

A Clear, Beautiful Skin



There are millions of tiny openings or pores in the skin and these must be kept open and clean if the beauty of the skin is to be maintained.

Because it cleanses these pores and encourages the healthful action of the skin, Dr. Chase's Ointment is most effective as a skin beautifier. Roughness, redness, pimples and all sorts of skin blemishes disappear by its use, and the skin is left clear, smooth and velvety.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.
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Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was fortunate for Inez that events succeeded each other with such rapidity that she had no time for brooding over her sorrow. The love that she had felt for her husband was changed to a loathing contempt, and gradually gave place to a bitter hatred. Her youth, her happiness, her life itself, seemed dead. She did not know how she dragged on her dreary existence from day to day. But a change was coming, heralded by death.

One morning Madame Monteleone was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. The doctor who constantly attended her was sent for, and he pronounced her to be in great and immediate danger, and advised her attendants to send for a celebrated physician who resided at Seville.

Doctors and medicine were all in vain. Madame Monteleone had come to the close of her long, sorrowful life. When she heard that she was indeed dying, she sent for her grandchild, and spoke to her as she had never done before. She told her how she had lived but for one object, the restoration of her family; how she had trained her fair young daughter Bianca for that end, and how all her hopes had been wrecked by her child's marriage with the English lord.

"Then Inez," continued the dying woman, "my hopes were centered in you. Perhaps, child, I have wronged you and sacrificed you to my own ambitious views. I begged you from your father with such words of entreaty that he could not refuse my prayer, and I have brought you up as I did your mother before you, but with this difference; from her earliest

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intancy, I spoke to her of my hopes and plans. I have never mentioned them to you. But for my accident last year, I should this year have taken you to Madrid. I am dying now, and the purpose of my life is unfulfilled,—will be forever unfulfilled,—for you must go to your father in England, and you are the last of the Monteleones."

She then told the astonished girl that her father was a wealthy English nobleman, who lived in a home of stately magnificence; that he had married again, and had another daughter; and that his second wife, too, was dead.

"And I shall have to leave Spain," cried Inez, "and go a stranger to my own home!"

"A stranger," replied Madame Monteleone; "but yet remember you are the eldest child of Lord Lynne, and if my instinct tells me truly, you will be his best beloved daughter. He loved your mother as those calm, cold English seldom love. I have sent to him to-day to say that I am dying, and that you must return to him."

Inez was literally speechless with surprise to think that she, the deserted, lonely child, was the eldest daughter of this rich English lord, who lived in such magnificence in England. After all, it was no penniless girl whom Count Rinaldo had married; and in the first bitterness of her heart she wished that he could know that the girl of whom he had tired so soon would have been of as much value to him as the heiress who had smiled upon him.

If he had been living, how she would have triumphed over him—how she would have spurned him, and wrung his heart by her contempt; dead, she could but despise him the more from the knowledge of what she was.

Madame Monteleone died before the messenger from England arrived. Inez grieved for the loss of the stern guardian who had been her only real friend, but her mind was too much agitated now for any grief to absorb her. When she thought of those unknown relations far away in England she felt something like satisfaction that Rinaldo was dead, and that her disgraceful secret could never be known. What would that stately English father say if he knew that his eldest child had forgotten herself so far? What would he think of her if he knew of those secret meetings, that hurried, secret marriages? Above all, what would he say if he knew how easily she had been wooed and won—to what kind of a man she had entrusted her love and her fair name? Death seemed preferable; she would have suffered any torture, endured any anguish, rather than let her secret be known.

Then the English messenger came, bringing with him a large sum of money, and for the first time in her life Inez had the pleasure of being able to choose rich and costly dresses that suited her taste.

Mr. Brownson had long been a kind of confidential steward to Lord Lynne, and he told the young girl that her father wished her to spare no expense, but to provide herself with everything suitable to her position. The old servants were each allowed a small annuity, and the gloomy old castle of Serranto, once the stately home of the Monteleones, was allowed to fall into ruins.

A new life began for the beautiful Andalusian. Without sorrow or regret, she bade farewell to the gloomy home where her childhood and girlhood had been buried. Never since the night when she found the letter had she visited the orange grove; now she turned her eyes from it as they drove past on the road to Seville.

She would have given the whole world to live the past year over again,—to undo the deed of which she could not think without bitter sorrow and shame. The secret she could never forget lay a heavy weight upon her; it destroyed her youth and her happiness, and she had to bear it with her across the seas, to meet her unknown relations with its burden pressing upon her. There were times when she would have given her life itself never to have seen Rinaldo Montalti.

The novelty of the journey amused her. Mr. Brownson stood in great awe of the regal-looking girl of whom he had charge. He was most devoted to her comforts, but he did not intrude much upon her. He had expected a torrent of questions about her home, but she never asked one, and he did not quite understand her dignified silence; but he was much relieved to find that she spoke English, although her pronunciation and accent were not quite perfect.

As they drew near Lynnewoide, and every moment brought her nearer to the father and sister whom she had never seen, the young girl's emotion showed itself in her pale, quiet face. How different all would have been had no secret weighed upon her! She determined then, and she adhered to her resolution, never to mention that past foreign life of hers,—never to speak of Madame Monteleone, Serranto, or anything connected with her Spanish home.

She was lost in amazement at the beautiful scenery in England,—the tall, graceful trees; the green fields so refreshing to one accustomed only to the bare Spanish landscapes. But she was not prepared for the magnificent home awaiting her. Accommodated to the dreary, half-ruined solitude of Serranto, Lynnewoide was like fairyland to her. When she first saw the stately mansion standing in the midst of a noble, undulating park, a keen sense of the wrong that had been done her awoke in her heart. Why for so many years had she been deprived of the luxuries of such a home? Why had she been deserted, neglected, left to fall an easy prey to the designing Italian, whose love had blighted her life?

Those who watched the young girl descend from the carriage, and wondered at her beautiful proud face, knew little of the thoughts and feelings surging in that rebellious heart.

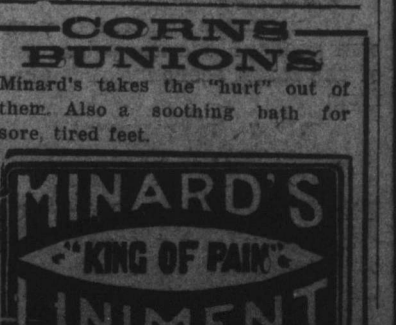
Inez wondered still more at the number of servants standing in that magnificent hall to welcome her to her father's house, but no sign of surprise escaped her. She walked through the long file of domestics with a stately step, and a half smile of acknowledgment upon her face. Some one—she never knew whom it was—told her that Lord Lynne was in the library, and conducted her there.

A mist swam before her eyes; she could hear so loudly that she could have counted its pulsations; but her proud step never faltered, her face never relaxed. Then a stately gentleman came toward her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Inez, my own child," he said, "look at me!—you have your mother's eyes." She saw his face grow pale as he gazed on her own. The pain he had so selfishly shrunk from for many long years, struck him with redoubled force. It seemed to him that his passionately-loved Bianca stood before him again in all the pride of her youth and wondrous beauty. There was the same exquisite Southern face, the dark almond eyes, the rippling Southern hair. But in his dead wife's face there had been a look of gentle repose, of which he found no trace in the features before him. He gazed upon her until large tears rose in his eyes, and he could see her no more. It was as though the ghost of his youth had arisen before him,—the beautiful past that he had tried to bury and forget,—that one year of happiness greater than words can tell. She stood quite silently before him.

(To be continued.)

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Where Women Reign Supreme.

Lady Dorothy Mills, who has recently returned to London from West Africa, after having travelled alone as far as Timbuctoo, says she has discovered a country devoted to women—the country of the Touaregs, in the Central Sahara. She says:

"At Timbuctoo I had the opportunity of studying them. They are a strange people, aristocrats of the sand. Their men—who live by bloodshed and pillage, are the handsomest creatures alive, slim, amber-skinned, muscular, but they hide their aquiline features behind a black or dark blue veil that leaves nothing visible but their bright black eyes.

Their women are very good-looking, though, among the richer classes beauty is measured by weight, and young girls are subject to a fattening process something like that of the Christmas turkey. Often by the time they reach maturity they can only move with the aid of two, or more slaves.

But, rich or poor, they are always and in everything given the priority over men. They have a voice in every family or public assembly; at meals they eat first; their children are exclusively their property, and retain their rank should they marry men of inferior degree.

They alone have the power to ask for a divorce, and no Touareg woman ever dreams of remaining with a husband she does not love. Should she be unfaithful to her husband, the most he can do is to scold her gently.

Married or single, the Touareg woman holds receptions in her tent of little bits of red leather sewn together, after the evening meal, much in the manner of the "salons" of the great ladies of old. She dabbles in politics, is chatty about other women, and dines freely with her numerous admirers.

It all seems to work out well. She is an excellent mother, and an intelligent companion. He is happy with his warfare, she with her social life and her household. And it is said that they never have domestic rows.

Chicago Woman Bandit.
HOLDS UP MAN AND WIFE AS THEY ARRIVE AT GARAGE.

Chicago, June 6.—Eugene Schlig, 31, was arrested on suspicion here to-day in connection with the slaying of Richard C. Tesmer, wealthy insurance man, at his home here last night. The suspect is believed by the police to know the identity of the girl and man who held up Tesmer and made off with his automobile after the girl had shot Tesmer down in the presence of his wife.

After firing the shot the girl snatched commands to her companion, leaped into Tesmer's automobile and drove away as calmly as if she were embarking on a moonlight ride with her favorite beau.

Two hours later the abandoned machine was found near the scene. The slaying, characterized as without parallel in wantonness, was the first committed by a woman bandit in Chicago.

Tesmer was returning home with his wife after a short visit to his sister. Just when he started to back his automobile into the garage the girl and man stepped out from the shadows and commanded the couple, at the points of pistols, to put their hands up, and get out of the car. Her companion stood silently by as the girl searched both captives.

The purses of Mr. and Mrs. Tesmer yielded only a small sum of money. The girl demanded jewellery, but scorned the watch which Tesmer promptly handed over.

As the male bandit struggled with Mrs. Tesmer in an attempt to force her wedding ring from her finger, Tesmer moved, and without a word the girl bandit swung her pistol around and fired the shot. He fell, dying instantly.

Mrs. Tesmer hysterically fell over her husband's body as the bandit pair sped away in the automobile. About ten dollars was obtained by the robbers.

THE BEGGAR.

The beggar meets me on the pike, his tattered, unwieldy epiel; he begs me, for the love of Mike, to stake him for a frugal meal; he knows what famine's pangs are like, he's hollow from his crown to heel. I know he's probably a fake, beneath his clothes are mighty thaws, his wits are keen and wide awake, and stalwart feet are in his shoes, he will wield a hoe or rake, and earn his piece and wholesome stew. And yet I give the fraud a cent, and bid him go and strive no more, and watch him as his steps are bent to Smith & Johnson's Blue Front store; I am not moved by his lament for tearful pleadings are a bore. I ought to say, "The farmers to ply the shaft and speed the plow, and spray the fig trees and the dates; there's work for all, you must allow, in each of our United States. Then grithes turn to honest toil, go till the meadow wide and flat, and you will have a goose to boil, a sort of tripe to make you fat; the kerg of spiel you make will spoil the crown and lining of your hat." But when I think how I despise the kind of work that makes me sweat, I lack the nerve to lecture guys and tell them, toll's the safest bet; I'd rather fill them up with pies, while uty shivers with regret.

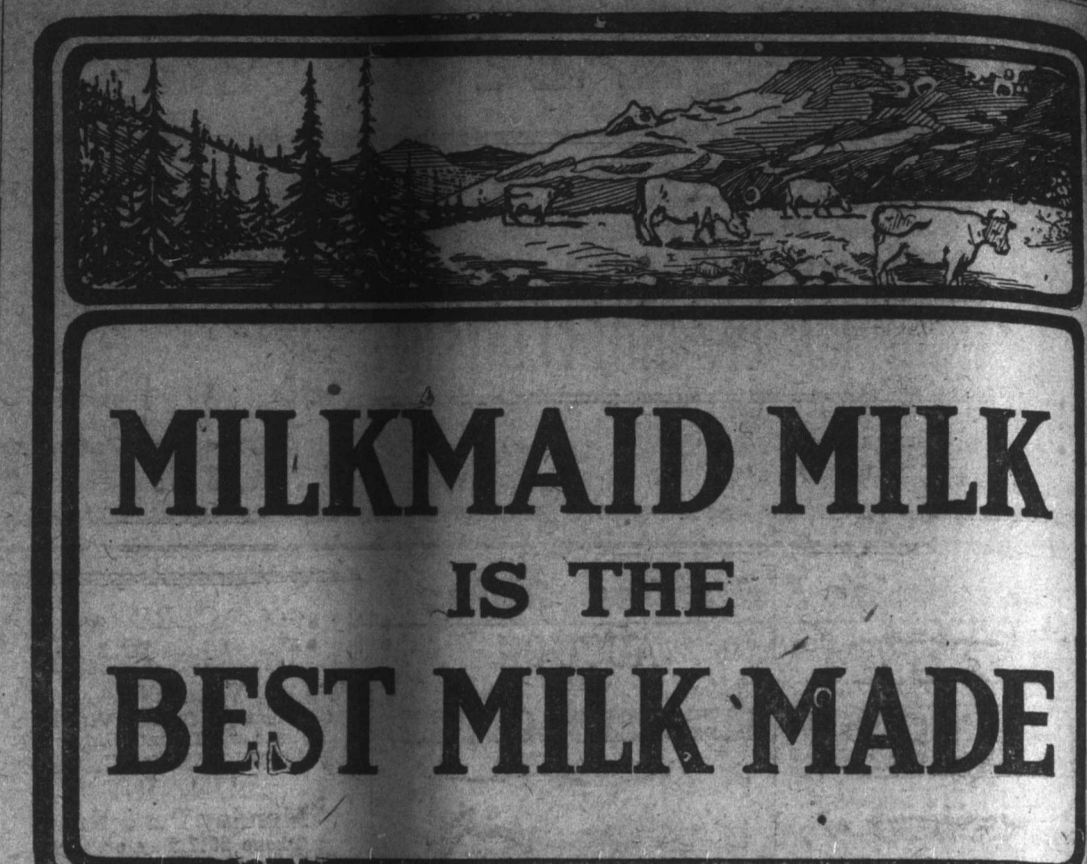
New Egg Preserving Process.

A new process for preserving eggs has come into operation in the United States and if it is the success it is proclaimed to be will, in due time, probably supersede all other methods. It is claimed that eggs which have been treated by this system come out of storage in much better condition than eggs which have not been so treated.

Owing to the eggs being treated with oils or hot oils mixed with other substances the pores are completely sealed and the bacteria and mold spores are completely killed. As a consequence no infection can penetrate through the pores of the shell into the egg. Also the membrane of albumen which is next to the shell is coagulated without injuring the white thus entirely sealing the egg which prevents evaporation. Another advantage is that foreign flavors cannot penetrate into the egg. Storage flavor is not encountered in eggs that have been properly processed.

Chicago and New York seem to be the points where the process is most practiced so far. A report says that at the present time in New York over 5,000 cases of eggs are being processed a day, and the number is being increased as fast as machines can be delivered and installed. In some of the cold storage houses, companies that are processing eggs are working double shifts and similar conditions are said to exist in Chicago.

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