

stimulates the flow of gastric juice, increases activity of liver and bowels and improves results, but enable you to get full benedigestion. Take Beecham's Pills with confifits from the dence, for 80 years' experience prove they "best food are good for the stomach. Sold Everywhere in Canto BEECHAMS PILLS

DIGISSICAD

Food is certain to cause distress until you im-

ach. You can do this quickly and surely by taking Beecham's Pills. Their natural action

provedigestive action and sweeten thest

Don't Count Your Dinner

Beecham's Pills not only prevent bad

At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE. INTRIGUE AND REVENCE

CHAPTER III.

trouble to make hers as pleasant Lady Fileden's school fete was attended by the elite of the neighbourpossible

The two beauties attracted no small hand and was the very perfection of amount of attention. They were insuch an entertainment. The day was beautifully fine, and a bright, warm deed the queens of the fete; and opinions were divided about them. Some sun, a sweet, ororous wind, a deepof the men admired the fair Dolores. blue sky, and the atmosphere so clear that the view all round the country others the dark, glowing beauty of was magnificent. Every detail of that Lola de Ferras. All kinds of fancied day came back to Dolores. Her names were given them. "The Rose father was tired and not very well, and the Lily." The York and the Lanand Madame de Ferras offered to take | caster Roses," were among the numher with Lola. The carriage called at ber. It was unanimously declared. Wintes Chiffe, Madame de Ferras look- however, that two more beautiful girls ing very distingue and aristocratic in could not be seen.

her velvet costume and Lola very They had been there more than hour before Sir Karl Allanmore aplovely in a dress of some rich silk material trimmed with lace. Her first. neared; and that hour had not bee entirely satisfactory to Lola. It was ager, breathless question was-"Do you like my dress? Now, Dol- | true that she had been surrounded by ores, do not speak hastily, but look admirers, but she was eminently pracat it, now tell me candidly if you like tical-none of these were eligible men. She had been longing in her

It was impossible not to like it, the heart to see Lord Rhysworth or Sir costume with its rich hues was so ad- Karl.

mirably suited to the dark, glowing (She was looking her handsomest beauty of the wearer; and Dolores and best when at lenth the baronet praised it highly. With an air of in- arrived. She was standing before a tense relief Lola sank back in the car- group of tall fuchsias, which with their crimson and purple bells form-

"I am glad. I must own that I look- ed a pleasing background for her. The rich dress of silk swept the ground

and every line of her graceful figure to what you would say." was shown to advantage by the well- her loveliness.

Her critical eyes noted every detail of Dolores's dress, which was fitting costume. On her dark, beautiwhite, with picturesque dashes of ful face there was the faintest shadow blue-quite different from her own of fatigue, which softened it wonder- ask me such a question. Do you splendid attire, but far more elegant fully. The weary look passed from it, think there is any comparison beand becoming.

"She evidently goes in for simplic- lovely came into it when Lady Fielden land, where you never see the sun ity," said Lola to herself-"the very advanced to her, walking by the side except through a veil, and my beautiopposite of myself. So much the bet- of the handsomest man she ever re- ful, sunny, fair France? I love every membered to have seen. ter

"Miss de Ferras," she said, "Sir Karl Dolores remembered how anxious ly Madame De Ferras had looked at Allanmore wishes for the pleasure of an introduction to you." her daughter as she said to her-"Ah, Lola, if you would but think

and less of vain nonsense?"

To which Lola retorted with a ing, with keen blue eyes and a percharming smile that a lecture was fect mouth. The young baronet was hardly appropriate on such a day, tall and well made, with a head proud-Dolores recalled the pained expresly carried, and something of a soldiersion on madame's face. "I would not have spoken to my ing one the impression that he enjoy-

mother in that fashion," she had said ed life amazingly.

to herself. Of all pretty scenes, a school-treat the river?" he asked; and she answeron a bright, summer day is perhaps ed that it would give her great plea-

Keen, sparkling eyes,

vigorous bodies | and

crispy Kellogg's just

naturally go together.

Flakes filled with flavor and health

-serve with milk or cream.

CORNELAKES

the second water

one of the most charming; and Lady sure to de so. Fielden had spared neither expense nor They went away together; and the

Lola looked up and saw a laughing debonair face, bright as a May mornly bearing, his whole appearance giv- vines and olive-trees! Who could

swered, "As between the lands, so between the people-there seeins to be no comparison. Here in England your poeple are dense, dull, phiegmatic, cold and proud. Your peasantry are boors; there is no politeness in the whole nation, unless it is amongst the higher classes. In France every man is more or less a gentleman; even the artisans and laborers are polite and courteous. It you happen to stumble against an Englishman on a narrow foot-path, he considers himself insuited, and revenges himself with an imprecation or a scowl: if the same thing happens to a Frenchman, he is so courteous, so polite, that you almost seem to have

done him a favor." "It may be so," he answered, piqued by her words. "But you cannot iony to us Englishmen two great virtues, honesty and bravery." "I do not often read the newspap ers," she said; "but I could judge best by the police reports. The little I have read has not given me an exalted idea of Englishmen." "You are prejudiced," he remarks

A A MARTINE

and a light that made it dazzlingly tween this cold, dreary, misty Enginch of her soil. It seems to me the very home of poetry and romance." "We have poetry and romance also in England," remarked Sir Karl. "Yes, but your poetry is all sad, and your romances are tragedies," she replied. "Think of the grand, old cathedral cities of France; think of the fair rivers and the noble mountains: think of the azure skies, the compare this misty, gloomy land, with bright, fair France?" She spoke with such enthusiasm that Sir Karl was interested. "You speak eloquently," he said.



"Would you like to walk as far as