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200 acres—Ten miles out, 1 set of buildings, good land, $12,000.

200 acres—Ten miles out, good buildings and good land, $13,000, easy terms.

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Two-story solid brick, cut-stone foundation, slate roof, steam heated, full basement in four rooms, 2 rooms in attic finished, in the finest residential part of city, north side, large lot, with lane in rear.

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J. 7, 9, 10.

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Chevrolet Touring
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Immediate Sale

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MARINELLO SYSTEM FOR FACE, scalp, chiropody. Removal of superfluous hair permanently. Miss Beattie, corner of Talbot and Fullarton. Phone 3027.

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The Advertiser Gives Results

HELENE'S MARRIED LIFE

BY MAY CHRISTIE

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CXXVI.—Merciful Relief.

"Life can be rather terrible, Jim," I whispered, holding tight to my husband's arm with my left hand, while with my right I held my coffee cup. "Poor Mr. Travis Lloyd!"

"And that mad creature trying to murder you in the cellar," added Jim grimly. "Oh, Helene, I can never let you out of my sight again!"

The hall was empty. So I leaned over towards him, and kissed the little scar on his forehead, just below his curly hair. Without a doubt, the insane woman upstairs had been responsible for that scar. Mistaking Jim for her husband, she had attacked him from behind with a heavy weapon, and left him lying on the lonely roads, until I found him . . . .

Thank God, Jim was strong and healthy now. He had completely recovered from his long illness.

I clung close to him in the hall of Thorny Grange, my nerves considerably shaken by what I'd undergone. That creeping horror in the cellar. . . .

"Surely, now that Tony is at hand, he'll see she's properly confined in some institution where she can't escape again. I blame Mr. Travis Lloyd for not taking more precautionary measures." There was a sharpness in Jim's tones. He held me close to him. "If she'd hurt you, Helene——" He broke off, staring at my wrist, from which stood out a great purple bruise. "What's that?"

"She flung her revolver at me," I whispered back again. "It was pitch dark in the cellar, but her aim was not so bad——" My voice quavered in a foolish effort to speak lightly.

Just then, Tony and the doctors came down the stairs. Tony came towards us. There was a queer, strained look on his face. Twice he tried to speak, but his throat seemed dry, and no words would come.

"What is it?" I cried, "what's happened, Tony?" Jim and I rose simultaneously.

"My mother," he said, slowly, "when we got to her room, we found her—lying—dead!"

We stared at Tony, startled.

"Dead?"

He nodded. Then he beckoned to the doctors. They approached.

"Tell them," he said, "I can't."

And so the doctors told us that poor Mrs. Lloyd had died half an hour ago, of heart-failure.

"From the look of her, I suspect heart-disease of long standing," said the older of the two. "Today's excitement has been too much for her."

And then Jim spoke.

"I should say it was a merciful release." He lowered his voice so that Tony—who had turned his back on us—might not hear. "It's a merciful release all round, for everyone."

The doctors gave a discreet inclination of their heads.

"We understand she was homicidally insane," remarked the younger man, "and extraordinarily cunning in her methods of escape. Naturally, then, she was a menace to society."

I think Jim was about to tell them of her three attempts upon my life. But I laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"De mortuis," I murmured, gently. Why speak ill of the dead? She was gone now, to harm no one any more.

Then I turned towards the doctors. "You have good news of Mr. Lloyd?"

The answer came in the affirmative. He was making satisfactory progress. For a man no longer in his first youth, his powers of resistance were remarkable, they said.

CXXVII.—NEWS FOR ALICE.

Rather timidly, for my nerves were still ragged, I offered to stay over night at Thorny Grange. My husband however, immediately put his foot down on this suggestion. And, at that moment, Mr. Lloyd's housekeeper—a clever, capable woman—came up and assured us that she could manage perfectly. Mr. Lloyd's valet had nursed his master through more than one illness, and she herself had some experience in that line. The doctors were sending a nurse, too, for the first few days.

So Jim and I departed, leaving Tony in command of the situation.

Alice Anstruther was waiting for us on our return. She had already heard the news of the shooting incident. Her maid had been down in the village, and—being in the interesting stage of "keeping company" with the local policeman—had gained some information as to recent doings up at Thorny Grange.

"Oh, Helene, I'm simply terrified!" gasped Alice, clutching me with a hot hand. "That terrible creature—at large again—we'll all be murdered——"

"The poor woman is dead," I replied. "She died just over an hour ago, of heart failure."

"Thank heaven!" breathed Alice fervently. "Then we all can breathe freely."

This last remark was so true that I could not deny it.

"Poor Mr. Travis Lloyd," she went on, "and"—here her eye sought mine—"and Tony—what of him?"

I looked at Jim as though he could help me in breaking the astounding news to Alice. But Jim was silent.

"Come into the library," I said, catching Alice by the arm. "We have some news for you."

Alice turned white.

"He—he isn't surely going to get a heavy sentence?" Real anxiety glinted in her big blue eyes. "I understood that Mr. Lloyd had bailed him out."

"That part's all right, I think." I sat down on a sofa in the library, close beside my husband. "Jim's father is not going to take any action. Tony's lucky. But the news concerns something rather different."

Alice leaned forward towards me.

"Go on, Helene. How slow you are! Tell me your mysterious news." She was quite excited.

"It seems that Tony was a—a foundling," I began.

Alice gave an astonished stare. Her baby mouth fell open.

"A foundling! Good gracious! That means he hadn't any parents, or family, or money, or anything!"

"Yes, he had," I contradicted. "But it seems that his nurse lost him when he was a baby, and he was brought up by Jim's parents." I squeezed my husband's hand. "They had no idea—who he was. Neither had Tony."

"In the last six months, Tony determined to find out about the mystery of his pedigree. He succeeded, following up various clues. It was true he did attempt—on two occasions—to rob the safe of Mr. Travis Lloyd. The second time he succeeded. But it was not money that he sought. It was clues—proofs of his parentage. And he found them."

"What?" ejaculated Alice. "Found them in Mr. Lloyd's safe?"

I nodded.

"But what on earth had Mr. Lloyd to do with it?" she went on.

Now was the time to drop my bomb.

"It seems that Tony is the son of Travis Lloyd—his long-lost child."

Alice gave a sort of stifled squeal.

"My heavens! How—how thrilling! Are—are you positive, Helene? Is—is that why Mr. Lloyd is acting so—so generously?"

Ignoring the last question, I said:

"Evidently there's no doubt about the matter. Tony's real name is Travis Lloyd, after his father. He will inherit everything."

I expected Alice to look enormously interested at this. But, to my surprise, she turned quite white again, and said, in a voice that held horror in it:

"If Travis Lloyd is Tony's father, then that mad, dangerous lunatic was his—mother?"

I nodded.

"That's quite true. Any Tony knows it now."

Alice gave a long, frightened shudder. Her little face hardened.

"So Tony has a strain of insanity in his blood. How terrible!" she whispered.

CXXVIII.—PLANS.

Alice's remark came in the nature of a surprise. Tony with "a strain of insanity in his blood" . . . and Alice could turn white over such a thought!

I spoke.

"No, Alice, you're quite wrong. Tony's mother lost her reason at the time she lost her child. She was as sane as you or I when he was born. Her madness was the result of shock—the awful grief of losing him."

Alice looked first incredulous, and then relieved.

"This madness business has been so terrible," she breathed, "it would be too awful if it broke out in Tony, next. We've had enough trouble in this neighborhood."

I couldn't contradict her. My own nerves were not in the best condition.

"What are your plans, Alice?" I definitely changed the subject. "Don't you think you ought to go away somewhere for a holiday?"

Alice heaved a weary sigh.

"Nobody wants me," she said, plaintively, twisting her black-bordered handkerchief into a little ball. Ready tears sprang to her large blue eyes. She looked pathetic enough to melt a heart of stone. "I feel so—so horribly alone." She gave a little sniff.

"Such nonsense, Alice!" I decided that the bucking-up process was what she needed. "Why, you've shoals of friends! So many invitations that you don't know where to go, and what to accept!"

Again did Alice sniff.

"Oh, yes, I've got friends—of a sort. There's Clara." (Clara was the life and soul of the fast set in a neighboring country house—the woman who had mistaken me for Alice's maid. My heart didn't warm to the gay, loud-talking Clara).

"And there are others," went on Alice, plaintively, "but none of them lead the quiet, retired sort of life that I must lead for the next few months." She glanced down a her mourning clothes. "They've no time for—for sorrow—or anything of that kind."

This was strictly true. I knew the "set."

"You'd better come with Jim and me, my dear," I said, in a determinedly bright voice. "You mustn't be allowed to stay down here, and mope."

For a moment I thought that Alice looked disappointed. Perhaps she did not wish to be removed from the vicinity of Master Tony? In view of her recent bereavement, this was an uncharitable thought, and I tried to crush it down.

Then Alice spoke.

"I like that little hotel in town where I've been staying lately. Oh, yes, I can afford it. That reminds me, Helene"—she looked at me—"that reminds me that I owe you quite a little sum of money. I'll give you a check for the full amount tonight."

I was astonished. Alice was becoming business-like, at last.

"And I think that I'll 'go in' for something," she went on. "Anything to take my mind off my troubles. No, not spiritualism, or 'new thought,' or theosophy, or any of those nerve-racking things. I've had worry enough, without starting anything new of that kind. But I thought——"

"Yes?" cut in Jim, very kindly. It was evident he approved of Alice in this mood.

She stared into the heart of the fire, and then she said, quite softly:

"My poor Jack would approve of me doing something to fill in the long days, I know. So I thought that I might take up singing, and perhaps make something of it, too, in the old days, my teachers predicted great things of my voice. But I was lazy. I married so ridiculously young, and Jack spoiled me dreadfully." Again her eyes filled with tears. "I'm one of the people who has hidden her talent in a napkin—a—a cumberer of the ground."

This rather mixed statement brought no smile to either Jim's face or mine. For Alice was in earnest.

And some honest work would be the saving of her. It would distract her mind, too, from her troubles.

So it was settled that Alice was to come up to town, and recommence a course of music at the academy. Her week-ends would be spent with Jim and me in our little country cottage. On this I insisted, feeling really sorry for poor Alice. She seemed quite changed and softened.

The following day we left Anstruther Lodge, Alice going off to her hotel, and Jim and I motoring direct to our little paradise.

"We've done our duty, Helene—and you're a brick!" My husband, though driving the big car, managed skilfully to plant a kiss upon my cheek.

That night we sat out of doors, in the scented country air, and under a big yellow moon. We were alone.

"Happy, Helene?" Jim's arm was round me.

"The happiest girl in the whole wide world, sweetheart," I whispered in his ear.

CXXIX.—HOW IT ENDED.

I take up my pen one year later, to write a postscript to my story. Many things have happened in this interval of time.

To begin with, poor Mr. Travis Lloyd. In spite of the doctor's remarks about his wonderful constitution, he did not make the rapid recovery they predicted. After two months in bed, he took a short holiday abroad with Tony, and then returned to his beloved country home.

But his full health was rather slow in coming back. Jim and I visited him four months after the shooting incident, and he seemed much older-looking, easily tired, and more and more dependent on his son.

As for the latter, Tony seemed to be quite a reformed character. He busied himself tremendously in the affairs of the estate. He was a model son, though I did hear that occasionally he went up to town, and had a little fling.

Yet country life appeared to suit him. And indeed there was plenty of society in the neighborhood. He had lots of money at his disposal—Mr. Travis Lloyd was certainly generous towards his son and heir—and Tony could indulge many luxurious tastes which hitherto had been beyond his means.

With things running easily for him, then, Tony's character had apparently undergone a change for the better.

"The chap's almightily improved," even Jim declared—and my husband had had no special love for Tony, so this was high praise.

"He makes a first-class agent and manager of the estate," Mr. Travis Lloyd declared, immensely delighted with Tony's reformation.

Anstruther Lodge—Alice's former home—was now in other hands, and Alice working hard in town at her musical "career." To my astonishment, she did work hard.

"My teacher says I'll make a great hit on the concert platform," she informed me one day. "Of course, there's always the stage. But the life's too rough for me." She shrugged her shoulders daintily. "I might, however, try grand opera. That's done by the very best people—and the social end of the thing is wonderful."

Thus did Alice unburden herself, modestly.

Jim and his father are completely reconciled. We often stay for week-ends at the town house of his parents. Mrs. St. Aubyns has a very tender corner in her heart for me. She knows the whole circumstances of our marriage.

"From the moment that I first saw you, Helene," she said once, with tears of happiness in her kindly eyes, "I wanted you for Jim. I loved you from the first minute of our meeting."

Jim's father, also, is very good to me. He'd often wanted a daughter of his own, he says—and now he's got one!

As for Jim, he makes the dearest husband in the world. I won't say that he's entirely perfect—for then he'd be inhuman. But any imperfections he may have are dearer to me than the virtues of all the other men in the world put together—which statement proves that I'm still entirely in love—and intend remaining so to the end of the chapter.

Jim is manager of an engineering firm in town. The work suits him, and has splendid opportunities. Next year we probably will be sent abroad, to a still better position for my husband.

And so we shall see the world—together!

This morning we received a telegram which somehow did not astonish either of us very much. It was from Alice, and it ran:

"Tony and I married this morning. Blissfully happy. Please wire congratulations."

Jim turned to me, and he was smiling.

"A few months ago," he remarked, "I'd have said they were both to be pitied! I'd have been sorry for them both. But now—Helene—I do believe their chances of happiness are quite good. They've learned a few things in the last six months or so. And, without a doubt, Alice adores the fellow."

I nodded. Loving my Jim as I did, I could understand another woman's point of view.

"Alice could never stand a lonely life. And I know she cares for Tony very much. As for Tony, his motives toward Alice can't be mercenary any more. For, as Travis Lloyd's heir, his prospects are a hundred times better—financially—than her own."

To which Jim acquiesced.

And then he turned and caught me in his arms.

"But in all the world, there's no happier couple than ourselves!" he whispered.

(The End.)

To COMPLETE a Good Salad Use

APROL

More Digestible Than Any Other Oil.

Notice to Creditors

Creditors and others having claims against the estate of Jane Gibson, late of the Township of Westminster, in the County of Middlesex, spinster, who died on or about the 21st day of February, A.D., 1919, are required to send or deliver particulars of their claims to the undersigned solicitors on or before July 28, 1920, after which date the executors may distribute the estate of the said deceased, having regard only to the claims of which they may then have notice, and will not be liable for claims of which they have not notice at the time of distribution.

Dated July 6, 1920.

McKILLOP & DOUGLAS,
156½ Dundas Street, London, Ont.,
Solicitors for Executors.
J. 7, 14.

Executor's Sale of City Property

The Executors of the late Sarah Agnes Hook will offer for sale by public auction on the premises, on Wednesday, July 14, 1920, at the hour of 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon the properties known as Nos. 473, 475, 477, 479 and 481 York street, London, Ont. On the property is a terrace of five brick houses, all rented. Lots 101x132.

For particulars and conditions of sale, apply to

E. W. M. FLOCK,
Bank of Montreal Chambers, Richmond Street, Solicitors for Executors,
or to
D. H. PORTER,
110 Dundas street, Auctioneer.
July3,7,10,13

CUNARD
ANCHOR
ANCHOR-DONALDSON

REGULAR SERVICES

Montreal—Glasgow.
July 17, Aug. 21, Sept. 25.....Saturnia
Aug. 7, Sept. 11, Oct. 16....Cassandra

Montreal-Bristol (Avonmouth).
July 20 .....Doonholm

New York—Glasgow (Via Moville).
July 31, Aug. 28, Sept. 25....Columbia

New York—Liverpool.
July 17, Aug. 14, Sept. 11..*K.Aug.Vict.
July 20 .....Vasaria
July 24, Aug. 21, Sept. 18.....*Caronia

N. Y.—Ply., Chér. and London.
Oct. 16, Nov. 13 ..... Caronia

N. Y.—Cherbourg, Southampton.
July 15, Aug. 12, Sept. 9.....Imperator
July 31, Aug. 28, Sept. 22....Aquitania
Aug. 5, Sept. 2, Sept. 30....Mauretania

N. Y.—Dubrovnik and Trieste.
July 31 ..... Italia
*Via Queenstown.

For rates of passage, freight and further particulars apply to local agents or

THE ROBERT REFORD CO., LTD.
GENERAL AGENTS
50 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONT.

ADVERTISING RATES

Amusements—Fifteen cents per line each insertion.

Meetings—Two cents per word each insertion, or 15 cents per line display.

Births, Marriages and Deaths—One insertion, $1; two insertions, $1.50.

Memoriam Notices—Twelve cents per line each insertion.

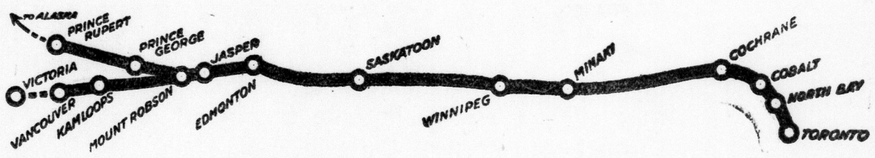
Cards of Thanks—One dollar each insertion.

Help Wanted, Articles For Sale, Situations Wanted, Lost and Found, Houses to Let and For Sale, etc., Wanted To Purchase, and All Similar Condensed Advertisements—Two cents per word each insertion; six insertions, 10 cents per word; twenty-six insertions, 40 cents per word; fifty-two insertions, 75 cents per word. No advertisements less than fifteen words.

CANADIAN NATIONAL-GRAND TRUNK

New Service

ACROSS CANADA



EFFECTIVE JUNE 27TH, 1920, The Canadian National—Grand Trunk new Transcontinental Service will be inaugurated on the following schedule:

TORONTO—WINNIPEG—VANCOUVER—VICTORIA—PRINCE RUPERT

		Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Lv TORONTO (Union Stn.)	East. Time	11.00PM Su.	11.00PM Mo.	11.00PM Tu.	11.00PM We.	11.00PM Th.	11.00PM Fr.	11.00PM Sa.
Ar NORTH BAY	"	7.50AM Mo.	7.50AM Tu.	7.50AM We.	7.50AM Th.	7.50AM Fr.	7.50AM Sa.	7.50AM Su.
Ar COBALT	"	12.10PM Mo.	12.10PM Tu.	12.10PM We.	12.10PM Th.	12.10PM Fr.	12.10PM Sa.	12.10PM Su.
Ar COCHRANE	"	5.30PM Mo.	5.30PM Tu.	5.30PM We.	5.30PM Th.	5.30PM Fr.	5.30PM Sa.	5.30PM Su.
Ar WINNIPEG	Cent. Time	6.00PM Tu.	6.00PM We.	6.00PM Th.	6.00PM Fr.	6.00PM Sa.	6.00PM Su.	6.00PM Mo.
Lv WINNIPEG	"	10.25PM Tu.	10.25PM We.	10.25PM Th.	10.25PM Fr.	10.25PM Sa.	10.25PM Su.	10.25PM Mo.
Ar SASKATOON	Mtn. Time	12.40PM We.	12.40PM Th.	12.40PM Fr.	12.40PM Sa.	12.40PM Su.	12.40PM Mo.	12.40PM Tu.
Ar EDMONTON	"	11.25PM We.	11.25PM Th.	11.25PM Fr.	11.25PM Sa.	11.25PM Su.	11.25PM Mo.	11.25PM Tu.
Lv EDMONTON	"	12.10AM Th.	12.10AM Fr.	12.10AM Sa.	12.10AM Su.	12.10AM Mo.	12.10AM Tu.	12.10AM We.
Ar JASPER (National Park)	Pac. Time	9.22AM Th.	9.22AM Fr.	9.22AM Sa.	9.22AM Su.	9.22AM Mo.	9.22AM Tu.	9.22AM We.
Ar MT. ROBSON (Canadian Rockies)	"	12.06PM Th.	12.06PM Fr.	12.06PM Sa.	12.06PM Su.	12.06PM Mo.	12.06PM Tu.	12.06PM We.
Ar VANCOUVER	"	9.00AM Fr.	9.00AM Sa.	9.00AM Su.	9.00AM Mo.	9.00AM Tu.	9.00AM We.	9.00AM Th.
Ar VICTORIA	"	3.00PM Fr.	3.00PM Sa.	3.00PM Su.	3.00PM Mo.	3.00PM Tu.	3.00PM We.	3.00PM Th.
Ar PRINCE RUPERT	"	.....	.....	7.00PM Su.	.....	7.00PM Tu.	.....	7.00PM Th.

Unexcelled Equipment including Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars, Tourist and Colonist Cars and most modern coaches.

For all information, Fares and Sleeping Car Reservations apply to any agent of the Canadian National or Grand Trunk Railways.