

WOMAN SO ILL COULD NOT STAND

Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well and Strong

Glens Falls, N. Y.—For over two months I was so sick I was not able to stand on my feet, and my husband did my housework. The doctor said an operation might be necessary. I read testimonials about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and began to take it. Before I had finished taking the first bottle I saw what good it was doing me. I am now well and strong, doing all my work for a family of four, all my washing and my sewing, which I think is remarkable, as I had not dared to run my sewing machine, but had done all my sewing by hand. I truly feel that were it not for your medicine I would not be here today as my case seemed very serious.—Mrs. Gordon W. Bonczak, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Free upon Request Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information that every woman should have.

Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Will you learn to love me, Inez," he said, at last, "and forget the past? I shrank selfishly from opening an old wound that time has but half healed. Child, if you know how I loved your mother, you would not wonder at me."

It was a strange method of showing affection, she thought, never to wish to see that mother's child; but she turned to him and said she would try to visit his love, while she gave him hers.

"You have some one else to love also," said Lord Lynne, as he touched the bell. "Ask Miss Agatha to come down," he said to the footman who answered the summons.

Before Inez had time to think, two loving arms were thrown round her, and a golden head was laid caressingly upon her shoulder, while a gentle voice cried, "My dear new sister, welcome home!" Then she saw a tall, graceful girl, with a fair sweet English face, and a wealth of rippling golden hair.

"This," said Lord Lynne, drawing her to him again, "is your sister Agatha, who has been longing to see you. I consider myself the happiest, and I ought to be the proudest father in England, for my daughters are matchless."

When Agatha led her sister to the apartments prepared for her, her girlish love and vivacity surprised the haughty Andalusian.

"If you could but know, Inez," she said, "how happy I am! I always longed for a sister, little dreaming that I had one like you, shut up in an old Spanish castle. Now remember, darling, you are papa's eldest child, you are Miss Lynne, and mistress of Lynnewolde; none will love, serve, and cherish you more than your sister."

Lord Lynne made all the atonement in his power for the wrong done to his daughter. He perfectly idolized her; he was never weary of gazing at her face or listening to her rich musical voice. He did not notice how she avoided all reference to her Spanish home, but Agatha did; and she wondered then, as she did afterward, how it was that, when she had told all the simple little incidents of her life to Inez, her sister had nothing to tell her in return—no pretty little love-

story, no story of a Spanish knight, no little episode of love in any shape or form; she only saw that when she asked the simple question, "Did no one love you, Inez?" her sister's face grew proud and cold. If she had known the tempest that raged at that moment in the young girl's heart, she would have wondered still more.

Lord Lynne lavished costly gifts upon Inez; he spared neither time, expense, nor trouble, in gratifying her every wish; and she loved him for his trouble, in gratifying her every wish; and she loved him for his kindness. The life she led now was like an entrancing dream. Wealth, luxury, magnificence surrounded her. A thousand times she wished that the false Italian could have known all that he had missed in tiring of her. She was glad that he was dead, but she would have liked that one revenge, that he should have known the penniless girl he had slighted was the wealthy heiress of a rich, English lord.

When her kind, indulgent father died, Inez mourned for him, but it seemed to her then, that her capacity for love or sorrow was gone, crushed in the weight of sorrow and shame that oppressed her. When she met Lord Lynne, and for the first time in her life really loved, she understood that what she had felt for Count Rinaldo was but a liking springing from gratified vanity and a love of romance.

"That I could ever have been so mad, so foolish, as to call that passing fancy by the name of love!" she said, and more than ever she hated and loathed the memory of the man who had deceived her.

How she grew to love Lord Lynne with the whole force of her passionate nature, how she strove to secure his love, how she triumphed, and enjoyed her victory,—the reader knows. No cloud obscured the brightness of her new life. She began to think less of the fatal secret that had darkened and blighted her youth. Slowly and gradually the remembrance of it was dying away, when she went to the Duchess of Rutwell's ball, and there, in the stranger who stood watching her, she recognized the man whom she had believed dead and buried two years ago—the false, treacherous Count Rinaldo.

In the first moment that her eyes fell upon his dark face, she believed it to be an apparition; and the blood curdled in her veins; but when a cynical smile overspread his features, she knew at once that it was a living man upon whom she gazed. For one moment the trick of which she had been the dupe and victim flashed across her mind. He had feigned illness and death, to be rid of her, and she, foolish, credulous girl, was the wife of two living husbands,—one whom she hated and loathed with her whole soul; the other whom she loved more than like itself.

One thought, one sentence rang the night through in the ears of Lady Lynne; it was this,—"My sin has found me out."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Inez, Lady Lynne, sat alone in her boudoir on the day after the Duchess of Rutwell's ball. Her husband and sister had begged her to join them in a drive, but she declared herself fatigued, and said that nothing would restore her so quickly as a few hours of rest and solitude. They were unwilling to leave her, for her illness of the previous evening had alarmed them; but she asked to be alone, and they could not refuse. She wished to be alone to collect her energies and thoughts, to meet this, the crisis of her fate. Of all blows that could possibly have fallen upon her, this was the least anticipated, the most deadly; and yet, when she thought it all over, she wondered that it had never struck her before. The plot was so clumsy; yet at the time she had not doubted its truth. Even when she discovered the husband whom she believed dead to have been false, treacherous, and deceitful,—when the traitor friend stood before her, convicted by his own words,—no shadow of doubt as to his death crossed her mind. She hated herself now for her credulity; a child would have had more penetration and more sense. But the crisis of her life was come; the hour was at hand when she must confront, calmly and coldly, the past and its secrets.

Women are always true to their instinct; although Lady Lynne believed herself to be in deadly peril,—al-

though not only her happiness, but her life itself, were all at stake,—she did not care the less for her toilet. It may be that some thought of revenge actuated her, and she meant Rinaldo to see that the girl he had slighted and deceived had grown into a woman so beautiful that the world lay at her feet.

She bathed her face until all trace of her night's weeping disappeared. In the rich tresses of her hair was placed an exquisite white camellia, fastened by a diamond arrow. A dress of rich silk showed her noble, graceful figure to advantage. Her face was proud, cold, and inflexible, her rich red lips had no quiver, her dark Southern eyes were bright and defiant, her white jeweled fingers did not tremble. There was no one single sign of weakness in Lady Lynne. Beautiful and dignified in her queenly magnificence, she descended to her boudoir, there to await what she knew was inevitable—the coming of Count Rinaldo.

All the spirit of her brave Spanish race was awake within her. He was a brave man who would not quail beneath the light of her eyes and the fire of her words. When she heard the knock that told of his arrival, and the footman announced his name, she rose haughtily, and received him as a queen would have done a rebellious subject.

He expected weak womanly tears; but this magnificent, haughty lady, whose proud face neither paled nor softened, whose eyes wore a look of unutterable contempt, took him by surprise. For one moment, as she looked calmly and coldly upon him, there came to her mind a vision of the summer evening when she had first met him, of the orange grove where he had asked her to be his wife, and the rapture of happiness that had thrilled her girlish heart. She sickened at the thought. He drew near her, and tried to take her hand.

"I expected you, Count Rinaldo," she said; "and yet I wondered if you would dare to come."

"Dare is a strong word, my lady," he replied in Spanish, and the sound of the words brought for one moment a deep flush to her face.

"If I did not know that all words are waisted when spoken to one so unprincipled," she said, with bitter scorn, "I might ask Count Rinaldo how it is that, after the pathetic story of his illness and death, the grief of his friends, the heart-rending 'last messages,' delivered with such sorrow, he finds himself alive and in England? Answer me," she continued, "explain, if you can, your cowardly, infamous lie."

(To be continued.)

HAIR STAYS COMBED, GLOSSY

"Hair-Groom" Keeps Hair Combed—Well-Groomed



Millions Use it—Fine for Hair—Not Sticky, Greasy or Smelly—A few cents buys a jar of "Hair-Groom"; at any drugstore, which makes even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stay combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified, combed cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in business and on social occasions.

Graceless, stickless "Hair-Groom" does not show on the hair because it is absorbed by the scalp, therefore your hair remains so soft and pliable and so natural that no one can possibly tell you used it.



Children Delight In Cuticura Soap-Baths

Because they are soothing and refreshing, Cuticura Soap-baths are especially liked by children. The Cuticura Soap is also, delicately medicated and completely perfumeless, is excellent for little ones.

Sole Mfg. Company 25 South, Toledo, Ohio. Sold Everywhere. Cuticura Soap should be used without soap.

Model Town in England Planned.

GOVERNMENT TO BUILD 20,000 HOUSES IN BECONTREE.

What is being done by the government in England to relieve the housing situation is indicated in a recent announcement concerning the latest, and thus far the most ambitious, housing plan proposed by the London County Council. In the section known as Becontree, an area of about 3,000 acres lying between Ilford and Barking and the old market town of Romford, and intersected by two main railway lines running into London, a model town is being laid out, which, it is announced, will be visited by the King and Queen.

According to the original plans, about 20,000 houses were to be built, but the check on building operations imposed by the ministry of health in the last government, in the interests of economy, has somewhat restricted the development of the project. It will recently building had to be confined to the Ilford section of 440 acres, where nearly 8,000 houses have already been completed or are in course of construction. Another thousand are now going up in the Dagenham section of 55 acres, near Dagenham Dock.

When finally completed, Becontree will be a model city. At the junction of three central avenues is to be a civic centre with public buildings, churches, shops and central markets will be grouped. A wide octagonal boulevard will be crossed at eight points by main avenues, and it is proposed to have local centres at each of the intersections.

The preliminary division, according to the original plans, is as follows: Park, 150 acres; playing fields, 50 acres; open belt (including 40 acres for playing fields and 150 acres for allotments), 425 acres; further allotments, 100 acres; 26 school sites, 65 acres; arterial and ring roads, 165 acres; existing properties and adjoining land, 252 acres; land for commercial purposes, 125 acres; sites for working class cottages, 1215 acres; sites for cottages other than working class, 450 acres.

Sunken Stronghold of Notorious Bandit.

Psychic messages from St. Nicholas are said by an archaeologist in charge of excavations in the Balkans to have led to the discovery of the subterranean stronghold of Ali Pasha, a famous bandit who terrorized the Balkans a century ago.

According to the London Express, the skeletons of 26 men were found, believed to have been killed because they discovered the secrets of Ali Pasha's treasure house and its labyrinthine passages. The principal one is about 1100 yards long, intersected by tunnels leading into darkness, or returning by devious routes to their main corridor.

All Pasha's father was murdered by neighboring chieftains, and his mother urged him to take revenge. His ferocious and indomitable courage brought terror to the Balkans. In avenging the death of his father he grew rich on the spoils of war.

All Pasha assisted the Turks in their war with Russia in 1787, and was laden with honors. He became the ruling power in Albania, and helped Napoleon, with the ambition of establishing his kingdom as a sea power. Being disappointed, he next fought Napoleon, and negotiated peace with Great Britain in the name of the Ottoman government. On emerging from the grand vizier's tent he was treacherously murdered.

The exploring party hopes soon to reach the crypt where the treasures are believed to lie.

These riches are said to embrace money, jewels, tapestries and a collection of golden Byzantium chalices, stolen from churches.

ECZEMA You are used to itching, itchy skin, which is what eczema is. It is a skin disease, and it is not a cure, but a relief. It is a skin disease, and it is not a cure, but a relief. It is a skin disease, and it is not a cure, but a relief.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

SAID STUDY TO PLEASURE. I take him from trouble wherever I can for man. Said Pleasure to Study: "I'm better I lighten his burdens and soften his woes. And lead him to laughter wherever he goes; With thoughts of his duty I never offend. I make him happy, and I'm his best friend."

Said Study to Pleasure: "I better his mind. I help him to conquer the cares he shall find. I make him wiser. A day spent with me And stronger and braver in trouble he'll be. You bring him laughter that fades with the hour. But I bring him knowledge and I bring him power."

Said Pleasure to Study: "You trouble him so. You whisper of work when to play he would go. You hold him fast to a book or a dream. I take him out to the banks of a stream. I give him music and dancing and fun. I set him free from the tasks he does."

Said Study to Pleasure: "I strengthen his hand. I make him able to rule and command. I give him courage and wisdom to bear Whatever life sends him of trial and care. I talk of duty and I hold him fast. But I give him triumph and joy that shall last."

Household Notes.

Serve chicken souffle with tomato sauce. Blackberry sauce is good with cottage pudding. Serve fruit salad with whipped cream and fruit waters.

Serve iced coffee with whipped cream and powdered sugar. Red gooseberry jelly makes a remarkable substitute for guava jelly.

If one has time for a leisurely breakfast, baked potatoes are excellent. French-fried toast served with honey or sirup is delicious for breakfast.

Creamed salmon served on toast is a nourishing and dainty luncheon dish. If angel and sponge cake pans are smooth and clean they require no greasing.

The only way to secure a rich, clear color in jams is to boil the fruit rapidly. Garnish cucumber jelly with green mayonnaise and serve on crisp lettuce.

A souffle should always be served immediately after it is taken from the oven. Individual omelets served with tomato sauce make an excellent breakfast dish.

Let over rolls can be split, toasted, buttered and served for breakfast. For a simple delicious dessert, serve sliced fresh pineapple with custard sauce.

Pepper should never be added to French dressing, as it will cause it to separate. A well-balanced lunch is baked beans, served with brown bread and baked apple.

A shallow bowl filled with tiny white pebbles make an excellent flower holder. A dozen "fruit juice" souffe is a light and pleasing way to end a very heavy dinner.

Hard-boiled egg and watercress together make a delicious sandwich for the picnic. A little lemon juice and a few nut meats are a nice addition to peach conserve.

ANCIENT KINGS.

I won't dig up the ancient kings who've slept in state for countless years, to bear away their rings, and take the carriages from their ears. Men hunt dead monarchs where they lie, but I won't like that bunch behave; there is a curse on those who pry into the secrets of the grave.

Had someone led me to a mound, and said "King Tut lies buried there, with priceless Jim-crawls all around, and royal funk beyond compare," I would have said, "There let him sleep until the final dog is hung; whoever mauls that sacred heap will by the Pharaoh's Curse be stung." Disaster follows those who fling the doors of ancient tombs ajar, who put a price tag on a king, and auction his triumphal car. The Curse of Pharaoh will appear, disguised, perchance, as wasp or bee, and sting the base intruder's ear, and he will die at half past three. The Curse may figure as the germ of fell disease, the germ untamed; but while the victims writhe and squirm, what boots it how the Curse is named? I'd have no ancient spectres creep around the gardens where I dwell; I'll let the old gray monarchs sleep amid the junk they loved so well.

COLUMBUS The High Water Mark of Rubber Footwear. J. B. ORR COMPANY LIMITED. 166 Water Street St. John's. Sole Selling Agents. COLUMBUS RUBBER BOOTS.

SIDE TALKS. By Ruth Cameron. TWO KINDS OF GOOD SPORTS. Don't you love a good sport in the finer sense of the word? A good sportsman, in games has always been one of the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race. Men have long measured each other by that ideal.

After Every Meal WRIGLEY'S The Great Canadian Sweetmeat. Teeth were given to man to use. Like our muscles, they need exercise and plenty of it. WRIGLEY'S provides pleasant action for your teeth—also, the soft gum penetrates the crevices and cleanses them.

PURE "THE MORE" Dispute and... French Say... Fire Loss... Million... in... THE LAST... LONDON... The British reply... states that... government having... conditions of... forward by His... ment this corre... be brought to a... UNPLEASANT... LONDON... brief note from... ment delivered to... man Soviet repre... to close the... beginning with... matum, and term... between Great B... which at one... estered rupture... ment between the... this has been av... largely due to... matter of games... tastic tact. That... consider the inci... the fact that it... at so-right, an... whole, correspo... ed on many poin... withdrawal of the... the granting of... setted trawlers... and Davidson case... ing of fishing ri... the mile limit. O... Soviet propogand... reached. The... shows Russia off... course of diplom... transfer from Kab... Another post, its... presentant Rostko... according to the... have been met... that M. Shantais... at all observe the... in letter and in... ber gives the im... that Great B... in... shall not assist... against the... or the Republic... which may be enter... emigres.