"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

Just before 1 came home I met

Maurice Moreau. He had heard of

the child, He threathened me, telling

me that he would make the s'ory

and then in a dark room.

cousing, that was all, but the fatal re-

'Then I took Bebe and fled. I

Up to that moment Erle Childes

had not moved, had, indeed, scarce-

ly seemed to breathe; but as the

his hand closing over the elder man's

'Say that again!' he cried, hoarse-

ly, 'Tell me that my brother was

'My God! And you let him die

You allowed me to be accused as his

accomplice! You left me to believe

him guilty! You allowed the world

to believe that of him and of me

scoundrel, deceiving me with a friend-

I wonder that I do not kill you, where

you sit. I wonder that I do not make

'As innocent as you yourself!'

shoulder convulsively.

nnocent of that crime.

semblance had done its work.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Meredith Lansing's Secret. shortly after that begin to known to you if I did not give him fade before my eyes. At his child. Meredith, I gave him yours! times she would be in the wildest From that day I began to despise the spirits. She would fling her arms child. From idolatry my feeling about me and declare she loved me changed to hatred. She began to hetter than her soul. Then for days grow more and more like her father. she would not allow me to see her. She looked like him, talked like him, And then she grew to almost loathe was himself again, until on day I the child - Bebe. She would not allow could bear it ne longer; I tried to kill the little one in her presence, and one her day she attempted to throw the child Well, Erle, up to that time she from the window, prevented only by had told her story with comparativ the nurse after a furious struggled. quiet, but at that point she beg n to Of course you guess the truth-my rave in the old way again, and kin w

horrible to speak of! For years she asylum a raying uron c. N wordwas an inmate of a private asylum. | could ever tell you what I sull red At first they gave me no hope that From her aunt I learned the rest of she would ever recover, then she be the story. Moreau had brutally de- lifted again. gan to grow better. All this time ceived her. I was rich, her reputa-Bebe was growing up in ignorance tion was at stake, lw. s made he vi t n. that her mother lived. I could not tell her, and I would not allow an other to do so.

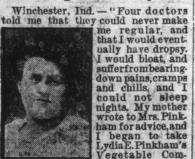
One day the doctor sent for me home. Heavens! How happy I was All the way home she talked to me rationally and quietly, but never once mentioned the name of the child. As she entered the drawing room she saw He had robbed me of my child, he your sake and Bebe's and the hope Bebe standing in the conservat ry among the flowers. I can never for get the expression of my wife's face as she clutched my arm and pointed in the girl's direction.

'Who is that?' she gasped. 4 Have you forgotten our little one, Mignon?' I asked gently. 'That is our child-Bebe !'

The horrible cry that fell from her lips froze me.

'No! no! no!' she cried wildly. Moreau's. Were you foolish enough to believe it? Listen : I believe myself his wife, but he deceived me, and hour. I saw the resemblance to Bebe. mania. my aunt made me marry you. I went I forgot everything, but I believe him hoarsely, 'for making my life the soon after, and she, that, girl, to be the destroyer of my wife's honor was born. She was blind and my and her reason and -I killed him! heart almost broke. I loved her then, earth, except you. Then our child was born, but much as I loved you it born. It was a great, strong, healthy child, but I loved my little one best. I determined that I would deceive you, I went abroad with my two children, waiting for them to grow to an age when I could dece ve you.

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound d eadful words passed Meredith Lan-



pound. After taking one and onehalf bottles of the Compound, I am all
right again, and I recommend it to
every suffering woman."—Mrs. MAY
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Hundreds of such letters from girls
and mothers a treasure their grafitude.

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There is not a Trace of Opium or Morphine in "Father Morriscy's No. 10" (Lung Tonic.)

A cough is merely a symptom of an rritated, inflamed or diseased condition

selves.

Many cough mixtures are simply preparations containing enough Opium, Morphine or similar drugs to deaden the irritation. They relieve the cough but they do not remove the unhealthy condition that caused it. Moreover any

"Father Morriscy's No. 10", (Lung Tonic) contains absolutely no drugs of this character. It relieves a cough by removing the cause.

Made of Roots, Barks and Balsams,

Nature's own remedies, it clears the mucus from the passages, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, and strengthens the lungs and whole system so that they can throw off the disease entirely. Thousands have proved it. Trial bottle 25c. Regular size 50c. At your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co.. Ltd., Chatham,

brother's name shall be cleared

uch force that he rolled to the floor; then the white, quivering face was 'I have done all you have said and

more,' Lansing returned, with a learned that my own child was dark groan. 'I deserve that you should kill me, but don't do it for your own and like my wife; my child, and all sake. I have loved you as I never these years I had seen her but once, loved a living thing in this world except my wife. I thought you would 'The aunt gave me Maurice Moreau's be happy and I determined that would make you so. I could not bea photograph, so curiously like Bebe that you should learn the truth, bethat it seemed to me I must recognize cause I knew so well what the result him anywhere. And strangely enough my fierce anger was all against him. had robbed me of my wife, he had that some day I should find that child spoiled my life and hers, and I deterreau. I tried to quiet my conscience mined to search every spot upon the with money, but I could not. You earth until I had found him and had say you have endured the torture of perdition? What, think you, have my sufferings been like? Perdition 'That day, that very hour I began. would have been a delight by com I put a decoy advertisement in the parison. I don't ask you to spare me paper, telling Meurice Moreau that he I don't even entreat your pity. I am would learn something of the child ready to die if by death you think I

dersigned. At last one day an auswer hand, not yours!' Not yours!' Childes hesitated a moment. Ther came. It was from Wheeling, West That is not your child, but Maurice Virginia. I answered it in person at would be difficult to define what there once. The man received me in his was in it, but certainly a fierce hatroom. I think I too went mad in that red, a wild longing that was almost

with him if he would address the un- can atone, but it must be by my own

curse that you have, but upon the morning that my poor brother was 'I left not caring how quickly I hanged he sent for me. He implored me to believe in his innocence, to save was hanged for my crime-then-oh, him, and I refused to believe! That, God, Erle, how can I tell you-I dis-Meredith Lansing, I shall curse you covered that I had made myselt a murderer for nothing-I had killed my body. Oh, Harold! Harold!' the wrong man! They were on'y

Everything was forgotten in that moment save the terrible wrong done to the dead brother. The scene in the prison was so vividly before him that he could bear it no longer, and went out to Australia. The child be- sinking into a chair, the man who came the very light of my soul, yet had received a Legion of Honor that wild craving never left me for a badge and the thanks of a nation for signt of my own little one's face, and face and wept like a child. his bravery, covered his quivering

one day, unable to bear it any louger, Slowly, wearily, like one who has returned to America. Erle how can gone to old age within an hour, Meredescribe my feelings to you when dith Lansing tottered to his feet. His upon my freturn I ound that an in- heart seemed breaking, yet he dared nocent man had been hanged for my Unable to support his own weight, crime? I had killed Ralph Brecken- he leaned heavily against a table, his ridge, but Harold Childes had paid agonized eyes like burned-out coal against the whiteness of his face. 'Don't,' he whispered hoarsely. 'I can bear no more. See-you shall be avenged, for blood wipes out every

wrong!' He lifted something in the air, the sing's white lips he sprang forward, gleam of which reached Childes. The instant. He sprang forward, catching the hand that held a long, thin-

> **Badly Hurt** In Thresher

Mrs. C. Hopkins, St. George, Ont., writes:—"I feel like shouting the praises of Dr. Chase's Ointment. While praises of Dr. Chase's Ointment. While threshing grain, my son got badly hurt. One of the men who was pitching sheaves, missed the sheaf and ran the prongs of the fork into my son's leg. Ile did not take much notice of it and in a day or two it got sore and very itchy and blood poison set in. We did averything for it but it would heal one. given me the happiness of a life! You forced upon me the daughter of a place and break out at another and kept on this way for three months. "Finally I thought of Dr. Chase's Ointment and in a week's time we no ticed a wonderful change. By the use of three boxes he was completely cured and the wounds healed up. There has not been a sign of a spot on him since."

Wherever there is itching or irritation of the skin or a sore that refuses to heal you can apply Dr. Chase's Oint odious death, but you have done even worse for me, for you have caused to heal you can apply Dr. Chase's Oint ment with every assurance that the re years when a single word from you would have restored me to peace and happiness. You are too low, too vile, for free copy Dr. Chase's Recipes.

bladed knife before it could reach destination—the heart.

Lansing was like a dwarf in the hands of Hercules. The knife was flung through the window. You forget that you have two

laughters,' said Childes coldly, 'and that one of them is my wife. You have no right to make them laughters of a suicide.' Without a backward glance he lef

he room, ignorant of the wildly leading gaze in the haggard eyes. He entered the room where Quintard and Mignon were waiting. 'How is he?' asked Quintard eag

'Better,' returned Childes laconica y; then, going to Mignon, he too er hand. 'Little one,' he said genty, 'Mr. Lansing has something to say o you, which it will be much better or you to hear alone. You need no ne frightened, for it can harm you n no way. If you should want me. shall be here. I have heard the

'Who is he?' she asked wonderingly What can he have to say to me?' 'A great deal, but he must tell yo imself. And, little one, treat him

and Mignon saw it. She regarded him curiously, unquestioningly, for er lips upon it, and passed swiftly nto the room which he had left. 'Now tell me, what has happened cried Quintard excitedly, when they

'For one thing I have lost a forune,' answered Childes, with affectd coolness, biting the end from

were alone.

'By discovering that it was never egally mine. As soon as France is nt of her difficulty I shall have t to back to my profession of writing

'And you can speak so lightly he loss of hundreds of thousands?" 'Had it been millions I should hav een well repaid by the knowledge ave gained. Charlie, my brothe larold was hanged for another man's rime. He was innocent!' Quintard was upon his feet in a nstant, grasping the hand of his

or your sake. Erle! I feel as if nad been cleared of a crime mysels 'ell me-who was the guilty man vho allowed another to suffer in his

For a moment the two men looked nto each other's eyes; then, with a ease calm that was impressive. 'hildes answered the question: 'I don't know!

Dr. de Van's French Female Pills

A reliable regulator: never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are for with the last breath that leaves strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$3.00 and \$5.00 a box. Mailed to iny address. The Scobell Drug Co., st. Catherines. Ont.-th&s

School Girl Stood Four Weeks in a Corner.

New York, Oct. 24 .- Madeline Ken-

ney, of No. 239 Bond Street, Brook lyn, is only twelve years old, but for irmness of purpose and inflexibility of will she has Horatio at the bridge beaten to a froth and the boy on the burning deck crowded off the seven seas. She can't be moved with a mandamus, an injunction or the biggest hoisting derrick in the Greater City to apologize to a school teacher for something she hadn't done. Madeline was attending public younger man was upon his feet in an school No. 6 in Warren Street, near Smith Street, Brooklyn, last May. In cutting out paper designs with school scissors she snipped out something variously described as one of the pets in the Central Park Zoo, a paper doll. or something that might have been used as a design for a ding-a-ling toque. Anyway, Madeline's school

> mates began to laugh. Miss Caren, her teacher, demanded that she apologize. Madeline refused. She was made to stand in the corner with her face to the wall and told she might resume her seat when she apologized. The latter were not asked to, so they didn't. Neither did Madeline.

> 120 hours in all. She was as determined as ever, and finally her mother decided to take her from school, fearing that standing in such a way would injure her health. But Madeline is still standing firm, and this is how she looks at it:

> "It isn't that I am stiff-necked o stubborn, but that I know I am right MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES

> > DISTEMPER.



Continue the Exhibition

We would suggest to the committee n charge that the Exhibition in the Prince's and Curling Rinks be kept open for another week. This morning a large number of outport craft arrived and from this until next week many others will come this way. Our suggestion is made for the benefit of these people, who, we feel sure, would very much like to see the exhibits. It would also appear to us that, considering the expense incurred and the rouble taken in getting up this fine emonstration of our agricultural and

Published by Authority

His Excellency the Governor

'ouncil has been pleased to appoint Mr. Edward Penny, (Keels), to be a nember of the Church of England | 5 Board of Education for King's Cove. in place of Mr. Edward Penny, J. P member of the Road Board for Cat Harbour, District of Fogo, in place of Mr. Esau Goodyear, resigned; Mr Road Board for Bay L'Argent, District of Fortune Bay, in place of Mr. Robert Bayley, left the District; Messrs, Hubert White, Joseph White Alfred Butt, Anthony Blanchard, Clarnce White, John Fillatre, and Moses Muise, to be the County Council for t. George's, District of St. George's: lessrs. Patrick Cormier, Sr., William ormier, Ernest Young, Fred. Cornier, and Patrick Cormier, Jr., to be he Road Board for Bank Head, Dis-

Secretary's Office, Nov., 1, 1910.

not cower before any one or apologize for what she has not done." Last Friday the girl's mother was ummoned to the Butler Street court to explain, on complaint of the truant

officer. She said: "I told the judge that I had no explanation beyond that given by my liftle girl. The judge turned to the officer and asked him how the girl ould be a truant if she had been susended. I don't believe in breaking

The case comes up again next Fri

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