SHOES, sizes 6 to 10; all sizes . . . . . 47c.
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20 sacks N. S. Turnips, 10 sacks N. S. Carrots.

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## War News

Phone 768.

## Messages Received Since Last Issue and Previous to 9 a.m. to-day

### ST. ELOI RE-CAPTURED.

LONDON, March 16. To Governor, Newfoundland:

The French Government reports that British troops, who at first were compelled to fall back before a violent attack on St. Eloi, have recaptured the village with almost all the neighboring trenches, despite enemy counter attacks.

By a violent attack, French infantry carried three lines of trenches north of Arras, capturing one hundred prisoners and two machine guns. Fresh progress has been made. Champagne and there is considerable activity at other points.

The Russian Government reports progress on the whole front in the region of Przasnyz and the enemy heavy siege batteries put out of action by the guns of Osowiec.

HARCOURT.

ST. PIERRE BULLETINS.

PARIS, March 16.—(Official.) The Belgian army made continued progress in the curve of the Yser and south of Dixmude. The British troops were violently attacked last night at St. Eloi, south of Ypres and were forced at first to withdraw, but in a counter attack they recaptured a part of the lost ground. Fighting continues at that point. In the region of Neuve Chapelle there is no change. In the Argonne the enemy attempted late in the afternoon of yesterday a third very violent counter attack at Polinoz to try and recapture the trenches taken by us between Polante and Tour-de-Paris. This assault was repulsed, as were all previous ones.

The day was marked by numerous attacks, all favorable to us, in the region of Lombaertzyde. The Germans tried to recapture a small fort taken by us during the night of March 14th and 15th, but they were repulsed, leaving fifty dead on the ground. Casualties were very few. The British Army, which had withdrawn further inland than St. Eloi before a German attack, recaptured this village, as well as most of the neighboring trenches, notwithstanding several German counter attacks. North of Arras our infantry, by a very brilliant

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