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Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XXX.
(Continued.)

HERE was something bewitching in her quietness—the touch of reserve, the rather sad note in her sweet voice, the suggestion of melancholy in her violet eyes. When they went for a drive, or a walk on the parade, they were attended by a little crowd of admirers, who hovered about the girl as moths hover about a brilliant light; but Cottie received all the attentions paid her with a modesty and reserve which delighted Mrs. Setton and made her want to hug the girl. She knew that Cottie was rapidly stepping into that dangerous but fascinating position which is occupied by the acknowledged belle of a place. When she entered the theatre or the concert-rooms, she at once attracted attention; she was admired wherever she went, and was the star of the circle in which Mrs. Setton moved.

But through it all, through all the adoration and admiration which surrounded her like a halo, Cottie moved unconsciously; rapt in maiden meditation, fancy free. Alas! no, not fancy free; for all her thoughts were of Geoffrey, the Geoffrey who had been so good to her in those days which seemed so long ago, so far off as to be but a vague and unsubstantial dream. It was because she could not forget him that all the pleasures of the gayest watering-place in the world, all the admiration of the throng that surrounded her, left her unmoved and unsatisfied.

At the moment Cottie had fled from the sight of Geoffrey and Eva sitting there so closely together in the Hall garden, the sight which had so nearly gone to break her heart, Geoffrey had been about to speak of her to Eva, little guessing that the Ronnie of his thoughts was so near to him.

"I wanted to tell you why I came here, Miss Rashleigh," he said, with a suddenness which rather startled Eva, who was still embarrassed by the kiss with which he had expressed his gratitude. "I came here in search of someone."

"In search of someone?" said Eva. "How strange!"

"Yes; I have a—a young brother. I sent him to England—to school; but he missed his way. It's a long story, and—and you wouldn't be interested. I lost sight of him, have not heard from him, and I have reason to believe that he fell into bad hands, and so I am very anxious about him. I—well, I knew the place of old. I came to Starborough because I told him to come here. I—I was, in a sort of way, connected with it. But that does not matter," he went on, hurriedly, and with a sudden flush. "He was quite a lad, ignorant of the ways of the world, and alone and friendless. His name was Ronnie—Roland—What is the matter?"

For Eva had started, and had looked at him with heightened color

and widely opened eyes.

"Ronnie—Roland!" she exclaimed in her sweet voice. "Why do you call him?"

"You know him?" exclaimed Geoffrey, swinging round upon her. "Then he is here?"

"Yes, he is here," responded Eva. "Oh, I am so glad. Think of your coming here to find him! And that I should have met him and—taken care of him," she was going to say, but changed it to "known him!"

"Where is he?" asked Geoffrey, with suppressed excitement. "I want to see him at once! Good Lord! to think that I have been here all this time—how long is it?—and not know that he was near me! I want to see him at once! Let me go to him!"

His face was flushed, his voice broken; he looked so feverish that Eva was alarmed—for the doctor had warned her against alarming her patient, and had told her that any such excitement would be dangerous and might bring about a relapse.

"You shall see him," she said, soothingly. "I will send for him. He is quite near—at a cottage just outside the gate; and he can come in a few minutes."

Geoffrey had risen and stood swaying unsteadily, for his emotion, added to his physical weakness, overwhelmed him.

"Pray sit down," said Eva. "You will make yourself ill again. I will send for him, and he shall come here. How wonderful it is that he should be your brother; and how stupid of me that I should never have thought of it—the same name! He is the nicest, the dearest boy, and I am very fond of him. I saw him sitting by the roadside near the station; he was so great distress because he had lost his money—"

"Poor Ronnie!" muttered Geoffrey. "Lost his money! But that doesn't matter! There's plenty more. He is safe and sound—"

"Oh, he is quite safe and sound; and I was going to say, happy," said Eva, "but I can't say that, for he has a—itching piles."

"Itching piles?" said Eva. "How strange!"

"Yes; I have a—a young brother. I sent him to England—to school; but he missed his way. It's a long story, and—and you wouldn't be interested. I lost sight of him, have not heard from him, and I have reason to believe that he fell into bad hands, and so I am very anxious about him. I—well, I knew the place of old. I came to Starborough because I told him to come here. I—I was, in a sort of way, connected with it. But that does not matter," he went on, hurriedly, and with a sudden flush. "He was quite a lad, ignorant of the ways of the world, and alone and friendless. His name was Ronnie—Roland—What is the matter?"

Itching Piles For 27 Yrs.

Despaired of ever getting relief until cure came 3 years ago with use of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mr. John Johnson, Crawley, Ala., writes: "Three years ago I was cured of blind, itching piles of twenty-seven years' standing by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. I used to think that death would be the only relief I could ever get from the terrible misery of piles."

"Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth sixty dollars a box instead of six cents. I am a different man since using it. I am farming all the time now and never miss a day. Words fail to express my gratitude for the cure this Ointment made for me. I cannot tell half as much about it as it deserves. Any one doubting this can write direct to me."

Do not accept an imitation or substitute in place of Dr. Chase's Ointment, for there has yet to be discovered a treatment which so promptly gives relief from itching and so thoroughly cures every form of piles. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for a free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

ways been longing to get back to Australia and to you."

Geoffrey looked up and caught his breath.

"To get back to me?" he muttered under his breath. "Dear Ronnie! I am sure I could go to him—"

"No, no," pleaded Eva. "You could not walk so far; and the excitement would be bad for you. You must remember that I am your nurse, still, and that I am answerable to the doctor for you, and that he would be very angry if I were to let you do anything that would make you ill again. I will send down to the cottage. There is Ripley; I will send him at once. Oh, I can't tell you how glad I am that I am able to restore him to you; and how sorry I am that I never thought of him before!"

She called to Ripley.

"Go down to Betty's cottage and ask Master Ronald to come up at once." Ripley bobbed off, watched with a restless impatience by Geoffrey. In his excitement and longing he went very nigh to forgetting the lovely woman who had nursed him so devotedly, and who sat beside him trying to soothe his impatience.

After a while Ripley returned to tell them that the boy was out.

"He will come back presently," said Eva, "and will come up to us. Pray be calm; you don't know what harm you're doing yourself."

They waited, but no Ronnie came; and at last, yielding to his impatience, Eva gave him her arm, blushing as she did so, and they went down to the cottage. They met Betty hurrying out to the gate with an open letter in her hand.

"Oh, Miss Eva, he's gone!" she exclaimed, in trembling accents. "Was there ever such a boy! Here's a letter from him, and I can't make head or tail of it."

Geoffrey snatched the letter from her hand and read it with feverish eagerness.

"How long has he gone?" he asked.

The old woman was naturally confused and bewildered.

"It might be an hour or two," she stammered. "I've been home about that time and haven't seen him. I only went into his room chance-like, as you may say, and saw that letter."

"The station?" said Geoffrey, trying to speak calmly.

They went back to the Hall, and Eva herself drove him in a low pony carriage to the station, where Geoffrey made eager and excited enquiries.

But no one had seen a young lad in a serge suit. Ronnie had gone vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, and no clue was left to guide them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On the night of Cottie's flight, Mrs. Farren sat beside the small fire which she had made in her kitchen grate for the autumn night was chilly; the small girl who helped her with the house-work had gone and the old woman was alone, brooding over the past. It was a somewhat confused past, but some things stood out bare enough, and the points of the history of the great family to which she was so devoted were distinct enough.

Every now and then across the phantasmagoria of her thoughts the greyeyed, dark-haired lad whom she had mistaken for Master Edmund fitted vaguely—perhaps it was because Cottie had been kind and gentle to her. Presently, as the darkness of which she was unconscious, descended upon the land, she heard a step coming up the gravel path.

At first it sounded a strange one to her, but presently it seemed to her vaguely familiar, and before it reached the door it had awakened painful memories—memories of the daughter who had run away from home with a man who proved to be a scoundrel, and who had been taken to prison, leaving her daughter to die.

Mrs. Farren began to tremble, and she turned her sightless eyes toward the door with fearful expectation. There was a knock at the door, then it was opened and the step ceased beside her chair. She half rose, then sank back, and, listening intently, holding her breath, asked in a hollow whisper:

"Who is it?"

There was a short, mirthless laugh then a soft, toneless voice, which made the old woman shudder, said: "Don't be frightened, Mrs. Farren, it's only me."

She started to her feet, gasping for breath.

"Lane!" she cried, with fear and longing.

"Yes, it's me, right enough, old lady," he said. "I've taken you by surprise; there—there! sit down again, and don't alarm yourself. There's no cause to be upset. Why, dash it, you ought to be glad to see me, your son-in-law."

She sank into the chair, clutching its arms, and turned her face to him with a terror-stricken expression on it.

"Where have you come from—prison?" she panted.

Lane, alias Sheeney, alias Captain White, scowled, and, dragging a chair to the fire, sat himself down and warmed his hands, glancing morosely at the frightened woman.

"To be continued."

Old Folks Coughs.

Because Resisting Power is Weak Pneumonia Often Follows.

Tells of a Sure Cure and a Never-failing Comfort for Colds, Coughs, Catarrh.

One of the worst terrors of old age is that distressing chronic cough. Colds settle on the chest, are wrongly treated with drug-laden and chest-weakening cough syrups, and from year to year the condition has grown worse. Formerly the cough went away when fine weather came, but now bad weather makes it worse and fits of racking, tearing, coughing make life a burden.

Because you are old is no reason for suffering with everlasting coughing—these terrible chest troubles and difficult breathing can be thoroughly cured with Catarrhose. You simply breathe the healing vapor of Catarrhose and instantly its rich balsamic fumes are carried by your breath into the tiniest recesses of the nose, throat, chest, bronchial tubes and lungs.

Just think of it—a direct breathable medicine, full of soothing antiseptic pine essences that reaches every sort congested membrane in two seconds. No drugs to take—nothing to harm the aged or the infant, because Catarrhose is the purest, safest cough catarrh and cold remedy ever devised.

Mrs. M. E. Walford, wife of a well known grocer in East Sheffield, writes: "For three years I suffered with a hard racking cough and bronchial irritation which annoyed me so much at night I couldn't sleep. I tried many remedies, catarrh tablets, sprays, syrups, etc., but they only helped for a short time. Catarrhose brought me wonderful comfort from the first. I inhaled its balsamic fumes every hour or two and am now free from any trace of cold, bronchitis and catarrh. I can go out in all kinds of weather and don't take cold."

There is no remedy so certain and safe as Catarrhose, but being a good remedy it is limited. Beware of the substitute. Large Catarrhose last two months, price \$1.00; smaller sizes, 25c. and 50c. All reliable dealers or the Catarrhose Co., Kingston, Ont.

New Giant Ship for Cunard Line.

LIVERPOOL, April 25.—Alfred A Booth, chairman of the board of directors of the Cunard Steamship Company, announced at the annual meeting to-day that the line was planning for another great steamer to take its place beside the Mauretania and Lusitania in the Liverpool-New York service, and that tenders have already been invited for the construction of another vessel of the Franconia type. This is official confirmation of earlier reports regarding the company's plans. On the general subject of trans-Atlantic shipping Mr. Booth said:

"The future of the New York trade lies not with the 10,000 ton cargo boats but with the 40,000 and 50,000-ton combined passenger and cargo steamers." He warned Liverpool that it behooved her to hurry up and make proper accommodations for such vessels before others stepped in and lured them elsewhere.

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I wonder why it is. When the blizzards round us blow. And the ice is on the lake. And the fields are deep with snow. We so proudly, loudly tell Of the garden we shall own. When the days of spring are here. And the winter days have flown.

Why is it so easy then To dig up the old back yard? Hauling new soil for the beds. In the winter isn't hard. Never garden was so fair. At least now to me it seems. As the one I planned and worked In my pleasant winter dreams.

But the spring is here to-day. And the time has come to dig. And my little garden plot. Looms before my now so big. And what seems so easy then Is so difficult to-day. And I'm not so sure that I Want a garden anyway.

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Does not Color the Hair

Romance of London.

Street Names in the Metropolis Pique the Imagination.

To the man who has read a little history, and whose imagination is slightly bigger than his hat, the streets of London are like the chapters in a tremendously long, fascinating romance written, in collaboration, by all the writers of romance, from Geoffrey Chaucer of Maunice Hewlett. It is, of course, unfortunate that in most cases the writing on the walls has been rubbed out, as it were. Only the titles of the chapters remain in the names of the streets. But, after all, if one has read Chaucer and Shakespeare and Walter Scott, and a few old histories of London, one can fill up the text out of one's imagination and memory, writes Philip Gibbs in the Graphic.

These street names are like chapter headings which suggest that most exciting adventures, full of blood and mystery, or of love and romance, or of tragedy and comedy, or of pomp and pageantry. The strangest characters of history come slinking or swaggering along when the name of a London street gives the title to a new chapter. And many old ghosts jostle the living people on the pathway when a few letters at a street corner turn the key in the clockwork of one's brain. Yet often one is jerked up by the strangest contrasts, by the queerest incongruities, so that one laughs aloud, to the confusion of the passerby, for these street names play the most curious tricks with what is pleased to call one's imagination.

The other day, for instance, I found myself in Fashion Street, Spitalfields, and straightway I saw a vision of the old days when the fine ladies of the town came here in their hoops and farthingales to buy their silks and ribbons. But walking from one end of the squalid street to the other I saw that it was the home of merchants and of second-hand clothes dealers.

Only yesterday, I looked up at a street corner and saw that I was in Eden Grove. It is in Holloway, and

WHICH ARE THE CLEVEREST FAMILIES IN ENGLAND?

Although he would be a bold man who would attempt to decide which are the cleverest families in England, it is a safe and easy matter to point out a dozen families which, in brains, power, stand head above all rivals; and high on the list one would certainly put the Pollocks, one of whom has recently been appointed Bishop of Norwich.

Famous Strand Saddler.

When David Pollock, the Strand saddler, led his bride to the altar while the third George was King, he little dreamt that he was to be become the founder of one of the ablest families in Europe. Of David's sons, the eldest became Sir David, Chief Justice of Bombay; the second, Sir Jonathan, graduated as Chief Baron of the Exchequer and a baronet; while George, his third son, died a field-marshal, a baronet, and a G.C.B.

In the next generation one Pollock, Sir Charles, was a Baron of Exchequer; and another, Sir William, was Senior Master of the Supreme Court; while the third generation of the saddler's descendants includes Sir Frederick Pollock, one of the greatest jurists in Europe, and Walter Herries Pollock, the well-known lawyer and man of letters.

In addition to these men of mark, each generation has produced men who have been or are brilliant ornaments of the law, the Army, and medicine; and to-day no fewer than fifteen Pollocks figure in "Who's Who," of whom eight are clever lawyers, three are clergymen (one a bishop), two are soldiers, four are authors, three are baronets, and two are M.P.'s.

Distinguished in Church and State.

For centuries, ever since the great Lord Burleigh's day, the Cecil family has produced an almost unbroken sequence of clever men, not the least notable of whom have flourished in our own time—the late Marquess of Salisbury, Mr. A. J. Balfour (Premiers both), Lord Hugh and Robert Cecil, and others of great ability if of less fame.

The obscure vicarage of Ottery St.

Mary, Devonshire, was the nursery of another very clever family—the Coleridges. Among its most distinguished members have been Samuel, the poet, and his brilliant children, Hartley and Sara. Sir John, the poet's nephew, was a judge of the High Court; his son was Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England; and his grandson is to-day an ornament of our judicial Bench; while of others Coleridges who have won fame in various fields the name is legion.

In three generations the Wordsworth family has produced a great poet and three bishops (of St. Andrew's, Lincoln, and Salisbury), in addition to many learned authors and ecclesiastics, several of whom are living to-day.

Sons of the Vicarage.

Among other families which have maintained a high standard of ability for many generations down to our own time are the Lyttons, Churchills, Greys, and Robinsons (the Marquess of Ripon's family). Of the Lyttons of to-day, all brothers, one is an ex-Cabinet Minister, another is a general of distinction, and the third is head-master of Eton, while every generation of Churchills has produced able men, from the time of the great Duke of Marlborough to Lord Randolph and his clever son, Winston Churchill.

At present there are few more able families than that of Ridgeway. Of the three sons of the late Tunbridge Wells vicar, two are now bishops (of Kensington and Chichester), while one is the Right Hon. Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, who has won many laurels abroad. The Kiplings are another conspicuous clever family, from Mr. J. L. Kipling, C.I.E., and his wife, to their children, Rudyard and his sister.

And there is the family of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, whose wife and two daughters are almost as capable as himself, for two of them have won distinction with their brushes; while Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema is a novelist of repute.

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