

"I Had Terrible Backache From Kidney Disease"



Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

At all Dealers.

GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—
Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER XVII.

In the far distance Hilda heard the sound of the music, broken every now then by the wailing of the wind, that bent the trees and mourned with the cry of a lost soul round the castle walls. She was a very fair picture, seated in the dim, mellow light of the little boudoir, the firelight gleaming in her costly jewels, and throwing a half halo round her golden head. The remembrance of Lady Bayneham's words was sweet to her. Young, beautiful, and loved, she had not one sorrow or care.

She might have laughed at the dismal wail of the winter wind. It was chanting some sorrowful dirge of grief and want, woe and death. What had such to do with the beautiful, brilliant lady who listened, with a smile on her lips, thinking how perfectly happy she was? Then, remembering she had promised Bertie Carlyn the last dance before supper, Lady Hilda rose to return to the hall-room.

"I was just coming for you," said Lord Bayneham, drawing his wife's arm in his; "Greyson has been here in search of you. He wants to speak to you; it is something about the arrangements I suppose. I will send him to you."

Greyson was the butler, who had served Lord Bayneham's father, and was consequently looked upon as a valuable and confidential servant. He approached Lady Hilda, looking carefully around to see if anyone could hear what he had to say. His young mistress stood near a large recess; it was half divided from the hall-room by a thick crimson curtain.

"My lady," he said, producing a folded paper, "I have been asked to give you this, without letting any one see or hear of it."

Lady Hilda hastily opened the note. It was almost illegible, as though the hand that wrote it had trembled and shook.

"Lady Hilda Bayneham," it began, "the doctor tells me I am dying. I have been dying for two days past, but I cannot leave this world until I have seen you. I shall have no answer to the questions I must be asked unless I see and speak to you. It is from the threshold of eternity I summon you. Do not delay; and as

How to Make Pine Cough Syrup at Home

Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare, and gives you sleep.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for cough. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest. Pine is famous for this purpose. Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup. To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pinex in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is pure, good and very pleasant—children take it eagerly.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pinex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours—less, splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, laryngitis, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs.

Reverse of instructions. Ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex, with directions, and don't stop, anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Cansan St., N.B., writes:

"I was troubled for years with terrible backache, resulting from kidney disease. At times in each month I remained in bed, the pain was more than I could stand, and to walk was almost impossible. I used about \$50.00 worth of other medicines, but with little result. Now I am completely better, after using only five boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

At all Dealers.

GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

you value the love and happiness around you, do not say one word of this. I am lying at the little cottage near the Firs."

"How strange!" said Hilda as she read the little note over again. "Who brought this, Greyson?"

"Old Mrs. Paine, from the Firs, my lady."

"Was any message left with it?" she inquired.

"None," replied the man, "except that she asked me to give it to you soon, and when you were quite alone."

The butler imagined, as old Mrs. Paine had done, that it was a request for alms. Every one in sorrow or want sought Lady Hilda, and no one ever sought her in vain.

As there was no more to be said, Greyson hastened to resume his duties, leaving the lady bewildered and surprised with the note in her hand.

"It must be an appeal for money," she said. "I will not be anxious over it. I wish whoever wrote the letter would have asked plainly for what is wanted."

She tried to believe it was but a somewhat uncommon way of soliciting money. Yet they were solemn words; she heard them above the soft, sweet, dream-like music that filled the hall-room—above the courtesies and homage offered to her; above the voice of flattery and love they rang out clear, cold and solemn, "From the threshold of eternity I summon you."

Bertie Carlyn wondered what spell lay on those rosy lips—they were mute and still; the bright, beautiful face had a troubled, wondering look.

"I fear you are very tired, Hilda," said Lord Bayneham to his young wife.

"I am not tired," she replied hastily. "But I am—"

Then she stopped abruptly, remembering those other words, "As you value the love and happiness around you, do not say one word of this."

"You are what?" said Lord Bayneham smiling, yet wondering why his wife's face flushed and the words died upon her lips.

She made some evasive reply and turned away. It would have been a great relief to have shown him the note and asked him what he thought. He would have understood it, but a strange fear and dread had seized the brilliant lady; she dared not disobey that command.

At the head of that sumptuous banquet she was obliged to talk and listen, obliged to give her whole attention to her duties. Yet there were many who thought their young hostess looked strangely tired and distraught. She was grateful when the Duke of Laleham took his departure. The other guests were not long in following his example.

"We have had a delightful night," said Barbara Earle, as the little family group assembled in the boudoir; "but even pleasure fatigues one. I propose—and you must second my resolution, aunt—that no one speaks another word. Let us retire; Hilda looks very tired and worn out."

"Though it would be delightful to talk over the ball," said Bertie, "I for one obey Miss Earle;" and off he went to the smoking-room.

Yet even when they were all gone, when she stood in her room alone, Hilda still heard these mysterious words.

"Who is it," she thought, "that from the threshold of eternity would summon me?"

Almost for the first time in her life Lady Hilda Bayneham found herself unable to sleep. The golden head tossed wearily to and fro. For the first time she listened to the wailing of the wind, as to a strange, wild

music that told of sorrow and despair.

"I will end this suspense," she thought. "No one will be down much before twelve. I will rise at eight, and go to the Firs. If Claude discovers that I am out, he will think I am taking a morning walk."

Yet even that, the first concealment she had ever practised in her simple, guileless life, troubled her.

It was a gray, cold morning—there was not even the glimpse of a sunbeam—when Lady Hilda dressed herself for her walk.

"You will be cold, my lady," said her maid, who wrapped a thick cloak around her.

"Yes," replied Lady Hilda; "but a long walk this morning will do me good. If Lord Bayneham asks for me tell him I am gone out, but shall be back soon after eleven."

If Pauline thought there was anything extraordinary in her lady's proceedings, she made no comment.

The air was cold and bleak, the sky dull and leaden; there was a gray mist that hid the trees as Lady Hilda went on her way through the park. Once a new idea came to her and made her pause.

"Suppose it should be a plan to rob me?" she thought. "But robbers and thieves could fear no question that should be asked in another world."

She reached the little cottage at last. Mrs. Paine was up, and busily engaged in preparing breakfast. She looked dazed and confused when Lady Hilda, her face glowing with exercise, stood suddenly before her.

"You have some one here very ill," said Lady Hilda, "who wishes to see me."

The old woman made a profound reverence to the golden-haired lady.

"It will be my lodger, I suppose, my lady," she replied. "She begged me to take a note to you last evening; she is very ill—like to die the doctor says, any minute."

Lady Hilda was relieved to find it was a woman who wished to see her. "She lies upstairs, my lady," continued Mrs. Paine. "Shall I go up with you, my lady?"

"No," she replied. "I need not trouble you. The poor creature wants some little assistance, I have no doubt; I will go alone."

Even as Lady Hilda went up the narrow staircase she heard those solemn words, "From the threshold of eternity I summon you." The mystery was soon to be solved. She knocked gently at the door of the room, and a faint, sweet voice bade her enter.

When in after years did Lady Hilda forget the scene? The room was small but clean, and even pretty. There was a little white bed with white hanging, a neat toilet-table with a few ornaments. A little table stood near the bed, a small fire burned cheerily in the grate.

Lady Hilda entered the room quietly, moving gently, lest any sound should annoy the one who lay dying there. She went up to the bedside and then uttered a low cry of surprise.

(To be continued.)

Household Notes.

During the winter months when nice lettuce is hard to procure, cabbage is an excellent substitute for the necessary salad.

Sliced ripe olives and apples make a tempting winter salad. Garnish with stoned ripe olives stuffed with cream cheese.



Baby's Skin Troubles

Chafing, scalding, skin irritations and itching, burning sores, are quickly and thoroughly relieved, and the skin kept soft, smooth and velvety by the use of

Dr. Chase's Ointment
Apply daily after the bath.

London, New York & Paris Ass. of Fashion

New Arrivals in

SUPER-WONDER SPECIALS

500 Ladies' Woolen Scarfs 98 cents equal to previous lot.

480 Child's Woolen Leggings and Sweaters, at 84 cents each.

400 Tricollette Waists, 98 cents, slightly damaged.

500 Five O'clock Tea Aprons at 78 cts.

180 Men's Woolen Mufflers at 98 cents.

Hundreds of Ladies' Camisols, Silk Jersey and Crepe de Chine Undergarments, etc., etc.

Dozen of other Super-Wonder specials all assuring the same "Supreme" Values.

London, New York and Paris Assoc. of Fashion