

### BAD PATCH OF ECZEMA ON CHIN

In Rash, Itched and Burned, Cuticura Healed.

"I had a very bad patch of eczema on my chin. It broke out in a rash and was very troublesome, itching and burning a great deal. I lost my rest at night on account of the irritation, and my face was disfigured for the time. I tried many different remedies without success. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which brought relief right away, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, it was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Mary Campbell, Big Pond Centre, Nova Scotia.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets exclusively for every-day toilet purposes.

### Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XVI.

So time passed on, and day by day the wish and longing for some break in her life's monotony grew stronger. The time was to come, and did come, when she looked back to those quiet days with envy and regret.—When she would have given beauty and talent, ah, even life itself, to have been once more a dreamy, innocent child. But no change came; winter and summer, spring and autumn, succeeded each other, and found life the same at Serrano.

"Seventeen years old to-day," said Inez, one bright morning. "I am seventeen; in ten years more I shall be twenty-seven, and the best part of my life will be over. If something does not happen soon, I shall run away, and make a life for myself."

Little did Madame Monteleone know the bitter, rebellious thoughts of which the proud, beautiful face she watched with growing hope gave no trace.

"You have not been idle, Inez," she said one day, with some complacency, to her grandchild. "You play and sing well; you speak French and Italian fluently. All accomplishments are useful."

"I know something more than that," replied Inez, triumphantly. "I have taught myself English; I can read every English book in the library; I should be able to speak it in a short time if I went to England."

A wistful, sad look came over Madame Monteleone's face.

"It will be useless, my child," she said. "You will never leave Spain. You will never see England. There is something for you to do here,—a life's task to accomplish."

These few words, "You will never see England," sounded like a death-knell to the bright hopes and fancies upon which the young girl had lived. She made no reply, but the expression of determination that fell upon that young face might have alarmed Madame Monteleone, had she seen it, and caused her to fear for her plans.

Already a change was coming; but the one dark cloud that had hung so heavily

### WANTS TO HELP OTHER WOMEN

Grateful for Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Toronto, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for backache and for weak and dreary feelings caused by my condition. Sometimes I felt so bad that I couldn't get out of bed. My neighbor told me of your medicine and I read about it in the Toronto Telegram and thought I would take it. I got very good results. It built me up and I have told several friends what it has done for me. You may use this testimonial as it may be of help to some one who has suffered as I have."—Mrs. J. Lee, 25 Harvie Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Lee is willing to write to any girl or woman suffering from such troubles, and answer any questions they may like to ask.

Women suffering from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, pains, bearing-down feelings and weakness should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Not only is the worth of this splendid medicine shown by such cases as this, but for nearly fifty years letters like this have been received from thousands of women.

You might be interested in reading Mrs. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon the "Allments of Women." You can get a copy free by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario.

ly over her, the gloomy monotony of the girl's life was breaking.

Madame Monteleone, while ascending the stairs, slipped and fell. At first the little household were dreadfully alarmed, and believed, when they saw their lady's still, white face, that she was dead. But, when the servants raised her and laid her upon the bed, they found she still breathed.

In her haste a physician was summoned from Seville. For many long, dreary weeks the poor lady lay between life and death. She recovered at last, but it was to find herself a helpless cripple, and to hear the sad sentence pronounced by the doctor that she would not be able to move without assistance.

When the first shock was over, Madame Monteleone pondered seriously as to what step she would take with regard to her young grandchild. Common sense and reason told her that she ought to write to Lord Lynne and ask him to take his daughter; but the treasured idea of her life clung to her still, and she could not renounce it. "Something will happen," she said to herself. "I may recover. Doctors are not infallible. In any case, I will keep Inez with me. If she goes to England, she will marry an Englishman, as her mother did; and then farewell forever to the race of Monteleone!" so nothing was written to Lord Lynne, and he never heard either of the accident or the illness of his daughter's guardian.

Inez found greater liberty and freedom than she had ever enjoyed before. Madame Monteleone never left her room. She was too nervous to bear any noise or much conversation. For one hour every morning Inez read to her, and received her instructions as to how the day was to be employed. So many hours were to be given to music, so many to reading, and so many to household employments. The music Inez never missed; it was the one solitary pleasure of her life. When that was over, the rest of the day was all her own. She did not spend it now as she had been obliged to do when Madame Monteleone's quick eyes were upon her, in studying in one of those dull little rooms that looked upon the courtyard. Caterina always sat in Madame's room, and Juanita, who was cook and housekeeper, felt too sorry for the young girl ever to control or betray her movements. So, when the music was ended, and old Caterina safe up-stairs, Inez wandered in the grounds of Serrano. The boundary of them was the high road that led to Seville, and the poor child gratified some of her longings by watching the people who passed. Sometimes it would be one of the heroes of her dreams,—a cavalier riding at full speed. Carriages, ladies, country people,—all and everything had an interest for her. They belonged to a new world, they were part and parcel of that gay world of which she had read and dreamed, but which she had never seen.

Some who passed by noted the beautiful, wistful face, half hidden by the leaves of the myrtle-trees, and wondered who the lovely, high-bred girl could be,—what she was doing,—why she gazed, day after day, with such longing eyes, upon the road that led to Seville. It was some little break, some change in the almost unendurable monotony. When the evening shadows began to fall, Inez hastened home. No one but Juanita ever saw her enter the house, or knew of the long hours she spent in the grounds.

They were not very extensive, those grounds of Serrano. Time had been when hill, valley, and stream, all belonged to the Monteleones. The broad, fertile lands had been sold or forfeited, and little remained of the once large estate; but that little was picturesque and pleasant. The gardens were gorgeous with flowers and fruit. Long groves of orange-trees ran by the little stream that found its way into the river near Seville. Large myrtles lent their shade trees, whose rich and luxurious perfume loaded the air, grew like they would. The grounds were not cultivated; they were beautiful in their rich and luxuriant wildness. The boundary that separated the high road from the grounds was a very frail one,—a line of small flowering shrubs. By the shrubs, day after day, there might have been seen a graceful girlish figure, walking slowly with dreamy, wistful eyes gazing on the high road.

One evening,—ah, to the last day of her life every detail of it was vivid and clear to Inez Lynne,—she was walking as usual in the ground. For



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years afterward she remembered how the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, how the birds sang and the deep blue sky seemed to smile upon her. Her beautiful, restless face was turned to the long road that led to the city, when she heard the sound of a horse galloping quickly. Looking back, she saw a horseman vainly trying to restrain his steed. It had taken fright, and seemed anxious only to throw its rider and make its escape. For many minutes the young girl watched that encounter. Her face grew white with fear, for the horse appeared quite unmanageable; but she could not help admiring the ease and bravery of its rider. Through all that terrible contest he never once lost his nerve or his self-possession. His courage and calmness won the victory at last, and the trembling steed recognized a master's hand.

The cavalier was obliged to dismount, for in the struggle the plumed hat had fallen from his head, and the silver-mounted riding-whip lay upon the ground. As he raised them he caught sight of the beautiful face watching him so intently. A cry of surprise fell from his lips, and he gazed in bewilderment, doubting whether it was a vision or reality. But when he saw the rich crimson flush that covered the face, and the dark eyes drooping under his gaze, he knew that it was a beautiful reality which had so greatly startled him. Raising his hat, he bowed profoundly to the young girl, and galloped away. She had seen his face distinctly; it was dark and handsome; but had the poor motherless child been older, she would have distrusted at one glance those false lips and those deep piercing eyes. As it was, she saw but the beauty of the first face that had ever looked admiringly upon her. She remembered the thick, dark curls upon the broad sun-brown brow, the dark moustache that concealed the treacherous lips, the deep dark eyes that had gazed so ardently upon her. He belonged to the world. Perhaps even then, she thought, he might be hastening to see some

lovely lady who would smile upon him and call him her knight. How handsome, how brave, how courteous he was!

That night, when Inez dreamed her dreams, she had a real hero for them; and he lost nothing from her vivid, graceful fancy.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

### Star Aviators Differ Widely In Personality.

Dayton, May 28.—(A.P.)—Lieutenants Oakley Kelley and John A. MacReady, regarded as the country's premier aviators since they bettered the world's endurance record and made the first successful non-stop transcontinental flight, owe their success as a flying team as much to their contrasting personalities as to their admitted superiority as pilots, in the opinion of aviators at McCook Field here, the home station of the men. They predict that the ability of the two men to work together in trying situations will bring further aerial honors to the United States Army.

Kelley's enthusiastic and impulsive nature gives the combination the necessary "punch," while MacReady, more staid and quiet, furnishes the "balance" which is a necessary element in carrying through many difficult situations, according to the belief of those who have observed the men working and flying together during the past two years.

A striking illustration of the divergent characteristics of the two fliers is given by Lieut. Harold R. Harris who, in a speedy plane overtook the pair as they passed over Dayton in their recent transcontinental flight. Harris, getting a late take-off, pursued the big ship for some miles before overtaking it. As he came abreast, he says, the man in the cockpit carelessly threw up an arm. "That's MacReady," Harris says he decided as he observed the action. For a moment the second passenger of the T2 did not appear. Then from the depths of the fuselage a bundle of blankets suddenly appeared and was waved frantically in the wind. "That was easy," said Harris. "I knew it was Kelley, without giving a second glance."

Credit for the working out of the transcontinental flight plan is given almost entirely to Kelley by his brother aviators. As chief of maintenance of planes and engines at the mammoth flying centre, Kelley in the face of the ridicule, opposition and statements that the air service had no ship which had even a chance of flying across the continent, has worked, talked and lived on the plans from the coast last fall only to be forced down at Indianapolis through a mishap. Undaunted, Kelley, aided by Lieut. E. W. Dykeman, an expert in the engineering department of the field, continued his work on the plane and after further improvements had been made Kelley, in company with MacReady, realized the ambition he has held for almost two years.

McCook Field aviators say that one of the best testimonials to the flying ability of Kelley and MacReady, is the fact that neither has had a serious mishap during more than five years of air service. Both have been fliers since 1917.

Both Kelley and MacReady originally were Californians and both received their training at Rockwell Field at San Diego. Kelley's family, however, now reside at Grove City, Pennsylvania. Neither is married.

MacReady has had a picturesque career. Graduated from the University of California, he was admitted to the bar and subsequently became a rancher, a justice of the peace in a small mining community, and early in the war entered the air service where he has remained ever since. He has earned a reputation as a boxer in the service.

Kelley, somewhat younger, entered the service after completing his schooling.

### Fads and Fashions.

Jacquettes of brushed wool are bound with grosgrain ribbon in contrasting color. Jersey, knit fibre silk and heavy embroidered crepes are used for semi-sports models.

Natural, ecru and black are favored shades in exquisite frocks of chiffon and lace.

Applied mushrooms in a variety of color adorn a cunning little hat of brown straw.

Very charming for a summer evening is a frock of wool lace with silk crepe figures.

In prints Lanvin green, soft "sunburst" shades of yellow and rose shades are leading.

# Murphy's Good Things

## Money Saving Specials

Smash go the Prices, Our Opening charge breaks them down.

Here are a few of the many opportunities Our Stock offers, right now to the thrifty buyers. **COME IN EARLY!**

- 5 Quart Grey Enamel Saucepan, welded handles, tin covers, each . . . . . 98c.
- 2 Quart Grey Enamel Lip Saucepan, riveted handle, each . . . . . 39c.
- 10 Inch Diameter Across Top, Lipped Deep Shape, Grey Enamel Saucepan, enamel cover, each . . . . . 75c.
- 8 Inch Grey Enamel Rice Boiler, enamel cover, fits both boiler, riveted handles, each . . . . . \$1.29
- Smooth Finish Grey Enamel Kettle, seamless spout, enamel hanger, with wood handle, each . . . . . 98c.

- Combination Satin and Polish Finish aluminum Caster Set, each . . . . . 39c.
- Galvanized Water Pail, assorted sizes, each 39c. to 59c.
- 13 1/2 x 9 Shallow Biscuit Tin, 1 3/4 inch deep, wired edges, each . . . . . 27c.
- Tin Muffin Pans, 6, 8 and 12 cups in frame, each . . . . . 20c., 25c. and 35c.
- Pieced, Square, Deep, Bright Loaf Tins, assorted sizes, each . . . . . 15c. to 35c.
- Tin A.B.C. Plates, fancy designs, each . . . . . 7c.
- Tin Dairy Pans, assorted sizes—each . . . . . 6c. to 25c.
- Tin Wash Bowls, 11 and 13 inch—each . . . . . 17c. to 20c.
- Tin Pudding Pans, asstd. sizes, ea. 9c.-25c
- Tin Pie Pans, assorted sizes, each . . . . . 6c., 9c., 10c., 12c., 14c.
- Plain Tin Dish Pan, extra deep, 2 side handles; assorted sizes; each . . . . . 49c. to 89c.
- Pieced Tin Dish Pan, deep shape, retinned wire handles; each . . . . . 45c. to 69c.

**Stamped Work.**  
A new shipment of goods just arrived, including White Crack Centres, Runners and Guest Towels, small centres, etc.  
Each 25c., 49c. to 75c.

**Children's White Dresses.**  
Embroidery trimmed, short sleeves, sizes to fit 14 years  
Each 98c.

**Ladies' Black Cashmere Blouses.**  
High or open neck, long sleeves.  
Each \$1.49 to \$1.98

**Stiff Bristle Clothes Brushes.**  
Hardwood back  
Each 19c. to 25c.

**Hosiery.**  
3/4 length English Wool Ribbed Sport Hose, fancy plaid, roll cuff top, applier heel, sizes 6 to 9 1/2.  
Per Pair 68c. to 75c.

**Dress Plaids.**  
36 inches wide.  
Per Yard 49c. to 69c.

**English Long Cloth.**  
Chamois finish, 36 inch wide.  
Per Yard 39c.

**Bungalow Aprons.**  
In simpler becoming styles, of striped and checked Ginghams.  
Each \$1.69 to \$1.98

**Curtain Net.**  
38 inches wide.  
Per Yard 49c. to 59c.

**Blue Serge.**  
36 inches wide.  
Per Yard 69c.

**Fancy Voiles.**  
Plain and printed patterns.  
Per Yard 22c.

**Round Embroidery Hoops.**  
Medium and large size.  
Per 15c. and 19c.

**Crockeryware**

**White Ribbed Cups & Saucers.**  
Each . . . . . 15c.

**White Granite Cups and Saucers.**  
Each . . . . . 19c.

**White and Gold Cups and Saucers.**  
Each . . . . . 19c. to 25c.

**Soup Plates.**  
Each 29c. to 35c.

**Tea Plates.**  
Each . . . . . 15c.

**Dinner Plates.**  
Each 22 to 29c.

**Teapots.**  
Each . . . . . 49c. to 59c.

**White Bowls.**  
Each . . . . . 29c.

**Large Preserve Dishes.**  
Each . . . . . 15c. to 25c.

**Nappies to match.**  
Each . . . . . 5c.

**Glass Water Jugs.**  
Each . . . . . 49c. to 65c.

**Tumblers.**  
Each . . . . . 4c. to 7c.

**Egg Cups.**  
Each . . . . . 6c.

**Children's Jack Tar Reefers.**  
Blue sailor collar, brass buttons.  
Each \$2.49

**Rubber Sole Shoes.**  
Light weight canvas uppers, designed to give coolness, comfort and smartness.  
Children's, per pair . . . . . 98c.  
Boys' and Misses', per pair . . . . . \$1.26  
Ladies', per pair . . . . . \$1.49  
Men's, per pair . . . . . \$1.49

**Suitana Hat Color.**  
All shades.  
Per Bottle 25c.

**Men's Wool Tweed Work Pants.**  
Sizes up to 8.  
Per Pair \$2.98 to \$3.25

**Boys' 2-Piece Wash Suits.**  
Of linen stripe cotton, sizes to fit up to 4 years.  
Each \$1.98

**Strong Fibre Suit Cases.**  
Bound corners, heavy leather strap.  
Each \$1.98 to \$3.98

**Rubber Bathing Caps.**  
Each 25c.

**Colorite.**  
Hat finish colors, old and new straw hats, satin, silk and canvas slippers.  
Per Bottle 29c.

**Dress Ginghams.**  
Pretty designs.  
Per Yard 25c. to 39c.

### Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap-Book of the latest fashions. These will be most useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY HOUSE FROCK IN ON STYLE



4334. Green and white plaid ham with facings of white. This would be attractive for the day. It is a dress for service or for wear, and suitable for a young mature figure.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-38; Medium, 38-42; 42-44; Extra Large, 44-48. Bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is 24 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY GOWN.



4331. Here is a very pretty model, with a new sleeve design in a style that is attractive. The combination of material. Lace and linen and gingham combined, is pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Bust measure. A 38 inch bust requires 5 yards of 46 inch material. To make panel and sleeve cut of contrasting material, will be 1 1/2 yard 36 inches wide or 1 1/2 yard 38 inches wide or 1 1/2 yard 40 inches wide. The width of skirt at the foot is 24 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No. . . . .

Size . . . . .

Name . . . . .

Address in full— . . . . .

### Germany Plans Regular Shipping to South America

HAMBURG, May 9.—(A.P.)—A regular shipping service between many of the western coastal ports of Central and South America is to be inaugurated by the German lines. It is planned to have one ship through the Panama Canal every 10 days by way of Bremen, Rotterdam and Antwerp to western ports of South America. Every six weeks a ship is to go through the Strait of Magellan to Western South America. In addition to this schedule, the German lines intend to send one ship through the Panama Canal every month to Pacific ports of Central America.

### Extreme Alberta

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