

MRS. SANFORD'S MESSAGE TO WORKING WOMEN

Laurel, Miss. — "Eight years ago I was suffering with pains and weakness caused by a female trouble. I had headaches, chills and fevers, and was unable to do my work part of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me and I took twelve bottles of it, and my health has been good ever since. I am able to run the machine and do dress-making besides my housework. You are at liberty to publish my letter if it will help some poor suffering woman."

—Mrs. J. C. SANFORD, 1237 Second Ave., Laurel, Miss. Thousands of women drag along from day to day in just such a miserable condition as was Mrs. Sanford, or suffering from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, headache, nervousness, or "the blues."

For Her Sake; The Murder in Furness Wood.

CHAPTER VI.

The dinner over on which Diana had expended so much thought was a great success, a triumph of culinary art. The young heiress of Furness gave a sigh of relief when it was at an end. She did not know exactly what she had dreamed; she simply felt a sense of relief when it was over. She knew from the expression of her father's face that he was pleased. Remembering Sir Roy's lecture on pride, she had exerted herself to be pleasant and gracious. He had arrived early; and Diana had completed her toilet in good time to insure a few minutes quiet tete-a-tete with him. She had taken more than usual pains with her toilet, and looked the very personification of youth and grace. Her dress was of the richest white lace, worn over pale blue silk. Her ornaments were a suit of pearls. Sir Royal looked admiringly at her as she entered the room.

"Equipped for conquests, Diana?" he said.

"No," she replied; "I do not want to make any conquest, but simply to hold my own."

"They had a few minutes' conversation before the arrivals took place. Mr. Cameron had joined them when Lady Scarsdale and her daughters appeared. Her ladyship looked very stately and handsome in a dress of pale amber brocade richly embroidered with white satin flowers, and a broad-dress of point-lace and diamonds. Carrying a superb plumed fan, she sat in the room with the air of an empress, smiling, bowing with an undulating grace that was delightful to Peter Cameron and hateful to Diana.

"So charmed, so delighted to visit Furness at last! The fates had conspired to be against it!"

And the Worst is Yet to Come



She allowed her admiration, as her eyes rested on Diana, to be plainly seen—a proceeding which delighted the master of the house but angered his daughter. Then she made way for her two daughters, the girls whom from instinct Diana disliked.

Mrs. Scarsdale, who rejoiced in the quaint name of Thea, came first. She was not handsome, but there was something striking and distinguished about her. She had a good figure and fine features, brilliant dark eyes, and dark hair; but her face was marred by its cold haughty expression. Yet it was a true face; one felt that she whose it was could never be false.

The second daughter was of a very different type. She was not so tall as her sister, and had a fairy-like grace and lightness. Lady Scarsdale was very proud of the bright loveliness of Evadne, and had great hopes of her marrying well and securing a brilliant position in the world. As is often the case with parents, Lady Scarsdale made a great mistake in her reading of the character of her children. She did not see that beneath a mask of fairy-like loveliness was concealed a depth of deceit and falsity. Evadne Scarsdale was one of those to whom truth was all but impossible; it never came naturally to her. Yet her face was so fair, the lips from which the false words fell were so lovely, the deep violet eyes were so full of child-like faith and innocence, that no one ever doubted her. Lady Scarsdale believed implicitly in her. The only person who read her character correctly was her sister Thea.

Thea Scarsdale bowed coldly. She looked proud and stately, neither particularly beautiful nor very amiable. She wore a dress of pale lemon-colored silk—which had evidently done duty before—half covered with black lace with deep-red roses.

Evadne, dressed in white muslin trimmed with fern leaves, shone with a brilliancy second only to the queenly dignity and grace of Diana. Honey-sweet were the words that fell from her lips, loving and tender was her gaze as she looked around her.

"What a charming girl—how sweet, how fair, how amiable!" said most people when they saw Evadne.

It was only Thea who knew that the persons on whom Evadne lavished the sweetest smiles and the kindest words were those upon whom she privately bestowed her most caustic remarks. To ordinary people her face was fair and frank; but a keen reader of character would have noticed a restlessness and want of sincerity in the beautiful eyes which belied the outward show of innocence and ingenuousness.

The dinner passed off most satisfactorily, and Peter Cameron was rejoiced to see that Lady Scarsdale was impressed with the magnificence around her, the massive silver, the delicate glass, the recherche dishes, the choice wines. Nothing was wanting, no luxury was missing. Lady Scarsdale was far too well bred to praise openly, but she insinuated such delicate and graceful compliments, she told such exquisite flattery, that Peter Cameron's cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

"What a woman!" he said to himself, over and over again. "She is as gracious as she is charming."

It was in the drawing-room that Diana's discipline was to be first tested. Lady Colwyn had some faint idea that her beautiful young friend was in danger, was in the camp of the enemy; but she was powerless to help her. She could only sit and look at her with sympathizing eyes.

As the five ladies entered the drawing room, the fading western light shone in through the long French windows. They looked out on a broad stone terrace, the view of which embraced one of the loveliest scenes in England—luxuriant gardens, park-like grounds, and the blue waters of the restless sea beyond. The terrace, with its lovely fountain, its graceful statues surrounded by great masses of scarlet blossoms, its luxuriant garden-chairs, was a source of pride to Peter Cameron.

Lady Scarsdale sunk into the luxurious depths of a velvet chair, careful that her dress should fall in artistic folds, that the light of the wax candles should shine on her diamonds, that the languid use of her jeweled fan should indicate fatigue. Lady Colwyn, who had given the whole matter up as hopeless, retired to her favorite place. Then went to one of the open windows, and stood intently watching the steady roll of the distant sea. Evadne had seated herself not far from a mirror, where now and again she could steal a glance at her own fair face.

With a smile that would have dazzled a man, but would have set any woman upon her guard, Lady Scarsdale invited Diana to take a seat by her side.

"My dear Miss Cameron," she began, "I am so full of amazement that I cannot help giving expression to it. How have you learned—you so young—to manage this superb establishment?"

"I find it easy enough," answered Diana. "We have certain rules, and every one obeys them."

"But it is such a responsibility for one of your years," said her ladyship, pityingly. "I am sure that neither of my girls could undertake it."

"Probably not," allowed candid Diana. "I was very young when I began."

"It seems quite a burden to lay upon such young shoulders," said Lady Scarsdale, even more pityingly.

"It is not a burden to me," declared Diana.

"You must find an immense deal to do. You have hardly leisure, I should imagine, for the enjoyments of life."

"No girl enjoys life more," said Diana.

"Indeed! I am well pleased to hear it. I should have thought you would have liked some help—some one to take the heavy responsibility from you, and leave you more time for recreation."

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"Dear Miss Cameron," she said, "I sympathize with you. You are anxious to entertain us, and you find us so difficult to amuse. The Duchess of Stone does not make any attempt to amuse her guests—her lady guests, I mean—after dinner. They wake up to new life when the gentlemen appear. Mamma generally sleeps during their absence."

"At first it seemed to Diana that there was a sharp sting hidden in this little speech; but, when she looked at the face of the speaker, it was impossible to believe it.

"I am one of those happy people," said Evadne, "who can amuse themselves. You have some beautiful photographs here."

"I am glad you are pleased with them," answered Diana. "My father has had photographs of Furness taken from every point of view."

"Yes," said Evadne, with an air of sweet simplicity, "I should imagine that he is very proud of it," and again Diana would have thought that there was veiled insolence in her words but for the childish innocence that shone in her face.

Then Evadne laid her hand on Diana's.

"It is a beautiful home," she said; "and you are a queenly chateleine. I am so glad to have made your acquaintance. I shall always, remember with pleasure our visit to Stonedale, because we have met you."

"You are very kind," returned Diana somewhat surprised at all these friendly overtures, and wondering if she had misjudged the girl, after all.

Evadne laughed.

"Kind," you call it, Miss Cameron? I am kind to myself in trying to secure your friendship. I hope we shall always be good friends. I am given to great likes and dislikes; are you?"

Diana, not prepared to discuss her own character with a stranger, made some evasive reply. In her own mind she was at a loss to know which she preferred—the ungraciousness of Thea or the effusive frankness of Evadne.

LIST OF UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN THE G. P. O.

- Andrews, Maggie, Springdale St.
Adams, Mrs. James, Hayward Avenue
Allways, E., care G.P.O.
Andrews, Thomas, care G.P.O.
Antwell, Mrs. John, Pleasant Street
Archer, Billy
Andrews, A. G.
Andrews, Jack, Willow St.
Arnold, G. H.
Alcock, P.
Gray, W. L., card
Garland, Hubert, Barter's Hill
Miss Lacey, Gibbet St.
Gardiner, Richard, Cook St.
Gladstone, G., Middle St.
Glavin, Wm. E., c/o General Delivery
Gracie, Mrs.
Greenwood, W. H.
Gregory, George, care G. P. O.
George, Miss Susie, card.
Barnes, Samuel, Sarnerman Street
Gillett, Miss Amelia, Forest Road
Gittens, Dudley
Griffith, Miss May
Giles, Mrs. card, Gower St.
Gills, Daniel, J., c/o General Delivery
Gooden, B.
Goobie, Mrs. John, Pleasant St.
Goulding, Caleb
Grant, Mrs. F., late Kelligrews
Hamlyn, Mrs. South Side
Hamilton, Mrs. Wm., William St.
Hall, R., Livingston St.
Hammond, George, card.
Harvey, W. A., care Gen. Delivery
Hanland, Thelie
Harris, John A., Postmaster
Hammond, James, Freshwater Road
Hann, Mrs. Christians
Hammond, Mrs. P., Monkstown Road
Hefle, Tom, Hamilton St.
Herbert, S. M.
Hearty, Miss Minnie, Duckworth St.
Hearsey, W. A., card.
Heath, Miss Fannie, card, Monroe St.
Hiscock, Miss H., Rennie's Mill Road
Hillier, Maud, LeMarchant Road
Hyde, L. G.
Hutchinson, Miss Florence
Hickey, Mrs. L. J., Belvedere St.
Hollahan, Miss Mary, Water St. E.
Howard, Miss L., New Gower St.
Holloway, Samson, care John Hancock
Hobbs, Miss Margaret, Duckworth St.
Hogan, Mrs. Wm., Cabot St.
House, Robert, care General Delivery
Hudson, Wilfred, Convent Square
Hussey, John.
Humphries, Mrs. Kate, Plymouth Rd.
Humphries, Thomas, South Side
Hutchings, Wm., Carter's Hill
Hunter, Miss Annie
Humphries, Mrs. Kate, Plymouth Rd.
Hollaran, Miss C., Cochrane St.
Hynes, Miss B., c/o Miss A. Stansburg
Ivany, George, Cook Street
Janey, Mary A., care Mrs. Squires
Janey, Mrs. Wm.
Johnson, Thomas
Janey, Mrs. Aggie, Gold Avenue
Judge, Miss Maggie, Maxse St.
Janey, Miss A., care G.P.O.
Janey, Hayward, Flower Hill
Johnson, Helen, care M. Stewart
Kearney, Mrs. J., King's Road
Jones, Miss E., New Gower St.
Johnson, Mrs. Mary, Buckley's Lane
Kearsey, Mrs. Capt., Bond St.
Kelly, T., care Barron & Co.
Kearney, Mrs. J., King's Road
Kennell, Miss Dora, Angel Place
Kelly, Miss Maggie, Duckworth St.
Kenny, Thomas, care G.P.O.
Kennedy, Heber, care G.P.O.
Kehe, Thomas, care G.P.O.
King, Henry
Kieley, J.
Kavanagh, A. J.
Kennedy, Mrs. P., J. Hamilton St.
Kennedy, Miss E., LeMarchant Road
Larkin, Mrs. Harry, c/o Mrs. A. Pike
Lane, Miss Florence, 21
Lawlor, Miss Lizzie, Freshwater Rd.
Lewis, Miss Rebecca, Hamilton Ave.
Lambert, Benjamin, 21 Street
LeShano, Mrs. James, Lime Street
Lewis, Mrs. Eli
Leslie, Miss A.
Lynch, Mrs. Johanna
Lagge, James, New Gower Street
Locke, Miss Violet, care G.P.O.
Louis, Mrs. Fred, Battery Road
Louis, Miss Annie, Barter's Hill
Martin, Mrs. Mill Bridge Road
Mayo, Miss G., Cabot St.
March, Miss Lillian, New Gower St.
Martin, Miss
Maver, Mr. L., care Mrs. Taylor
Martin, Miss Annie, Gower St.
May, L.
Mahoney, M.
Manuel, Miss
Martin, Miss Ethel, care Barnes & Co.
Makin, Mrs. Esther.
Martin, care Imperial Tobacco Co.
Marshall, M., Pine St.
Martin, Miss Beatrice, Colonial St.
March, Miss Flossie, New Gower St.
Mahar, Mrs. Wm., Merrymeeting Road
Mercer, Rev. W. S.
Myers, John, Penning Road
Merchant, Eva, South Side
Mitchell, Buckley, care Reid Co.
Milpe, Joseph, Adelaide St.
Mitchell, Miss Julia, Beaumont St.
Miller, Mrs. J. R., Water St.
Myer, Master J., Seaman's Institute
Milley, F., Penning Road
Michelle, J., care G.P.O.
Milley, John
Miller, Master W., card, c/o G.P.O.
Moakes, J. K., care G.P.O.
Morgan, F. J., care G.P.O.
Mooney, Joseph R.
Moos, Miss D., Patrick St.
Moore, Joseph, Water St.
Moffatt, Mrs. C. M.
Moos, Miss Edna, 13 Road
Moos, Miss Daisy, Patrick St.
Morris, Bryant C.
Mulloney, Capt.
Murphy, Miss Winnie, Paul's Lane
Murphy, Nellie, Hayward Avenue
Murphy, Michael, Butler Place
Mudford, Miss R., Central Street
Mullett, Eli, New Gower St.
Mullally, Miss Lacy
Murray, Miss B.
Murray, Mrs. Edwin, McDougall St.
May, Miss F., Topsall Road
Mann, Miss J., care Mrs. Taylor
Murphy, Michael, Freshwater Road
McDonald, Mrs. Richard, Mount Scio Road
McCormack, Thomas, c/o Gen. Delivery
McDonald, Archibald, LeMarchant Road
McNeil, Russell, Freshwater Road
McLeod
McCann, Mary C., LeMarchant Road
McGrath, W. C., card
McCoubrey, Mrs. A., Prescott St.
McDonald, Duncan, care G.P.O.
McDonald, Mrs. V.
McGrath, Peter
McMarin, Mrs. James, New Gower St.
Neil, James C., Pleasant St.
Newcombe, A. D.
Newall, Bride, South Side
Newhook, Mrs. Capt., Springdale St.
Nightingale, F., New Gower St.
Nichol, Mrs. Jan.

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THE FIRST DAY OF THE STRIKE. LONDON, Sept. 23. The first day of the greatest strike in England's history passed without disorder but with practically complete stoppage of railway transport throughout the country. Thus far it has been from a union standpoint the most successful tie-up of industry ever recorded by warring labor. To-night a great mass meeting of railwaymen was held in Albert Hall, at which James Henry Thomas, Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, after the audience for an hour had sung the Red Flag, delivered a heated speech of censure against the Government and declared that trouble was brewing which might lead to bloodshed. Both Thomas and C. T. Cramp, President of the Union, who preceded him asserted that the men were behind the leaders in this great crisis. President Cramp denounced the Government statement regarding the purpose of the strike as a "liberate lie." It is not the public with whom the strikers were at war, he declared, it was the people who were, for the moment in the position of directing the affairs of the country. All the powers of hell, the press, platform and perhaps pulpit would be invoked against the strikers, said President Cramp, but if they remained firm they would be victorious. Both

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