

# A Sallow Skin

is a sign that your liver is out of order, a condition that should receive immediate attention, as it quickly affects the general health and throws the stomach and bowels into disorder. When a sallow skin tells you that your liver is inactive, it

## Shows You Need

Beecham's Pills to regulate the bile and clear the system of impurities. A few doses will cause the appetite to improve, the bowels to act naturally, the eyes to lose their dullness, and the skin to resume a healthy hue. As a corrective for the liver, and a general regulator of bodily condition, there is no remedy like

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere in Canada

## THE PANGS OF REMORSE —OR— A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Walker was at home and at the muffins. To him Clarence Clifford communicated the lawyer's visit and its purport, and he could scarce refrain from smiling at the expression which his intelligence produced upon his employer's face.

Heartily congratulations at his good fortune mingled with dismay at his own ill luck in thus losing so valuable a servant.

"Well!" he said. "It's just my luck! I never had a particularly good nag but it broke its neck or leg or darned something. Now you get five thousand a year dropped into your mouth and I'm diddled of a clean head and a gentleman! But you don't look over excited. Perhaps you're used to this sort of thing!" he added, with a rueful sarcasm.

Clarence Clifford shook his head. "I have not realized it yet," he said gravely. "It may be a hoax; it may be—"

"No, no," said Mr. Walker. "It's true enough, I'll bet you anything. I know my bad luck too well. There—if you won't have any muffins—set to bed. You look as knocked out as a felled owl."

Only too glad to retire to his small but comfortable room, Mr. Clifford said, "Good-night."

In the morning he arose, convinced himself that the occurrences of last night were not the fleeting phases of a dream, and set out for the office.

Mr. Walker was there before him and looked undisguisedly astonished at his appearance.

"Hello! didn't expect you. Men with five thousand to wake up to don't come flinching about their late business."

Mr. Clifford shook his head gravely. "I am still your servant and will do my duty, until we part—if we do," he added, significantly.

"If we do, ah!" retorted Mr. Walker sarcastically. "Well, I know your obstinacy, so there's the letters, but mind, don't you miss Snarley Yard, tea o'clock, and let us hear whether it's a hoax or not."

So saying he walked off disconsolately and his clerk opened the letters as usual.

He worked up to the half hour, then put on his hat and walked—not hurriedly but with his usual business pace—to Snarley Yard.

## MRS. B. H. HART SICK FOR YEARS

Wants Women to Know How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cornwall, Ont.—"I am now giving your medicine a fair trial and it surely is doing me good and I am going to keep on taking it. I used to feel so tired in the morning that I didn't want to get up, but that feeling is leaving me now. I also sleep better and feel more like working. For seven or eight years I have had headaches, tired feelings, pains in my back and across my body. I read letters in the newspapers saying what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done others. My husband says I quit too soon, but I am not going to stop taking the Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine until I am better and haven't an ache or a pain. I don't think that the right way. I have great faith in your medicines. They must be good when those who take them speak so highly of them. I am recommending them to my friends and I will gladly answer letters from women asking about them."—Mrs. B. H. Hart, Box 1081, Cornwall, Ont. Mrs. Hart is willing to answer letters from sick women asking about the Vegetable Compound.

Yard, Lincoln's Inn, and the interest forthcoming to be paid immediately to one Clarence Clifford, tutor to Sir Ralph Melville, of Rivershall, in the County of Berks. For whose, the said Clarence Clifford's, forgiveness, I, a sinful, dying man, do pray and implore. "Judge not lest ye be judged."

Divested of its five thousand unnecessary words and legal technicalities, this was the gist of the deed as Mr. Fibbs explained it.

Clarence Clifford listened with a fast-beating heart, and at its conclusion covered his face with his hands. Mr. Fibbs, who watched him with dry curiosity, laid the document before him, and waited till the gust of emotion had blown over.

Presently the young man looked up. "One question, sir?"

"A hundred, sir, if you please," said Mr. Fibbs, significantly. "I am at your service, quite at your service."

"Did you—did you know this gentleman?"

"I had the pleasure of the late Mr. James Clifford's acquaintance. I was his legal adviser."

Mr. Clarence Clifford inclined his head.

"Can you tell me—the slightest scrap of information will be eagerly welcomed—anything of him? Was he old—was he—Oh, sir, was he my father?"

Mr. Fibbs coughed before replying; the large, eager eyes were fixed upon him, the handsome lips trembling visibly.

"I have no means of knowing," said the lawyer. "Mr. James Clifford was an exceedingly reserved, I may say close man. I never learned anything in confidence from him which would lead me to think he had a son."

"He—he was married?"

"No. A single gentleman. Never married that I am aware of."

Clarence Clifford groaned, and his face worked.

The lawyer politely turned his head aside and fingered his letters so as not to add to his client's embarrassment.

The storm passed—kept down, rather, by a strong man's strong will.

"You can tell me nothing of the testator? You knew him; when did you see him last?"

"Six months ago," said the lawyer. "I was staying at Lausanne for the benefit of my health, and there and then drew up this document."

"When did he—die?" asked the heir, thirsting for information of any sort calculated to set his tortured fears at rest, or turn them to dreadfully certainities.

"Mr. James Clifford died—let me see—four months ago—in September last. This is the certificate of his death and burial."

Mr. Clifford took it, and perused it with swimming eyes and equally swimming brain, then suddenly laying the document on the table started the lawyer with this question:

"Which is the quickest route to and the quickest way of reaching this place, Lausanne?"

"Via Paris," replied Mr. Fibbs. "May I ask if you contemplate the journey?"

The young man nodded.

"I do, sir; this mystery, this dreadful uncertainty is driving me mad. You expected me, I see it by your face, to grasp this legacy and go away rejoicing. I tell you, sir, that something else has fallen to me beside the filthy lucre, that is the hope of ascertaining the name and history of my father."

Mr. Fibbs bowed, utterly unmoved by the suppressed passion and grief proclaiming themselves in the pale, set face and voice.

(To be continued.)

"Nothing," replied Clarence Clifford. "I never heard the name before."

"Indeed! That is remarkable," said the lawyer, with a slight upraising of his white eyebrows. "I am surprised, for that is the name of the testator."

Clarence Clifford's heart beat fast, and his color came and went quickly.

"—pardon me, sir—before you read that document tell me if you know whether there is any relationship between me and the testator, and, if so, how—how close is it?"

"I do not; there is nothing relating to the relationship between you either in the document before me or any other deed that I am aware of."

Mr. Clarence Clifford bowed, and a slight shade both of relief and disappointment crossed his brow, that was now wet with perspiration.

"Go on, sir," he said; "the interruption was ill-timed, but you know not what reason I have for the question."

Mr. Fibbs bowed slightly.

"No apologies, I beg, sir; my time is at your service. I will read the will."

And in a clear voice he read aloud the important document.

It was short, and in plain phraseology signified that one James Clifford, of Lausanne, a Swiss canton, bequeathed first the sum of one thousand pounds to the hospital for the sick and incurable at Geneva, and the sole and whole remainder of his estate, which was to be sold and invested by James Fibbs, of Snarley



## Do you take Yeast for your health?

If so, use ROYAL YEAST CAKES—the standard of quality for over 50 years. Soak a cake of Royal Yeast, with a little sugar, in tepid water over night. Stir well, strain and drink the liquid. Flavor is improved by adding the juice of an orange.

## ROYAL YEAST CAKES

### Clerk's Letter Wins \$100 Vacation Prize

#### EX-FISHERMAN GOING BACK TO NEWFOUNDLAND TO SEE MOTHER.

From a life of roughing it in the salt sea air on the cod banks of Newfoundland and the halibut areas of Alaska to selling smokes behind the counter of a cigar store in the world's busiest and, perhaps, largest city, is certainly a fast stride.

And when the call of the homeland comes once more, who wouldn't thrill at the thought of going back, especially when the return means a re-union with old friends, with relatives, and, most of all, with mother?

J. T. Lawler, 163 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, is the man whom all this mostly concerns. For Mr. Lawler is the first to win a prize in the Sunday News Vacation letter contest. He gets this week's \$100 prize in accordance with the terms announced last Sunday.

But he is only the first. There are going to be other prizes of \$100 each every Sunday for the writers of the best letters on the subject, "My Plans for a Vacation." For every letter published \$100 will be paid.

Home in Newfoundland. Mr. Lawler's home is in Newfoundland, in the town of Placentia, eighty miles from St. John's on the narrow gauge line—the only line in Newfoundland. There, until a few years ago, he followed the life of the sea as a fisherman, as do most of the men in Newfoundland. Later he followed the same occupation in Alaska.

But two years ago he decided there was something better in life for him than being a fisherman, so he came to New York. He is a clerk in a cigar store at 675 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. But let him tell his own story in the following letter, which wins him the \$100 prize:

Winner's Plans. "I have been planning since Christmas, 1924, to visit my parents in Newfoundland on my vacation this summer. My salary being \$25 a week, I have had to deprive myself of many enjoyments so save enough.

"But, unfortunately, my dear dad died in March (he was 83), and it took all I had saved to give him a decent burial. Now I've been trying my best to save for a visit to my mother, who is all alone.

"I love the water and the trip would give me no end of pleasure. Besides, since I would see my mother, it would be the most wonderful vacation I could wish for. I know I should come back with a heart full of joy, a great gain in health, and would work harder than ever to achieve success, and to make the one and only real pal in the world—my mother—happy."

Newfoundland is still a great wild country. One can go there either by boat, direct from New York, or by rail and boat. The trip takes from three to five days, but Mr. Lawler remembers the winter when he spent three weeks crossing the Gulf between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland when his boat got caught in a pack of ice.

### Court of Common Pleas

(Reprinted from "Ag. Reporter" of May 3, 1925).

#### KINCH VS. WILBERT TAYLOR.

There was a sitting of the Court of Common Pleas at 11 a.m. on Wednesday last. His Honor Sir William Chandlee, acting Chief Justice, presiding, when there came on for hearing an action brought by Mr. C. H. Kinch, M.C.P., commission merchant of Palmetto Street, in which he claimed from Mr. Wilbert Taylor, formerly a clerk in his employ, the sum of \$283.19. 9., moneys for goods sold and delivered to the defendant, and also money loaned to him.

The defendant, in his statement of defence, made a counter claim that the plaintiff owed him \$300, this being his commission for four years, at 275 per year, while he was in the employ of the plaintiff.

Mr. E. W. Reese, K.C., Solicitor General, instructed by Mr. Stanley Patterson, solicitor, appeared for the plaintiff. Defendant was represented by Mr. E. Keith Walcott, Barrister-at-law, associated with Mr. E. R. L. Ward, Barrister-at-law, and instructed by Mr. W. St. Clair Hutchinson, solicitor.

After evidence for both sides had been heard, Counsel on both sides then addressed the Court and His Honor summed up.

The jury retired for about 15 minutes to consider their verdict, and on their return to Court found that the \$200 claimed by the defendant was due him by the plaintiff. They were of opinion that the plaintiff had agreed to pay the defendant a sum of \$25 monthly and the \$275 commission claimed for each year.

Judgment was accordingly entered for the defendant and in favour of the counter-claim with costs.

### FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength.

This preparation for the removal of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold in all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee. P. O. Box 3845, Montreal, Canada.

### Economical New Charcoal Fuel Discovered

After four years of experiment, Dr. Hugo Strache, a professor of the Vienna Technical College in Austria, recently announced that he had perfected an invention for making a cheap new charcoal having the same number of calories as the best grade English anthracite coal, namely 8000.

A small plant for the production of the charcoal already is in operation, proving, it is claimed, that the invention can be developed for commercial uses. The cost of production is said to be low, owing to the valuable coal tar by products. Wood, wood shavings, and waste can be utilized in making the charcoal.

### The Royal Garage, Agents,

LESTER & ELTON, Proprietors, CARNELL STREET ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

### Unmatched for style, comfort and service-ability.

They have ample space to permit cravat to slide easily and smoothly—and Linocord Unbreakable Buttonholes.

### Household Notes

As a sauce for broiled steak, serve bananas boiled in sugar syrup. Serve pineapple ice in glasses of pineapple ads with whipped cream.

Never use the large white onions or the yellow variety for sandwiches. Sweeten bran bread with molasses and add a few chopped walnut meats.

Table meats which come in sets save laundry work during the summer. Add a little prepared salad dressing just before serving tomato rarebit.

A hot sauce made with the berries is nice served with berry roly-poly. Season the breadcrumb dressing for roast meat with chopped fresh mint.

## This Service Costs You Nothing

The devising of a plan to meet your insurance needs on your present income, is a service the Crown Life Man will render you without cost or obligation.

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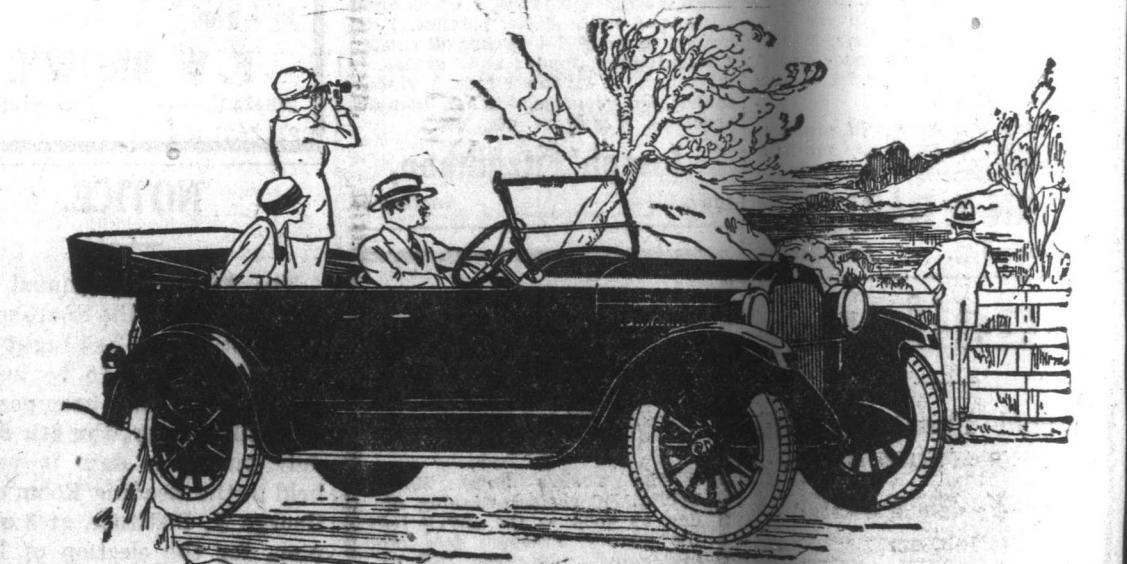
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## Dodge Brothers Touring Car

When good weather invites you into the country, you will appreciate more than ever the advantages of Dodge Brothers Touring Car. Open to fresh air and sunlight the Touring Car is healthful and delightful to drive. Moreover, it is common knowledge everywhere that Dodge Brothers product is dependable. One-eighth of the total weight of the car consists of chrome vanadium steel—the toughest and most enduring steel that can be used in motor car construction. This is exceptional. It goes far to explain why Dodge Brothers Touring Car stands up so many years under the hardest usage.

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