

### Are you acting in the capacity of EXECUTOR?

If you are, and desire to be relieved of the detail work of the Estate, we would be pleased to act as your agent. The law gives you the right to employ us, and our charges are very moderate.

Consult us about your WILL.

**Montreal Trust Company**  
ROYAL BANK BUILDING.

Sir Herbert S. Holt, President.  
A. J. Brown, K.C., Vice-Pres.  
F. S. Donaldson, Gen. Mgr.  
F. T. Palfrey, Mgr. St. John's.

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

CHAPTER XI.

"Well, Jack," Lillian said, one day, as he entered with the large, empty basket on his arm, his stolid face relaxing into a smile at the sight of her; and his two hard hands rubbing over each other with meditative regularity. "Well, Jack, how are they all?"

"Old Mother Jackson is about the same—she always is about the same; says the blankets and the bottle of Maderay did her good, specially the Maderay. Her rheumatism have flown from her back to the top of her head—"

"Nonsense, Jack," said Lillian, half smiling. "You must have made a mistake, you are thinking of Johnny Wilson."

"Very like, Miss Lily," replied the imperturbable old fellow, "very like, it don't much matter, as I see. Well, Johnny Wilson says he's rather worse. He likes the Maderay, but prefers Old Tom—oh, he didn't say so, miss, but I see a bottle under the pillow. He's learned the second chapter of St. John, but he didn't add as he understood it, and I didn't ask him. Mrs. Collins' three children have had the measles, and they be as spotted as a river pike, but they're doin' well, and would you be so kind as to send 'em down some of the red currant jelly as you bought last month? It be cool cheek, it be, but you said I was to tell you all they asked for. Then there's Mary, she's better; that must be 'straordinary. I did think as she were adyin', but she be a deal better, Miss Lily, and no mistake. Mind you, missie, I've seen many of 'em get rosy and look bright enough, just like the last flicker of a candle. More it goes out, but this bean't that sort of look. She be pickin' up flesh, for she pulled up her sleeve to show me her arm."

While Jack was talking Lillian's thoughts went back to that from which they never strayed far, the meeting with the strange doctor and the figures in the garden. "Oh," she said. "So poor Mary is better, you really think, Jack. Poor Mary! How glad I am! Did—did you see the doctor, Jack?"

"What, 't' old doctor?" asked Jack. "No, I didn't. They do say as he's

won't have him, give him the word to march-like, and is waited on by a new doctor, a tall, foreign-looking chap, with long hair and sharp eyes."

"Indeed," said Lillian. "Des," said old Jack, shaking his head, slowly. "A queer chap, like. Where do you think I see him 't'other night, missie?"

"I do not know. Where, Jack?" "In 't' garden, standing like a stator staring at 't' stars. I thought I'd go and start him, but he looked such a gentleman, and I see the squire a-talking to him the day before, that I didn't like 't'."

"Saw Sir Ralph talking to him?" said Lillian, an instinctive dread filling her mind. "Yes, miss on 't' common, and there's the basket, and is there anything else old Jack can do?"

"No, thank you, Jack," said Lillian, and the old fellow trudged off. A few minutes afterwards the post bag came in, and with it Sir Ralph. Lillian was looking better that morning, and he showed his delight by kissing her, patting her cheek, and seating himself beside her on the sofa while he unlocked the bag.

"Full of letters," he said, taking a handful out, "and papers. Hem! There's Packer's, always know his round, lawyer's hand. What does he say?"

And while he spoke he opened the letter, which was marked private, and commenced reading it.

Lillian, who was reclining on the soft, down cushion with her eyes fixed absently on her father's face, saw that he changed color suddenly, and looked round at her with a sharp, anxious glance.

She raised herself and laid her white hand upon his arm.

"Papa," she said, fixing her dark, sad eyes upon his face, "there is something in that letter referring to me. What is it?"

"A—a, nothing, my dear," he replied, folding the letter and putting it away in his pocket, with an attempt at a smile. "Only some of Parker's usual worries. Really nothing, my dear Lily."

Seeing that he was determined not to tell her, the gentle girl leaned back again, and lay watching the fire, her book closed in her hand.

Sir Ralph tried to start several topics of conversation, but failed, and as if unable to keep up appearances any longer, said:

"Well, I must go and answer these, I suppose. I will leave you the papers, my dear Lillian. You can look them over and perhaps you will find something to amuse you."

She took his hand and kissed it, and humming a fragment of a song, the poor baronet left the room.

Lillian looked at the fire for a little while longer, thinking—thinking, as usual, then with pure indifference took up the bundle of papers and opened one. Even then it lay unread in her lap for some minutes; presently, however, she glanced at it and at once was attracted and spellbound by this paragraph:

"Romantic Duel.—It is with extreme regret that we are compelled to state that the sudden and for sometime unaccountable disappearance of Mr. Clarence Clifford has at length been explained, and in a manner most painful and tragic. Mr. Clarence Clifford left London for France on the — inst. His destination was Calais Sands, where he had an appointment of a duellist character with Lord H—. The two gentlemen and their respective seconds met at half-past six at the end of the Calais rocks, shots were exchanged and Mr. Clarence Clifford was left dead on the sands. The cause of the much-to-be-lamented quarrel was, as usual, a lady. The fatal occurrence has received a deeper tinge

of romance from the fact that the lady in question arrived at the place of meeting too late to stop the exchange of shots and but a few moments before Mr. Clifford received his death. We are asked by the authorities to add that any friends or relatives of the deceased are requested to communicate with Mr. Fibbs, of the firm of Messrs. Fibbs & Cracknell, Searley Yard, Lincoln's Inn."

Lillian did not scream, she did not even faint. The paper remained clinched in her hands, and her eyes—blind with anguish, sought the fire again.

How loudly the clock seemed to tick. What an eternity rolled into those few moments while she lay stifling the agony at her heart, and repeating to herself those lines which told her that he was faithless and unworthy of her regret.

Dead—slaughtered for another woman!

The thought was hard to bear; but Lillian was strong of heart—strong and proud, and she bore it. After a while she rose, smoothed her hair in the glass, smiled at the pale face that met her there and murmured:

"Good-by to the past, to the only romance in my life; now for the reality!"

With the paper in her hand she walked into the study.

Sir Ralph was sitting at the table, his head on his hands, Mr. Packer's letter open before him.

She stole up to him and placed her hand upon his arm.

He looked up with a start, and covered the tell tale letter with his hand. She smiled down at him with stone-like mockery of her grief.

"Too late, papa!" she said, "I know what that letter means. It tells you of his death. Don't look so frightened. I am not ill, and, as you see, dear, quite calm. He is dead, papa, and I will bury the past with him. I have been selfish, cruelly selfish, and now—I see my error. Papa—covering her face with her hands, but speaking very calmly, "send for Harry Besant."

CHAPTER XII.

Lord Harcourt raised his pistol, looked at it, and with a smile handed it to the colonel; then striding to where Dalton was kneeling, he stood with folded arms looking down with him upon the motionless figure stretched full length upon the damp sands.

The colonel joined the two and helped Dalton raise the limp form up on his knees.

All had forgotten seemingly the swooning woman, who was crouching in a half-fainting fit against a heap of shingle.

"Is—she dead?" whispered the colonel, politely.

Dalton shook his head.

"I—I don't know," he replied, huskily.

"He does not move, and the heart—great Heaven!" he continued, turning his white, terror-stricken face up to the motionless figure of Lord Harcourt, "he is dead!"

His lordship motioned for his coat and proceeded to envelop himself in it leisurely.

"Dead—is he?" he said, calmly.

"The light was bad, but still I thought I had hit him. Come, colonel, we will light a cigar and catch the boat. Mr. Dalton, I presume—"

Dalton interrupted him with a burst of genuine indignation. "My lord," he said, fashing upon him two scared but angry eyes, wrapping the cloak around the limp figure as he spoke, "I beg you will not concern yourself on my account. The poor fellow is dead; you have killed him. Pray do not delay to reach a place of safety."

(To be continued.)



**Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK**

Cook with it. Use it at the table. Keep a supply of it always on hand. It is milk and sugar combined.

4-5-24

### Human Wireless

Light travels at 187,000 miles per second. We can see the sun, but cannot hear any sound from it. We can see a man a mile away, but cannot hear him speak. The eye is greater than the ear.

But "wireless," the harnessing of sound waves, gave the ear a new power. Science overtopped Nature, and in time to come we may be able to hear sounds from planets we can scarcely see.

Yes, though he knew it not, though the secrets of men's existence, it was to a "receiving set"—more complicated and miraculous than that other kind of receiving set—that man owed his precious gift of vision. The eye is a receiving set that works on wave lengths of incredible minuteness, and can instantaneously and automatically "time in" to stations, however near or far. Not only is it composed, item by item, of true counterparts of the sound instrument, but surpasses the sound instrument immeasurably in delicacy and accuracy of reproduction.

It is no bigger than a boy's marble. The filmy aerial, though less than a square inch in size, will effectively pick up incoming signals from the nearest object or the most distant star. The condensers and the relays are so frail and so minute that even the most powerful microscope scarcely avails to make them visible.

Each eye works at one and the same time on hundreds of different wave-lengths without undue "jamming." Each has its own telephone exchange, with thousands of "land lines" connecting with the brain.

Ceaselessly, silently, and swiftly these receiving sets of Nature work, often sixteen hours a day, year in and year out, with no rest but a momentary wink during their hours of re-ceiving. So it is no wonder that they need occasional repair and tuning up; and if they are overworked, like all machines, they break down.

When this happens the brain gets bad reception; it makes errors of judgment, and it makes miscalculations which may have unhappy results for the individual. Then it is time, not for the amateur to "tinker about," but for the calling in of an expert mechanic. The misplacement of a lens or the faulty placing of a prism may cause the unfortunate person to see "double" or seriously to misjudge distance.

The qualified optician needs an infinite patience and skill—qualities in which Nature herself has given him the example.

A tiny vial of delicate scent—a wee box of fragrant powder—a miniature tube of vanishing cream—a dainty package of cold cream all for fifty cents in the THREE FLOWERS Travélette at any Drug or Dept. Store, June 29, m. t. t.

### John Bull

(Kansas City Star)  
Great Britain paid the United States yesterday 68 million dollars on her war debt of 4,600 million dollars. Every time we see such an announcement we have renewed respect for the substantial qualities of John Bull. A little testy at times, perhaps; pretty well satisfied with himself; regarding non-English-speaking peoples as curious sorts of insects; certain that his plans for Empire are those of Divine Providence—yet you have to hand it to him. He is the real thing in a world of many shams.

Two Ulstermen attended a concert at which a vocalist rendered "The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee." When the singer came to the line, "Come fill up my cup, come, fill up my can," one of them turned to the other and said, "I know Philip McCann all right, but who the deuce is this Philip McCapp?"

MINDARD'S LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM.

# Murphy's Good Things

## Home Town Bargains

Buy at home and save money. Your home town is a good place to live and a safe place to trade. During these days it's a better place than ever to save. These special inducements bring staple standard merchandise at saving prices to housewives in this community. Each item advertised is reduced in price for this occasion.



**Women's Bathing Caps.**  
These fit snugly about the head and keep all sand and water from the hair and scalp; made of pure rubber. We have a large assortment of colors in the latest styles.  
Each, 19c. & 25c.



**Women's Sport Sweaters.**  
All the women now wear them—brightly coloured, lightly knitted Sweaters; loosely belted models, open front, in all shades of White and Black, Tomato and Black, Pearl and Mauve.  
Each ..... \$2.98

**A Wonderful Bargain in Jackquettes.**  
Made of a good Canadian brushed wool, only a few left at this price.  
Each ..... \$2.98



**Street Dresses. Women's Gingham.**  
Just look at these charming Gingham Street Dresses, correct and pretty in every line; they are simplicity and style itself; entirely correct these new frocks for women, exceptionally desirable for Summer wear.  
Each, \$2.25

**Jazz Scarfs.**  
We have on hand a pretty assortment of Jazz Scarfs; all shades and prices to suit.  
Each, 85c., \$1.49, & \$2.98



**Men's Bathing Suits.**  
Every man, woman and child should know how to swim; there is no better, cleaner, more wholesome exercise. Get a Bathing Suit for yourself and the folks while our assortment is large and the prices just right.  
Each, \$1.25 to \$1.98



**Women's Bathing Suits.**  
No matter where you live, it is only a short way to some bathing beach or lake resort; enjoy yourself with the happy crowds at these places during the summer months. At our store you'll find just the kind of bathing suit you want.  
Each, 98c. to \$1.98

**Women's Umbrellas.**  
Waterproof taped edge American Taffeta, 7-rib Paragon frame, rubberized handle, white and colored Ivorine rings.  
Each, \$1.98



**Gents' Watches.**  
Open face, nickel case, plain back, stem wind.  
Each, \$1.98

**Women's Sport Sweaters.**  
All the women now wear them—brightly coloured, lightly knitted Sweaters; loosely belted models, open front, in all shades of White and Black, Tomato and Black, Pearl and Mauve.  
Each ..... \$2.98

**A Wonderful Bargain in Jackquettes.**  
Made of a good Canadian brushed wool, only a few left at this price.  
Each ..... \$2.98

**Toilet Goods**  
Pond's Vanishing Cream, Jar ..... 49c.  
Pond's Cold Cream, Jar ..... 49c.  
Three Flowers Vanishing Cream, Jar ..... 75c.  
Luxor Cold Cream, Jar ..... 50c.  
Marvelous Cold Cream, Jar ..... 50c.  
Peroxide Vanishing Cream, Jar ..... 35c.  
Palmolive Shampoo, bottle ..... 75c.  
Three Flowers Travélette, bottle ..... \$1.49  
Three Flowers Talcum, tin ..... 60c.  
Three Flowers Powder, box ..... 70c.  
Three Flowers Compact, tin ..... 75c.  
Three Flowers Perfume, bottle ..... \$1.49  
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes ..... 49c.  
Colgate's Shaving Sticks ..... 25c.  
Williams' Shaving Sticks ..... 25c.  
Shaving Brushes ..... 10c. and 25c.  
Mavis Talcum, tin ..... 39c.

# Clocks



Big six assortments, 8-day movements, embossed wood cabinets, dimensions 25 x 15 in. Ingraham make, good quality 8-Day Clock, 1/2 hour strike, handsome embossed designs, loud sounding gong.  
Each ..... \$4.98

**Fancy Garter Elastic.**  
In all shades.  
Per Yard, 39c. and 49c.

**Jazz Garters.**  
Good elastic, in all shades, lace and plain edge.  
Pair, 39c.

**Ladies' Silk Gloves.**  
The choice of correct gloves for every occasion is a matter of importance to every well dressed woman. These silk gloves are fashioned to fit snugly without binding; finger tips are reinforced and back stitching well defined.  
Pair, \$1.49 and \$1.98

**Children's Hose.**  
Children's Cotton Hose, in Pink and Blue; to fit from 2 to 6 years.  
Pair, 19c.

**Women's Brown Silk Hose.**  
There is pleasure in noticing the perfect weave and shapeliness of these Silk Hose and one further anticipates the satisfaction to be desired from their most serviceable wear.  
Pair, 49c.

**Baby Rubber Pants.**  
Made of extra good rubber; in Cream.  
Pair, 49c.

**Baby Rubber Sheets.**  
Yard Square ..... 79c.  
19 x 25 ..... 49c.

**Ladies' Pink Silk Camisoles.**  
This is something you can't afford to miss, extra good quality silk. Reg. 98c.  
Now, 59c.

**Men's Umbrellas.**  
Waterproof taped edge American Taffeta, 7-rib Paragon frame, rubberized handle, white and colored Ivorine rings.  
Each, \$1.98

**PHIL MURPHY**  
317 Water Street  
Store Open Every Night and Every Holiday.

**Children's Socks.**  
Assorted colors and extra well constructed. These socks have spiced heel and toe and are seamless.  
Per Pair, 25c.  
39, 49, 69c.



**Boys' Caps.**  
Our assortment will surprise you. The very finest suiting in heringbones and tweeds.  
Each, 59c. to \$1.25

**Smart Wash Suits.**  
Neat little wash Suits for kindergartners, made of fresh looking gingham and chambrays which launder splendidly.  
Each, \$1.19 to \$2.49



**Men's Four-in-Hands.**  
New patterns, new colorings and in such variety that choosing is easy. Indeed every preference in pattern and coloring is met in these displays. Ties that slip under the collar easily.  
Each, 39c. to 69c.

**Stuspenders for Dress Wear.**  
Good looking patterns, strong elastic web, soft leather tops, bright nickel buckles. It's not often those days that you find suspenders of this quality at the price we name.  
Each, 49c.

**Boys' Sailor Hats.**  
Very popular with youngsters between the ages of 3 and 6; good Blue Serge material and well made throughout.  
Each, \$1.49

**Boys' Straw Sailor Hats.**  
This is truly the "Sunshine" brand, for they are made to ward off the maximum amount of "Old Sol's" rays.  
Each, 98c. and \$1.25

**Men's Balbriggan Underwear.**  
Exceptionally fine garments for summer wear. So cool and comfortable, built for the active man.  
Per Garment, 69c.

**Sport Hair Nets.**  
Very fashionable for summer wear, in all the leading shades.  
Each, 19c.

**Men's Lightweight Work Shirts.**  
These are the shirts that make a man feel right at home. They are so comfortable and still they're neat appearing.  
Each, 89c.

**Smart Bow Ties.**  
Can you imagine yourself buying a half dozen bow ties; you'll certainly form the habit when you see these. A wide choice, some patterned after the English hand blocked and quaintly dotted designs.  
Each, 35c.

**Turkish Towels.**  
You'll seldom find such good weight and quality in Turkish Towels at this price. These represent a fortunate purchase on our part and we are passing the saving onto you.

**Boys' Jean Blouses.**  
White Jean Blouses with Blue Sailor Collar and Cuffs, elastic at waist.  
Each, \$1.49

**Ladies' White Serge Skirts.**  
Accordion pleated all around.  
Each, \$2.49

### Distressed After Meals?

Indigestion, no matter how slight, is a nuisance. It can ruin the good nature of the most genial of us. If you are troubled this way, you'll be glad to know a simple way to avoid it.

Just try eating a few pep-o-mint Life Savers after meals. It's wonderful how these little mint circles relieve that heavy, loggy feeling after eating.

Probably that's why our grandfathers so often had their bulky little bags of peppermints handy in their pockets.

Life Savers are grand-dad's bag of peppermints up to date.

Six flavors displayed at all good stores so you may help yourself.



Pep-o-mint, Wint-o-green, Cinn-o-mon, Lic-o-ri-cie, Cl-o-v-e, and Vi-o-let  
GERALD S. DOYLE, Sole Agent.

### Prest-O-Lite

**STORAGE BATTERY**  
A Battery that is low in price.  
A Battery with a reputation.  
A Battery you can depend upon.



MARSHALL'S GARAGE, Distributors.

MINDARD'S LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM.

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