

"I Was Terribly Weak After Baby Was Born"



DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD
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At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XII

Fourteen months had elapsed since the master of Deeping Hurst was laid in his grave; and one bright, sunshiny morning Lady Rhysworth took her book and called to the nurse to bring Little Kathleen to her favorite nook under a noble cedar. The Squire very often came over to see his daughter and to smoke his cigar under the cedar-boughs, while Dolores read the newspaper to him and his little grand-daughter played at his knees; but on that morning it was Lola de Ferras who had ridden over. She had not slept well, she said, and fancied that the air of Deeping Hurst would do her good.

On this fair morning Lola had looked more thoughtful and watched Dolores with more keenness than usual.

"How beautiful the shade of this old cedar is!" she said. "Your ornamental trees are twice as large as ours, just as everything here is twice as beautiful as in any other place. You will be sorry to leave it."

"Yes," answered Dolores. "And from all that I can hear, I have not much longer to remain. Lord Rhysworth is expected home at the end of this year."

"I wonder," said Lola, "how you can mention the man's name! Were I in your place, I could not."

"Why not?" asked Dolores, smiling. She was growing more accustomed to Lola's flights of fancy.

"Think of all he will take from you, Dolores!"

"It never was mine, and it is by right his own. Why should that annoy me?"

"I know it would annoy me," rejoined Lola. "I should do one of two things—either hate him or marry him."

"It is not so easy to marry a man," said Dolores.

The words were simple enough, and had no particular meaning, but Lola's face flushed crimson as she heard them. She knew it was not easy to marry whom she would. She changed the subject.

"You are still very young, Dolores."

"I am but too cognizant of the fact, why do you remind me of it?"

TO RELIEVE PAIN AND BACKACHE

Women May Depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I had heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I decided to try it. I had been suffering from backache and neuralgia for many months and had been to all the doctors but had no relief. I bought a bottle of the Compound and took it as directed. In a few days I began to feel better and in a short time I was completely cured. I can now go to work and do my housework as usual. I would like to see every woman who is suffering from backache or neuralgia to get a bottle of the Compound and try it. It will do you good. I feel as if I am forever indebted to Lydia E. Pinkham for what she has done for me. I am sure it will do for you. I would like to see every woman who is suffering from backache or neuralgia to get a bottle of the Compound and try it. It will do you good. I feel as if I am forever indebted to Lydia E. Pinkham for what she has done for me. I am sure it will do for you."

Finds True Friend

"Every woman who is suffering from backache should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," says Mrs. W. B. Shaw, 227 Walnut Street, Chicago, Illinois. "I had female weakness so badly that I could not stand on my feet. Half of my time was spent in bed and I had pains in my back which were unbearable. I tried everything I could think of to help myself, and when a friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began taking it at once. I recommend it without hesitation."

even thought of it. You forget, Lola, when you speak to me in that fashion how recently my husband died. Such an idea has never occurred to me."

"If I were in your place, I should never marry. You have all for which people marry—rank and money."

"Is that all? Is there no love in the case?" asked Dolores.

"You married for love," replied Lola; "and, according to your own theory, you cannot do that twice."

Lady Rhysworth made no reply. "If I were you," continued Lola, enthusiastically, "I should take care to enjoy myself. I should go to London always for the season; I would be a queen in society; I would rule my little world royally; I would accept all the homage offered to me, but take care that my heart was never touched. I would enjoy life to the utmost, but I should never marry again. Your life would be spoiled by a second marriage."

"That is hardly a fair way of looking at it," said Dolores, "I would certainly never live that life."

A dark look came over Lola's beautiful face. She was silent for some little time, but by no means baffled.

"Have I told you my news, Dolores?" she asked. "I talk so quickly, I cannot remember everything I say."

"I do not remember any particular news," answered Lady Rhysworth. "Have you any?"

"Yes; that energetic young wanderer of mine, Sir Karl, is coming home. He will be here in a few weeks."

There was no change in the fair face of Dolores, no flush, no anxious look. She was calm and pale.

"Yours," she said quietly. "Why do you call him yours?"

"He is mine after a fashion," replied Lola. "Do you think, if I were nothing to him and he were nothing to me, that we should correspond regularly with each other? If you knew all that passed between us on the evening before he went away, you would not ask me why I call him mine."

In her heart of hearts Lady Rhysworth did not believe, Lola. How could she when she remembered what Sir Karl had said to her? She made no reply, but gazed thoughtfully at the beautiful girl before her.

"Why are you looking at me?" asked Lola. "Do you not believe me? Ah, Dolores, it will be an evil day for any one who comes between Sir Karl and myself—an evil day and an evil hour!"

"You are talking nonsense," said Lady Rhysworth.

"I hope I am," replied Lola. "But there is no chance of any such thing; I need not fear."

Sir Karl was in Italy when he read the news of the sudden death of Lord Rhysworth, and understood that the woman he loved was free. His first feeling was one of sorrowful regret. He had always esteemed and liked the master of Deeping Hurst, and it seemed sad that he should die so soon after his marriage with a girl whom he loved so dearly. His second thought was that Dolores was free. More than that he could not realize; he would not pursue the subject. The woman he loved was mourning the loss of her husband, and she should have his respectful sympathy. No letter of condolence that Dolores received expressed greater kindness than Sir Karl's. He told her that no one felt more sincerely sorry than himself that a good man had been so suddenly taken away.

(To be continued.)

"I do not agree with you, Lola," said Lady Rhysworth. "Of course, if one loses the first love of youth, and all that is brightest and best in life dies at the same time, a second marriage is merely contracted for convenience. Take a man who marries some girl whom he loves with the only love worth having. Suppose she dies, leaving him many little children; he must marry again, so that they may have some one to look after them; but, naturally, he would not love the second wife as he did the first. So it seems to me, there are many cases in which people are compelled to marry again."

"It may be so. But I would not be a second wife—I would not marry a widower," said Lola. She spoke with some little vehemence, and the rose-petals fell in a shower over the grass. "Your yourself, Dolores," she continued, "with that little child to love you and to love—would you ever marry again?"

"How can I say? I have never

Another Way of Looking at it

It has dawned upon a great many business men of late that one of the shrewdest things they can do in these times of inflated money and high prices is to invest in Endowment Life Assurance.

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A NEW SHIPMENT JUST IN Harvey & Co., Ltd.

Isolation of Lepers

IS INDIA'S GREATEST PROBLEM. MANILA, June 12 (A.P.).—Isolation of the leper is one of the serious problems of India, according to Dr. A. R. J. Douglas of Rangoon, Burma, who is in the Philippines to make a detailed study of conditions of lepers in the Islands and the methods of treatment employed at Cebu where 5,000 lepers are kept.

"We have 100,000 lepers registered in India and estimate that there are as many more unregistered," said Dr. Douglas. "There are 10,000 known lepers in Burma alone, with 10,000 more unregistered."

"Isolation of the leper is one of the serious problems of India. The country is in the throes of several uprisals at present and too much pressure by the British might bring condemnation from the natives. Complete isolation, as in the Philippines, would be almost impossible in India."

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June 22, 1924

Superstition Vies With Science

TO EXPLAIN VOLCANO.

HILDO, Island of Hawaii—(A. P.)—Science and superstition vie with each other in explaining the present unusual activity of the Helama volcano. In the person of Roy Finch, temporarily in charge of the volcano observatory at Kilauea, advances the theory that tons of rock, avalanched down from the sides of the crater, have choked the vent through which Mother Nature usually eases the pressure on the earth by pouring forth surplus lava into the great pit, raising the lava lake in the crater and withdrawing the fiery substance from the crater hollow. The lava underneath the surface, unable to find its way into the open, generates gas which blasts its path out of the vent, carrying with it tons of rocks and dust. The explosions and earthquakes shake down further avalanches from the crater sides which again may block the vent, in an unending circle, according to the theory.

But the Hawaiians have returned to history and tradition, to the act of the brave Kapiolani, the Christian princess who saved the wrath of Pele, the fire goddess, exactly 100 years ago. They say that Pele waited a century to become "huhu," or angry, with the people of the princess and to vent her wrath for Kapiolani's impious act.

In December, 1824, the tale runs, the Princess Kapiolani, converted to Christianity by the first missionaries who came in 1820 forsook the worship of her people. She journeyed from Hilo to Kilauea and spent the night in a hut on the brink of Helama. She ate of the "tabu," or forbidden berries, which were consecrated to Pele, an act of insult to the goddess. She stood on the brink of the crater, with its ever-active lava lake below, and cried to Pele: "Jehovah is most powerful, Jehovah is my God, I defy thee, Pele."

Hawaiians stood in awe while she spoke. Pele, they said, would surely rise in her wrath, make the earth tremble and cast forth the seething lava of her lake, as she did in 1790 when the army of the high chief Keoona was annihilated. But nothing happened.

Kapiolani had won a great moral victory, but to-day the Hawaiians shake their heads, some of them saying that Pele merely waited 100 years to open her campaign of vengeance.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the insolvent estate of Thomas French of Tizzard's Harbor, in the Electoral District of Twillingate, Merchant.

Notice is hereby given that all parties having any claim against the estate of Thomas French of Tizzard's Harbor, in the Electoral District of Twillingate, Merchant, of which estate James C. Pratt of St. John's, at Charles White, of Twillingate, as Trustees under an Assignment for the benefit of Creditors are hereby requested to furnish same, duly attested, to the said James C. Pratt, one of the Trustees, or the undersigned Solicitor, on or before the 1st day of July, 1924, after which date the said Trustees will proceed to the distribution of the said estate, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice.

Dated at St. John's, this 2nd day of June, A.D., 1924.

E. S. PINESETT,
Solicitor for Trustees.

ADDRESS: Royal Bank of Canada, Building, Water Street, City. June 2, 1924.

KICKERS: Punktown-in-the-Brush is growing in a most astounding way; buildings fine are skyward going, new ones started every day; and the boosters they are boosting, and their war cries fill the air; but the kickers still are roosting all around the public square. They are roosting on the fences, they are roosting in the trees; and they ask us what the sense is in such gongos as these. They are sad, old battle-axes, and they murmur, o'er and o'er, "Higher still will go the taxes, if this village grows much more." They would have our Punktown languish, rust forever in the weeds; and they view in bitter anguish all the boosters and their deeds. Fiercer still their anger waxes as the busy hammers clank, for their thoughts are all of taxes and of kopecks in the bank. "You will prosper with the others," says our happy burg expands, "the boosters say, oh, yes, brothers, sit around and wring your hands!" Oh, the carpenters are nailing, and the plumbers solder pipes, but we hear the bitter wailing of the kickers with the ropes. And the painters and the tinners to the fine new buildings flock, while the sad old kicking sinners gnash their yellow teeth and knock. They discuss the higher taxes that the building boom will bring, but no working-man relaxes, and the trusty hand-saws sing.

Spanning the Golden Gate

A gigantic bridge has been planned to cross the famous Golden Gate at the entrance to San Francisco harbor, a distance of over a mile and a half. In order that liners and other vessels may pass underneath, the centre span will be 200 ft. above the water, whilst at either end will be steel towers rising to a height of 950 ft.

Over this huge structure will run a double tramway track, a wide motor road, and two pavements for pedestrians. At the top of the great steel towers it is proposed to build platforms from which visitors will be able to obtain a marvellous view of San Francisco and the mighty Atlantic.

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Solicitor for Trustees.

ADDRESS: Royal Bank of Canada, Building, Water Street, City. June 2, 1924.

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