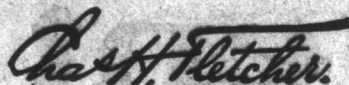


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Mother's Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind, Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep without opiate. The genuine bears signature of



GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent for Nfld.

At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Because I have faith in him. I have looked for hours together at his photograph. His face is not that of a man who would be disloyal. People may say what they like; I do not believe that my father went away with you. Then a letter came from you, saying that you had had your revenge, and that my mother should never see my father again. Do you know how I interpret the letter? I found no proof in it of my father's guilt. I came to this conclusion, that whatever might have been my father's fate, it was known to you, and that you alone could solve the mystery. You may hate my mother because you found she was your rival; but you, even with those hard lines on your face, look too proud and pure to have spent your life as the world believes you to have done."

The pale lips quivered, and it seemed as though the elder woman's eyes were filled with tears; she held out her hands with a gesture of pain. "Do anything," she cried, "except be kind to me; that is the one thing I cannot bear."

"If kindness will win you, let me be kind," pleaded Gertrude. "Try to think that it is my father who is kneeling here, pleading to you, asking you to clear his name from a foul stain, to clear me, his innocent and loving child, from the shadow of guilt that is on me. I call upon you by the memory of the love you had for him to speak!"

With a bitter cry, Lola fell upon her knees. "You torture me," she said. "For Heaven's sake, let me alone!"

"I cannot," answered Gertrude. "Oh tell the truth! Tell me one thing. I pray, I beseech you? Is my father living or dead?"

Lola de Ferras was silent for a few moments. It seemed to her as though the words pierced her inmost soul, while the thought overwhelmed her that Karl's daughter, with Karl's blue eyes and clustering hair, with the well-remembered tones of his voice, was praying to know whether he was living or dead.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I long for my father," said Gertrude to Lola de Ferras, who still kept silence. "My heart is thirsting for a look, a word for him. Ah, tell me, if you ever loved him, is he living or dead?"

"He is dead," replied Lola, in a low voice.

"Dead," repeated Gertrude, with a burst of bitter tears; "dead! Ah, then I shall never see him! Oh, my dear, dear father, I have longed for you, I have worked for you, and I have loved you; yet I shall never see you! But better a thousand times dead than living as they believed! Tell me one thing more. Did he go away with you?"

Mother and Her Baby Are Relieved of Eczema

Mrs. Peter A. Palmer, Salt Burn, Sask., writes: "Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely relieved me of eczema and piles. I also used this Ointment for my baby, who broke out in eczema. A few applications were all that was necessary in her case. Dr. Chase's Ointment has been worth a hundred dollars to me—before using it I had spent a great deal more than that in unsuccessful treatment from doctors. We have also used Dr. Chase's other medicines, the Nerve Food having restored my health after suffering from severe nerve trouble when a girl."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

"Yes, he is dead," said Lola, slowly. "You must not think that I am a repentant sinner, nor that, if my life could begin again, I should act differently. I am proud, after my own fashion, of what I did. Few women would have had the strength of mind to set as I did, to keep the silence that I kept. I have had my revenge!"

A touch from Gertrude's hand controlled her. She avoided looking at the pure, sweet face as she spoke; but her eyes were fixed on Lady Fielden.

"It will be no news to you," she said, "that Dolores robbed me of the only love of my life, Sir Karl—that she came between us and stole my life's happiness away. It is no secret either that I swore to have vengeance. I ought, perhaps, to feel ashamed of myself; but I do not. I loved Sir Karl with all the strength of my heart—a strength that your weaker natures do not even understand. I may have been blinded by my affection; but I certainly thought that I saw in him some sign that he loved me. It all ended when Dolores became a widow, and he married her. It was then that my blind, furious hate against her began, and I resolved upon revenging myself, cost whatsoever it might. I loved Sir Karl so well that, if he had asked my life, I would have given it to him without a sigh. From the day of the marriage I was like one mad. I had sworn to her and to him that I would be revenged—and I was! I persuaded my dear mother to leave Beaulieu and go to Germany. She did so, and she died there. I need not dwell on any of the details; but when she died I was alone in the world, my heart full of bitterness of disappointed love and of a fierce longing for revenge."

"I heard how happy Sir Karl and his wife were—that a little daughter had been born to them, that they were a model couple—she so tender, he so proud. In those days I had many correspondents in this neighborhood, and my brain was fired by these home-pictures. I felt that I must see him or die. I wanted to heap burning reproaches on him, to make him wretched by seeing my wretchedness, to show him my great misery, that the sight of it might chill his happiness. Let me be truthful. I hungered to touch his face, to hear his voice, to touch his hand! Never did thirty heart pant for living streams as I for one look at the man I loved!"

"Oh, blind, mad folly! As well might a hungry man try to eat stone! I thought that looking at him would slake the thirst of my fever, would cool the fire that burned my brain. I wrote to him, telling him that I had a favor to ask him. I begged that I might see him, pray and implore him to meet me. I told him that I would wait at the White Gate near the copple. I went to the carters, who had been instructed by a certain lighterage company to cart and ship the goods. None of these firms, of course, knew what the boxes contained. The vessel which was to take the goods, it was alleged, was a Dutch ship coming up the Thames to load these cases and convey them to Amsterdam."

But here the well-planned arrangements began to break down. The ten cases looked innocent enough, except that they were bound most thoroughly with iron bands. They were made of heavy wood, an inch thick, and lined with a heavy plating of zinc. The contents were plainly stated to be "steel castings" destination Amsterdam. They were to be shipped on a certain evening. But they never left the wharf. The ship was late! At this juncture the authorities came into the open. While the "steel castings" were lying on the wharf, securely packed against



Machine Guns For Russia.

Sensational Discovery in the Thames—An Amazing Story—Plot That Misgarried—How the Conspirators Were Felled—Naval Men on the Look-Out for Culpable Craft.

It was not very long ago that the Soviet Government approached the British Government for permission to acquire and export war munitions from this country to Russia. The permission was granted. Any country whose Government is officially recognized by the British Government can obtain this permission, provided that full details of all such transactions are passed to the Department charged with registering all such purchases. Having obtained this permission, the Soviet at once proceeded to place their orders, and, apparently, conducted the business in the spirit and letter of the agreement with the British Government. But soon after the arrival of the Soviet delegates in London the British authorities became aware of certain mysterious negotiations relative to armaments. There was nothing very definite to go upon. But enough was known to cause profound suspicion, and expert investigators were detailed to make inquiries. The plans had been laid with the greatest cunning, the negotiations were conducted with great secrecy. The best brains of the British Intelligence Service, though not named, were held up by the cunning of the conspirators. Then, dramatically, a little ray of light illumined a part of the plot. The plotters abandoned their leisurely tactics; they moved, and moved smartly, and it is reliably understood that they succeeded in sending one consignment of guns abroad the other day. They sent a ship out into the high seas, a pirate, without, of course, a proper license from the Board of Trade. Encouraged by the success, they sought to repeat it with startling rapidity. From a very peculiar and mysterious "garage" in Wanstated ten large cases were sent to the General Steam Navigation Company's wharf at Tower Bridge. They were taken there by a well known firm of carters, who had been instructed by a certain lighterage company to cart and ship the goods. None of these firms, of course, knew what the boxes contained. The vessel which was to take the goods, it was alleged, was a Dutch ship coming up the Thames to load these cases and convey them to Amsterdam.

But here the well-planned arrangements began to break down. The ten cases looked innocent enough, except that they were bound most thoroughly with iron bands. They were made of heavy wood, an inch thick, and lined with a heavy plating of zinc. The contents were plainly stated to be "steel castings" destination Amsterdam. They were to be shipped on a certain evening. But they never left the wharf. The ship was late! At this juncture the authorities came into the open. While the "steel castings" were lying on the wharf, securely packed against

all danger of damage in transport, and while the mysterious ship was coming to take them aboard, a squad of Scotland Yard officers suddenly appeared and bluntly stated that the cases were to be opened. It was a difficult task owing to the secure manner in which the goods were packed. An urgent appeal was sent to an adjacent firm of export packers, and a set of special tools had to be requisitioned before the boxes could be opened to reveal two tons of machine-guns! The guns, of course, had not been put together. Barrels, locks, springs, bolts and all the other pieces had been scientifically packed in separate sections. The gun-runners' game was up, the goods had been seized. Meanwhile a vigilant watch is being kept for this mysterious ship. The question, of course, is being asked, Why should the Soviet, after obtaining permission to acquire and export munitions from this country, have recourse to these mysterious methods? The Soviet has shown signs of aggression lately. Militant dispositions have been reported. It is distinctly possible that this gun-running conspiracy revealed by Scotland Yard officers is but an incident in a greater plot involving much more serious issues. Where the matter will end it is impossible to forecast at this moment. The authorities take a very grave view of the affair. Special watch is being kept at other ports besides London, including Newcastle, in case any attempt is made to ship guns to Russia. The naval authorities are on the watch and are ready to stop any suspicious-looking vessel that might be concerned in gun-running. Startling developments are expected in a few days, when the police investigations will be completed and proceedings are taken against certain persons under the Firearms Act.

SOVIET MEMBER SURPRISED.
M. Jarosky, a member of the Russian Soviet Delegation, when interviewed in London, stated officially that the Delegation had heard nothing about the seizure of the arms, nor did they know of any arms being exported to Russia under license or otherwise. M. Jarosky expressed surprise at the suggestion that Russia should want to import arms. He explained that the defeat of "the rebels" Denikin and Kolchak had furnished quantities of munitions of war, and that Russia had one of the finest armament factories in the world at Tula.

Only Ten Cents
Nowadays very little can be purchased for a dime, and people have got into the habit of expecting to pay more for most articles. As an exception to the general rule, comes Pearline, the great washing Powder, which sells at any grocer's for ten cents, a big, generous package. It is cheaper than soap and easier to use, in either hot or cold water. Women who use Pearline, and there are millions of them, know what real satisfactory results are,—for this economical washing powder, produces wonderful results with little toil. Be sure to try Pearline. You will find it a good ten cent investment.—B

Our Dumb Animals.

Report of Chief Agent S.P.A. Mack ending August 8th, 1924.

Attended to the landing of 25 head cattle and 2 horses from the s.s. Lisgar County; also 15 horses from Western Canada, for Mr. McDonald, by train. Mr. McDonald is very much displeased at the way he was treated with his animals at the western section of the Nfld. Railway, the horses being 48 hours without water between Fort aux Basques and Bishop's Falls. At one station he had a chance to give some of them water, but the railroad officials would not delay the train until he had watered them all. At Bishop's Falls they got water. He says his next shipment will come by steamer. I am securing documentary evidence on this matter, and if railway men are guilty, the case must be pushed. I attended to two sales of cattle at the St. John's Abattoir Co. Four very lame horses have been sent off the street for a rest. My attention

has been called to a horse in a field on the Southside, in a very weak condition. I have seen the owner and the horse has to be kept off the street. Paid particular attention to the horses on Regatta Day, the weather being very warm, but on the whole the teamsters were very kind to their horses and fed and watered them correctly. I received several complaints about boys driving small ponies. I try as far as possible to keep them in check. Received complaint from a municipal employee of young kittens being thrown in a hopper alive during the night. The employee humanely got a bucket of water and drowned them. It would be an easy matter for a person to do this instead of throwing them out alive. I count this a glaring case of cruelty, and if the persons are caught doing this they will be brought before the magistrate. The lame horse which was seen on Cochrane Street, was sent in as soon as it got the load off, as I was passing there at the time. I am very thankful to the gentleman who phoned my residence about it, but in future I would like for him to give his name. Put a dog to death (which was causing a lot of trouble) for a resident of the Southside. All complaints as far as I know have been attended to during the week, and anybody knowing of cruelty is asked to telephone No. 553.

JONAS BARTER, Chief Agent.

MINARD'S LINIMENT, THE ATHLETIC'S REMEDY.

June 26, 1924.

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—where the rocks are sharpest;
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Equipped for Gasolene or Kerosene.

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