

## Byno Hypophosphites A General Tonic

An excellent tonic which quickly restores strength and energy to the system when run down, or suffering from the after effects of illness. It stimulates the digestion and enables those who suffer from loss of appetite to enjoy their meals thoroughly and derive full benefit from them. When feeling weak or easily becoming tired after slight exertion, Byno Hypophosphites is invaluable.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Stores, etc., throughout the B.W.I.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.  
H. S. HALSALL, Special Representative for the B.W.I.,  
P.O. Box 57, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS.



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

### CHAPTER VIII.

He rose as he spoke, and, with a polite bow, left her to speak with a racing man who had just entered.

We said Clarence Clifford did not gamble; not did he; but he patronized the turf and won money on it.

"That can be done without gambling," "Ah, how d'ye do, Clifford?" said the racing man, greeting him cordially, but with that tone of respect which all inferior minds feel for their superiors. "Lucky again with that cob of yours. Who'd have thought she had got it in her? That last fence was a cropper for half the field."

"I thought she had it in her," was the calm reply, "for I rode her myself."

"The deuce! And didn't break your neck?" retorted Capt. Plover. "You are a strange card. And what did you win—five thousand?"

"You may double that," replied Clarence Clifford, indifferently. "And what have you lost on the new colt?"

"Oh, a couple of thousand," groaned the captain. "Hang me, if you were not right. It puzzles me how you get the tips."

"Ah," retorted Clarence Clifford, with the smug well shown. "I trust to my own judgment; you trust to stable lads, and rogues, and, very often, idiots."

He sauntered away towards the piano.

Young Dalton was leaning against the instrument, staring hard in the face of the performer, but, certainly, not listening to the music nor thinking of him.

Frederick Dalton had something else to think about. He started with something like a blush and his face brightened as Clarence Clifford approached him slowly, and came to meet him.

"Hello, Clifford! thought you were never coming. I'm so glad to see you. What are you looking for?"

"The hostess," replied Clarence Clifford, curtly. "I have not made my bow. Wait here and I will return to you."

The hostess received her dear Mr. Clifford with enthusiasm. "How kind of you, dear Mr. Clifford, but you are late! Those dreadful clubs. Have you heard Herr Schonchobowski? What a play, you will have to play after him, poor man. You play so charmingly. Perhaps you will sing? Do; the prince will be here directly."

"Oh, he is not a bad sort of fellow, is Harcourt," Mr. Dalton ran on, in very different spirits to those he enjoyed before the interview. "He's a very good sort; regular man of the world, you know. Don't care for women and all that sort of thing. Look at him, talking to my sister; she's been trying for him these last two years; but she'll never get him. We were staying together at Besant Towers."

Clarence Clifford started, too slightly to attract attention, and his lips shut tightly.

"Where?" he asked.

"At Besant Towers, Harry Besant's place in Berkshire. Do you know Harry Besant? Ah, no, of course not, you only came to town a few months back, and Harry doesn't show in London often. He's a great M. F. H., and is going in for Lily Melville, of Rivershall."

But Mr. Clarence Clifford evidently saw some one at the end of the room to whom he wished to speak, for before Mr. Dalton's sentence was completed he had gone.

He passed Lord Harcourt on his way and the eyes of the two men met. They measured each others height and bearing with a flash of the eye and on both sides sprang to life unreasonable, instinctive dislike.

"So that is the Mr. Clifford one hears so much about, is it?" said Lord Harcourt, to his companion. "Good air with him, but looks bad-tempered. Where does he come from?"

"Oh, don't know. He's all right, though. Fibbs, the lawyer—Fibbs &

Cracknell is the firm—is answerable for him. A certain Mr. Clifford died in Switzerland and left him five thousand a year—some say it's fifty, but it's only five, I know."

"He rides a good horse," said Lord Harcourt.

"Yes, and keeps a good cellar. Young Dalton dines at his chambers often, and draws upon him sometimes. I fancy he has just had something."

"Ah!" said Lord Harcourt. "A money lender, eh?"

"No," said his friend. "No—takes no interest, quite for love."

Lord Harcourt stared—with a sneer.

"I can't understand it," said he.

"Nor I," replied the friend. "Anyhow, this Clifford is a generous fellow. Look at him now, that is no parvenu bow he has just made the prince, and see, he is talking to the old dowager as cool as a cucumber."

Lord Harcourt did look, and kept his eyes open. He was always suspicious of mysteries.

The room was getting more crammed each half hour.

The prince had arrived and was fortable corner; the duchess was im- fortable carrier; the duchess was im- ploring Mr. Clifford to sing.

"Do!" she begged. "I almost promised the prince he should hear you."

But Mr. Clifford remained firm—obstinate, the duchess inwardly pronounced—when, suddenly, a little girl, who had been clinging to her grace's skirts, caught his hand and, looking up at him with wide-open, beseeching eyes, warbled:

"Do thing, when the pretty lady athketh you!"

Clarence Clifford started, and, stooping, caught up the child and looked it in the face.

As he did so his lips trembled and a slight shudder ran through him. The only other child he had held in his arms had died there.

With the bitter memory of that night and the dreadful day preceding it, the man of fortune walked moodily to the piano, and immediately commenced to sing in a low, deep, yet sweet voice, a simple little pastoral.

The child drew near to him and leaned against his knee.

The prince stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and Lord Harcourt moved that he might see the singer and scowled.

"Hem!" he muttered. "Rides well, talks well, bows well, and sings well—a promising lad!"

"Lad!" repeated a voice near him. "He might return the compliment then."

"I am a keen observer, my dear Miss Dalton," he said, carelessly. "Mr. Clifford is not old, though he may look it."

Miss Dalton shook her well-made head and pouted.

"I won't argue, I want to listen. He has a beautiful voice."

But the singer had ceased suddenly. He had been sitting at the instrument in a easy attitude, half on one side to make room for the child, his face toward the entrance to the saloon.

In the middle of the second verse a lady had entered; he had looked up at the slight noise, met the lady's gaze, and the song died upon his lips.

He had thought that only one face had the power to move him, but to his surprise, ay, almost consternation, one other beside that still loved one had; and that one a stranger.

(To be continued.)

Place hash in a buttered dish, garnish with stuffed halves of hard-cooked eggs, cover with buttered crumbs and bake.

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Use Mavis Face Powder and you will be fascinated with the result. It adds charm to the most perfect complexion.

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June 20, 1925.

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in Gingham and Voiles, from .....\$1.90 up

## LADIES' PRINCESS SLIPS

Sateen. Colours: Pink, Lavender, Grey, White, Navy and Black ONLY \$1.75 each.

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in Fancy Crepes \$1.50 per Suit.

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with Straps 15c. each. 2 for 25c.

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with Peter Pan Collar and Cuffs, in Organdie and Broadcloth. Colours: White and Cream, from \$1.25 up to \$2.00

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Baronet Satin, Black and White only .....\$4.90

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## HATS! HATS! HATS!

LADIES' and MISSSES' SPORT and SUMMER DRESS HATS from \$2.90 to \$6.50

All Our Party Dresses in Canton Crepes, Crepe-de-Chenes and Serges; Costumes and Spring Coats are Reduced accordingly

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## ONE HUNDRED MEN'S TWEED SUITS

Colours: Dark and Brown Tweeds. Regular Price, \$16.00 Sale Price .....\$8.90

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in plain Blue and Striped; heavy quality .....\$1.25 per pair

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Colour: Khaki. Only 15c pair. 2 pairs for 25c. SOX—Assorted Colours, 20c. pair. 3 pairs for 50c.

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with Fancy Buckle .....20c. each

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60c. Garment.

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Opposite Dicks & Co.

June 20, 1925.

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Just

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G.

June 27, 1925.

Earthquake  
Disaster

New Canada  
Opened  
May be

SERIOUS EARTHQUAKE

SANTA BARBARA

All the bridges in Santa Barbara were destroyed including the one over the earthquake river and it seems to be a ferocity on this side and river reservoir the city was partially destroyed.

EARTHQUAKE IN SAN LUIS OBISPO

A Southern Pacific train leaving here for Santa Barbara. Reports from the Southern Pacific railroad report that the San Luis Obispo State street has been destroyed. It also was a shock. Reports from Santa Maria, California, Nipomo south of the point had been damaged. All telephone wires between the city were down.

DISASTER TO SANTA BARBARA

San Francisco, California, the city, perched on a hill in Southern California, after the earthquake, has been determined that an earthquake of 7 a.m. on July 19, 1925, lightly in other portions with Santa Barbara immediately after the earthquake.

San Francisco and in the next two days buildings on State street, a leading hotel, a leading office building, was destroyed. There was a loss of life and property reported from the House and the business returns to Santa Barbara and the city. No other

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Itched and  
Rises

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"I sent a letter to Cuticura Soap, and they sent me a box of Cuticura Soap. I used it and my face is all right. I am a very happy woman."

Sample each day by using Cuticura Soap. It is the only soap that will cure your face with Ointment.

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