

Bad Breath
Is Usually Due to Constipation

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot grip. Try it today.

Nujol
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XX.
Then he drew forth a little packet, and laid it in her hands; it contained a lock of dark curling hair, and a plain signet-ring.

"He wished me to bring you these," continued Luigi. "The chain you gave him is round his neck; it has never been removed." Then she spoke.

"I must see him," she cried, "nothing on earth shall prevent me. I will see him once again—then I can die, too."

A nervous look came over the young man's face, and he said, gently: "I shall be glad to tell you. You can never see him again."

"Do you mean that he is buried?" she cried—"but away, out of my sight forever!"

He took her hands tenderly in his own, and spoke again, gently: "Hush, it was obliged to be."

"And this," she cried, wildly, "is all that is left to me of my husband—my love—my one only beloved?"

"That, and the memory of his love," replied Luigi. "And now let me give you his message!"

He gave her loving, tender words, "but he said had been uttered by the dying man. It would be better, he said, when his grief was over, to try and forget him; and he left his last urgent wishes that the secret of their love and marriage should remain a secret still."

"To reveal it now," he continued, "would be worse than useless; it would draw down upon you the anger and indignation of your friends."

"I do not mind that," she murmured. "And what is worse," he continued, "it would draw down reproach on"



Building a Baby

Mother—your baby's body is being built now for life. To-day you can influence his future health; in a way you can never do when once the muscle and nerve tissues are developed and the bones are set. The material out of which the body is built is food and food only, but it must be suitable to the infant's power of assimilation.

VIROL is a food that has been specially designed by Medical Experts and Food Specialists to meet the particular requirements of growth. It contains just those vital principles which play so mysterious a part in transforming food into living tissue.

VIROL with milk supplies in correct proportions all the elements necessary for healthy development, and also increases baby's power of resistance to disease.

VIROL

Sold in more than 3,000 Infant Clinics, Hospitals, and Dispensaries.

your husband's memory. They would not understand how he loved you. They would insult him even more now he is dead than they would have done when living. Preserve the memory of his deep love, and keep his memory from reproach. You have still something to live for, Madame Montalti. I, on my part, have taken an oath of secrecy to poor Rinaldo, and I renew the same to you."

He could not tell whether she heard his words or not; for the white face never changed, and the dark eyes still wore the look of vague horror and dread that had terrified him.

Madame, I was your husband's friend," he resumed, sadly; "let me be yours also. You look ill and exhausted. It would be better for you to go home and rest."

"You can do me one favor," she replied, dearly. "Go now, and leave me with my dead. I shall die if I am not left alone. Come and see me again when I can speak; and tell me more of him."

He thought it best to comply with her wishes. When he turned round to look once more at her, he saw that she had hung herself on the ground, and buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XXI.
The dark shades of night had covered the trees and flowers when Inez rose from her long stupor of grief, and found her way home. She was as one dazed with sorrow; she could neither see nor hear. No tears came to relieve the pent-up agony of her tortured heart. He was dead, he who had loved her so; never would that dark face smile on her again; never again would those eyes, so full of love, look down upon her; never more would the musical voice whisper sweet words in the evening gloaming. It was all over; she had seen him for the last time. The golden light that had brightened her life had changed into the deepest gloom. If she could but have seen him—if he had but clasped her in his arms, and bidden her farewell!

All night she paced drearily up and down her little room.

"If I could but weep," she cried, "this burning pain would leave me!" but no tears came to her relief. When morning dawned, and she did not appear as usual, Nita, full of solicitude, went up to her young lady's room; she found her lying white, and cold, and senseless upon the floor.

Some young girls would have died if they had been called upon to suffer that poor child's anguish. In great alarm Nita summoned Caterina, and between them she was laid upon her little white bed. They saw that it had not been slept upon. One bathed her forehead with fragrant waters, and the other made a cup of strong coffee. They both agreed it would be better to say nothing of their young lady's illness, lest it should alarm Madame.

It was all the same to poor Inez. Had a dozen solicitous friends surrounded her, she would neither have seen nor heard them. She lay throughout the day lost in a stupor of grief, going over and over again the whole of her short love story—the bright summer day when she had first seen him, his passionate love for her, his tender words, his deep devotion. And now she was never to see him again! Ah, if she could but close her eyes and die! Then, like a sharp sword, came the memory of that day when he had spoken to her of death, and asked her what she would do without him. She had told him then that she should die with him; and now the time he had foreseen had arrived, yet she was obliged to live on, and bear her sorrows as best she could. She was had been alone in her happiness and her love.

For two days she lay there, dreading to rise, dreading to begin again the dreary, monotonous life that would have to be lived, nor hope. On

the third day she rose. In the wardrobe that had belonged to her young mother she found a black dress. Carrying nothing for the remarks that would be made, she put it on, and went to Madame's room.

"I am better this morning, grand-mamma," she said, "and am come to read to you."

Madame Monteleone gazed at her with something like alarm. What had taken the color from her voice? Could that pale, sad, drooping girl, in the heavy mourning dress, be the bright, radiant child, whom no one had been able to manage or govern?

"You have been very ill, Inez," she said, gently; "and, my dear child, why have you put on that black dress? Do take it off—it makes me quite sad to see it."

"Let me wear it," said Inez; "it suits me—and I like it. I never wish to wear anything but black again."

"That's a very strange fancy for a young girl," said Madame, inwardly resolving that, as soon as Inez looked better and stronger, she would force her to put away the gloomy robe.

It was four days before Inez summoned courage again to visit the "trysting-tree." She longed to go once more to say good-bye to a spot where she had been so happy. Only once more, and then she would never see that part of the grounds again. She had ceased to care about the world she had so passionately longed for. If all Seville were to pass along the high road, all the gay nobles and fair ladies, she would not wish to see them.

She was still half child, half woman; and, with trembling steps, she sought the scene of her former happiness. Even when she came again to the spot where she had seen Rinaldo for the first and last time, no tears came to soften the grief that seemed to be consuming her young life. She went into the orange grove, where she had stood with Luigi Carnello four days since; she sat down, and looked listlessly around her. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a small discolored paper, that lay half hidden among some dead leaves upon the ground.

(To be continued.)

What Do You Think of a Fluid

That will draw roaches and ants out of every hole, crack, or crevice before killing them and not poison food?

That will kill bugs instantly and not leave an unpleasant odor?

That will knock flies off the wall and not harm paint or paper?

That will keep the bedroom, kitchen, or veranda clear of flies, mosquitoes, etc., for several hours after a few sprays?

That will take fleas off a dog and not harm the dog?

That will destroy chicken lice without any injury to your stock?

That applied in small quantities to the exposed parts of the body will insure you from Mosquito bites?

That as a general disinfectant is stronger than the ordinary carbolic solution.

THAT FLUID IS SAN-O-SPRAY.

No insect can live where San-O-Spray is used. Yet San-O-Spray is non-poisonous to human beings and can be used with perfect safety in pantry, kitchen, dining room, and cellar, moreover San-O-Spray has an agreeable and delightful odor, removing all fetid or unpleasant odors. In addition San-O-Spray is a disinfectant and germicide. Keeps the home sanitary and free from infectious diseases.

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VARIETIES OF BOOKS.

Yes, there are books for every taste, and some of them are birds, and others are a weary waste of vain and empty words.

Producing some of the hacks who wrought, at fame's dire behest; and others reek with Gems of Thought until we cannot rest. And there are books by giddy dames, and books by statesmen high, and books descriptive of the games of criminal and spy. And there are volumes bound in red, all filled with desert lore, and tales of pirates who have sped the souls of scores on seas. And in my study's solitude I should be Sunny Jim, since there's a book for every mood, and every taste and whim. But I am grouching all the day, for something fresh I plead; I look along the shelves and say, "There's nothing fit to read." When I was young my books were few, and gained by heavy toil, and oft I read them through and through, while burning midnight oil. Then any book seemed passing fine, and not a tome was bad, and all the knowledge that is mine came from those books I had. Now books are flowing from the press at an increasing speed, and I exclaim, in my distress, "There's nothing fit to read!"

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

WHEN IT COMES HOME.

Oh, we may read and hear of it and talk the tragic tale. And we may think we understand the anguished mother's wail. And we may dry a neighbor's tears and hold a neighbor's hand. But when the grief comes home to us, 'tis then we understand.

Oh, we may see the dappled room where sad-faced people sit. And we may send our flowers of love to light the gloom of it. And we may tell how sad it is, but we shall never know. Until the hurt comes home to us,

the bitterness of woe.

For sorrow seems a distant thing when other hearts must mourn, And far away the pain and grief when other hearts are torn. For all the things we read about and all the things we hear are but the clouds which drift across the sky and disappear.

But when the hurt comes home to us and sorrow finds our door, 'Tis then we learn how real is grief and what our faith is for. When bitter tears are ours to shed and dark the way we fare, 'Tis then we come to understand what others have to bear.

Electric and Hand Pumps to be had at BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd., Electrical Department.—Jed.M.

HAD THE RIGHT IDEA.

Ike Hickey: I'm going to sing you my favorite song.
Tom Hickey: What is it?
Ike: "Um-pha."
Tom: "Um-pha." How does it go?
Ike: "Um-phaever blowing bubbles."
Young Salesman: "I'm independent anyway. I take orders from nobody."
When to church I do go
A little prayer I whisper low; I say in accents soft, but deep, "Now, I lay me down to sleep."
Journalism like says men are like the moon; shine best at night, and down to their last quarter a good part of the time.

MILKMAID MILK

IS THE BEST MILK MADE

Dear Office Cat: I'm sending along a few little epigrams on the more deadly of the species. Here goes! Women remind me of a circus: Lots of rings and bare backs. Never trust a woman that will tell her age. A woman that will tell her age will tell anything. A woman is like a clock. Pretty face, pretty movement and hard to regular when she gets out of order. Yours with the best—Ana Flitner.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR CORNS

Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of current Cuts. These will be found useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY HOUSE FROCK IN NEW STYLE.



4334. Green and white plaid. Ham with facings of white. Would be attractive for the skirt is a dress for service or for wear, and suitable for slender mature figures.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48; Bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY GOWN.



4331. Here is a very plain model, with a new sleeve effect. It is a style that is attractive for combinations of material. Lace and linen and gingham combined would be pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48; Bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6 yards of 46 inch material. To make panel and sleeve dress of contrasting material, will need 1 1/2 yard 36 inches wide or 2 1/2 yard 18 inches wide. The width of skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No. June 21

Size Name Address in full:

Grove Hill Bulletin

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