

Eczema Covered Arms of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucefield, Ont., writes—



DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

A QUEEN UNCROWNED

—OR—
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER I.

"What?" said the child's voice, so close to his elbow that he started; and looking down he saw a little boy, apparently about twelve years of age—the most elfish mite of childhood he had ever beheld—with a small, thin, dark face, precocious beyond its years, and lit up by a pair of the most wonderful black eyes that ever were seen. His dress was an odd affair—a short red flannel skirt under a boy's jacket, and a boy's cap crushed down over a tangled mass of short, thick curls from beneath which gleamed its odd, wild, cunning little elfish face.

"Take the lantern and show the gentleman the way to the stable," said the woman—a remarkably tall, hard-featured specimen of femaleness—as she passed into the room and left him.

The child darted away, and presently reappeared with a dark lantern, and springing out into the rain, seized the horse by the bridle, as if it were quite a matter of course, and led him off, followed by his master, who laughed to himself at the odd figure the child cut.

"What a spicy tiger that same little atom of mankind would make! and what a rig he has on, to be sure! He would be worth a million in cash to ride the favorite at the Derby."

The child led the animal into the stable occupied by another horse, and tied him up, and began unloosening his trappings in a twinkling. The young man assisted him, and when Salatin had been properly rubbed down and cared for, they both left the stable together, and turned toward the house.

"You're quite used to this sort of thing, I see, my lad," he said, glancing in mingled curiosity and amusement at the boy.

"Tying the horses—should think I was," said the child, with something of a chuckle.

"Is this a regular tavern, sonny?"

"No, though folks stay in sometimes," was the reply.

"Who lives here? What's your name, my boy?"

"I ain't your boy! I ain't a boy at all! I'm a girl! and my name's Oriole; but for short they call me Orrie," said the little one, sharply.

"Whew!" whistled the young man; "here's a discovery. I beg ten thousand pardons; but your dress led me into error. What makes you wear boy's clothes?"

"Oh! she makes me wear whatever's handiest!"

"Who is 'she,' Miss Oriole?"

"Why, she, you know—her that let you in."

"Oh! that tall, old woman! Is she your mother?"

"My mother?" said the child, with a shrill, elfish laugh; "no, I ain't got none—never had any. She's only old Grizzle!"

They had reached the door by this time, and the little one started in, in her quick way, held it open for the stranger, and then closed and bolted it again, in a flash.

"Come along right in here," said Oriole, whose fleet motion reminded him of her namesake, as she held open the door of what seemed to be the kitchen; up the ample chimney of which roared and crackled a huge fire—a welcome sight to our cold and weary traveller.

"Set a chair for the gentleman, Orrie. Sit up to the fire, sir, and warm yourself," said the woman, as she whipped a large pot off the fire, from which issued a savory odor of boiled pork.

The young man looked at her, and thought that in all his life he had never seen or heard a more villainous and repulsive-looking specimen of the angelic sex. It seemed to him, that she imported a sinister character even to the peaceful and domestic occupation of preparing supper.

"Woman, lovely woman!" thought the young man, with a half-laugh, as he looked at her grisly face, almost hideous in its ugliness, now that the hood of her cloak, which she still wore, was thrown back. "What a month for kissing! I wonder if by any possibility anybody could ever have loved that woman, for in her best days she must have been worse than ugly—wicked! Wonder what this queer little kelpie in the bare feet is to her. Old Grizzle! a most appropriate name. A 'poor lone woman,' indeed! It's little she need fear intruders, guarded by the three-headed dragon of Age, Ugliness and Poverty."

The young man arose, and turning his back to the fire, brought his coat tails forward over his arms, and with his legs in the form of a triangle, subsided into that state of tranquil happiness all true-born Englishmen feel in the above position, and sank into a daydream, from which a call to supper awoke him.

The hungry traveller obeyed with alacrity, pulling out his watch, an elegant gold one, set with brilliants, to see the hour. As he replaced it, he started slightly to see the fierce,

gleaming eyes of the woman fixed upon it with a greedy, devouring gaze, that was instantly removed the moment their eyes met.

That look was a revelation. Replacing the watch, he sat down in silence to supper, inwardly wondering whether he would not have been quite as safe out in the storm as here, and whether, as the old adage has it, "he had not helloed before he was out of the woods." During the meal, he was assiduously waited upon by the old woman, who made various efforts to draw from him his name and business, which he completely baffled by his evasive answers.

"Your room is all ready, sir, and you can go to it whenever you like," said the woman, as he arose from the table.

"Very well, I will go now. But first," he said, carelessly, "I will look to my pistols lest the priming may have got wet with the rain."

He drew out from the breast pocket of his great coat, as he spoke, a pair of handsomely mounted pistols and examined them carefully. As he suddenly looked up from his occupation, he caught his hostess standing at him with something like a sneer on her repulsive face.

"It is not safe to travel unarmed these times," he said, looking her full in the face, as he replaced them. "A well-primed pistol is about the best thing a man can have just at present."

"Quite right, sir," said the woman, lightening a candle. "This way, if you please."

He turned and followed her up a flight of stairs, and into a large, dark, low-ceilinged room, where a fire was dimly burning. In one corner stood a bed, and in another a table, and this, with a couple of chairs, comprised the sole furniture of the room. Setting the candle on the table, the woman bade him good-night, and left the room.

But, somehow, tired as he was, the young stranger could not make up his mind to go to bed.

There seemed something evil and sinister about the woman, and the place altogether, that banished all desire for sleep. This lonely house, far removed from every other habitation, was just the place for deeds of blood and darkness. All the old tales he had ever heard or read of travellers robbed and murdered in lonesome old houses and never heard of more, came crowding through his mind, until he had worked himself into a waking nightmare. Placing his pistols on the table, he raised the blind and tried to look out, but it was as dark as Erebus, and a perfect tempest of wind and rain was raging. Preferring to risk the uncertain danger of robbery and murder, rather than the more certain one of a complete drenching, he flung himself into a chair before the fire and fell into deep thought. An hour passed and then another, and all was perfectly still. The fire began to burn low on the hearth, and the candle flared and glittered on the table. Rising with a yawn, the young man was about to throw himself, dressed and all, on the bed, when a sight caught his eye that startled him almost as much as the ghost of Banquo did King Macbeth. At the head of the bed, on the whitewashed wall, was the "dark, cloaked mark of five fingers, as if a bloody hand had been suddenly dashed against it. There it was—glittering red and ghastly, and horrible in the dying light of the fire—that bleeding hand on the wall. It seemed so like the realization of his fears, so like a ghost risen from the dead to warn him, that he recoiled in horror from the grisly sight, and gazed on it with pretty much the same feelings as Robinson Crusoe gazed on the solitary footprint in the sand.

All thought of going to bed was now out of the question, and, approaching his door, he opened it softly and listened. The door at the foot of the stairs, opening into the kitchen, was ajar, and through it, plainly audible to his ears, came the subdued hum of several voices—men's voices, too.

The young traveller had stood face to face with death and danger many a time before now, and had plenty of physical courage; and now, as he saw his full danger, his nerves seemed changed to steel, and his handsome face grew set and stern.

(to be continued.)

Marshmallow sauce is a good substitute for whipped cream. Cut up marshmallows, allow them to soak in some cream, whip slightly and chill.

HP SAUCE
has just the right flavour to make you eat and enjoy your meals.

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A GUEST

TO A TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD.
Here you are, all of you, letters to fashion the words,
Letters for language as sweet as the song of the birds,
Letters for beauty and candor and letters of love,
Letters to picture the dry and the night with God's stars above!
And you spring into life at the impulse of man and reveal
The thoughts of his mind with your swift-flying fingers of steel.

Here you are, all of you, meaningless standing alone,
Servants of good men and bad, having no will of your own;
Yet on your twenty-eight keys lie all of the poems to be.
As in the acorn there lies the trunk and the leaves of the tree;
Deathless the song you could sing, evil you'd crush with your might;
If but the mind of the man pieced you together aright.

Here you are, all of you! Letters for slander and hate!
Letters for courage and faith when the need for such virtues is great!
Letters for mirth that shall drive out of mind every sorrow and care,
What shall men write when we're gone? Can't you guess, it is all hidden there!

Fraught with tools of the mind, helpless yet terribly strong;
Lord, let me choose the right words, help me to fashion my song.

Ladies of refinement entrust their beauty to Ivory Soap with perfect confidence in its pure, mild, gently cleansing lather—adv't.

BLESSINGS.
I have so many blessings it's sinful to be sore; Dame Fortune's caressings are mine forevermore. I meet the Egyptian, I hand him out some cash, to buy his Volstead tiple and plate of corned beef hash; and he is bent and aching, his feet refuse to track, and every step he's taking brings a pain to his back. My legs are smooth and queenly, and I am strong and hale, and I'd be acting meanly if I put up a wall. I meet the poor old fellow who's lost his little store; promoters false and yellow assembled at his door; they sold him stocks and leases and oil wells dry as dust; his yard is shot to pieces, he gnaws a beggar's crust. I hear his wailing ravings, his sighings sad and bleak; they got his lifetime's savings, and he is old and weak. And I have lodged the shearer, the fowler and his snare, and as old age draws nearer, I have some bucks to spare. I meet the sad-eyed duffer whose wife has gained divorce; she's made him sigh and suffer, her work was raw and coarse. No more his heart rejoices, as in the days of yore, there are no happy voices to greet him at the door; his loneliness is awful, no useful wife is nigh, to fry the fragrant waffle, or mould the tempting pie. My wife, she stands beside me, my aunts are at my back; no blessing is denied me, and peace is in my shack.

WALT JASON
I have so many blessings it's sinful to be sore; Dame Fortune's caressings are mine forevermore. I meet the Egyptian, I hand him out some cash, to buy his Volstead tiple and plate of corned beef hash; and he is bent and aching, his feet refuse to track, and every step he's taking brings a pain to his back. My legs are smooth and queenly, and I am strong and hale, and I'd be acting meanly if I put up a wall. I meet the poor old fellow who's lost his little store; promoters false and yellow assembled at his door; they sold him stocks and leases and oil wells dry as dust; his yard is shot to pieces, he gnaws a beggar's crust. I hear his wailing ravings, his sighings sad and bleak; they got his lifetime's savings, and he is old and weak. And I have lodged the shearer, the fowler and his snare, and as old age draws nearer, I have some bucks to spare. I meet the sad-eyed duffer whose wife has gained divorce; she's made him sigh and suffer, her work was raw and coarse. No more his heart rejoices, as in the days of yore, there are no happy voices to greet him at the door; his loneliness is awful, no useful wife is nigh, to fry the fragrant waffle, or mould the tempting pie. My wife, she stands beside me, my aunts are at my back; no blessing is denied me, and peace is in my shack.

EXCRUCIATING PAINS, CRAMPS
Entirely Remedied by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Eberts, Ont.—I started with cramps and bearing-down pains at the age of eleven years, and I would get so nervous I could hardly stay in bed, and I had such pains that I would scream, and my mother would call the doctor to give me something to take. At eighteen I married, and I have four healthy children, but I still have pains in my right side. I am a farmer's wife with more work than I am able to do. Have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I feel that it is helping me every day. My sister-in-law, who has been taking your medicine for some time and uses your Sanative Wash, told me about it and I recommend it now, as I have received great relief from it."—Mrs. NELSON YOTT, R. R. 1, Eberts, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for almost every ailment to women. It has been used for such troubles for nearly fifty years, and thousands of women have found relief, as did Mrs. Yott, by taking this splendid medicine.

If you are suffering from irregularity, painful times, nervousness, headache, backache or melancholia, you should at once begin to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially good to strengthen the system and help to perform its functions with ease and regularity.

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Children's Hose.
Beautiful soft Cashmere finish, in Black and White; to fit up to 6 years.
Per Pair 12c.
Pink and Blue 19c.

Boys' Sport Hose.
We have too many; we must clear them out. Nice shades of Brown and Grey, fancy tops; all sizes. Regular 60c.
Now, 39c.

Ladies' Wrist Watches.
Gold filled, plain polish, with 6-J Swiss movement; detachable gold-filled bracelet.
Each, \$9.98

Ladies' Cotton Hose.
In Black, Brown and White.
3 pairs for 49c.

Silk Hose
OF FINE QUALITY FOR EVENING WEAR.
You'll take pleasure in choosing these Silk Hoses for party and evening wear. Exquisitely sheer, yet of lovely quality, excellent values at this price, shown in delicate evening shades as well as Black and White, perfect fitting, full fashion.
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Serims.
In White, Cream and Ecru, 36 inches wide; good quality, medalion design band with hemmed edge.
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In several shades, some with stripes, 40 inches wide, suitable for Boys' Suits, Ladies' Skirts, Costumes, etc.
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18 x 36 inches, first quality, beautiful patterns.
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14 yards wide, all new designs, in many shades.
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Hat Flowers.
Never such a selection of such beautiful Flowers and Ornaments shown here before; suitable for Hats and Dresses. Come and see them.
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Ladies' Blouses.
New lot just in, in White only. Worth twice our price.
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In many beautiful shades, 40 inches long, 15 inches wide.
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Infants' Poplin Coats.
Lined throughout, pockets, 3 buttons on front, in Pink, Blue and Lavender. Regular \$2.98.
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Wool Serges.
Beautiful Wool goods, double width, in Black and Blue.
Blue. Per Yard \$1.25
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Bathing Caps.
These fit snugly about the head and keep all sand and water from the hair and scalp; made of pure rubber. We have a large assortment.
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Men's Work Shirts.
For wear and service. Made of Blue Chambray, Khaki and Grey Flannel; a full range of sizes.
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We have too many; we must clear them out. Nice shades of Brown and Grey, fancy tops; all sizes. Regular 60c.
Now, 39c.

Ladies' Cotton Hose.
In Black, Brown and White.
3 pairs for 49c.

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Newest models. Improved and attractive styles in light, sensible Summer footwear. Women and Misses will find them just the thing for cool, seasonable wear, in strap and lace, fitted with rubber heels.
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Rubber Sole Shoes.
For Men, Women and Children. In Black, White and Brown, made of fine canvas, with heavy rubber soles.
Children's 98c.
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The Right Corset
Is a matter of special importance in fitting any garment. These new Corsets are designed to give the new figure lines demanded by this season's styles; firm fabrics, properly bound; made in Pink and White.
Each, 98c.

Bandeau Brassiers.
Comfortable and perfect fitting models preferred for wear with present styles. Well made and correctly sized, with elastic insert fastening.
Each, 39c.

Pretty Corset Covers.
Lace trimmed yokes and armholes. Not only do these Corset Covers embody all the delicateness and practicality that women demand in under muslins, but they are surprisingly low priced, with deep yokes of lace.
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A practical addition to any wardrobe is the hat which can be donned for every wear. Meeting just such demands come these attractive New Sports Hats—becoming models with simplicity their greatest charm.
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New Neckwear for Men
As good looking a display of four-in-hands as you could ask for, and in silk, new patterns in striking combinations.
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An assortment of the latest style Barrettes, 1/2 x 5/8 inches, in rhinestone mountings and 2-tone plain styles.
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Open face, Nickel case, small model, plain back, stem wind and set.
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Men's Summer Caps.
Only a few more left; real value \$1.50.
Our Price, 59c.

Gillette Safety Razors.
The most widely known Razor on the market. No beard too stiff for a Gillette, set includes razor and two blades, in steel case.
Per Set, \$1.98

Gillette Razor Blades.
To fit the regular type of Gillette Safety Razor, highest grade razor steel edges that last; half dozen in pkt.
Per Pkt., 49c.

Men's Flannellette Pyjamas.
Good quality Flannellette with 2 color fancy striped patterns, military collar, pointed end, shield, large pocket, 4 white perforated frogs, trim front with pearl buttons; all sizes.
Per Suit, \$2.98

Men's Fancy Figured Hose.
Fine Lisle weaves with novelty embroidered effects and clocks shown on more expensive silk. High apliced heels strongly reinforced, with Lisle to insure longer wear.
Per Pair, 19c. to 98c.

Men's Felt Hats.
A nice line in several shades, all sizes.
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Very light weight; glaze lbr.
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Silk Gloves.
Elbow length. The choice of correct gloves for any occasion is a matter of importance to every well dressed woman. These Silk Gloves are fashioned to fit the hand snugly without binding; finger tips are reinforced and back stitching defined. Elbow length only, in Black and White only.
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Aluminum Boilers.
By all means take this opportunity to procure one of these fine Aluminum Boilers with close fitting, straight side model. An excellent value.
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We carry a line of goods for ordinary use in the kitchen.
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