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Nashville, Tenn.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."

—Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XVII. Blinded by Self-Concept.

"Smile!"

"It sounds absurd that I should presume to tell you of such a promise, that it should be thought probable by either of us men that you, who are so fully protected—you, the daughter of the lord of the manor, should ever need any assistance. Yes, it is absurd, but I have given my promise, and now I ask you, for Bertie's sake, to humor this farewell wish of his and permit me to remain your friend."

She was silent.

"Do not imagine that I shall think you hard or unforbearing if you refuse. I shall understand; I do understand. But if you can do so, let me consider that you permit me to keep my promise to Bertie. He would give his life for you, and I—"

"I shall never be required to prove how gladly I would do anything for you; but will you let me think that if at any time you needed me, improbable as it sounds, you would remember Bertie's compact with me?"

They had reached the terrace by this time, and the light fell full upon his face, eloquent with an expression which made his sad resignation almost noble. She turned her eyes to his, and held out her hand.

"For Bertie's sake," she said, in a low voice.

He held her hand in his firmly, not pressing it.

"It is a compact," he said, gravely. "Believe me, I will keep it. If ever the time should come—"

He stopped abruptly, for the window was flung open, and Bartley Bradstone came out hurriedly.

"It's—it's thoughtless and—and cruel of her," they heard him say, angrily. "Out at this time of night and alone—"

"My dear Bartley," said the squire's quiet voice, "Olivia has been so accustomed to wandering about the place since she was a child."

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time In Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home. Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weakness? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed heavy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription I can even read the print without glasses. It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Non-Opto Tablets. Drop one Non-Opto tablet in a tumbler of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clearing up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to have them now! For it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time. —Note: Another gentleman writes to me: "When the above article was printed, I had my eyes very much weakened. My constitution is generally weak and I have been unable to see for some time. I have purchased your Non-Opto Tablets and have used them for some time. I feel that I have gained a great deal of strength and my eyes are now clear. I can see now as well as I have seen for some time. I am sure that many others who are suffering from eye troubles will be benefited by using your Non-Opto Tablets. I feel that I should be sure to have a bottle of your Non-Opto Tablets in my home for my family."

"Oh, ah, yes, that's all very well; but it's different now," retorted Bartley Bradstone; "things are altered. She ought to remember that she's going to be my wife, and—"

By this time Olivia and Faradeane had partly ascended the steps, and he had seen them. He stopped suddenly and glared down at them with an expression of angry suspicion and jealousy which rendered his rather good-looking face positive ugly, and a passionate oath leaped from his lips.

"This—is this pretty!" he exclaimed, looking between them—for even in his passion he could not face Olivia's clear, cold eyes, or Faradeane's calm gaze.

"Where have you been, Olivia?" asked the squire, gently.

She went up to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"I ran down to the lodge to see Bessie, and Mr. Faradeane kindly offered to come back to the house with me, dear," she said.

"Oh, Faradeane, is that you?" he said, coming forward. "How do you do? Thanks for taking care of my little girl; she is rather a runagate," and he smiled as he held out his hand.

Faradeane shook hands with him, and then held out his hand to Bartley Bradstone. Bradstone looked for a moment as if he were going to refuse it, and his face went from white to red, but he took the proffered hand at last.

"Rather a—strange coincidence, isn't it?" he said, breathing hard. "Were you spending the evening at the lodge, Faradeane?"

Harold Faradeane looked at him calmly, without the faintest sign of resentment of the insinuation.

"No," he said, "I happened to be passing, and heard Bessie propose to escort Miss Vanley up the avenue, and offered myself as a substitute."

"Oh," said Bartley Bradstone, with as much of a sneer as he dared display, "which she accepted readily enough, of course?"

The crimson flooded Olivia's face and neck; but Faradeane met his covertly furious face with calm self-possession.

"Which Miss Vanley was kind enough to accept, as you say," he said. "We met with no adventures on the road, and I return her to you safe and unharmed," and he smiled.

"Thanks, thanks; come in, come in, all of you," said the squire, hurriedly, with a spasm of pain at Bartley Bradstone's exhibition of temper.

Faradeane looked at his watch.

"Too late, thanks," he said, lightly. "Good-night, good-night, Miss Vanley," and he raised his hat. Then he turned to Bartley Bradstone. "Splendid night for an astronomer, Bradstone."

The other man looked up at the sky, and then at Faradeane's calm face.

"EE?" he said. "What do you mean?"

Faradeane looked around to see if the squire and Olivia had gone indoors and out of hearing, then said: "One word with you, Bradstone."

"Well, what is it?" sullenly.

"Walk with me to the lane," said Faradeane, quietly.

Bartley Bradstone hesitated for a second, and his face began to grow pale.

"I—I—it's late, and beastly chilly," he stammered.

Faradeane moved on, and the other man followed as if he had been dragged. When they had gone a couple of hundred yards, Faradeane stopped.

"You wish to quarrel with me, Bradstone," he said, regarding the other with calm intentness.

Bartley Bradstone's face went ash-en, and he shrank back and put his

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How utterly weak and helpless one becomes when the nerves give way. Sleepless, nervous, irritable and despondent, life becomes a burden. But there is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to rebuild your exhausted nervous system, restore the action of your bodily organs and change gloom and despondency into new hope and courage. Try it—today. 50 cts. a box, at all dealers.

arm up as if to ward off an expected blow.

A bitter smile crossed Faradeane's lips.

"Do not be a coward as well as a fool," he said, with quiet contempt.

Bartley Bradstone flushed—anything above a car would have been spurned into at least the semblance of courage at the terrible scorn of the tone.

"You—you dare—" he began, blusteringly.

Faradeane's hand dropped upon his arm, and grasped it in a grip of iron.

"Speak more quietly, please," he said, "and don't threaten. Why, man?"

—and he smiled grimly—"if I were as helpless in your hands as you are in mine you would not dare to strike me."

He dropped the arm, which felt as if it had been seized in a vise. "Listen to me. You wish to quarrel; I do not, for a reason which you would not understand if I gave it to you. You have insulted me, which is—nothing. You have insulted the lady who has stooped to be your promised wife."

"Stooped!" blustered Bradstone, but very quietly.

"Yes; how low, you alone know," said Faradeane, his eyes fixed on "Do not venture to do so again. Why, do not venture to do so again. Why, man?"

—and for the first time his voice showed signs of the emotion which racked him—"have you so little sense as not to appreciate the treasure you have secured? Are you such a hopeless fool, so utterly blinded by self-conceit, as to undervalue the prize you have snatched?"

"I am not so blind as not to see your game—" began Bartley Bradstone.

Faradeane held up his hand. "Do not connect her name with mine, even in your thoughts. You know as little of my heart and my motives as I know of Heaven help you!—of hers. Be content with your success; try, in Heaven's name, try with all the strength you possess, to be more worthy of her. You think you love her—be sure you reverence her! I use no empty threats, Bradstone, when I say—I who am separated from her by a gulf that never can be bridged—that I demand her happiness at your hands. Dare to insult her again as you have done to-night—" He stopped, his face set, his eyes flashing. Then he laid his hand upon the other man's now-trembling arm. "That's enough; we understand each other, I think."

"I want to know—" stammered Bartley Bradstone, looking him up and down, but carefully avoiding meeting the steadfast regard of the now calm eyes.

"You want to know by what authority I dare bid you to be careful of her happiness as you would of your wealth. By the authority which goes with the title of friend. "Yes"—his voice changed—"I am Miss Vanley's friend in more than mere name. I know you, Bradstone; I read you through and through the first time we met, and I warn you against—yourself. It is because I am her friend that I will not quarrel with you. More: I am willing to regard you as—the words came with some difficulty—" a friend, so long, and no longer, as you guard and protect her happiness. The moment you cease to do that—" He stopped, and looked the craven steadily in the eyes. "Go in now, and if you have a spark of manliness and gratitude in you, beg her pardon. Stop!"

For Bradstone, not daring to utter the oath which trembled on his lips, made a movement as if to avail

himself of the permission to retreat. "Think over what I have said, and for the future do not regard me as—your rival. If you and Miss Vanley had never met, there could have been no closer tie between her and me. Let that satisfy you. Good-night. As her future husband, Bradstone, I offer you my hand."

Bradstone took it with lowered face, and Faradeane, with another steady look at him, turned and walked away.

Bartley Bradstone stood staring at the ground for a moment or two; then he raised his head, and, shaking his fist in the direction Faradeane had taken, relieved himself with a series of oaths.

If, as the Spaniards say, bad men's curses come home to roost, Mr. Bradstone's future hencoop would have been full of them.

"Friend! Yes, I know the sort of friend. I'm not taken in by your fine talk! I've got a treasure, have I? Yes, a treasure you'd like to rob me of; but you won't, I think, my fine Mr. Faradeane! No, I think not! You threaten me, do you? I'll show you! Yes, and I'll have her soon, too!" he breathed passionately. "There's no time to lose if I understand your game, Mr. Faradeane." He tugged at his cuffs, and endeavored to calm himself as he walked toward the house. "Yes, I'll do it; the iron's hot, and I'll strike, and then—"

CHAPTER XVIII. "I've Found Him!"

Two nights after this resolution of Mr. Bartley Bradstone's, Seth, the gypsy, might have been making his way along the crowded Strand. There is never too much room either in the road or on the pavement that famous thoroughfare at any time; but just before eleven, and from that hour to midnight, it is, perhaps, the most densely thronged of any of the London streets, and Seth had to shoulder his way through the usual streams of humanity which emerge from the various theatres, on their way home or to the supper-rooms and restaurants.

It would have been rather difficult for the casual observer to have recognized Seth the prowler of country lanes, for, in place of his rough and well-worn cords and gaiters—torn by many a midnight poaching expedition, and stained by mud and rain—he wore a dark-colored suit, and a stylishly-cut covert coat, which gave him the appearance of a decent young farmer up in London for a meek-and-mild spree; but though he had changed his attire, he could not change his swarthy complexion and his small black eyes; and the wary, alert look which the gypsy acquires, say a month after he is weaned, was enough to distinguish him from the crowd of commonplace countenances by which he was surrounded.

(To be Continued.)

"Then a Strange Thing Happened."

"You will have read in the dispatches from the front various indirect references to the wonderful up-turned statue of Albert," says a correspondent of the Scotsman. "This is one of the most extraordinary freaks of the war."

"Albert, you must know, has been from time immemorial a place of holy pilgrimage for the people of the North, and before the devastating tide of German invasion swept over this corner of Picardy it possessed a Basilique, raised stone by stone through the donations of the humble pilgrims, which was the admiration of all France."

"Surmounting this magnificent building, and dominating the countryside for miles around, was a huge statue in copper of the Madonna and Child—Notre Dame de Brebieres, as it was called. In those awful first months of the war, when this ancient district of the Santerre was put to fire and sword, and Albert itself was being reduced to ruins by ruthless bombardment, the Basilique of Notre de Brebieres stood scatheless in the midst of the devastation. "The Queen of Heaven is still on her Throne," the simple people of the countryside said to themselves, and in the enjoyment of her protection they assured themselves that all would soon be well again."

"But in the end the church suffered the common fate. Its walls were blown in, and its altars thrown down, marble pillars were smashed, and valuable mosaics and carvings were reduced to debris. Strangely enough, the tower and the statue continued almost untouched for upwards of two months, until one day a German shell struck the dome. The statue bent slowly forward on its pedestal until it reached a horizontal position, with the figure face downwards, and in that position it continues suspended to-day."

"You ask a peasant what it signifies and he will reply with simple faith—"The Virgin is showing the ruined Jerusalem to her Divine Son!"

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Have just opened our new Spring Suitings. We were fortunate in securing a splendid range of

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LOOKING The Task Before U

We have quite rightly recently celebrated the 2nd anniversary of the outbreak of war by emphasizing the great and hopeful change in the position of the Allies, but it is time to look ahead and consider the immense task which still lies before us.

We hold the seas. The Allies have mighty armies which are still growing. They have more than redressed the balance in the matter of military strength, and by the self-sacrifice of her sons Great Britain has made herself a first-class military Power. The Germans and their dupes are gripped on every front.

But the tide has not yet turned in the west, and it is in the west that the future of the world has to be settled.

In swift tidal areas there comes half an hour of "slack water" before the turn of the tide. Your boat floats calmly. You seem to feel the brimming ocean gathering its strength for a fresh, irresistible movement in another direction, but for the moment its deep stirrings impart no motion. We are at that half hour.

Yet the changing tide must carry us far if we are to overwhelm Germany. There lies before me a map of the western front, showing the situation on December 31, 1914. It is very little altered to-day on the map. Germany has fattened the Ypres and Verdun salients, the French have slightly advanced their line in Champagne, we have made dents near La Bassee and Lens, and a slice has been cut out on the Somme.

The great changes which have been wrought cannot be shown on any map. They lie in the immense array of munitions and guns now concentrated in Northern France, in the swarms of fresh troops completing their training in this country, in the thousands of munition works pouring out guns, and shells, and rifles, in the unprecedented and organized effort in which Great Britain and the Dominions are now engaged in common with their allies. Above all, they lie in the object-lesson of the Somme. We have proved that no labyrinth of trenches can withstand for ever the smashing weight of our troops, and we know, as we have always known, that once the line is broken and the enemy loses their heavy guns, our men are better—man for man—than the German. Men have always conquered the beasts of the field, and the Germans, owing to their loathsome habits of defilement, have ceased to be counted as men.

Our first task is to cleanse France of these polecats and to rescue Belgium from their evil clutches. I have never believed that our armies will have to fight every step of the way as they are fighting to-day, nor do I believe that the German spirit will remain as it seems to-day. When a bully is knocked down he crumples up, and we have yet to test the spirit of the German Army in plain defeat.

The whining cries of "Kamerad" which are heard from the captured dug-outs may then be repeated on a larger scale.

Should the German armies be compelled to fall back—and they are admittedly a long way from falling back in the west at present—then we shall

Scientific C New Discovery—The

No scientific discovery in recent years has attracted such wide-spread attention among physicians in this country and throughout Canada as the wonderful D. D. Prescription for Eczema.

After years of debate, medical authorities are now agreed that eczema and other skin diseases are not seated in the blood, but are caused by myriads of microscopic germs gnawing the flesh just below the epidermis. The patient is perfectly healthy, it is only the skin that is diseased.

Hence, scientists are now agreed that you must cure the skin through the skin. The medicine must be in