

TIRED NERVES

Headaches, sleeplessness and tired, draggy feelings soon disappear when you restore vigor to the exhausted nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

30 cents a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

"KYRA,"

OR,
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Say Yes."

"No, oh, no!" replied Lady Mary promptly. "Indeed, you must not! Oh, how cold your hand is! Poor Charlie. Mind you don't fall!" for he held on with one hand and his feet, while he clung to her one little trembling hand on the sill. "How could you must be! Oh, dear oh, dear!"

"Never mind me, darling!" murmured Charlie, "I'm all right. Tell me about yourself. Have they gone? How long are they gone for? Are you sure I can't come in? Well, I may sit upon the window sill, I suppose?" And, without waiting for permission, he drew himself up. "There, now let me see you or feel you, darling! Oh, Polly, what a time it is since I saw you last. What brutes they must be—no, of course, I don't mean that. But to shut you up like this, as if I were some monster."

"Perhaps you are," murmured Lady Mary, shaking the monster's hand, and leaning her fair head against his broad bosom. "Isn't it a time, I thought I should never see you again; and, oh, Charlie, perhaps I never shall. You don't know what papa is and mamma, too. So pun—" "So obstinate," corrected Charlie—"and papa says he will keep me here all through next season if I do not say I will—"

"Go on."

"You know! Well, accept Lord St. Clare."

"I'll break that young cub's neck!" growled Charlie. "But they shan't do that, Polly; not if I can help it, and I think I can, rather! And I'll be bound you are quite pale—there mustn't be a light, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! they would see it from the stables and wonder what it was; no one uses this room, there are ghosts in it!" and she clung a little closer.

"I'm glad of it," said Charlie, grimly; "I wish there were always ghosts when we are together."

"Now, I'll go away!" she pouted. At which, of course, he pressed her closer, and held her tightly. "And now you must tell me all you've been doing, sir," she said, with a pretty air of command.

"Let's talk about you," said Charlie. "I've been doing nothing but roaming about and wishing myself dead! Polly, I'd no idea I cared so much for you! I'll be bound you don't think one-half so much of me! If you ever cared for me, you've never said so!"

Quick Help for Strains and Sprains
Wonderful Relief in One Hour

Rare Herb and Root Extracts in this Liniment Give It Marvelous Power.

RUB ON NERVILINE.

You'll be astonished at the rapid pain relieving action of "Nerviline." Its effectiveness is due to its remarkable penetrating power—it strikes deeply, sinks to the very core of the trouble.

Nerviline is stronger many times stronger than ordinary liniments, and it's not greasy, ill-smelling or disagreeable. Every drop rubs in, bringing comfort and healing wherever applied.

You would scarcely believe how it

"Oh, no, Mr. Merivale! Well, I can marry Lord St. Clare! You great stupid boy! You will make my hands so red, mamma will see it, her eyes are like hawks."

"She can't see that!" said Charlie drawing her down to him and kissing her.

Lady Mary drew back.

"Now, I will really go—if you do it again!" she murmured, severely.

"Well—I won't, not for the next five minutes," said the incorrigible Charlie. "What a dear little hand it is! and what's that—a flower? Give it to me, Polly! I love everything you have touched. To-morrow night shall have to come, if it is only to kiss this old window sill; now, you wouldn't do so much for me."

"Indeed I wouldn't!" exclaimed Lady Mary, blushing—in the dark—as he pulled a penknife from his pocket, and pressed it to her lips; "nor anything half so foolish. But Charlie, tell me all there is to tell! I am dying to hear about them all! I've heard nothing since the day at Vering Wood—at least only scraps. They won't let me have any letters not even Kyra's, for mamma says that if it had not been for her, you—"

"Should never have seen and loved each other," finished Charlie.

"That's doing Kyra an injustice—for Fate would have brought us together," and Charlie nodded with the air of a philosopher. "But you'll get cold, darling."

"No, no, but you are, Charlie. You wicked boy, your hair is quite wet, rubbing her face, which really had no occasion to be wet. "What shall I do Charlie, I knew you would be, and—"

"You must drink this—I stole it from the decanter at dinner-time. I knew it would be wet and cold, and I thought perhaps that you'd come."

"I can't see it—wine! What a girl you are! What a thoughtful wife I shall have—perhaps you won't carry then—yes, you will—for I'll make you love me all your life, Polly, my darling!"

"You've spilled the wine, you stupid boy—can't you see it?—there there!"—and with a little flush she held the glass to his lips.

Charlie sipped the wine, so that the cup-bearing might be repeated ad infinitum, and then kissed the hand that held it.

"And now," said Lady Mary, "tell me all about Lord Vering and Kyra, darling Kyra. How is she?—Where is she?—There, you are warmer."

"Warm and happy as a king," said Charlie, drawing her to his heart, where she nestled like a tired bird.

"Oh, I don't know where to begin; everything is at such sixes and sevens. You know the Wold is shut up? No? It is, and Percy is in it town. Poor fellow, I pity him; and yet some don't like to do so to his face, for Percy is not the fellow to stand much of that kind of thing."

"Then it is all true, and Kyra is really the daughter and heiress of the old Lord Vering?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "proved beyond a doubt, to the satisfaction even of the lawyers. Not that Percy ever doubted it or contested it. He gave up at the instant—the very day. Didn't we all hear him? Yes, as cool as a cucumber, just like him. And he was just as cool after you had gone, and Butterwick and the lawyers from London were going at it hammer and tongs. Butterwick, you know, wanted to keep things as they

would relieve a sprain, how it takes out lameness, how it soothes and eases a bruise.

Thousands say no liniment is half so useful in the home. This must be so, because Nerviline is a safe remedy—you can rub it on even a child with fine results.

Just you keep Nerviline on hand—it's a panacea for the aches, pains and slight fits of the whole family. One bottle will keep the doctor's bill small, and can be depended on to cure rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, toothache, pleurisy strains or swelling. Wherever there is a pain rub on Nerviline; it will always cure.

The large 50-cent family size bottle is the most economical; trial size 25c. Sold everywhere by dealers.

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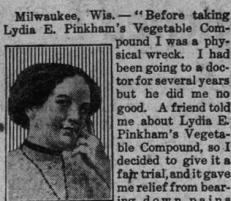
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WOMAN A PHYSICAL WRECK

Tells in Following Letter How She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Milwaukee, Wis.—"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a physical wreck. I had been going to a doctor for several years but he did me no good. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I decided to give it a fair trial, and it gave me relief from bearing down pains which had been so bad that I would have to lie down. I also used the Sanative Wash and it has done me a great deal of good, and I am not troubled with a weakness any more."—Mrs. P. L. BRILL, 1299 Booth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The most successful remedy for woman's ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test for forty years, which would be impossible if it did not have genuine merit.

For special advice, free, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

were for Percy, or make the best of it, as he called it. But Percy got quite wild and stern, and insisted upon everything being made over to Kyra at once! In fact he worked night and day to remove any little obstacle that might be in the way of her getting the Vering money."

"Just like Lord Vering! Yes, and he might have made no end of trouble for you see, Polly; the lawyers would have taken years to prove that Kyra was really Kyra, and then a few more years to prove that she was Lord Vering's daughter. But Percy sealed it with a stroke of his pen. Poor old Percy."

"Why do you pity him so?" said Lady Mary. "Lord Percy is not the sort of man to care for money, dear."

"Not he! It is not the loss of the money he cares about; no man thinks less of money than does Percy; but you see, he had spent a tremendous lump of the old earl's money in buying the Wolding land, thinking, of course, that he was doing what he liked with his own, and of course, it was Kyra's, all the while."

"And, of course," said Lady Mary, "Kyra would never think of taking it from him in any case, or thinking a word about it! I know every wish of hers, dear, too well!"

"Kyra! not she! But Percy will never rest until he has paid the money back all the same, and all the more for that. And another thing, that cur Hudspeil has spread it about that Percy had a hand in the suppression of the will—and there are fools and knaves enough in the world to believe it!"

"The idiots!" asserted Lady Mary indignantly. "And Stephen—does he contradict it?"

"Poor old Stephen!" said Charlie—"yes, he did all he could; he made a clean breast of it. It was all done for love of Percy. The poor old fellow was united to the old place, and the old name, and couldn't bear that the money should go to rack and ruin, as he thought. Of course he didn't know that a child of Lord John's was alive, and he thought it would all go to the lawyers; and he could not bear it; so he says, 'to think of Percy, a great earl, short of money—as he would have been—and is'—and so he hid the will."

"It is a wonder, he did not destroy it," said Lady Mary.

"Yes, but I believe people who do that sort of thing seldom destroy the documents. He would never have showed up, but that he saw Percy cared so much about losing Kyra. Poor old fellow—"

"Why do you pity him so very much? I'm sure he has done a good deal of harm," pouted Lady Mary.

"Don't you know?" said Charlie, quietly; "he's dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, and died in Percy's arms. Percy never left him night or day while he was dying; the old man spoke to no one else; looked at no one else but Percy. He died a week ago. Just before he died I called in to see him,

In Milady's Boudoir

THE OUTDOOR COMPLEXION.

While all out-of-door sports are as destructive to good looks as they are beneficial and up-building to the health, it is safe to say that the motor girl resps a larger collection of complexion ills than any of her lover of the out-of-door sisters.

One's hair, especially, suffers. Country traveling is usually a matter of tearing through billows of dust, while the hair holding out its thousands of little fibres to catch the passing atoms and floating particles. After each trip the hair should be shampooed. Road dust must never be allowed to remain for any length of time in the hair. It will act as a drying agent, and in time the delicate shafts will break almost at a touch.

Before the shampoo the scalp should be well frictioned with hot olive oil, which detaches the dust and makes the shampoo more thorough. The best shampoo agent is white soap melted, with several beaten eggs added. The soap must be cool. Begin the rubbing with a vigorous rinsing with the bath spray. Dry the scalp quickly.

The "wash up cases" provides a comb and mirror, clothes brush and manicure set, wash cloth and towel, soap and soap box, all as neat and compact as a little bug's ear and as convenient as a one-room flat. Everything within the touch of a hand and the length of an arm! The shops are showing "wash up cases" fascinating little affairs provided with a canvas bowl. Fancy the pleasure of bathing one's face at fresco or arranging the accessories of the toilet table on a grassy mound and dipping water from a clear, cool stream.

It is a good rule to oil the complexion before going out into wind and sun, and directly after coming in. It is like buttering a frying pan to keep one's dinner from burning. Where the skin is moist with cold cream the sun's rays cannot penetrate. This practice of rubbing an emollient is the very best form of discouragement to freckles, tan, sunburn, blisters and the thousand and one ills of the skin.

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"Well, old Percy is generally right, any way, Miss Impudence. There, I won't do it again! I wish you liked being kissed as much as I like kissing you—I do indeed! He said that she would be a lady of some importance in the world, directly, and that she ought to take possession of her own, and get used to it; to see her people—the Grange is as big as the Wold, you know, and she owns quite a large village!—won't she be a catch for some fine fellow. Hem, I don't know why I shouldn't—ahem!"

"Nor I!" retorted Lady Mary; "only that she is a thousand times better than I am, and therefore a million times too good for you, you wicked, impudent boy! Go on!"

"Well Percy had the Grange fitted up, sent a lot of things—anything she particularly liked or happened to admire at the Wold, and made it comfortable for her."

"But alone?"

"No, no, of course not—Lady and Lillian Devigne."

Lady Mary breathed a little sigh of dissatisfaction.

"What's the matter now?" said Charlie; "doesn't that please your highness?"

"Always those Devignes," said Lady Mary, doubtfully. "Do you know—tell me, Charlie—do you like—do you feel as if you could quite trust—you know what I mean—quite believe in Lillian Devigne?"

Charlie pondered in silence.

"I wonder why men are so dull and stupid?" sighed Lady Mary, plaintively.

"That they may fall a prey to you clever ones," said Master Charlie, promptly.

"Ah! and perhaps some of you will fall a prey to Lillian Devigne!" retorted Lady Mary, as promptly. "But go on—I'll talk directly."

"Well, Lady Devigne and Lillian are down there with her, and she is to make her debut next season."

"Under Lady Devigne's wing, of course?" put in Lady Mary, sarcastically.

"Yes, just so—what's the matter with that?"

(To be Continued.)

and it was a fine thing to see old Percy, as tender and gentle as a woman, holding the hand of the old man. Poor old fellow! He did all he could to repair the damage—made a clean breast of it, and told Kyra everything he could remember about her people—her father and mother—you know."

"She saw him, then?"

"Yes," nodded Charlie, "I saw her there for five minutes. She went back the same day."

"Back to where?"

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