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**Persistent Coughs,  
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Prepared by  
DAVIS & LAWRENCE Co.,  
Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal

**The Heir of  
Bayneham**

—AND—  
**Lady Hutton's Ward.**

CHAPTER IV.

Seeing that the very mention of the matter agitated and annoyed Lady Hutton, Hilda never alluded to it again; and as years passed on and she grew older the fact that she was only the adopted daughter of her stately benefactress grew more vague and indistinct.

It was a pleasant life when Hilda reached her sixteenth year, for then Lady Hutton dismissed her governess and maids.

"You must give yourself up to reading now," she said, "for a few months, and then I will take you into what you will think another world."

The large library was thrown open and Lady Hutton selected the books, and Hilda read for the first time masterpieces of poetry and prose that enchanted her. Such reading was the one thing wanted to complete and perfect her.

The beautiful young face which bent over the volumes was a poem in itself. It changed with every thought, sometimes glowing bright and radiant, again sorrowful, and half sad. From the fairy world of poetry and romance she learned something of the mysteries of life, the mystery of human love and human suffering—never dreaming it would one day reach her.

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One beautiful morning in May Hilda rose earlier than usual. Elsie had told her on the previous evening that any lady who for nine mornings together bathed her face in May dew would be beautiful forever. Hilda resolved to try it, and on this particular day rose almost with the sun while the dew still lay upon the flowers, little dreaming that on that day the tragedy of her life would begin.

A golden glow seemed to have fallen over the earth when Hilda stood on the hill near Brynmar woods; the air was full of an indescribable melody and fragrance; the hawthorn shrubs white upon the hedges; all was fresh, fair and beautiful. Heaven seemed smiling upon the bright face of the earth.

There was plenty of dew upon the heather; it glistened on the long blades of grass and shone upon the green leaves, and before long the fair face was bathed in it.

An artist meeting Hilda then would have sketched her and called his picture "The May Morning." She looked just as fair and bright; the violet eyes were clear and lustrous, the beautiful

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came tingling with the joyous autumn and the golden hair waving over her graceful neck and shoulders.

"I will walk home through the woods," thought Hilda.  
The way was long and pleasant, and she lingered in the deep shadows, watching with loving eyes the wild flowers that grew round the tall trees; watching the bees, which would never decide whether cowslips, blue-bells, or primroses were the most delicious and sweet; forgetting as the warm, sunny hours rolled on that Lady Hutton would be waiting for her and that the time for breakfast had long passed. While looking at the flowers some pretty fantastic lines she had read came into her mind:

"My own blue-bell, my pretty blue-bell, I have come from the bower where roses dwell; My wings you view of your own bright hue. And, oh! never doubt that my heart's true blue."

"What words!" said the young girl laughing as she bent over the blue-bells, "what words to put on a butterfly's lips!" Then in her rich, musical voice she began to sing them. The sweet voice rose high in the clear morning air until one could have fancied the trees and flowers and wind listened in hushed silence.

Hilda thought she was quite alone, singing as she gathered the pretty blue-bells; but down the broad wood-path there came a young and handsome man. He stood for a few minutes silently watching the beautiful, golden-haired girl, doubting whether the figure before him was real. Turning suddenly Hilda saw him, and a flush of color dyed her fair face crimson. He advanced toward her, holding his hat in his hand and bowing reverentially as though she were a princess.

"I beg you to forgive if I have alarmed you," he said. "I have lost my way in the woods and cannot find the path to the high-road. Will you have the kindness to point it out to me?"  
"The one to the right," replied Hilda, raising her eyes to the handsome and noblest face she had ever seen.

Then he should have bowed and left her and she should have walked away, never once looking behind; but the sun shone and the birds sang. They were both young, she beautiful and fair as the morning; and instead of leaving her he spoke again.

"These are bonny woods," he said; "I have not seen fairer in all Scotland. They belong to the Brynmar estate I suppose?"

Hilda bowed. She had not recovered her power of speech. Who was this stranger? Where had he come from?  
"You are losing your blue-bells," he said gallantly. He stooped, and gathering them together again offered them to her. "Those were pretty words I heard you singing," he continued; "they are quite new to me. May I ask whose they are?"

Hilda forgot her shyness then, and told him that she had read them the day before and could not forget them. His eyes were riveted upon her beautiful face, his ears were charmed by the sound of her voice; he could have stood there, he thought, forever. Was ever picture so fair? In the soft light that fell through the green foliage her fair face and golden hair shone brightly. He never forgot her as she stood then, with shy, drooping eyes, and the blue-bells in her pretty white hands. He lingered until he knew he ought to go.

"Will you give me one of those flowers?" he said, touching the blue-bells; "just as a little memento of the most pleasant morning I ever spent and the most beautiful picture I ever saw—only one; I beg you will not refuse."

Half smiling, half coyly, she drew out a single flower and offered it to him. His face flushed as he took it from her. Other words trembled upon his lips. He longed to tell her how beautiful, how fair and modest she was, and that he could never forget her; he longed to ask her name, where she dwelt, and why she was alone in the shades of Brynmar woods. But he did none of these things—he bowed as he would have done to a queen and left her.

Hilda Hutton went home, but life had all changed for her. Something new and beautiful came in her thoughts by day and in her dreams by night. She did not know why the face she had seen in Brynmar woods haunted her; why the sound of that voice never left her ears, or why each word he had spoken lingered in her heart. In all her life she had seen

**Facial Blemishes**  
Nujol  
Nujol is a lubricant, not a laxative.  
Nujol is a lubricant, not a laxative.  
Nujol is a lubricant, not a laxative.

**Chinese Slayer Gets 14-18 Years.**

Pleading guilty to manslaughter, Tong Joo was sentenced Nov. 19th, by Judge Dubuque to from 14 to 18 years in the state prison for the murder of Ung Shi Gm on April 19th at 145 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

The court said that it was doubtful if the case should be prosecuted to an extent likely to justify a first degree verdict. Although Tong, to the knowledge of the police, arrived at the South station at 12 minutes of 7, on the morning of the murder, the minutest investigation led to trace his movements for the following 37 minutes until he appeared again at the station and asked a guard for the next train to Providence.

Ang Lock Discharged.  
Ang Lock, on trial with Fong for the murder, was found not guilty by order of the court and was discharged. He had been found cowering in the murder room, but his slight physique was no evidence that he could not have delivered the powerful blow that sent a Chinese boning knife deep into Ung's skull.

Sergt. Thomas Harvey, tracing the murderer's trail to Providence, found that Fong and one Chin Too Onn, a fellow-employee in the restaurant where Fong was a cook, had gambled in a Chinese playhouse at Providence at 12 Monday night with the proceeds of two checks signed by the dead man. Harvey found that Fong had disappeared from 2 a.m. until 9 a.m., when he burst into Chin Too Onn's room and said that he must get back the checks, as Ung had been found in Boston with a knife in his hand.

Asst. Dist. Atty. Robert Robinson announced that a manslaughter plea would be acceptable to the prosecution at a conference of counsel with Judge Dubuque when trial resumed yesterday. Atty. Ralph E. Willard talked with his client, but for an hour the Chinese, maintaining his innocence, refused to change his plea of not guilty. Finally, however, he capitulated.

In imposing sentence the court dwelt upon the necessity for protection of human life, remarking that it had come to be a subject of great comment that people of to-day do not seem to hold life as dearly as did those of previous generations.

Halifax, N.S.  
Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd. Gentlemen—I have used Minard's Liniment and have found it a good remedy. After the explosion I was pretty well shaken up having quite a number of bruises and cuts, but thanks to Minard's Liniment I am my old self again. It healed my sore and bruise and gave me much relief. It is true to its name as the King of Pain, for it stopped the pain almost at once. I first noticed the ad in the Montreal Standard and decided to invest in a bottle, for which I am not sorry, but can say with truth that I am thankful for it having done all it claimed to do, and in my case much more, and a satisfied customer is the best ad one can possibly find. That is my view of it and I think you will agree with me too.  
Yours very truly,  
(Signed) ALFRED BLAIN,  
194 Agricola St.,  
Halifax, N.S.

**WHAT MADE ME HAPPY**

"I was congratulating myself that I had passed the winter without catching a cold, when I got one at the beginning of last May. It was because I was run down. Being run down I had some trouble in getting rid of a terrible cold. I was a nervous wreck. I would wake up regularly mornings feeling that some terrible calamity would take place. Although we were comfortably off, I felt sure my husband was going to lose everything. The children worried me. If they made the least noise, I would get into a terrible temper. I would scold them so that I am sure they hated me. I would be mad with myself after it was over and make up my mind never to let it happen again. I would go to bed at night and begin to think and picture dreadful things which might happen to me and my family. I would lay awake for hours, sometimes until daylight, and I was so weak that I could scarcely raise my head. I would waken next day just as tired as when I laid down. After a while I got so that I didn't care what happened. The children annoyed me and I wouldn't have cared if they had left me for good. I felt that it was only a matter of time before I would lose my mind. I knew that my symptoms were due to a run down condition and that if I could only get something to build me up, I might be all right. I knew that there must be some good tonic but most of them made such foolish claims that I was afraid of them. Happening one day to run across a leaflet about Carbol, I was impressed with the moderate way this preparation was described, so I made up my mind I would try it. I did and today I am the happiest and healthiest woman living. I haven't a care in the world. Instead of running away from me my children are now with me all the time. My husband tells me that my disposition is as near an angel as any human being's can be, but of course he is prejudiced. I don't believe I have a nerve in my body now."  
Carbol is sold by your druggist, and if you are somewhat doubtful, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. 6-222

**THE DAY OF REVOLT.**

Revolt is in the air; young authors are breaking all the rules, defying all the schools; traditions must give way, and all things old and gray must fall to ruin. Youth will show us what's the truth. The hard eyes, the man we thought a seer but chronicled small beer; the wreaths old writers wore were worth ten cents a ton. The era of revolt! The brisk and haughty cold appears to proudly trot around the pasture lot, and age-worn Dobbin fees, or his tail is deftly starched, the old plugs hear him neigh to get the right of way. But this is nothing new; since first young roosters crew and old ones slunk away to hide among the hay, revolt has fired Youth's heart and said to Age, "depart!" And Youth decrees to-day, old things must pass away; and still some hopeless set reads poor old Walter Scott; some mumbling graybeard turns to books of Bobbie Burns; and now and then one meets a boob who's fond of Keats. It's sad that this is so; all time worn things should go.

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to be made. Bring it to FARRELL THE TAILOR, Adelaide Street. First class work at moderate prices.—sept28.12

**The Race That Is.**

Angus Walters talks sense when he proposes to the Mayflowers skipper a race from Newfoundland to the West Indies with equal cargoes of fish, then to Turk's Island to load an equal cargo of salt and return to Newfoundland. The Boston Post says it's a good sporty proposition and suggests that the Mayflower owners think it over. The incident merely emphasizes the fact that the Bluenoses and the Mayflower were not built for the same purpose.—Canadian Fisherman.

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Fads and Fashions.  
A delightful accessory to the evening costume is a fan of uncurled ostrich shading from dark to pale tones.  
There is at present a great demand for chiton dance frocks. In spite of this demand, velvets continue to be good.  
A one-piece dress of black tricotine chooses chain stitching as its trimming. It is applied vertically from hip to hem.  
A small, close-fitting hat of maroon crepe Marocain uses pleated material for its brim which narrows at and around the neck with long tones of the dusty.  
A simple frock of blue velvet uses squares of self material applied at the top border of its cape and floor in an unusual trim which is also used as a scarf.  
An afternoon frock of black satin has its mousseline blouse embroidered.

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