

# A Sallow Skin

is a sign that your liver is out of order, a condition that should receive immediate attention, as it quickly affects the general health and throws the stomach and bowels into disorder. When a sallow skin tells you that your liver is inactive, it

## Shows You Need

Beecham's Pills to regulate the bile and clear the system of impurities. A few doses will cause the appetite to improve, the bowels to act naturally, the eyes to lose their dullness, and the skin to assume a healthy hue. As a corrective for the liver, and a general regulator of bodily condition, there is no remedy like

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere in Canada

## LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER

### THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

"Oh, my dear, dear husband, what can have kept you away from me?" she moaned. "I feel that there is something behind this awful telegram—I know that here must be, when I remember the trouble in your loving eyes. I can tell by the icy chill that encircles my heart."

When she had grown calmer, she endeavored to write to Captain Deene, but after scribbling several sheets of paper, found that the task was impossible.

"No," she decided, "I will write to-morrow, and I would not send it away in any case without Edmund's approval. He is not coming to-night. My darling! my darling! and I had put on my prettiest gown to please him."

It was late when she retired, and the pillow was wet with tears ere she found relief in sleep.

When she opened her eyes the sunshine was steaming into her room, and there was the chirping and singing of busy birds outside.

Dora looked at her watch. It was nearly seven o'clock, and she jumped up with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

It was nearly time for the postman—perhaps he had already been there! Never before did she dress so rapidly. Edmund's letter would be waiting for her—Edmund himself would soon be with her!

She met Madam Bell on the stairs, a flush upon her cheeks, eagerness in her eyes.

"Are there any letters?" she asked. "I did not intend sleeping so long."

"The postman does not come until half-past seven, dear. I know that you are anxious. Hark! I believe that is his ring!"

Dora rushed past her, sped across the hall, and took the letter from the carrier, murmuring her thanks to the half-bewildered man.

"Is that the young mistress?" he asked a gardener who was trimming the borders in the drive. "A mighty pretty girl she is! I thought it was an angel snatching my letters away."

Then he went on, muttering under his breath:

"He can't be of much account, anyway, to leave her alone the first day of their marriage! I can't help seeing telegrams, I can't!"

Dora read Edmund's letter in the privacy of her own room, once, twice, a dozen times; then she hid it away in

her bosom, and for a time was happy and expectant. She wandered from room to room, a song upon her lips, joyous laughter in her eyes; and after breakfast she returned to her favorite place to watch for her darling—she returned to the seat in the oriel window that looked out upon the drive.

But the day passed, and there was no message. Edmund's father must be terribly ill; but why did he not send some one to her? Why did he not send some news? This suspense was terrible indeed!

Once again the shadows of night covered "The Myrtles" and Dora was sitting at her post, waiting. The wind moaned in the limes, and now and then sent down a shower of dying leaves that whispered their sorrows as they trailed along the withering grass.

At last Dora grew desperate; her eyes glittered, her breath was hot and dry.

"I must go to him," she said to Madam Bell. "Something has happened; I am sure of it. I can bear this suspense no longer."

"Do you know where Mr. Locksley's father lives? Poor child, this is a bitter trial for you!" Madam Bell kissed her affectionately. "But to-morrow may clear up the trouble."

Dora passed a feverish and troubled night—a night of many awful dreams. There were times when she felt that it would have been a relief to scream, and she sobbed:

"Oh, Edmund, my darling, my husband, come to me!"

Morning brought hope with its first bright beam, but this was dispelled when no letter came, and she dressed for her journey to town.

She insisted upon going alone, for madam's well-meaning but fussy ways were irritating.

Her inquiries at the Prince Albert Club resulted in nothing. The clerk had not seen Mr. Locksley for a day or two; he was not quite sure whether it was one or two days.

She turned away, heartsick, and the man looked wonderingly after her.

"Another lady after Mr. Locksley," he called, jocularly, to the commissionaire at the door. "They hunt him up, don't they?"

Dora heard the words, and her eyes flashed with indignation.

She had scarcely gone twenty steps when she was aware of some one running behind her, and Frank Rogers' welcome voice was in her ears.

"Mrs. Locksley—pardon me!" He took off his hat politely.

"I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Rogers," said Dora, her lips quivering. "I am looking for my husband—for Mr. Locksley."

Frank looked puzzled.

"I want to see him myself," he replied. "He told me that I should find him at his club any day, but he was not there yesterday, and has not been seen to-day—though it is early yet."

"When did you see him last?" demanded Dora.

"The day before yesterday—the day that you were married."

"Heaven help me, Mr. Rogers, I have not seen him since then!"

Frank was alarmed, and uttered a sharp ejaculation.

"I do not know what to make of it," he said. "I was coming to 'The Myrtles' this evening; I feared that he was ill. No one appears to have seen him at all yesterday. Mr. Fairfax was here on hour since, inquiring for him. There is some mystery that I must try to solve without a moment's delay."

"Mr. Rogers—Mr. Rogers." Dora's voice was faint, her eyes were full of terror. "You do not think—oh, you do not think that anything has happened to him? He wrote to me that he could not come because his father was ill—dreadfully ill. His letter was written here, at seven o'clock in the evening the day before yesterday. He promised to be home early yesterday morning, but I have not received one word from him. I will go to 'The Cedars'—I will go to his father's home. He is there—he is ill!"

She started away, and Frank walked with her until they arrived at Charing Cross station.

He inquired about the trains, and procured her a ticket, saying:

"I will meet you here when you come back, Mrs. Locksley. I will be here at four o'clock, and wait until six. I am very anxious about my master, and, in the meantime, will see Mr. Fairfax again, and make careful inquiries about his movements."

"Thank you, thank you," Dora said; "I shall always be grateful to you, Mr. Rogers."

The train seemed to crawl, and, although the journey occupied less than thirty minutes, it seemed hours to Dora.

When she reached Streatham, she injured her way to "The Cedars." The porter at the station told her that it was a mile away up the hill.

A mile! In twenty minutes she had accomplished it, and stood, flushed and panting, outside the gloomy iron gates that barred her further progress. She rang the bell with a determined hand, a wildly throbbing heart, a brain that seemed to be on fire.

A small side gate in the wall was opened, and a servantman demanded her business.

"I wish to see Mr. Locksley," she said, making a step forward. "Young Mr. Locksley. I know that he is here."

"I don't think he is, miss," was the reply. "But I'll ask."

He was about to close the gate again, but she pushed past him with the desperation born of despair.

"I will come to the house with you; I will see some one who can tell me what I want to know."

The man handed her to the care of a footman, and the footman demanded her name.

"Mrs. Locksley," she replied, proudly. "I wish to see by husband—I know that he is here."

The footman started, and for a moment was dumfounded. Then he conducted her to a gloomy reception-room, and went away.

She shivered with a nameless dread in this terrible house. All was dark, dreary and cold.

One—two—three minutes passed, and she heard a man's quick steps on the polished oaken floor.

She sprang to her feet with outstretched hands. Was Edmund coming? was her darling here?

The door opened, and her arms dropped to her sides, for a strange gentleman stood before her.

It was Viscount Melville.

The viscount glanced curiously, almost pityingly, at the beautiful girl before him; then said, in the soft tones that he knew so well how to modulate:

"Madam, will you please be seated?" Dora obeyed, and replied faintly:

"I wish to see Mr. Locksley—Mr. Edmund Locksley—my husband."

Melville affected to start, and there was an expression of the deepest sympathy in his eyes.

"Your husband?" he repeated. (To be continued.)

For the dainty tea, spread thin slices of angel cake with rose-leaf conserve.

Not long ago, I was sent for in a great hurry, and rushed away to a house where a wedding was to take place that day. The bride, romping with her young brother, banged her face against a half-opened door. She had black eyes as the result, but I painted it out so successfully that none of the guests noticed it.

One of the most troublesome patients I ever handled was a man who had dined too well and in that condition, fell and sustained a black eye. His friends knocked me up and bundled their companion in for me to disguise the discoloration before they took him home.

Indignation.

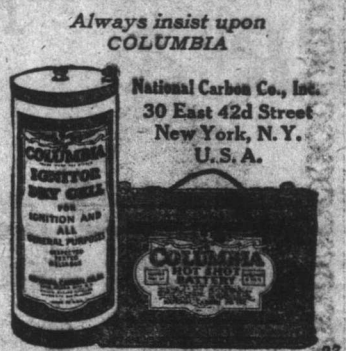
The man got the idea into his faded head that we were trying to blind him. Then he became obstreperous and bit one of his friends' hands. That man, stung to action, hit him on the jaw and knocked him unconscious in which state he was an easy patient to handle.

Black eyes can be acquired in an extraordinary number of ways. Careless housewives, who leave the

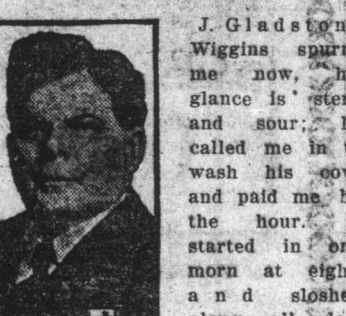
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### TAKING IT EASY



J. Gladstone Wiggins

Wiggins spurs his new "this glance is" stern and sour; he called me in to wash his cow, and paid me by the hour. I started in one morn at eight, and d sloshed along all day, and made that cow look up to date and swell and recheche. But Wiggins, when he journeyed home, from tolling in the mart, had fantods working in his dome, and wrath was in his heart. He paid me with a bitter smile, and said, "Odds blood and bones, your breast is full of sin and guile, Theophilus P. Jones! I offer you a little job, an hour's work and no more, and all day long you scrub and swab the old cow till she's sore. I thought to pay you fifty cents, an ample sum, by chee, and now your robber hand presents a bill for snackers three! I pay you now what you demand, resentment in my heart; I'm done with you, get off my land, avaunt, arabout, depart! I'll tell my friends you are a jay who takes a half-hour's job and stretches it throughout a day, that coin may fill your fob." I chase around from door to door, employment to obtain, and no one offers me a chore—men smile when I complain. "A man with a reputation punk," they say, "can scarcely thrive; you take a job that's worth a plank, and make it brigd you five. You work that gratt three times or four, and then your rep is made, and men won't hire you any more to ply a brush or spade."

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## BISHOPS

handles of saucepans projecting from the kitchen range, sometimes get a black eye through stooping suddenly, and falling to notice the projecting handle. More black eyes occur in winter than in summer. It is easy on a dark night, to bump into a tramway standard or a tree.

I have known a man receive a black eye through coming into contact with somebody's elbow while jostling for a

tram-car. Umbrellas are dangerous things, and have caused many a black eye through being carried under the arm with the ferrule pointing upwards.

His Meek Wife.

Then, there is always the legitimate way of getting a black eye. A strapping fellow came to me once, accompanied by his wife—a meek looking little soul to look at. While I was

disguising the man's discoloured eye, I asked him jokingly how he got it. He mumbled something about a fall, but his wife broke in to say that she herself had done it with a saucepan and that the next time he or anyone else gave her any more "old black" she was quite capable of administering two black eyes.

I kept my mouth shut in the back room where I was attending to the man, there were two of my own saucepans close to the amazon's hand.

Sliced strawberries and marshmallows, combined with chopped pistachio-nuts make a nice snack. Serve with whipped cream dressing.

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