

**"I Had Bilious Attacks and Stomach Weakness"**

Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Yorker, Sask., writes:

"I suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and used to have bilious attacks so bad that I could do nothing for weeks at a time. My stomach would be so weak that I could not even drink water without it. On my sister's advice, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they have made me feel like a new woman."

**DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

**At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit**  
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XLII.

Five years had elapsed since the marriage of Dolores' fair daughters; and to her they had been years of perfect peace.

The Prince and Princess Colonna divided their time between Italy and England; they had one son and one daughter. At Fielden Manor the family was more numerous; two sturdy little sons and one fair-haired little daughter made the grand old place bright with mirth and amusement.

Lady Allanmore had made one stipulation with her daughters. "Call your children what you will," she said; "but promise me that you will never name one of them after me. Dolores means 'burden of sorrow,' and I have had to carry mine."

But Gertrude would call her eldest son Carlos after her father, not Karl, lest that should make her mother sad every time she heard it, but Carlos; and he, because of the name he bore, was always her best-beloved child. Then came Harry and little Blythe. They were three beautiful children, and Gertrude was "one of the happiest of wives. There was no London season for her. Once after her marriage, she made her bow before her majesty, after that she had no time for London. Her husband, her children, her mother, her household, her friends, the poor on her estate, completely occupied her time. If she went away for a few days, it seemed as if the whole country had lost its light.

Lady Allanmore continued to live at Scarsdale, but she was seldom without one or other of her grand-children, and in their youth, she seemed to grow young again herself.

One fine, summer evening, Lord Fielden, who was visiting at Scarsdale, lighted a cigar and went out with some newspapers; Gertrude took a book, and the two boys. A nurse followed, with little Blythe, without whom the party would have appeared incomplete. They chose a shady avenue, where they seated themselves not far from the large, white monument, which had already grown to be a landmark amongst them. Lord Fielden was soon engrossed in some Eastern news, Lady Fielden in her novels, the boys played at their will. Baby Blythe grew tired, and lay quietly in her nurse's arms. The boys, finding themselves more completely at liberty, began to run races. They were so long absent on one occasion that Gertrude looked up from her

**A QUEEN UNCROWNED**  
—OR—  
**THE STORY IN THE LONE INN**

CHAPTER I.

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed the little woman. "Did you ever? Why, I do declare! If that ain't her own blessed self!"

"Her own blessed self!" said the captain, in an undertone, and with a grim smile. "Her own cursed self, you mean—the old hag? How did she know I was here? I believe there's something of the vulture in that old beldame, and that she sends her prey afar off. By the pricking of my thumbs, some one 'wicked' this way comes! Is here!" he cried as the door opened, and the object of his eulogium stood bolt upright before them.

Jacinto turned, in some curiosity to look at the newcomer, and saw what looked like an old woman, but ought to have been a man, if judged by size. Extremely tall, she lowered up in the apartment as straight as a cedar of Lebanon, and fully a head over Captain Nick Tempest. She was dressed in gray—all gray, from head to foot. A coarse gray dress, a gray woolen cloak, with a gray hood tied under her chin, and might have passed for a capuchin friar, or a "munk of the Order Gray," only no holy monk, or friar, ever wore such a hard, bitter, evil, upstiffing face, such a stern, remorseless mouth, and such a stony, dead, unfeeling eye, as that woman wore. Upright in the door she stood, and scanned Captain Tempest, with folded arms, for full five minutes.

"Well, Grizzle, my old friend," said that gentleman, with a sneer, "you'll know me the next time, won't you? Can't I prevail on you to come in, and sit down, and make yourself as miserable as possible while you stay? How have you been since I saw you last, my dear? You can't think how I've been pining for you ever since, my love."

The woman took not the slightest notice of his jibing tone; not a muscle of her iron face moved, as she loomed up like a figure in granite, and looked down upon the contemptuous face of the captain of the Fly-by-Night.

"Oh! so my politeness is all thrown away upon you, is it?" he said, after a pause, "and you won't speak. Very well, my darling; just as you like, you know, and I'll let you. Mrs. Rowlie, will you have the goodness to stand out to the bar and bring me a pipe? Draw up to the fire, Jacinto; it's cold comfort this raw evening, and the entrance of that tall blast of north wind yonder has given me the chills. My dearest Grizzle, do come to the fire—there's a duck. You're cold—don't say no—I'm sure you are!" And stretching out his arm, stage fashion, and looking toward her, Captain Tempest began declaiming, distractedly,

"Content thyself, my dearest love, 'Tis rest at home shall be  
In Rowlie's sweet and pleasant inn,  
For travel fits not thee."

There's the old ballad for you, altered and improved; and here's our charming hostess with the pipe, Jacinto, my hearty, won't you have a draw?"

Jacinto, who was completely puzzled by the captain's eccentric manner, declined, and glancing toward the tall woman, was slightly disconcerted to find her needle-like eyes fixed on his face with a gaze of piercing scrutiny.

"Who is this boy you have with you, Nick Tempest?" she exclaimed, in a harsh, discordant voice as she came up, and bending down, seemed piercing the boy through and through with her gleaming eyes.

"Oh! so you have found your tongue, my sweet pet?" said Captain Tempest. "I was afraid you had lost it altogether, which would be an unspeakable pity, you know; for, as the Irish song says, 'you've got an illigant tongue, and easily set a-going.'" (to be continued.)

**Just Folks.**  
By EDGAR A. GUEST

**THE SLEEPING BABY.**

Never an artist has caught it quite And never a painter can set it right, For a sleeping babe on trundle bed Has a charm which a mortal brush can't spread, And touch of the genius of life divine Which can't be told in a printed line.

You know by the smile on that little face, There are angels watching that holy place, And you feel the spirit of wondrous love That has come to her from the heavenly above; And your soul is stirred to its depths by these, The pluck of her cheeks and her dimpled knees.

When our baby sleeps, I can stand and gaze And see the moon beam as it plays So softly there on her countenance; And I think I can hear the faint refrain Which the angels croon to a sleeping child, And to all life's hurts I am reconciled. Sometimes I slip from the throng below And into her room I steal, to know The gentle calm of that lovely scene Where all is gentle and all is clean; And I catch a glimpse of life's inner days, And the beauties there, where the baby sleeps.



**PLAIN LANGUAGE.**

He came to my accustomed haunt, my seat, and said, "I wish to wed your aunt—I love and sorely need her. And she admits her love for me, her spinsterlike devotion, but to our troth you must agree—this is her silly notion. She says that lacking your consent she will remain a maiden, and so I come, a pleading guest, with hopes and yearnings laden." "My aunt is good and loyal and true, although she is no chicken," I said, "and if she's chosen you, I'll do no idle kicking." But woman is a mystery beyond my penetration, for suitors twelve have bent their knee, and some were men of high degree, and some had stores of plunder, and she rejected every plea, and bade them go to thunder. And some were men of growing fame, with all the world applauding, but from their mellow lovesick gaze she simply knocked the wadding. The rich, the beautiful, the great, have asked my aunt to wed them, and down the ages and through the rate remorselessly she sped them. And now you tell me she agrees to lead you to the altar; she'll take up with a human cheese, and doesn't grasp or falter. I've known you since you were a kid; if you were sold at auction, ten cents would be my highest bid—but let us say no more about it. If my dear aunt elects to wed, and you're the chosen martyr, I hear my blessings on her head—so to the preacher cart her."

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**NOTICE.**

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to the 15th day of August, 1924, for the purchase of the whole or part of certain pulpwood belonging to the Government of Newfoundland as it now lies at various places in the Districts of St. George, St. Barbe, Twillingate, Bonavista and Trinity.

A general idea of where this wood should be found can be obtained by application to this office, but the undersigned is not prepared to guarantee to deliver any particular quantity or quality of wood.

Tenders should state the price per cord offered and the location of the wood required.

Terms of payment: Cash on delivery of Scaler's report to purchaser.

The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

W. J. WALSH,  
Minister of Agriculture & Mines,  
Dept. of Agriculture & Mines,  
St. John's, Newfoundland,  
July 14th, 1924.  
July 14.311

**Fashions and Fads.**

The Circular apron front is good. The molded silhouette is in evidence for fall.

Graceful lace tiers are edged with band set fur.

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Badger fringe is a tall trimming note worth marking.

The detachable tunic is a decidedly amusing novelty.

Skirts slightly wider and very decidedly shorter.

An entrancing pearl tassel may finish one's pearl bracelet.

**MRS. MISENER'S AGES AND PAINS**  
Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Branchton, Ont.—'When I wrote to you for help my action was mostly declined, and glancing toward the tall woman, was slightly disconcerted to find her needle-like eyes fixed on his face with a gaze of piercing scrutiny.'"

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