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Sleeplessness is caused by the ner-
vous system becoming deranged.
Perhaps too much worry has gotten
on your nerves, perhaps you have over-
worked yourself, or have been exces-
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Those whose rest is broken into by
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to bed, can have their old, peaceful, un-
disturbed, refreshing sleep back again
by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills.

Mrs. John Sloan, Haley Station, Ont.,
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I tried several doctors, but they did me
practically no good. I noticed your
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Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and
I am proud to say they cured me."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
50c a box or three for \$1.25, at all deal-
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by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toron-
to, Ont.

In Turkey a rich man is known by
the number of wives he can afford; in
America by the number of divorces he
can afford.

Just as a small boy stirs up a wasps'
nest "to see what will happen," a
growing man sometimes stirs up a woman's
jealousy "to see what she will do"
—and then howls when she does it!

What hurts a woman's feelings is
not the fact that every man lies to her,
but the fact that he takes so little trou-
ble to do it artistically—and yet ex-
pects her to believe him.



Want a Partner?

Perhaps business is
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a helping hand, or a little
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BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XXI—Yvonne shows Brood
proof of his dead wife's innocence and
confesses her revenge a bitter failure. She
has learned to love Brood.

CHAPTER XXII—Brood goes to see his
wounded son.

CHAPTER XXIII—Frederic recovers
and he and Lydia plan to go abroad with
Brood. The young couple endeavor un-
successfully to reconcile Brood to his
wife, whom he plans to leave alone in the
home.

CHAPTER XXIV—On leaving, Brood or-
ders his wife to remain at home until he
returns. She consents. Six months later
a wireless comes from him, calling her
to him, but she tells Briggs and Dawes "I
shall not go to him." "He will
come to me." "Send him a cable
saying . . . I cannot come to him."

Hodder had gone to James Brood at
the end of the third day, and with the
sweat of the haunted on his brow had
whispered hoarsely that the case was
out of his hands! He was no longer
the doctor but an agent governed by a
spirit that would not permit death to
claim its own! And somehow Brood
understood far better than the man of
science.

The true story of the shooting had
long been known to Lydia and her
mother. Brood confessed everything
to them. He assumed all of the blame
for what had transpired on that tragic
morning. He humbled himself before
them, and when they shook their
heads and turned their backs upon
him he was not surprised, for he knew
they were not convicting him of as-
sault with a deadly firearm. Later
on the story of Therese was told by
him to Frederic and the girl. He did
his wife no injustice in the recital.
Frederic laid his hand upon the soft
brown head at his knee and voiced the
thought that was in his mind.

"You are wondering, as I am, too,
what is to become of Yvonne after to-
day," he said. "There must be an
end, and if it doesn't come now, when
will it come? Tomorrow we sail. It
is certain that she is not to accom-
pany us. She has said so herself, and
father has said so. He will not take
her with him. So today must see the
end of things."

"Frederic, I want you to do some-
thing for me," said Lydia, earnestly.
"There was a time when I could not
have asked this of you, but now I
implore you to speak to your father
in her behalf. I love her, Freddy, dear.
I cannot help it. She asks nothing of
any of us, she expects nothing, and
yet she loves all of us—yes, all of us.
She will never, by word or look, make
a single plea for herself. I have watched
her closely all these weeks. There
was never an instant when she re-
vealed the slightest sign of an appeal.
She takes it for granted that she has
no place in our lives. In our memory,
yes, but that is all. I think she is
reconciled to what she considers her
fate and it has not entered her mind
to protest against it. Perhaps it is
natural that she should feel that way
about it. But it is—oh, Freddy, it is
terrible! If he would—would only un-
bend a little toward her. If he—"

"Listen, Lyddy, dear. I don't be-
lieve it's altogether up to him. There
is a barrier that we can't see, but they
do—both of them. My mother stands
between them. You see, I've come to
know my father lately, dear. He's not
a stranger to me any longer. I know
what sort of a heart he's got. He
never got over loving my mother, and
he'll never get over knowing that
Yvonne knows that she loved him to
the day she died. We know what it
was in Yvonne that attracted him from
the first, and she knows. He's not
likely to forgive himself so easily. He
didn't play fair with either of them,
that's what I'm trying to get at. I
don't believe he can forgive himself
any more than he can forgive Yvonne
for the thing she set about to do. You
see, Lyddy, she married him without
love. She debased herself, even
though she can't admit it even now.
I love her, too. She's the most won-
derful woman in the world. She's got
the finest instincts a woman ever
possessed. But she did give herself
to the man she hated with all her soul,
and—well, there you are. He can't for-
get that, you know—and she can't.
Leaving me out of the question alto-
gether—and you, too—there still re-
mains the sorry fact that she has be-
trayed her sister's love. She loves
him for herself now, and—that's what
hurts both of them. It hurts because
they both know that he still loves
my mother."

"I'm not so sure of that," pro-
nounced Lydia. "He loves your moth-
er's memory, he loves her for the
wrong he did her, but—well, I don't
see how he can help loving Yvonne, in
spite of everything. She—"

"Ah, but you have it from her that
he loved my mother even when she
was in his arms, because, in a way, she
represented the love that had never
died. Now all that is a thing of the
past. She is herself, she is not Matilde.
He loved Matilde all the time."

"And I'm not so sure of that," said
she, sagely. "It isn't the way with
men. It may not have been love that
he felt for the physical Yvonne, but it
wasn't Matilde that he held in his
arms. You can't get around that, nor
can he. Matilde's soul and Yvonne's
body are quite two different—"

"Gad, you are analyzing things!" he
exclaimed in amazement.
"But all this is neither here nor
there," she said, flushing. "The point
is this: we are going away tomorrow,
for heaven knows how long—you and
I, my mother and your father. We
are going to Vienna and in St. Ste-
phen's cathedral—where your father
and mother were married with poor
little Therese as one of the witnesses—
in St. Stephen's we are to be married.
She will not be there. She is not asked

to come with us. She is barred out.
Isn't it the refinement of—cruelty?"

"Cruelty, Lydia? I'd hardly call it
that. It's the order of destiny, or
something of the sort. She gambled
with fate and lost out. She's a good
loser. She hasn't squealed once."

"Squealed? I hate that word."
"I hate squealer worse," said he.
"But seriously, it knocks me all out
whenever I think of her. I've hesi-
tated about speaking to father, dear.
You see, I'm in rather a delicate posi-
tion. Six weeks ago I was madly in-
fatuated with Yvonne. I don't deny
it—and he knows all about it. Gad,
I'd give ten years of my life if she
were going along with us tomorrow.
I'd give more than that to see this
whole unhappy business patched up so
that they could start off anew. But
I'm afraid he wouldn't take it well
from me if I asked him to include her
in the—er—party. It's his affair, not
mine, you see. He'd be justified in
considering me selfish in the matter.
It might seem as though I didn't care
a hang for his personal feelings and—"

"She's his wife, however," said
Lydia, with a stubborn pursing of the
lips. "She didn't wrong him and, after
all, she's only guilty of—well, she isn't
guilty of anything except being a sister
of the girl he wronged."

"I'll have a talk with him if you
think best," said he, an eager gleam in
his eyes.
"And I with Yvonne," she said
quickly. "You see, it's possible she is
the one to be persuaded."

"He'll never ask her," said Frederic,
after a long period of reflection.
"What is to become of her?" asked
Lydia, rather bleakly.

"I suppose she'll go away. It will
be the end."

"I—I don't think I could bear it,
Freddy," she said, a trace of tears in
her voice.

He swallowed hard. Then he cleared
his throat briskly. "Of course you've
observed that they never see one an-
other alone. They never meet except
when someone else is about. He rather
resents the high-handed way in which
she ordered him to stay away from me
until I was safely out of danger. He
has spoken of it to me, but, for the
life of me I can't tell whether he holds
it up against her or not. He says she
saved my life. He says she per-
formed a miracle. But he has never
uttered a word of thanks or gratitude
or appreciation to her. I'm sure of
that, for she has told me so. And she
is satisfied to go without his thanks.
She rather likes him the better for the
way he treats the situation. There's
no hypocrisy about him. There's no
use shamming, Lyddy."

"I see what you mean," she said,
with a sigh. "I suppose we just can't
understand things."

"You've no idea how beautiful you
are today, Lyddy," he said suddenly,
and she looked up into his glowing
eyes with a smile of ineffable happi-

ness. Her hand found his and her
warm, red lips were pressed to its
palm in a hot, impassioned kiss. "It's
great to be alive! Great!"

"Oh, it is," she cried, "it is!"

They might better have said that
it is great to be young, for that is
what it all came to in the analysis.
Later on Brood joined them in the
courtyard. He stood, with his hand
on his son's shoulder, chatting care-
lessly about the coming voyage, all
the while smiling upon the radiant
girl to whom he was promising para-
dise. She adored the gentle, kindly
gleam in these one-time steady, steel-
like eyes. His voice, too, of late was

(To be continued.)

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bury and Queens, and the City of Fred-
ericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C.
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bacco Fund may be left at the Board
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proverbs with a thousand infants teeth-
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