

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA
 MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Hart* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

THE PANGS OF REMORSE — OR — A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER V.

"Thanks," he said; "I am your debtor, gentlemen. I fear the young man resides too far off for me to employ his services. Gentlemen, I wish you good-day," and with another courteous bow the prince—decided that he was at least that—strode off to his cab and was rolled away.

Meanwhile Clarence Clifford had returned to the office, answered his letters and gone wearily home. I say wearily, but I mean with that dead weightiness at the heart which is more wearying to bear than ten pairs of tired legs and two aching heads. It was a solitary life he led, and he had never felt its solitude and lack of love so much before.

Over his tea—he did not share his master's liking for buttered muffins—he sat, thinking of what had happened at Rivershall. Had they forgiven—had they forgotten him?

What did the pure young girl, the high-born heiress of Rivershall think of him—him the outcast servant, branded with the mark of shame by her father's hand?

Oh, they were bitter thoughts and they embittered the young life as a tanker worm eats the heart of a strong plant.

But he was strong, and he prayed with that anguished fervency that colors few prayers that he might carry a brave heart and live it down—live it down, a sad, dreary prospect of life. Live it down.

The next day he was looking pale but, as Mr. Walker phrased it, as obtinate as a striped possum.

Mr. Walker went down to view the cargo at the docks, and Clarence Clifford was left alone. Not to brood, however; there were more letters than usual, and the day would be a busy one. He stuck to his desk and answered and answered; the dinner hour came and passed, and he wrote on. He was unconscious of the time, for nature's clock, his stomach, had stopped. The hands, his appetite, were pointing nowhere. He felt no need of food and he would not stop for it.

Just, however, as he was about to

close the office door and trudge home a lady alighted from a cab, and, walking swiftly across the pavement, touched him on the arm.

He turned sharply—men who have suffered much at the world's hands are sensitive to a sudden touch—and gazed upon her with his dark eyes.

The lady was closely veiled, and did not speak. She merely pointed to the office door and walked to it.

Mr. Clifford, with a strange feeling at his heart, though he concluded it to be merely one of Mr. Walker's clients, unlocked the door, lit the gas, and set a chair for his visitor, who had discharged the cabman, and followed him in.

"May I have the honor, madam, of inquiring your business?" he asked, in his low, grave voice.

"Mr. Clifford," returned the visitor, raising her veil.

Clarence Clifford started, and his hand grasped the desk beside which he was standing.

"Miss Lucas!" he replied, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, it is I!" she said, looking at him pitifully but with wonderful stealthiness. "You are surprised to see me?"

"I am," he said, simply.

"You are angry, too?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"That depends. Do you mean me ill or well, Miss Lucas?" he asked.

She clasped her hands with fine effect.

"Heaven bear me witness, well!" she replied, with fervor.

A man of few words, as usual, he inclined his head.

Miss Lucas took the hint and explained.

"Mr. Clifford," she said, "I am aware that I may be running against etiquette—nay, even propriety—in thus visiting you. But I cannot help it. My heart has blamed me each day since that I have kept from finding you and saying you."

"Saying me?" he repeated, "from what?"

She sighed.

"From cruel injustice. Listen, sir. Since your departure—shall I say your most insulting dismissal—she noticed that he winced under the word, and repeated it—"Sir Ralph's anger has been more bitter and implacable. He swore to track you and deliver you to justice. A magistrate's warrant is out for your apprehension, and the police are making diligent search."

His face paled and his eyes flashed.

It was some minutes before he could trust himself to speak. Then, in a constrained voice, he repeated:

"Warrant! police! Madam, if you have any pity, explain! Of what do they accuse me?"

"Of theft! petty, disgraceful theft!" replied Miss Lucas.

"Theft!" he repeated, a grim smile rendering the set face still harder, "theft of what?"

"Oh, it is shameful," said Miss Lucas, "but hate makes men mad. They believe that you robbed Miss Melville of her diamond ring."

Clarence Clifford laughed, actually laughed.

"Go on, madam," he said, his teeth tightly shut and a bitter scorn in his eyes.

"You doubt me!" said Miss Lucas.

"I am not surprised, I was prepared for it," and as she spoke she drew from her pocket a handbill, which she opened and displayed.

It was a common police reward bill, offering twenty pounds' reward to any person who should give information leading to the arrest of Clarence Clifford, charged with the robbery of a diamond ring from the person of Miss Melville, of Rivershall, etc., with a long and accurate description of the criminal's appearance.

Clarence Clifford read this as one reads absurd things that appear and disappear in dreams.

Miss Lucas watched him closely the while.

He held the bill down and stared at it.

"Who believes this?" said he, pointing on accusing finger at the abominable thing.

"Alas!" she said, "everyone."

"Does—does," his voice faltered, but with an effort he got it out.

"Does Miss Melville believe that I am the thief—that I stole her ring?"

"She does," said Miss Lucas; "it is cruel, sir, to tell you so, but it is more cruel to keep you in suspense. At first she pledged herself for your innocence, laughed the accusation to scorn, but the facts, sir, the facts."

"What facts?" remained Clarence Clifford, in the same hard voice.

Miss Lucas put up her fine hand and told them off.

"First, the ring was on her finger the day you stopped the horse. Second, it had disappeared after your conversation with her—in fact, after you had helped her from her horse. Third, it was pledged at a pawnbroker's the night of your dismissal by an individual answering in every particular to yourself. Fourth, it was known that you had no money, for you had left your wages upon the hall floor. Fifth, without money you could not have escaped the police. Sixth, you have not offered any explanation of your conduct; and most conclusive of all—everyone—you have not claimed the box of clothes and other property left by you at the hall."

Clarence Clifford fixed his dark eyes upon the cold, gray eyes of his tormentor with a dull stare and put his hand to his head.

"Enough, enough! And she—she thinks me a thief and a scoundrel! Oh, shame, shame!"

"Shame, indeed!" repeated Miss Lucas, eyeing with an affectation of pity the anguish of the broken-hearted man. "Shame, indeed! Oh, Mr. Clifford, these mighty souls are meaner than the brutes when they stoop to injustice and cruelty to those who eat their bread. Be brave, sir, be brave."

He recovered himself with a struggle and confronted her, calm and proud.

"Thank you, madam," he said, in slow set words. "I know not to what I owe this kindness."

"Nay, you have been kind to me," said Miss Lucas, with a sigh; "and are we not similarly placed, sir? We were both dependents. I am still one—we have both suffered, though I in a less degree. I should be ungrateful to my order if I were to let you get into their clutches unwarned, unprepared."

He inclined his head and held out his hand.

"Had I any feeling, madam, had I any room in my heart for any it would be that of gratitude to you! But—but—oh! a thief, shame! shame!"

He groaned for a few moments, then raised his head again.

"And she?" he asked, "tell me is she well, happy?"

(To be continued.)

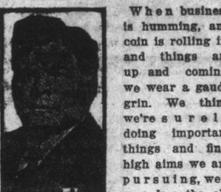
CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little Freezezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezezone for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

FALSE PRIDE.



When a business is humming, and coin is rolling in, and things are up and coming, we wear a gaudy grin. We think we're a u r e l y doing important things and fine, high aims we are pursuing, we'd make a k e the old world shine. With honors we are weighted, our wreaths are multiplied, our bosoms are inflated with false and foolish pride. If we should die to-morrow who would recall our deeds? Our aunts might whoop in sorrow, and wear some sable weeds; some friends might wipe their faces to rid the same of tears, but men would take our places while we held down our bliers. Before the bells ceased tolling, before the dirges stopped, live wires would come a-rolling to take the jobs we'd dropped. Perhaps they'd do things better than ever we have done, the arrogant go-getter would win more fame and mon. I often read old papers, the records of the past, to mark the pridelike capers of men who didn't last. The swelled-up men of forty or fifty years gone by! They charged around, rip-snorty, their fame was wide and high. These haughty men and clever kicked up a startling breeze, and thought they'd live forever in people's memories. But when they died of glanders or gout or Spanish flu, these passing Alexanders made way for Atocha now. Their glowing names have perished, all are forgotten now, the dreams and pride they cherished are dead as Caesar's cow. We are not so essential that men will speak our fame in accents reverential when we have quit the game.

RICHARD HUDNUT THREE FLOWERS TALCUM
 Your choice of the Three Flowers odor presented in the Talcum Powder line of Quality Packages. Delicately scented.



Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

WHEN THE TASK IS ENDED.

When the task is finished, happy those who say:

"He who cherished as a babe is a man to-day!"

She who was our little girl is a woman true.

Sin and shame have harmed them not. We have brought them through."

When the task is ended, in the setting sun

Age must sit and rest awhile, pondering all it's done;

Then the child who's a man and the daughter fair

Pay with pride and happiness for their years of care.

There's no glory like to this, there's no gift from fame

Which excels the children grown, worthy of their name!

Strive for fortune as you may, but as time shall go

It with joy your age shall shine, they shall make it so.

Here's the summit of success, when the race is run;

Not the wealth which you have gained, not the tasks you've done.

But at last to sit and see, all your halcyon grown.

Sturdy men and women true, fit to stand alone.

Bather Breaks His Spine

After Diving a Distance of 20 Feet From a Water Chute.

Toronto, June 15.—Diving a distance of twenty feet from the top of a water chute in the lake on the west side of the Humber River here, yesterday afternoon, Clarence Ludgate, aged 28, of York County, struck his head on the bottom in shallow water with such force as to break his spine. He is now in the hospital, his life being despaired of.

FOR EVERY ILL—MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Murphy's Good Things

HERE!

HERE YOU'LL FIND PRICES THAT SHOUT EXTRA BIG BARGAINS. HERE YOU'LL FIND VALUES THAT CAN'T BE BEATEN AND QUALITY THAT GIVES SATISFACTION. HERE THEY ARE. READ THEM OVER!

KITCHEN SALE



Aluminum Saucepans.
 We cannot recommend any better Pan than the one that you see pictured. It is made of pure aluminum, seamless, and very highly polished.
 Each, 79c. 98c. \$1.49



Enameled Dish Pans.
 When it comes to big values, our store holds the lead. Here's a big, deep, heavily enameled Dish Pan, we are offering this time. Don't miss this bargain.
 Each, 69c.



Aluminum Rice Boilers.
 Two compartments—double boiler, strong riveted handle on each piece. A splendid boiler at a big saving; just the kind and size you will like.
 Each, \$1.49, \$1.79



Aluminum Convex Saucepans.
 These Saucepans are made of aluminum with tight fitting covers. They have the popular oval shape cool, hollow handles; now is your chance to get one of these at a big reduction.
 Each, \$1.59



Aluminum Skellets.
 Housewives will appreciate these superior quality Skellets; made of heavy highly polished aluminum, easily cleaned; a good value.
 Each, \$1.25



Enameled Saucepans.
 A little out of the ordinary in quality for such a low price. Your kitchen is not complete without one of these pans.
 Each, 69c.



Aluminum Kettles.
 By all means take this opportunity to procure one of these fine Aluminum Kettles with close fitting covers, straight side model; an excellent value.
 Each, \$1.98



Pure Aluminum Water Pitchers.
 At last! A Water Pitcher that won't break; made of high quality aluminum, polished outside, bright sun-ray finish inside. The handle is strongly riveted; a life-time of use in one of these.
 Each, \$1.39



Aluminum Percolators.
 Made of strong thick aluminum, in the popular paneled "Colonial" design; a superior percolator, glass tops, oblong cool handle; you will save in the purchase of one.
 Each, \$1.69, \$1.98



A Red Hot Special! Aluminum Dish Pans.
 Deep style, made of heavy aluminum with no seams; a superior article for constant use. It will pay you to invest in one of these pans.
 Each, \$1.79

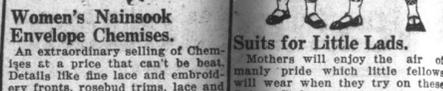


Covered Convex Kettles.
 High grade, highly polished, convex paneled, strong wire ball, wood handle domed polished cover; a preserving time necessity that is useful the year round.
 Each, \$1.29

SUMMER SALE



Women's Nainsook Envelope Chemises.
 An extraordinary selling of Chemises at a price that can't be beat. Details like fine lace and embroidery fronts, rosebud trims, lace and scalloped self-shoulder straps take them out of the ordinary class.
 Special, 98c.



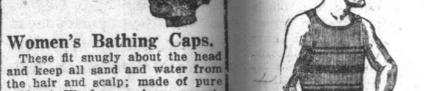
Women's Fine Nainsook Princess Slips.
 A superior quality garment with ribbon run, embroidered top and double self-shoulder straps; choice of White or Peach, in all sizes, from 38 to 44.
 Our Price, 98c. \$1.98



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.



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 Street Dresses.
 Just look at these charming Afternoon 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



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



Pillow Tubing.
 Made of bleached linen; 40 inches wide.
 Per yard, 59c.

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FOREIGNERS... According to... the strike... control, and... taken refuge... two Japanese... King. Some... saved by three... Swedish and Pol... as killed...

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