For Constipated Bowels, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bilious Liver

els when you have Dizzy Headache, Colds, Biliousness, Indigestion, or like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and "Cascarets." One or two to-night Children love Cascarets too.

CHAPTER XV.

ed down at her.

The nicest cathartic-laxative in the will empty your bowels completely world to physic your liver and bow. by morning, and you will feel splen-Upset, Acid Stomach is candy-like they cost only ten cents a box.

But she had reached the end of her she put the width of the table between

He tried to think of one incident shrilly. "I've kept my part of the don't you!" he asked, helplessly. when he had suspected that she was compact. I've nothing more to give deceiving him and fighting him with you-nothing."

his own weapons. He tried to re-She met his blazing eyes, and sudmember one moment when he had not been sure of her, but there had she put out her hands as if to ward to worry about." She had been cleverer than he after

all. She had beaten him at his own Philip caught them both in one of his-he put an arm round her, hold-He stopped in his pacing and lookin his grasp.

CHAPTER XVI.

wrote home to Peter:

"And you think that you will be "You're my wife," he said hoarsely. happy-living like this?" he asked "You can't undo that, no matter how A wave of desolation swept over her. Happy!-when every beautiful -who-hates me as you do-" He -you know what I mean?" dream and hope in life was dead! let her go so violently that she al-She dragged her eyes to his face.

"I think I shall get used to it-in time-if you . . . it you will beface on his outflung arms. be patient with me," she said, chok-"Patient! . . ." when his heart

was breaking. "It's no use telling you that I'd die for you this moment, because you won't believe me, I know," he said, in a strangled voice. "It's no use telling you that you've taken everything from me that I shall ever care about, because you won't believe that-Will you?-will you?" He drove the words at her.

For a moment her determination trembled in the balance. Was it the truth?-she longed to believe him but he had been as clever before-he had deceived her before with words and kisses, and brought her to this suffering . . . Not again! Oh, never again could she

live through it. She forced her cold lips to speak. "No-I don't believe it," she said, voicelessly.

Philip turned blindly away. There was a little throbbing pulse hammerse were choking.

He reached the door and stood there grasping the handle, hardly knowing what he was doing; he felt incident with this letter. as if pride and desire were fighting for possession of his very soul.

If he left her now, this would be the end of everything, he knew, He could never go back again and plead him considerably to think that per- easily. "I'll walk along with you with her: it was for all their lives. His fingers mechanically turned the matter. handle and opened the door. Then suddenly he shut it again with a slam. he went back to where his wife sat: he put his arms round her and, lifting her up to him, held her against

"Give me a chance to make you care," he said brokenly. "I know I'm a rotter-I know I'm not good enough for you-I'll be patient-I'll not ask anything . . . just tell me that perhaps—some day—Eva—I beg of Arlington, although he had promised I can think of her name." . After all, I'm your husband."



### Got No Sleep

But now the neuritis has gone, the pains have ceased, the nervous system is restored and the writer of this letter pays a grateful tribute to the medicine which made him

Mr. John Woodward, P.T.O., Lucan Ont., writes:

"It gives me much pleasure to recom-mend Dr. Chase's medicines, especially the Nerve Food. I was a sufferer from the Nerve Food. I was a sufferer from neuritis for several years, and tried all kinds of remedies, yet never seemed to get any better. At last my nerves and whole system seemed to give way through not being able to get any rest or sleep at nights for pain, which mostly used to take me in all parts of the limbs used to take me in all parts of the limbs and feet. My nerves would twitch till my whole body would seem to jerk right up as I lay in bed. Almost at the point of despair, I decided I would get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which I did. and after taking twenty boxes I believe myself almost normal again. I also keep a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on hand, and for the past year I seem to enjoy my usual health."

At All Dealers. Distributor:

GERALD S. DOYLE. Calligan looked blank.

"Well, why not, if they prefer it

"I know-but that's not it." Peter ran agitated fingers through his hair. "I don't know in the least why I'm telling you at all." he said awkwardly, "except that I suppose you know Philip better than I do

Decent cheap and all that, you know?" Calligan answered without a se ond's hesitation.

straighter fellow in all my life." Peter looked relieved.

endurance; she struggled free of him; went away, after the wedding, somethem, and faced him across it, white- it was, but she was dreadfully upset. and so-with this letter coming or "I've done my share," she said top of it . . . you see what I mean,

ment; then he said, carefully: "She probably was upset about den fear of him filled her heart. She leaving home. Lots of girls are, you backed away from him to the door; know; I don't think there's anything

Peter drew a breath of relief. "Glad to hear you say so," he said. He stowed the letter away again. "Of ing her so that she was like a child course, you won't tell anyone I said anything?"

"Certainly not." "She's such a sport, you know, much you try; but if you think I want Peter went on, earnestly. "I should woman who looks at me as you do hate to think she'd made a mess of it

most fell. He turned away from her that. I've known Phil for years—he's and, dropping into a chair, hid his all right; he's a white man."

only by the girl's frightened breath-ing; then she opened the door—slow-he laid awake quite an hour longer ly, and crept away, leaving him there than usual that night, thinking about Eva and wondering.

The day after her marriage Eva her name to him until he wrote to "I dare say you will be surprised riage. Philip was rather a comto hear that Philip and I have decid- municative sort of chap, as a rule; ed to stay in town after all. I've and, now he came to think it over, never really seen London properly- Calligan remembered that there had not the rich side of it, I mean, and it been another girl to whom his friend looks as if the weather is going to had been rather attentive early in the break up, and I should hate the Lakes spring—a fluffy-haired girl who had if it rained all day. I don't know if been a guest at the wedding.

we shall stay at this hotel. I like it He could not remember her name all, right, but, anyway, any letters but he could remember having chaffed sent here will be forwarded." Phil quite a lot about her on his last Peter was amazed. Eva had been visit to the Highway House. Anyway, so frightfully keen on the Lakes- she wasn't a patch on Eva Dennison and, as for the possibility of the wea- so it could not be possible that there ther breaking up, well, he looked out had been any trouble made there; he of the window at the bright sunshine resolved to ask Peter about it next and a little qualm touched his heart, time they met.

ing madly in his temple; he felt as if ter's tragic face that moment, when went over to the Dennisons the folshe clung to him on the landing, and lowing morning. He found that Peter though he could not understand it was not quite as pleased to see him he in some vague way connected the as he had been previously; he said something about having an appoint He was so perturbed about it that ment down the village, that he was he put it into his pocket and did not sorry to be unsociable, but that he

tremely fond of Eva, and it worried "That's all right," Calligan said haps something really serious was the . . . . I'm in no hurry."

Peter was not particularly pleased She had looked happy enough in but he had to submit, and the two church while they were married. He men strolled along together. had heard comments on all sides Calligan was not very good at

of leaving the church and his own "What's the name of that fluffyencounter with her in the landing of haired girl who used to be at Winterdicks' rather a lot in the spring? She But he felt unhappy about it all was at the wedding, I know. I remem-

> Peter coloured a little. "Do you mean Miss Arlington-Kitty Arlington?"

It was all nonsense to be so concerned! She was quite all right. Philip was a thundering good chap. He was glad all the same when,

Calligan, He had been persuaded to stay on till the end of the week, he explained -Mrs. Winterdick said she missed

time tore up what he had written.

after tea. Tom Calligan came over

the house to spell tragedy.

Philip so, that she must have someone to take his place. "So I thought I'd steal over and dig you up," he added casually.

As a matter of fact, he was anxious to get better acquainted with Eva's family: presently he asked if anybody had heard from the happy pair. "It's not likely, though, I suppose," he added. "They'll have no time to write letters home."

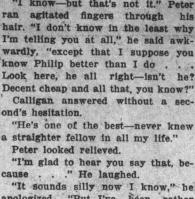
Peter hesitated; he had not meant to mention his sister's letter to anyone, but all at once he changed his

"Well, as a matter of fact, I had a drugs. letter from Bonnie this morning," he said uncomfortably. "Bonnie!" echoed Calligan, not un-

derstanding. "Yes-we call Eva 'Bonnie,' you

know. She wrote from town-" He hesitated; he looked at Calligan try this: critically. "I say, you won't tell anybody if I tell you something, will you?" he added in embarrassment. "Of course not-what is it? Nothing wrong, I hope."

"I don't know . . ." Peter proluced the letter from his pocket. "They were going to the Lakes, you now; Eva was fearfully keen, and all the rest of it, but in this letter she says that they have decided to stay in town! Think of it-grilling weather like this."



"It sounds silly now I know," he apologized. "But I've been rather worried about Eva-just before she thing happened-I don't know what Calligan did not answer for a me

"Yes, but I'm sure there's no fear of

ace on his outflung arms.

But though Peter had in reality said very little, he had somehow managed

It certainly had struck him as odi that Philip had never even mentioned acquaint him with his coming mar

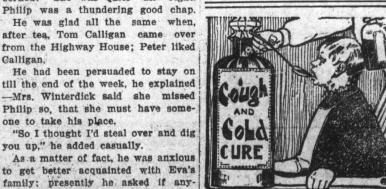
He had not yet forgotten his sis- It was with this intention that he mention it to anyone. He was ex- was in the deuce of a hurry.

about her radiant face. It didn't diplomacy, and he went straight to

seem at all likely that anything could the object of his visit without prehave occurred between the moment amble.

day. He even kept away from Kitty ber speaking to her, but I'm hanged if to go round in the afternoon. Twice he sat down to write to Eva, and each

(To be continued.)



# "A Pleasure To Take

our Cough and Cold Cure, because it is composed of pure and harmless

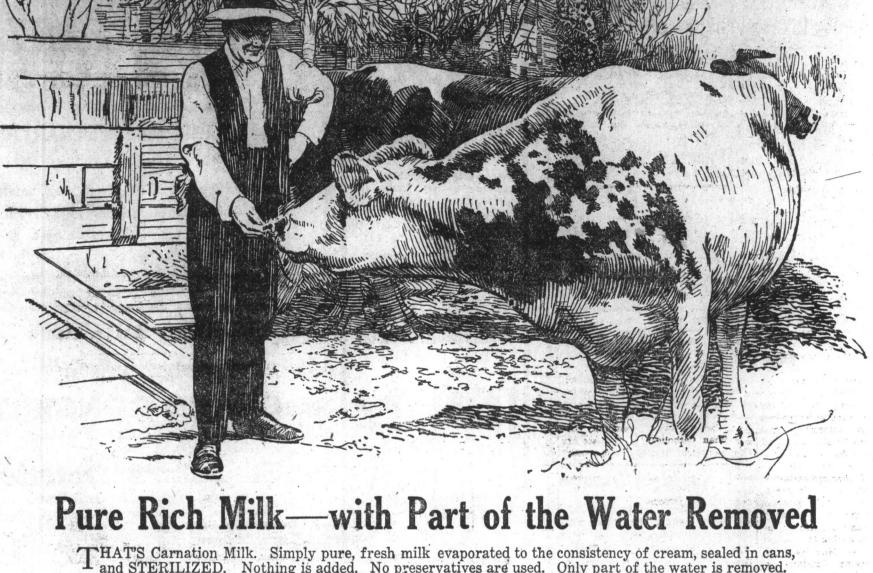
No cough remedy has ever been discovered that will cure every cough, but we think we have one that cough, but we think we have one that comes a little nearer to doing it than most of them. We have prepared it for years, it has been tried in all he was giving directions to his stenogmanner of cases and given satisfaction. We ask you to remember and hung in his closet sent to the cleaner.

Because it is most certain to cure.
Because it is pleasant to take.
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1 pint oysters, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, pepper, 1/2 tablespoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Clean and drain oysters. Add butter and seasonings to scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point, add oysters and serve. This recipe serves six people.



If Husbands (and Wives) Only Said

Such Things Oftener.

your wife's virtues," I suggested.

"In other words, you are borrowing

"Well, that one," he said. "I won't

A nice thing for a husband to say

And an equally nice thing for him

to do (I started to say even nicer, and

then changed my mind because that

don't you think?

could hardly be).



The label is red and white

Made in Canada By CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, LIMITED. AYLMER, ONT.

Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont

# Ruth Cameron

A GOOD KIND OF BORROWING.

What a splendid thing it is to come | way or take any more time, and I came in contact with married folks who ap- to the conclusion that she had the right idea, and that if she could do it

preciate each other's virtues. Too often, married folk take each I could. So there you are." other's virtues for granted as no more than their due. Sometimes they do less than that and each dislikes the other because "he has all the virtues I detest and none of the vices I love." But, fortunately, such cases are the exception and not the rule. They are say that I borrow them all, though about as common, I think, as the ab- there are others I guess I ought to all solutely happy marriages. The major- right.' ity belong at neither extreme.

We Would Have waited. The man who started me to thinking along this line was a business man

"It's a spring suit," he said, turning to me, "and I shan't need it for some months. There was a time when I wouldn't have thought of having it. That's the way I used to be until I realized the way my wife did things and how much better it was. If anything needs to be done, she has it done right off and then when she wants a sown or a pair of clean gloves or anythink like that it's ready hanging in the closet or lying in her bureau drawer, and she doesn't have to rush around and try to get things done in

kinds of borrowing, but I can't see him: any about this kind, can you? Indeed, I think most of us could do more of it with great advantage.

Men and Women Incline to Diffeent Virtues.

Of course two people might have identical virtues but I think that is exceedingly unlikely-if for no other reason, because masculine and feminine virtues are apt to be different. Men are more apt to be strong on such virtues as honesty, sincerity, loyalty.

women are more apt to be strong or unselfishness and the allied virtues. What are you going to borrow from your husband-or wife?

## Prince's Roundabout Turn.

Whenever the Prince gets an opportunity to wander off on his own he takes it.

One evening, in a township in New Zealand, having nothing to do, he went for a stroll with a couple of companions. They happened on a show-ground

and the Prince suddenly felt very keen to have a ride on the round-A lucky day it was for the owner He immediately repainted the horse the Prince had ridden on, and charg-

ed sixpence to all those who wished to ride on it in future! On another occasion, whilst the Prince was out driving (writes Mr.

There are disadvantages about most New Zealand"), a man shouted to of cauliflower, which have been

"Nine stone four," was the prompt eply. "Why do you ask?" "Had a bet on it," replied the man "I hope you won," said the Prince

"No, I lost. I bet you were ten

Household Notes.

New England salad-Fill hollowed

sed with oil, salt, pepper and vin Pour over all boiled salad dre and arrange a heart of celery on To make candied carrot strips,

scrape and cut into strips a and a half of carrots. Drop into ing salted water for two minutes out and drain. Make a syrup by ing two cups sugar in a cup of with grated rind of a lemon for minutes. In this allow carrol cook until syrup will thread. strips on oiled paper and when I beet-cups with cold cooked flowerets dry roll in fine granulated sugar



Frenc Poinc Frenci PROVISIONA Michael

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Eamon J. Lynch, J

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