

A Wall of Resistance

Emphasis should be placed upon the conservation of strength and the building up of a strong wall of resistance against weakness.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is used regularly by many, right through the winter, as a dependable means of conserving strength.

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XXV. EAVESDROPPING. While they sat there a man came close behind them—it was the second gamekeeper—and as he was standing along with his head bent down, he did not see them until he was close behind them.

"I thought," she said, looking up, pale and wan, "that you were indifferent to him, that you cared more for the other, if you cared for either, and at the time I persuaded myself, not thinking that I did you no great harm in deceiving him."

"Tell me what you mean?" "Yes, yes," assented Grace, struggling for composure. "I meant to tell you the first time they would let me see you, and you were strong enough to hear it, I knew the cause of your illness; I knew what had stricken you down—what was wasting away your youth and robbing you of the desire for life! Who should know better than I?—for was I not suffering the same thing myself—but I think I am stronger, however, than you, Edna—and—besides, I knew that he did not care for me; that all his thought was for you. Oh, Edna, think!—put yourself in my place. We have spent all our lives together, and had grown up side by side; how many times, in our play, he used to call me 'his little wife'! Is there any wonder that I grew to love him? There was—there is—no one like him! I loved him, Edna, with all my heart and soul, and I dreamed, I hoped, I am sure, that he was beginning to care for me."

"But it was Edna's turn to grow passionate; she had been white and red by turns during the last few words, and now she stood, clasping the seat with one hand and holding up the other to silence the confession.

"No, no!—do not tell me! I forgive you any wrong you may have done, or tried to do me! It is all a terrible confusion! Don't tell me any more—not a word!—you have

no one until I played and sang; then he came back to me, but was only while the song lasted; when it was over he went back to you—to you, whom he had seen only a few short hours; and so it has been all through. I had no charm for him any longer—you stole his heart—not that it is not true! You—you did not encourage him! I do not mean that, Edna! That was one thing that used to madden me; that he should be won from me by you, who did not appear to care for your conquest!"

"She paused a moment only, as if to look upon the bitterness she had endured, and then went on, passionately: "How often I have watched you together, he so gravely intent upon every word you spoke, so anxious to supplant your every wish, to place your chair, to hold your flowers—he had always a flower for you! and you, so indifferent, so absent, so weary. How could I dream that you loved him?"

"At last Edna found words to stop her. "Loved him! Of whom do you speak?" she asked, in a low, thrilling voice. Grace stared at her. "You ask me!" she exclaimed. "Will you say that you do not love Lord Mersey, Edna?" "Lord Mersey!" echoed Edna, mechanically, as if the idea was too far-fetched to be noticed; then, when she did notice it, her face was suffused with a sudden red, and her eyes flashed indignantly, as she shrank back and confronted the pale, passionate face opposite her.

"Lord Mersey!—I love Lord Mersey!" she breathed. Then the indignant look changed into one of troubled helplessness, and she hid her face in her hands tremblingly.

"At this juncture the silent figure at the back displayed a most extraordinary sympathy; his face flushed, too, but with a very different emotion; his eyes sparkled, and he made a step forward, as if he were actually about to speak, but, apparently controlling himself with a great effort, he shook his head and drew back, passive and watchful again.

Grace pushed her hair from her forehead, as if she were bewildered. "Then," she said, wonderingly, "then my words bore Dead Sea fruit, whose bitterness I alone have tasted. Thinking to snatch him from you, I have sent him away, perhaps never to return home. Oh, God, this is as it should be—I deserve it!"

And she hid her face in her hands. Then, before Edna could speak, she looked up again. "You have never loved him—it was the other all the time. If I had but known! But my sin was as great. You forgive me, Edna? You will when you have heard my temptation; it was great, greater than I could withstand."

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Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save four-fifths of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap to make, but it really has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour it into a five-cent bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 10 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. It is a truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens the membranes, and gradually but surely cough disappears entirely. Nothing but coughing, coughing, spasmodic cough, or whooping cough or bronchial asthma. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on all ailments of the throat.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

made a miserable mistake! I—I never gave one thought to Lord Mersey that could cause you a moment's disquietude! Oh, Grace, Grace!" she cried, covering her hot face with her hands and blushing with mingled shame and indignation. "If you knew, you could measure the shame I feel now! I to have been thought in love with anyone—anyone!" she repeated, almost passionately.

"But—" said Grace, grasping her arm eagerly. "No, no!" cried Edna. "I will not hear any more! I forgive you—that is enough! I am sorry for you, for yes, I have suffered, as you say, but not for the cause you think. I forgive you, but never let us say one word of it again—never again!"

Grace, pale and trembling, but with a change for the better in her face not to be mistaken, knelt down, and slid her arm round Edna's waist.

"Edna—dear Edna! how noble you are! If you would but listen to me! One word you shall listen to—Capt. Morton comes here on Thursday—"

"Not a word! if you know—if you know—you would not—insult me!" Grace took the outstretched hand and pressed it to her bosom.

"I will be silent, at least I can obey your wish, dear Edna!" she murmured, and then as Edna's head dropped, the proud beauty put her long, Juno-like arms about Edna's neck, and kissed her.

The underkeeper remained quiet and watchful until the two figures rose and moved away, Edna having Grace's arm still around her waist, and then he came and walked up and down in front of the seat, lost in meditation, and staring at the seat as if it could solve the problem in his mind, and clear away the clouds of doubt and uncertainty. At last he seemed to arrive at some decision, for he suddenly slapped his legs with his strong but particularly shapely hand, entered his coat, and commenced to write a letter, finding some difficulty in the occupation, as was natural, perhaps, to one in his position. At any rate, whether it was the spelling, or the calligraphy, or the composition, which puzzled him, the letter caused him a great deal of trouble, and the destruction of no less than nine sheets of paper.

CHAPTER XXVI. AN INEXHAUSTIBLE STORE. CAPT. MORTON smiled as he got out of the new carriage which had been sent to the station to meet him, and looked round the lawn and at the house. A few months ago it had been a wilderness—now, if it did not quite blossom as the rose, it had greatly improved.

Sir Edward met him in the hall, and the captain smiled again as he noticed, with quiet appreciation, the new air of stately importance which the once fidgety and insignificant-looking lawyer had acquired.

"Well, More," he said, "you haven't allowed the grass to grow under your feet."

"No; you notice the improvement, eh?" said Sir Edward, nodding his head. "Yes, I think I have made some alterations already. I'll show you the new wing to-morrow—billiard room and that. Yet the old place has been going to rack and ruin long enough; it is quite time it traveled the other way."

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Fashion Plates

A SMART FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

Then the captain was taken to his room, a very elegant apartment, if not quite so handsome and tasteful as that he had occupied at Rosedene; and the captain noticed on his way that the interior as well as the exterior had been altered and improved. It was all new and glittering—too much glitter, perhaps, but that was Lady More's fault—no doubt.

Dinner was not served when the captain came down, and he found Sir Edward in the new library, another rich salon, smelling of the new bindings and morocco leather.

Sir Edward, looking up, noticed something about the captain that was strange to him; it was not in his dress, for the captain was faultlessly dressed, as usual. He was a little thinner than of old, and—yes, that was it—not quite so nonchalant. In place of the half-insolent languor there was a badly concealed anxiety and uneasiness. For the moment, as Sir Edward lolled back in his capacious chair, snug and prosperous, and the captain stood with his back to the fire, glancing under his brows round the room, it seemed as if the two men had changed places with each other.

It was not long ago since the captain had lolled in an easy-chair, and Edward More had been fidgety and restless.

They talked on the topics of the day, on the latest continental news, on everything but the subject that was nearest at least one of their hearts, and then, at last, the captain approached that subject.

"Well, Edward, have you seen her lately?" "Edna, do you mean?" asked Sir Edward, although he knew quite well whom was meant. "Yes, I saw her a few days ago."

The captain nodded; there was no need to put any questions, that nod was a significant interrogatory.

"She has been very ill—that you know, of course, from my letters. Very ill, indeed. We didn't think we should pull her through at one time."

"The captain nodded, and stroked his mustache with his white hand; Sir Edward did not see that it was trembling.

"She has been as bad as that?" "Es bad as she could be. You will find her altered—altered, but not a whit plainer. I think she is prettier than ever—not that that will matter much to a man like you—"

"What do you mean?" said the captain, almost fiercely. Sir Edward started and fidgeted slightly; there certainly was a difference in the once cool and suave-tempered man of the world.

"What do you mean? Do you suppose that I am indifferent to her welfare? Do you take me for a man utterly without blood or feeling—do you? Pahaw!" he broke off, with a sudden effort at his old manner, "one would think you had seen me carved out of stone. Let me tell you, More, I have felt the girl's illness more than you give me credit for."

Sir Edward nodded, but rather incredulously. "Well, she has been ill, but she has been pulling round lately, and I think will soon be all right," he resumed. "Does she—has she spoken of me?" asked the captain, with a strange kind of irritation, and a slightly heightened color.

(To be Continued.)

HER DAUGHTER WAS SAVED FROM OPERATION

Mrs. Wells of Petersburg Tells How.

Petersburg, Va.—"For two years my daughter suffered from a weakness and pains in her right side; at times she was so bad she could not do any work. For two years she was attended by the best physicians here, and both agreed that she would have to be operated on. I suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and at first she refused the very beginning it helped her, and now she is entirely well, and telling her."

"Mrs. W. D. Wells, 228 North Adams Street, Petersburg, Va. If every girl who suffers as Miss Wells did, or from irregularities, painful periods, backache, headache, neuralgia, dizziness, inflammation or ulceration would only give this famous root and herb remedy a trial they would soon find relief from such suffering. For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years' experience is at your service."

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Grocers' Stores, etc., etc. Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 8 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account. (Established 1814.) 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Assured, Lon."

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Spring Openings

It may seem a bit early, but the Buying Season has started somewhat earlier of late years, and this year, we understand, we are going to have an Early Spring. We have opened the following goods during the past few days:

LADIES' SHOWER & COVERT COATS in the Newest and Smartest Trench Styles.

These are priced from \$12.00 each upwards. Those that we were advertising a week ago are practically all sold. Styles plus value was what did it.

Children's and Misses' SHOWER and COVERT COATS. We have only received a few of these, as well as a few Ladies' and Misses' Mackintoshes.

We have received fairly large assortments of Ladies' Costume Skirts in Navys, Blacks and Tweeds.

Ladies' Moire Underskirts in Black and Coloured.

Ladies' Blouses in Blacks, Whites & Col'd.

Ladies' and Misses' Straw Hats.

Millinery Flowers and Ornaments.

Black Veilings in Plain & Fancy Makes.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALL DRESS is a Good Corset.

The Best Corset is the "W. B." CORSET. We have just received a further shipment of these famous and popular Corsets.

HENRY BLAIR

Dried Fruits.

California Raisins, 3-Crown, loose.

Seeded Raisins, 36-1's.

Seedless Raisins, 50-1's.

Sultana Raisins, 50's, loose.

Evaporated Apricots, 25's.

Evaporated Peaches, 25's.

Evaporated Apples, 50's.

LONDON

LONDON, Feb. 17, 1919.

THE Prince of Wales is likely to go to the Grand Fleet, or rather with a picked contingent of it, which, it is well known, will visit America.

Sir David Beatty, before the final review of the Grand Fleet this summer. If the fleet is then sub-divided into three independent Fleets, which, as in the old days, Sir David Beatty would naturally take office.

Sir Charles Madden, Lord Jellicoe's former Chief of Staff, might then command the Home Fleet, better called the Atlantic Fleet, and Sir Michael de Robeck the Mediterranean Fleet, assuming that there is to be a transfer in the suggestion that Sir Michael de Robeck would like to go back to the Mediterranean.

GERMAN FAITH IN SCAPA. Lord Jellicoe, in his new book, writes that the Germans did not take advantage of their great chance in the first winter of the war, when the fleet was at Scapa Flow with its main destroyers and hardly any anti-aircraft defence. He concludes that the Germans credited us with possessing, like themselves, powerful harbor defences, and that it seemed impossible to the German mind that we should place our fleet—our all—in a position where it was open to destruction. The rigidity of a German mind in this matter is born out in the following story. Very early in the war two German spies got to the Orkneys disguised as neutrals. There were very few precautions taken those days, and ships were calling at Kirkwall. The spies got back to Germany, and gave the astounding information to the German Chief of Staff at Scapa. They persisted in their story under the closest examination with the result that they were taken out and shot. The German naval authorities being quite convinced that their spies had been tampered with and were bringing them an error.

It seems that it was the German faith in the British fleet that helped us to win the war. Lord Jellicoe mentions three alarms of submarines in Scapa Flow, but leaves doubtful whether any submarine could get in. One of the supposed submarines was a whale. The most serious attempt to get in was made according to a writer here with the weeks before the armistice, and the attempt was very nearly successful. The report went in the fleet that the submarine was manned mainly by officers, who, when it became known that the German navy would not fight again, determined to make a gallant attempt for death or glory. Their end came suddenly. It has always been a puzzle to our officers why the German naval men should so little initiative or enterprise of any kind. The public are able to wonder, too, now they see the appalling catalogue which Admiral Jellicoe gives of the deficiencies of the British fleet in destroyers, submarines, wireless, searchlights, and even in the armour and character of the big ships, in which Germany's faith was most firmly based. So small was the margin between the average available force and the German force at a selected moment that there was a school of strategy with a very powerful political porter which held that we should fight the German fleet whenever it appeared, but should wait until it reached a satisfactory position for our battle operations. It will thus

SUITS

Prices

We are slashing the Ladies' Suits rather than Fall.

Our entire stock of becoming models is now on sale at a great price.

We shall be glad to show them on, and compare with those elsewhere. prices are given below.

Regular \$35.00.

Regular \$41.00.

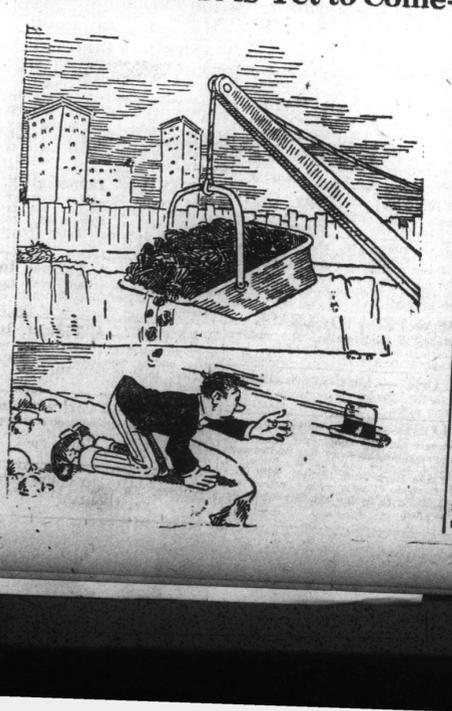
Regular \$48.50.

Regular \$59.50.

U.S. Picture

Saint

And the Worst is Yet to Come--



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