



Do you suffer from Indigestion

Indigestion is largely due to a debilitated condition of the stomach. In this condition the stomach is unable to digest food—this is, extract the nutriment from it. Therefore, the food lays in the stomach and ferments, causing pains, fullness and heartburn. You almost dread mealtimes because of those terrible indigestion pains afterwards.

But—try taking a wineglassful of 'Wingarnis' a quarter of an hour before meals. You will find that 'Wingarnis' will give a 'tone' and a vigor to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions in a natural manner. Don't continue to suffer needlessly. Take 'Wingarnis' to-day. Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well FREE.

'Wingarnis' is made in England, and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—note a mere taste, but enough to do you good by sending 6 cents stamps (by pay postage) to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis Works, Norwich, England. Supplies can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

Agents for Newfoundland—
Messrs. MARSHALL BROS., Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER XXXII.

From this abyss of shame and horror there was no escape; and darker troubles were gathering round her. The fear of her secret becoming known had been some little restraint on Lady Neslie—now that Vivien knew it, there would be no restraint at all. Vivien understood the vain, shallow nature well enough to be sure that Valerie would seek to revenge her disgrace upon her—for a bravado's sake she would be more defiant and insolent than ever. She had never dreamed of her father's wife marrying again. It was an evil she had not foreseen; now it was one she had to dread. And when her ladyship married it would doubtless be one of those soi-disant military men whom she had so much affected—not an English gentleman. What would become of Lancewood then?

There was no clause in the will to prevent her marrying and bringing any husband she chose to Lancewood; it was to be her home until Oswald attained his majority. She might have married Monsieur de Nouchet and made him master of the Abbey. If she had the idea of marrying in her mind, it was most likely that she would carry it out.

"And I am powerless to prevent it," she thought; "powerless even to give advice! I can do nothing."

No sorrow that had fallen over her touched her as this did; and that what she dreaded would come to pass she felt sure. Lady Neslie would marry again if she chose.

She tried to imagine what she should do—what Lancewood would be like with one of these loud-speaking cigar-making, billiard-playing Frenchmen as its master. Valerie and her consort would not have the power to pull down the building or to cut down the trees; but, if Oswald proved to be what he gave promise of being, they would be able to win his consent to anything.

Vivien remembered well that one day, when they were speaking of some fine old cedars, Lady Neslie said:

"As soon as Oswald comes of age I shall persuade him to have those trees cut down."

What would happen to Oswald if his mother brought a husband to the Abbey? She recoiled from the thought. It had been bad enough when her father brought a new wife home; what would it be if that wife, in her turn brought a new husband? The morning sun found Vivien Neslie still pondering this, the greatest

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sun-dial stood. She had resolved upon consulting Gerald Dorman; he was a true friend, he would give her sound advice. She sent a little pencilled note to his room, saying that she should be glad to see him, and asking him to join her in the little rose-garden. There it was all quiet and calm. After the turmoil of the day it was pleasant to sit there and think for a few minutes of her lover. She laid her head against the old sundial, while the western wind brought the scent of the roses to her, and she closed her eyes that she might the better think of her love.

The sweet balmy wind, the long sleepless nights she had passed, produced their effect. In a few minutes Vivien slept, and Gerald Dorman, presently appearing, found her there. He looked long and sadly at the pale, beautiful face. Then, remembering her proud, sensitive nature, he thought that perhaps she might not be well pleased to wake and find him watching her there. So, with a trust instinct of what would please her best, he went back a few steps, and made noise enough to awaken her. He saw the pain of that awakening—how her sad, sorrowful thought seemed to return to her one by one. Looking up suddenly, she saw him and her whole face brightened.

"Mr. Dorman," she said, "I have sent for you because I must have a friend and confidant. I can choose no better than you."

He sat down by her side, and neither of them imagined how that tattle would end.

"I am not surprised, Miss Neslie," said Gerald, after a thoughtful pause. "From the very first I felt that Lady Neslie was not what she seemed to be. I may even say that I am relieved. The truth, I felt sure, would be known some day, and I dreaded worse than this."

"It is bad enough," Vivien remarked sadly, adding, "but my worst fear is this. If she chooses to remain an inmate of the Abbey, I do not see the anything can be urged against it."

"Nor, I," said Gerald. "I feel sure that she will marry; and then, at least until Sir Oswald comes of age, her husband will be virtually master. The Abbey will be no home to you then, Miss Neslie."

"I shall never leave it, no matter what happens. I shall remain until the end—until I die. My remaining here is the only hope for the place."

He longed to ask her if she would never marry—to remonstrate against the idea of her whole life being wasted through the folly of a false, fat woman; but he did not dare. He said—

"I do not believe that, when Sir Oswald uttered those words as a specific direction to you, he intended that your whole life should be spoiled by them."

"My father trusted me," she said simply; "I must obey."

"Look!" cried Gerald. "I should not be surprised if in a few months the Comte de Calloux were master here. I hear on all sides that the ladyship favors him, and that Monsieur de Nouchet has been dismissed."

Vivien looked in the direction indicated, and there, in the light of the setting sun, she saw miladi with the count. They were walking down the broad terrace, the count all devotion, all attention, "my lady" lovingly, laughing with all her usual grace. She wore a dress of white which looked almost golden in the shade of the setting sun. She wore rubies round her white throat—rubies that shone with a blood-red light; and as Vivien looked, she saw the count bend down and kiss Valerie's jeweled hand. She looked at him with some curiosity; he was a tall, handsome man, with dark shrewd eyes and a cruel mouth.

"Do you think," she asked Gerald, "that any of these men love Lady Neslie—really love her for her own sake?"

"No," he replied, "I do not. I think they love Lancewood and its renown. Lady Neslie is incapable of love; and, though she may infatuate and bewilder a man, I do not think she could ever win real love. She is too shallow, too false."

Vivien thought, as she watched the two on the terrace, that they certainly looked like lovers. She did not like the count. There was something suspicious, mercenary, cunning about him. He would not perhaps gamble

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after the fashion of Monsieur de Nouchet, but he would use his power mercifully. She sighed deeply. "Alas for unhappy Lancewood," she thought—"unhappy indeed if it falls into his hands!"

Then another scene occurred. On the terrace just beneath them the little Sir Oswald was playing with a young nurse-girl. She did something to displease him. He raised the whip with which he was playing and struck her a violent blow on the mouth. The girl cried out with pain. Miladi and the count went to see what had happened. Weeping with pain, the girl made her complaint.

"You should manage him better," said her ladyship. "You know his spirit."

"Apparently Sir Oswald knows how to use his whip," said the count.

"They are my servants," cried the boy, passionately, "and I shall do what I like with them!"

"A fine spirit indeed," said the count; but there was a gleam in his eyes, a line round his mouth, which told Vivien more plainly than words could have done how he longed to take the whip and use it on the boy.

Lady Neslie turned away with a light laugh.

"You must mind, Oswald, that you do not offer to beat a man so, or he might hurt you," she said; and, as she walked away with the count obsequiously bowing by her side, the two witnesses of the little scene looked at each other.

They had not time to exchange a word before the head-nurse came. It was Sir Oswald's bed-time.

"Is it?" said the child. "You may take me if you can."

He lay down on the ground, resting, struggling, striking out violently. He was finally overpowered and carried off amidst violent shrieks and cries.

Vivien looked after him with flash.

WOMAN'S MOST SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE

Known All Over The World—Known Only For The Good It Has Done.

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or received so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In nearly every community you will find women who have been restored to health by this famous medicine. Almost every woman you meet knows of the great good it has been doing among suffering women for the past 30 years.

Fox Creek, N. B.—"I have always had pains in the abdomen and a weakness there and often after meals a soreness in my stomach. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am stronger, digestion is better and I can work with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it as it is the best remedy in the world. You can publish this in the papers."—Mrs. WILLIAM S. BOURQUE, Fox Creek, N. B.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, many of whom state that it has saved them from surgical operations.

YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS

As a business the child learns that the sulks pays. The final issue is that a large number of self-willed, unbearable young men and women go out into the world, either to get beaten into a decent shape by the kicks and blows of their fellows, or else to become soured and spoiled by general dislike.

To teach the child not to give way to temper the mother must control her own. She must speak of the bad mood as a very dangerous thing. She must be gentle and firm as a good trained nurse with a sick patient, she must study both the disease and the cure. Thus she will succeed at last, and her encouragement should be that talent and genius are no protection to her child in the great world.

Education is not a safeguard from danger, but the man or woman who has self control, who can face disappointment with a quiet heart and resolute will, is superior to danger, is beyond temptation; and can walk with sure steps in dangerous places.

Fashions and Fads.

Whipcord is here again. Camoes are in fashion; also, corals. The dancing frock must be ruffled. Little folks may wear their waist-line high or low.

Even bathing suits are scalloped around the bottom.

There will be a great many separate skirts of plaid.

There is a checkerboard fur of black and white fox.

Many of the new skirts are very full around the hips.

GREAT SALE

OF

12 Gauge Double Barrel Breech-Loading Guns.



1 \$22.50 for	\$17.50
4 \$25.00 for	\$20.00
3 \$27.50 for	\$22.50
2 \$30.00 for	\$22.50
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1 \$32.00 for	\$27.50
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Being in close touch with the American Markets, can quote the finest wholesale prices on all classes of POUND REMNANTS and REGULAR PIECE GOODS, FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR, MATS, RUGS and CARPETS, etc.

Before placing your Spring order, we would appreciate an opportunity to quote our prices.

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Our new style sheets for Fall and Winter just to hand.



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We want to clear the balance of our Summer Stock of

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And have marked them down to real clear-out prices. GET ONE TO-DAY.

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382nd Day of the War

LATEST

From the Front

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The Governor, Newfoundland, has been notified that a British submarine grounded yesterday on the Danish Island of Svalbard. Fifteen were saved, and five are missing. The passengers and crew of the Arabic were mostly saved. Thirty-three are missing.

The French Government reports appreciable gain in fighting in Alsace on the 18th. Prisoners and five machine guns were captured.

The Russian Government reports that the enemy now occupy Novorossiysk. The enemy has demolished some of the Novo Georgievsk fortifications.

BONAR LAW.

BULGARIA'S ATTITUDE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—A despatch from Washington to the Evening Sun, says: Though not officially advised of it, the Bulgarian legation here did not deny an unfirmed report current in Washington to-day that Bulgaria has already declared the Allies. It is not impossible said the First Secretary, Poulitch, the Legation, that my country is done so.

IN THE DARDANELLES.

PARIS, Aug. 20.—A report of the situation in the Dardanelles as follows: In the southern zone there is nothing to report with the exception of engagements between patrols and artillery exchanges. In the northern zone, British left wing has made some progress in the plain of Anafarta.

FRENCH REPORT.

PARIS, Aug. 20.—The French War Office this afternoon gave out the following: The has been continued activity on part of our artillery along the bank of the Oise, to the north of the Aisne in Champagne district, and along the front at La Seille. In the north there has been fighting with mine in the region of Sienne Le Chateau and fighting at close range with hand grenades in the sector of St. Hubert and near Mar Therese. On the heights of the Lini and of the Schetzmannets line, German losses have been very heavy. We found large numbers of dead Germans in the trench 250 yards along which we occupied.

HELD UP BY GERMAN SUBMARINE.

CHRISTIANIA, Aug. 20.—A German submarine stopped the Norwegian mail steamer Irma with Norwegian territorial waters yesterday, but the timely appearance of a Norwegian torpedo boat on the scene prevented further interference with the mail ship.

ONLY TWO AMERICANS MISSING.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—It has been definitely established by the White Star Line announced this afternoon, that only two Americans on the Arabic are unaccounted for. These are Dr. Edmund F. Wood, and either Mrs. Josephine Bruguiere or Louis Bruguiere. The name of Louis Bruguiere appears on the American embassy's list as saved.

IS GERMANY ANXIOUS?

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The Exchange Telegraph Company received the following despatch dated Berlin, via Amsterdam: News of the sinking of the Arabic has caused great nervousness at the Foreign Office, fearing it would lead to serious difficulties with Washington. Details are withheld from the newspapers, which are prohibited from making comments.

OFFICIAL CONTRADICTION

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The White Star Line issued an official contradiction to the report published in the newspapers.

Every Neuralgic Pain Use "Nerviline"

There may be a thousand pains; yet, excepting sciatica, neuralgia is the worst. Most remedies are not strong enough or penetrating enough to relieve neuralgia. You know everything you have tried has failed to give even momentary relief, and you have decided that neuralgia must be borne forever.

Do not make this mistake—try NERVILINE.

Apply it to the sore spot. Notice the glow that spreads deeper and wider as Nerviline's curative power is carried further and further into the tissue. How quickly the pain is soothed! How rapidly it lessens! In a little while you