Vegetable Compound

The wonderful power of Lydia E. /inkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womankind is not because it is a stimulant, not because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructor ever discovered to act directly upon the generative organs, positively curin disease and restoring health and vigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have witnessed cures and physicians who have recognized the virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due.

If physicians dared to be frank and pen, hundreds of them would acknowlopen, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Ludia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound a severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience it can be relied upon to effect a cure. The following letter proves it.

Dr. S. C. Brigham, of 4 Brigham Park, Fitchburg, Mass., writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to say that I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound very efficacious, and often pre-metibe it in my practice for female difficulties. My oldest daughter found it very beneficial for female trouble some time ago, and my youngest daughter is now taking it for le weakness, and is surely gaining in

11 freely advocate it as a most reliable perific in all diseases to which women are abject, and give it honest endorsement."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, bloating (or datalence,) weakness of organs, displacements, inflammation or ulceration can be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound. If advice is needed, write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advis-ing sick women free of charge. No other living person has had the benefit of a wider experience in treating female ills. she has guided thousands to health. Every suffering woman should ask for and follow her advice if she wants to be



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Beaver Flour

on a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat and makes Cake, Pastry and Bread that delight the eye and please the taste—also true feeds in every way. No bleaching process acquired with the grade of wheat we use. At your grocer's. Dealers, write for prices or, all kinds of Foeds, Course Grams and Cereals. T. H. Taylor Co., Limited, Chatham.



## 102 BLOOR ST. EAST, TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls,

Onder the joint management of MISS OFT, formerly principal of the Girls' De-rtment of the Provincial Model School. routo, and MISS MERRICK. Intumn term will begin Sept. 10. For ospectus apply to Miss Scott. wty

COLLEGE

Whitby, Ont.

### SILENT LIPS

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

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struggled on. Oh, I can't know how last, and how his arms ached for have lived. I tried shops at first, but her! there was always something, andand-somehow or other they always distrusted me. I think the girls found out that I had diamonds at my neck. and they told tales of me-oh, I know they did, for twice I was threatened with arrest unless I accounted for the miniature, and so I had to run away." "But why did you keep it?" Geof-frey cried. "Why didn't you get rid did you mean?"

Hetty laughed helplessly. "At first I kept it to remind me how nuch I had to repay." she said bitterly, "and I thought I should somehow bring the murder home to him, and that some day it could help to prove what I saw was true, for Claude gave it to me on our wedding daye gave it to me just as we parted in on the back of it, 'From Claude Fanshawe to Hetty Lancaster, on the

morning of their marriage," and the date. That was why I did not destroy it. And I could not sell it. Once or twice my real name and identity leaked out, and oh, Geoffrey, people have hated me so! They have been so bitter against me. It has nearly killed me sometimes.'

She broke off, shuddering, and Geoffrey bent over her.

"My poor little girl!" he whispered; but why did you run away from me? would have taken care of you. Why did you run away from London?" "I-I dared not stay," she cried, un-

steadily. "Dared not?"

She turned away her head.

"Ceoffrey, you were all I had in the world," she said, breathlessly, "and I am Lord Fanshawe's wife. Oh, can't you see why I ran away? I came to Bessie to hide me. It was the only place I thought I could be safe. Oh, Geoffrey, don't ask me why."

He looked into her eyes. Something he saw in them set his heart thumping unsteadily. The confession Barker had made seemed to lie like

## Advertiser **Patterns**



A SMALL ONE-PIECE DRESS.

A novel little frock for a small maiden, which is most comfortable for warm summer days, and may be completed with a guimpe if desired, is shown. The dress is all in onepiece and completed with a yokeband, to which the neck edge is gathered. Very little labor is required to quaint and charming on small wearers. The tub materials are suited to such development as well as pongee, only 1 5-8 yards 36 inches wide being needed for the dress in the medium

4205-Sizes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 years. The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below.

Measurement: Bust ..... Waist .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION-Be careful to inclose measure you need only mark, 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist thing, instead of taking Ferrozone for measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may a few weeks when they feel dull in the last of taking Ferrozone for perately gray face. be. If a skirt, give waist and length morning, sleep poorly or lose appetite. neasure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, repre- mind. It creates an appetite and imsenting the age. It is not necessary to proves digestion. Ferrozone makes write "inches" or "years." Patterns blood, quiets the nerves, makes muscle cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in

"So I went to London, intending weight in the pocket against his never to be heard of again. I thought breast. He put up his hand and drew could get my living somehow, but I back a little. She wanted him at couldn't. For nearly eight years I last! Thank God, she loved him at

> Rut Fanshawe? He clenched his hands over the arms of his chair and turned away his

face a little. "But there was one thing," he said. suddenly, as he remembered the scene in the Hotel Cecil. "You said that if I had stayed eight years ago I might have saved your father's life. What

"Why, if you had stayed, if you had not shielded Claude, the truth would have come out, and I should not have believed in him so stupidly, and I should never have left my poor father,

Now--" "Now," echoed Geoffrey, abruptly. "Now, oh, Hetty, we must put it all from us now. Barker has confessed to everything, and cleared you, and it the church porch—and he had written can be only a matter of a few hours now before the truth will be out and Fanshawe arrested. After that-" Hetty put up her hands about her

face and fell back with a shudder.

They neither of them dared think of what was to follow after that. Down in front of the mill Ted trying in vain to raise himself. His voice, only a few hours ago strong and clear, was feeble like a child's

"Bessle, it was for you," he said. "I saved him for you, my lass, for you. "Saved who?" Bessie asked hoarsely. "Barker, o' course," came Ted's weak reply. "I on'y went back for him 'cos you cared so. It went agen the grain a bit, my lass I 'ad to have a fight with me'self afore I could go, but I did it, gel, an' I got him safe. I got him | Claude. Oh, what shall I do?" safe! An' it's the last thing as I shall ever do for you, but you won't forget

it, my lass-His weak eyes closed. Bessie fell on her knees beside him.

"Ted, Ted," she cried. Her voice called him back from the bright and shining.

"Ah, Bess, my lass! I've had an ugly She held his head in her arms

against her breast. "Ted, Ted, don't dream no more,"

she cried. "For I love you." And it was her love for him that brought him back from the valley of little. the shadow of death into which he was drifting. Love works miracles worked a miracle now.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Wages of Sin. Oldcastle was gay with flags and banners and red bunting. The big shops in Sheffield street and Liverpool road were barricaded and hung with illuminated crowns, E. R.'s and stars.

The King was coming! A crowd had assembled in front of the great building which he was to open. Under the arched entrance a platform had been erected, and upon it were placed the gilded chairs up in which he and the queen were to sit. enthusiasm everywhere. The uniforms, the bright colors, the flaming scarlet, to have changed Oldcastle. The chim neys belching smoke, the crash and clang of machinery, the factories with their crowds of workers, segmed to have been forgotten, while the great crowd in the square and the people in the streets waited for the king to

He came at last. The rattle of the Scots Grays upon the hard road, the jingle of spurs and harness, was fulhimself. A cheer went up as he from end to end of Oldcastle until ! reached the great square itself, and reappear. fashion such a frock, and it is very the five thousand people who stood up to greet him.

A brilliant day, a glorious sun, a bent on giving an enthusiastic waicome to the king and no one noticel the strained white face of Lord Fa .shawe as he stood risel and still up to the platform behind his father, h.

Perhaps the earl lokoed old on this brilliant day, but there was something strange and terrible about his

He was staring out, with a curious blind look in his eyes into the crowd.

#### NERVES IN ORDER. **NERVES UNSTRUNG.**

This in a nerve racking age-not a striving hard to get on in the world. that does not feel the strain

If nerves are in order, a man is nerves means weakness, worry, sleep- left as he went. lessness and a general decay of bodily A little later a motor car shot swift-

Ferrozone quickly brightens up the

night, and a tired look of age grown suddenly upon her face. Every now and then she looked desperately to-ward Lord Fanshawe, but apparently he was beyond thought or care for anyone. He stared out blind, unseeing, into the gay crowd in the gay. the king made his speech, standing with his head always turned in one direction, his eyes fixed unmoving on

a little group in the square.

That little group held his death war rant! In their grim faces he read his doom, and under the blue helmet of a policeman or horseback he thought he could read knowleged of the crime he old town into a frenzy of excitement ad committed eight years ago. The silence was broken at last. Murder, long held at bay, was out!

The sun shining brilliantly, glittered sharply upon the jewels in the golden key that was handed to the king at the end of his speech, and Lord Fanshawe suddealy blinked his eyes. He looked round like a man

awakened from sleep. The sun seemed to get into his eyes for a moment, and he passed his hand across them as though to drive out from them some ugly thing that he

The king, surrounded by his brilliant escort, had moved toward the building he was to open, the key glittering in his hand. Lord Fanshawe half turned his eyes, never quite leaving the group below, and stepped back as if to fol-

As he did to Evelyn Walter sprang to her feet. The crowd drifted away from them, moving with the king, to inspect the new building, leaving them almost alone. She caught him by the arm.

"Claude, what can I do to save you?" she whispered. He turned and faced her, looking

down into her haggard eyes with queer, blank look in his own. "What can I do? The police have been to me again about the note I know, and they only want proofs,

He seemed to be rousing slowly. He looked back, down at the crowd in the great square, as though he was searching it for a face he knew. Presently his eyes steadied and grew fixed again.

"Look down," he said. "Do you see shadows. It came to him as he drifted that group of people over yonder away from her, clear and eager and toward the right, just beneath the longing, as he had heard it once long tower? Well, they are workpeopleago. He heard it again now, and the mill hands, and they all know what past years fell away from him like a you know, and more. They heard last cloak. He forgot them and stretched night. There is Geoffrey too, and he out his arms to her with his face knows, You know that Thomson's mill was burnt to the ground. Well, Barker-Barker was burnt to death in it. dream," he said. "I thought you had but before he died they say he made full confession, and that group over there are waiting-waiting for what is to come, for my arrest."

Evelyn started and her face whitenarm. Lord Fanshawe's lips curled a

"So that it would be all the same sometimes, and Dr. North declared it police. It would make no difference," he said. "Geoffrey Clavering and hang me."

Evelyn gave a cry. "Claude-don't, oh, don't!" He laughed then with sudden fury

clenched his hands. "Curse him, Curse Geoffrey Clavering," he cried. "Curse that lot down there. Do you see who they are? Clavering and Hetty and Bessie Merrill and Dr. North. They'd like to see There was an air of excitement and me caught. And those mill hands who heard- You can see how they hate me, Evelyn. They'd lynch me if they gowns of the undergraduates, seem d could, curse them. Well, shall cheat them yet," he laughed harshly. "They think I shall be caught. Let them think!"

He turned, wrenching himself free from her grasp, and began making his way to the back of the platform. The waiting crowd below saw him follow the king and his escort into

the great building. They saw him pass out of the sunshine into the shadow, and disappear; and a group of police watching from below made lowed by open carriages and the klig a move across the square, and drew up on guard before the door through passed, a cheer that seemed to ecal which the king and his escort would

For a moment, Evelyn Walter, rigid on the platform, looked like a woman of stone. Then she, too, turned. But cloudless sky. All Oldcastle seem d she did not follow Claude. Instead she suddenly flung out her arms, and, rocking unsteadly on her feet, fell heavily to the ground.

Meanwhile Claude passed slowly out To the greetings that met him he replied mechanically, and as he went, as he got away from the crowd, the look of despair that had been gradually spreading on his face deepened

He hurried his steps a little, out--out of the road, through the building, and on to the back, to a little narrow passage, full of broken stone and brick and builders' refuse. No one would dream that he knew of this way out, no one would suspect his

flight. He reached the end of the narrow alley, and looked round. The street man in an office or behind the counter, was almost empty. Oldcastie seemed too busy to remember him. He made his way swiftly through the empty streets toward the castle, going hurstrong, eats and sleeps well. Unstrung riedly, with furtive looks right and

strength, inability to do good work or ly through the park gates, spun round ino the road and on, Lord Fanshawe above illustration and send size of pat-tern wanted. When the pattern is bust Most men are careless of their sat in it, a solitary figure bending health, trust to luck and that kind of ever the driving wheel, wi'n a desa It was the last Oldcastle saw of

him. When he was found it was face downward in a narrow ditch, ten miles from the old town. His neck was broken, and the motor car lay a complete wreck at the bottom of the

Oldcastle echoed with cheers as the sick or only out of sorts, use Ferrozone and only the splendid reward it gay in honor of the king. While he dashed recklessly to the end the early rid. looked round the great room in which

the banquet was held, and in the long lines of faces he missed one. He stood up with the rest in reconse to the toast and looked in vain for his son. His glass was raised with the others. The sunlight gleamed on it, flashed from it to a hundred more.

"The king." The gift and color flashed back the light to the sun. The glass and silver, the bright scarlet, the brilliant square, listening without hearing, as colors seemed to make the room a pool of light.

A hundred eager voices echoed the "The king."

A few weeks later the Oldcastle Chronicle published an account of a double wedding that turned the grim once more. The streets were lined and packed, and the decorations for the coming of the king were brought out once more, and Hetty Lancaster had full justice done her at last. She and Geoffrey, followed by another earriage containing Bessie and Ted Merrill, drove through to the station, and were wished God speed by a great crowd of mill hands and miners who

had collected on the platform. And even the present from the king, which came to Geoffrey, and the medal which a few months later he himself pinned on Ted's breast, did not give them more happiness than the shouts of the workers as they stood-the mill hands they had both known and worked with, and the women whose lives Ted had saved-shouting themselves hoarse, until the train vanished from sight.

The End.

TURMOIL AT PALERMO

Hundreds Wounded in Clash Between Mob and Police.

Palermo, July 22.-Hundreds of persons were wounded Sunday in a clash between the police and crowds that were demonstrating in behalf of Nunzio Nazi, the former minister of public sent, and I have lied to them, but they instruction, now under arrest for embezzlement. The rioters stoned the police who replied with volleys from their revolvers. Elaborate measures have been taken to secure order, which include the mounting of artillery in the streets, and the concentration of battleships in the roadstead.

#### CAUGHT IN A WINDMILL

Joseph Viau, a Trappist Monk, Killed at Oka Monastery.

Montreal, July 21. - A terrible aceldent, which cost the life of one of the Trappist monks, is reported from Oka. Brother Cesaire, aged 57 years, who had charge of the windmill in the vicinity of the monastery, went to inspect the machinery. The wind was very strong, and the unfortunate monk's robe caught in the large wheel of the mill. He was whirled around ed sharply. Her hand tightened on his with terrible force, and finally his mangled body dropped to the ground. The victim's name was Joseph Viau, and he was a native of St. Cesaire, and if you had not sent that note to the had been a Trappist for fifteen years.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

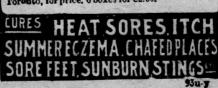
ing. And somewhere in Oldcastle, in son, colored died of froght last the possession of the police, perhaps, night, following an exciting chase, and that is at this moment a little bit of his arrest for shooting Charles Lanpaper, Barker's confession, that will tage, a white man. After the shooting Wilson was chased half a mile by the police and a crowd of men who had witnessed the shooting. He feared mob violence.



# SAVED THIS BABY

treal, says:-

"A horrid
rash came out all over my baby's face and
spread until it had totally covered his scalp.
It was irritating and painful, and caused
the little one hours of suffering. We tried
scaps and powders and salves, but he got
no better. He was so fretful all day long
that it made it very hard for me. He
refused his food, got quite thin and worn,
and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was one day advised to try ZamBuk, and did so. It was wonderful how it
seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. He gradually became
more easy and able to sleep. Zam-Buk from
the very commencement seemed to go
right to the spot, and the pimples and more easy and able to sleep. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was nealed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or eczema, or burning sore. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health. He has got fat and plump, weighs no less than 32 lbs., although only 7 months old, and is in first class condition."
Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50c. a box or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Torento, for price, 6 boxes for \$2.50.





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The great annual tea-drinking festival in connection with the churches rats aroused from their sleep the ecand chapels of Blackburn, England, was celebrated recently, the number of the participants being estimated at

WHEN ALL OTHER corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using

cupants of two burning cottages at Mount Hawke, Cornwall, just in time to escape.

THESE TWO desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

The squealing and scampering