

TAKE IT FOR
**CRAMPS—COLIC—
DIARRHOEA**

APPLY IT FOR
**BRUISES—SPRAINS
— SORE THROAT**



Lady Wyverne's Daughter.

CHAPTER XI.

"That I will," she replied, warmly. "You know, Philip, I have always been a little on awe of her; she is so beautiful and stately; so reserved, and unlike our English girls. But I will go to her at once; she shall find no want of love or welcome in you, mother."

Philip watched his mother as she re-entered the house. Perhaps for half a moment something like a sigh trembled on his lips as he thought how differently both he and Mrs. Lynne would have felt had Agatha been his promised bride; then he reproached himself for his injustice. Had not one refused him, while the other had lavished a world of love upon him? Even Mrs. Lynne reproached herself, and felt that she had never done Inez justice, when the young girl clasped her arms round her, and laying her beautiful head upon her mother's shoulder, promised that she would always be to her a devoted and most loving child.

"I cannot see any reason for delaying your marriage, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne to her son. "We shall soon have May here; indeed it is spring now. I saw crocuses and violets this morning. You must ask Inez if she has any objection to being married in May."

When Lord Lynne proposed that question to his beautiful fiancée, she smiled and said in reply that she considered it the brightest and fairest month in the year.

"But you know the old superstition," she added, with a smile. "May marriages are proverbially unlucky."

"I do not believe it," he said, warmly. "What is the origin of that superstition?"

"I do not quite remember," she replied; "but I have heard it several times."

"Then, Inez, let us prove its falsity, darling. As far as human eyes can see there is nothing to cloud our future," he said. "We have youth, love,

happiness, wealth, position—everything, in fact, that could be wished for. What bad luck can come to us, even supposing the foolish legend to be a true one?"

"I cannot see any," she replied, in a tremulous voice, "unless—"

"Unless what, Inez?" he asked, seeing that she hesitated and looked at him, her beautiful eyes humid with tears.

"Unless you cease to love me," she said.

"The sun must cease to shine and the flowers to bloom, my own heart must cease to beat, and grow cold before that time comes," he cried, passionately, for the loving face turned to him touched him inexpressibly. We will—if you consent—show how fortunate and blessed a May marriage can be," continued Lord Lynne.

"Say, when the month of flowers comes round, Inez, may I claim your promise?"

So it was arranged that the twentieth of May should be the wedding-day of Lord Lynne. It was now April. The time was short enough; for Mrs. Lynne was anxious to attend to the trousseau of her daughter-in-law elect which was to be of unrivalled magnificence. Lord Lynne was constantly engaged; settlements and deeds of all kinds had to be prepared, and he had arranged a charming surprise for Inez. The family jewels, that had never seen the light since Agatha's mother, Lady Lynne, had worn them at her last ball, twelve years ago, were all to be reset and presented to her.

"She will be peerless," thought the young lover; "she was born to live in magnificence. Diamonds will add to her beauty, and she will wear them with the grace and dignity of a queen."

Many were his consultations with the celebrated jewelers in Bond Street before that matchless parure, admired by the whole fashionable world, was finished. And so time ran on until the first of May came round.

CHAPTER XII.

"The first of May," said Mrs. Lynne to Inez, one beautiful morning. "The flowers and birds seem to know May

has come. I shall soon have a daughter of my own now, Inez."

The beautiful proud face softened, and the rich voice whispered some loving words that cheered the mother's heart. Lord Lynne was in London—he had been there for more than a month—and he was not expected until the sixteenth. He was busily engaged in furnishing and preparing one of the finest mansions in Belgravia for his wife.

Mrs. Lynne and Inez lingered over the breakfast-table. They had much to discuss, and the hours passed pleasantly enough, until the little ormolu clock on the mantel-piece chimed twelve.

"How late we are!" cried Inez; and just at moment the footman announced Mr. Bohun, to see Miss Lynne.

"Poor Bertie!" said Mrs. Lynne to her young companion. "I quite forgot to tell you, Inez, his regiment is ordered off to Canada. He has come to say good-bye to you, no doubt. Be kind to him, my dear—he is going to danger, if not death."

Something like remorse or pity smote the young girl as she noted the pale, worn face of the young soldier.

"I have just heard the news, Mr. Bohun," she said, holding out her hand to him. "I am very sorry we are going to lose you."

"You are very kind, Miss Lynne," he replied, with the least touch of bitterness. "I am glad to go; for many weeks now I have longed to be off to the wars."

"You like active service," she said, coldly.

"Yes," he replied; "and I should like anything better than staying to see you married. You laughed at me, Miss Lynne, the last time I dared to tell you something of the love that has made me blind, and deaf, and careless to all but you. You laughed at me, and in your heart you called me a foolish boy, did you not?"

"I never intended anything unkind to you," she replied, proudly. "I have always liked and esteemed you."

"Have you?" he cried, his honest young face brightened at her words; "then I am happier, for I thought you despised me for loving you so much. I could not help it, you know. I have never been presumptuous in my folly. I was never mad enough to dream that you would love me. I do not care for that; but if you were to ask me for my life at this moment I would give it to you; and if ever you want a friend, remember my words, that I will give my life to serve you."

"Thank you," she said, simply. "If the time should come when I want you, I shall not forget."

"I should like to hear from your own lips," he continued, "that you are happy. It will comfort me when I am far away to think of you as bright, and radiant, and beloved. If I fall, my last thoughts will be of your face. Tell me, do you love Lord Lynne?"

"I do," she replied. "If it will make you happy to know that I am happy, I will tell you that my heart has no wish left ungratified."

"I am heartily glad," he said; but the brave young face turned a shade paler. "Will you tell me the day settled for your wedding? I shall be upon the blue sea then, but I shall like to know it."

She told him the twentieth of May; then he rose and held out his hand.

"I must not detain you," he said; "but Inez—Miss Lynne, I have given you all the love of my heart. The world is all over for me. I can care for no woman living after loving you. Before I go, will you say to me, 'God bless you, Bertie!'"

Tears rose in those dark eyes as she uttered the words. He bent his noble head before her and kissed her little white hand that lay in his own. With the quick, warm impulse of her Southern nature, she touched his brow with her lips; and she never forgot the expression of his face as she did so. He spoke no word, but in another minute he was gone.

During the remainder of that day Inez was haunted by poor Bertie's face, and the sound of his sad, wistful voice.

The day was drawing nearer, and one thought began to agitate the beautiful bride-elect. How would Lord Lynne and Agatha meet? She wished it were over; and yet she whispered to herself that nothing could go wrong.

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British Plan World Flight

CIVIL AVIATOR CHIEF APPROVES SIX MONTHS' AIR JOURNEY.

LONDON, May 12.—Plans for a new world flight by Capt. Norman Macmillan and Capt. Geoffrey H. Mallie have been approved by Major-General Sir William S. Branker, director of civil aviation.

The two officers, who, it will be remembered, took part in last year's effort, are to make the new attempt in one machine, which is being constructed by three different makers in sections.

The aviators had covered the first 10,000 miles of the route they now propose to follow when they broke down last year in the Bay of Bengal. They intend to continue from there by way of Japan, the Kurile Islands and Kamchatka, following the line of the Aleutian Islands to Southern Alaska and Vancouver.

TO CROSS CANADA.

From Vancouver their route lies across Canada and the United States to New York, thence North to Halifax, Newfoundland and Greenland, and back to London by way of Iceland, the Shetlands, the Orkneys, and Scotland. To make sure of the North Pacific crossing, which is regarded as one of the most difficult stages of the flight, a steam yacht, with a special crew of "adventurers" in charge of Captain Roger Pocock of the Legion of Frontiersmen, under whose auspices the expedition is taking place. Among the ship's company, of frontiersmen are two flight commanders, a naturalist, a photographer, a scientist and a cinematographer.

From Southern Alaska along the chain of islands between the North Pacific and the Behring Sea, sixteen dumps will be arranged at intervals of 200 miles, with stores on each and on certain islands one or two of the ship's company are to be marooned as a store guard.

TO TAKE SIX MONTHS.

A saloon aboard the yacht has been turned into a showroom in charge of a trade representative, who will introduce British manufacture at each port of call.

The flight itself is expected to take four to six months, and the yacht is being provisioned for a fifteen months cruise. Her stores include 400 pounds of pork, thirty barrels of flour, fifteen Whitehead cheeses, 20,000 Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes and four barrels of neat rum.

Relieves Dyspepsia

M. D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation should take after each meal and at bedtime, fifteen to thirty drops of the Extract of Roots known to the Drug Trade as 'Waterbury's Curative Syrup.' Get the Genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles."

There are 4 grades of roofing felt selling in Newfoundland, "BARRETT'S" is guaranteed the highest grade.

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"Barrett" 1, 2 and 3-ply felts are really made of felt saturated with genuine coal tar—the 2 and 3-ply felts have a layer of coal tar pitch between each ply.

"Barrett's" felts are made to give good wear, therefore they cost more than roofings made of paper saturated with diluted asphalt.

If you use "Barrett's" felt instead of common felt, a new roof covering for your house may cost you \$2.00 more for the whole roof.


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(To be continued.)