AFRAID SHE **COULD NOT LIVE**

Operation Advised, But Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made It Unnecessary

r bottles the sat snythin ince appetite to eat snythin put beforeme, and I began work and my washing, some dain't done for years. I am er, and this last fall I bega with my side again, so I bega with my side again, so I bega by fourth bottle, which make ye fourth bottle, which make am on my fourth cortie, which makes ight in all I have taken. I feel so much eiter when I take it and everybody ells me I look better. My appetite myroves and I feel stronger in every ray. I am a very hervous woman and seems to belp my nervos so much. I fra. MAGGIE WALLER, Glasgow, Ey.

000,000 is invested, the Ontario government has bought an airplane fixet, consisting of 13 machines, to patrol the timber areas and detect fires in their includent stages. The planes are have to be used to make a survey of Jonario's forest wealth, with a view to heckeling up on the timber concessions and seeing that the government is obtaining sufficient return from them, and also with a view to determine the concessions and seeing that the government medium, and also with a view to determine the mount of reforestation needed.

A ruse is a blind, a blind is a state a shade is a shadow, a shadow a ghost, a ghost is a shade, a shade is a color, a color is paint and paint is rouge. Therefore, by Enclid, axiom



The things your children eat and drink

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CHAPTER II-Continued

"I have never been there, monsteur," she answered, with her eyes fixed upon Gerald. "Night after night, when my work is done, I come here and I watch the road just where it Geds away, but I have never traveled along it. I have never been further than the first village, down in the hollow."

than the first village, down in the hollow."

Gerald came a step nearer to herHe leaned against the gate post. His tone and manner became unconsclousify caressing. It was generally so when he spoke with women.

"You are in trouble, mademoissele," he said. "Sometimes even a stranger may help."

She-looked down the road toward where the automobile was Jacked un.

"Yes," she admitted, "I am in great trouble. No one but a stranger cauld help me because I have no friends."
"Be brave, then, and speak on, Gerald enjolioed.

There had been no previous time in

"Be brave, then, and speak on," Geruld enjolued.

There had been no pervious time in her life when Myritle had been ire quired to marshal her thoughts and speak unaccustomed words, yet, at that imoment, clearly and unfalteringly, she told her story. She pointed to the weather-stelned cottage behind. "I live there," she said, "with three half-brothers and sisters and a step-table. My mother was the village achoolmistress. She married for the second time a bad man, and she died. I have taken care of those children. I have kept the house clean and tidy. I have done what the cure told me was my duty, and all the time is have hated it."

"Why?" Christopher asked shuply, She looked across as though sur-

was my duty, and all the time I have hated it."

"Why?" Christopher asked simply. She looked across as though surplead at his intervention.

"Because the children are coarse, and greedy and ill-mannered," she explained. "I wear myself out trying to make them different, but it is use, jets. It is in their blood, because my stephther—is worse. Often be drinkly too, much brandy, he is quarrelsome, the is never kind. There is not one, little joy in life, only white here, and look down the road which leads to liberty, and wonder what may lie of the other side of the hills there. Yog see, I have rend books—many books My mother and father were both well educated. I know and feel that the life I um leading is terrible."

"There is something beyond all this," Gerald said. "There is something of instant trouble in your face."

Again for a moment she was yolceless, a white, dumb thing stricken nerveless, with horror, It was that look which had surprised the tw. men: Her breath, as he spoke, seemed choked with unattered sobs.

"My stepfather brought home from the Williace tonlight—the Widow Dumay. He ist omarry her—to bring her to the farm. He brought, too, Plerre Leschamps, the keeper of the cafe. Horrible:—horrible!"

"Plerre Leschamps, the keeper of the words seemed to stick in her throat, "They propose, perhaps, to her horat," "The yell opende her lips but the words seemed to stick in her throat, "They propose, perhaps, to her throat, "They prop

"They propose, perhaps, to hetrothy you?" he asked, with quick understanding, there askent was mirrored in the agong of her eyes.
"He is fast and old and he drinks," she cried, 'I would sooner die than have him come near me;" "Look upon us as two friends," Gerald berged, "What would you have us do?".
The girl pointed once more to where the road disappeared amongst the hills.

the road disappeared amongst the hills.

"If you leave me here," she declared, "I shall walk and run and-crawl until I pass out of sight there, and perhaps they may borrow the widow's cart and catch-me, and then. I shall kill inyself. Take me with you have you are color-somewhere.

shall kill myself. Take me with you as far as you are golug-somewhere where I can bide.

The car gilded slowly up to where they were standing. Gerald did not healtate for a inoment. He stepped into his place at the diving wheel and motioned to the seat by his slad "Agreed," he said. "We will start you, little one—eli me, how are you will be suffered to the start of the said."

store for you than what you lear behind."

hebhnd."
The girl pushed open the gate and sprang into the car like a frightened thing, Gerald turned his head. Around the corner of the farm three unstendy figures showed themselves; three volces—two runcous and one shrill—called for Myrtlle. There were threat, gesticulations. The girl cowered by Gerald's side. "Start," she implored. "Start, niease."

"Start," and implored. "start," please."
Christopher, however, hesitated. "It think," he said, "we should first hear what these people have to say. They have, after all, some claim upon the girl. It might be/possible to aid her without bringing her away from bome."

her witness or the control of the co

Why does the other gentl man mind?"
"Get in, there's a good, 'ellow,' Gerald begged impatiently. "We don't
want to have a row with these yokels."

The chauffeur was already in the
dickey behind, Myritle's eyes implored
Christopher to take the place by herside. With his feet still on the road,
however, he leaned across her to Gerald.
"Gerald," he said, "this is a more
serious affair than you seem to think,
Who is going to look after the child
when we get to Monte Carie?"
"You can, if you like," he careless reply. "I'm not thinking of play,
ing the Lotharto, if that is what you
me, were the child of the careless reply. "I'm not thinking of play,
ing the Lotharto, if that is what you
we'verd of, honor?"
"Word of [honor. Don't be an ass,
old chap. It's up to us to give the
girl a chance."

Christopher stripped off his coat,
and wrapped it around Myritle. Then



I Speak a Little English. | Under stand Very Well."

The twilight overtook them swiftly The twillight overtook them swiftly. The lights of Monte Carlo, as they commented the long descent, were like the pricks of fire thrust through a deep blue carpet. Myrtile, whose eyes had been fixed upon the lighing milestones, the same forward now with a little exclamation of wonder. "It is fairfyinaid" she cried. Geraid tooked down at her indulgently,

gently.
"You live so near and you have never been even as far as this?" he

never been even as far as this?" he asked.

"It is as I have told you," she an-awered. "I have never traveled ten kilometers from the farm in my life." Christopher was almost incredulous. Gerald, however, nodded sympathetically. Both young men had taken it for granted from the first that their charge understop are like that," Gerald emarked. "It is the sous that count. But this child—is the smaller, Christopher? Except for her clothes, there isn't a thing about her that suggests the peasant. She is like a child Madonna—an angel—who has stolen into the clothes of a girl gone for her first communion."

"I should still like to know what you are going to do with her when we are

where I can hide."

The car glided slowly up to where they were standing. Gerald did not hear they were the standing when the place at the driving when the many they were the mean the mean they were the mean to me the place at the driving when the place at the driving when the place at the driving when the place at the place

cirald amiled slightly.
"My dear Diris," he said, "you and Mary are plat, know, but, I am not sure that you altogether understand her. She deerd: like surprises. We must have the way a little before we saik for her help."

Myrtlle hid been looking from one to the other of her two companions with a sense of growing trouble in her tyee.

Myfule hid been looking from the total outside of the two companions of the two companio

I think you will do well it you try to find some work. If you wish it, I will help you."

Her eyes still decoured the door through which Gerald had passed. "The major." Christonher replied, "is Gerald Ashesley Domhey."

She repeated it after him, a little besitsting;"
"I shall always think of him as Gerald," she said. "It is a very pretty name. Tell me, why did he chantler as; your lordship?"
"Because he is the eldest son of an earl and he is entitled to be called Lord Dombey."

"He is noble then? I am not surprised. He seemed like that to me, and you monsieur? May I know your life, "plain Christopher Bent."

"Christopher is a very nice name," als said, with a trifle of unconscious condescension, "but of course it is not like "Gerald."

She looked longingly back towards.

and the state of unconscious considerations when the state of the stat

out his finds to Jayrie and assentially the to allfat.

It is all intranged, child," he anonioned. "Annette is a chambermate in the same of the same

Maderbisselle will be entirely well suited. The young women declared. "It is but a few yards away." Myritle still wrapped in Christopher's cost, looked a little pathetic as able istood upon the patrement by Annator's stille. It shall not see you again tonight. Then, lidesteur Lord Dombey?" she

then, Monsteir Lord Domoey; she asked shipt," he laughed. "And Monstein Gerald' is quite enough from you, petite. Tomorrow we will have a long talk. Have no fear—you shell your wish."

Martile erouned and with a sudden.

not return to the farm unless it is your wish."

Myrtle stooped and with a sudden, nessonate pecture raised his hand to he! lips. Then she dragged Ametic off without doking behind. Gerald laughed a little consciously.

"Our illiage midden is somewhat semusstrative." he remarked lightly. "Come do, Chis. A cocktail while they unjack our clothes. I've telephoned to the tilla. We must do a duty dipher there first, but afterward i will slow you the land where the pleagure seekers of the world have built their temple."

Myrtile is on her way to see life. But what kind of life is she to see at Monte Carlo?

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Strange Occupation

Strange Occupation
A min died in England the other
day who for nearly fifty years had
aerved to a "membler" in a beweer,
For a half-century this man gave his
life to shiffing at empty heer barrels,
ithousands of them every week, and rejecting the "stinkers." What a critic
in would have made it his faatidiour
taate had had ampler scops!



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line, the cust-off vehicle lanks formed
a. "mattress" to hold the land from
the stream. Many that
odd not readily submerge were flighed
with rocks. It is said that the liplan
checked eroston of the bank, until
permanent dikes could be installed.—
Popular Mechanics Mugazine.

Source of Mental Health,
but in Nature. You must converse
we will not fail and wight in sa poul covet for your
bud. Society is always diseased,
in a source of Mental Health,
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we would imbite sach health into your
bud. Society is always diseased,
no secont in it so wholesome as that
of the plines, nor any fragrance as
of the plines of the plin

Yes, of Course
"Oh, what a pretty child! Is it a little boy?" "You can see it ain't a big one, can't you?"

It is the custom in many of the towns in Brittany for all couples who become engaged during the year to be married the same day.

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