

REMEMBER THIS

You will never know the joy of living if you are out of health owing to a Poor Stomach or a Lazy Liver. Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, are sure to follow, unless you resort to Abbey's Salt.

Medicine, but a reliable harmless combination that Medical Gentlemen feel confident in recommending.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



It costs so much more to be well dressed than it used to.

And, "It costs so much more to be even presentably dressed than it used to."

For myself, I do not think so. It seems to me that the reason we spend so much more money upon our clothes than we did ten years ago, and are still no better dressed, is largely a matter of ridiculously inflated standards.

What do I mean? Well, let me tell you a little personal experience of my own wardrobe to illustrate.

Some years ago a friend of mine had a pretty black and white check silk for a summer afternoon and dressy house gown. I always admired it immensely and this year decided to have one myself.

I confided as much to my dressmaker.

"But will it be dressy enough for what you want?" she asked.

"I thought the question absurd at the time, but since then I have seen so many women bound on informal calls or shopping expeditions, wearing blue and white or black and white check silks that I have been forced to realize that the gown I planned, under the present style conditions, is proper for a general utility dress, but absolutely impossible for a dress-up gown.

Now, that little incident seems to me to epitomize the reason why it costs so much more to be well dressed than it used to.

It isn't that black and white check silk costs much more than it did ten years ago. It is just because the black and white check silk gown that used to be a rather dressy gown, suitable for afternoon functions, has now

descended to the rank of general utility and street wear gown.

To fill its place as afternoon gown something proportionately above it, of course, be substituted, and in order to maintain its rank as the dressiest dress of all, the evening gown must also become correspondingly more elaborate and expensive.

Do you remember how dressed up you used to feel in your best white waist five or six years ago? It was a dainty little affair, embroidered in lace trimmed, and when you wore it you felt that you could go to a sweet afternoon tea or dine at a high-class restaurant without looking at all dowdy.

To-day in that same waist you would not feel at all dressed up. You put it on for an informal call or a shopping excursion, but you would feel very much underdressed if you wore it to a formal function or to dine at the dressy restaurant.

A woman who knows the question of clothes from A-Z writes in a recent magazine about comparative values in much this same vein:

"One may to-day in Paris buy the identical waists that were for sale ten years ago, at the identical prices; but with the change in fashion has come the corresponding change in the uses to which the same garments are put. The thirty or forty-dollar waist of that period would be very pretty to-day, but one would wear them now where the eight-dollar waists were worn before, in order to be dressed at about the same degree of smartness."

That seems to me to be the crux of the very high cost of dressing well that we complain of to-day.

Not that materials or workmanship are so much more expensive, but simply that we have moved all our standards up one peg.

Will they go up a peg more in the next decade? Will we soon wear fragile lingerie waists in the morning and to business, and take to chiffon and embroidery for simple afternoon gowns?

And if we do, what will be left for our very best evening dresses? And how long are we going to keep up this absurd quickening of the pace?

Seems to me these are a few pretty good questions for home and chat discussion among women.

Ruth Cameron

Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—insure establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

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Fads and Fashions.

Forstian patterns are seen in cotton and silk crepes; sometimes they form the entire garment.

Among the new ribbons are those of solid color edged with silver, gold or some other metallic shade.

Big, wide bows of Chantilly lace, shaped butterfly-like make a very choice trimming for a large hat.

Vests for street suits are of bright

cerise or blue, and are trimmed with black or gilt buttons.

Folds or cordings of Persian silk are favorite trimmings for the blouse of natural pongee.

Bright, iridescent materials will be used just as persistently as in the spring, but always veiled.

A vivid grass green is a favorite lining for the new navy blue velvets so much in vogue this spring.

Hats of Milan straw, closely resembling the pagoda in shape, are among the natty hats for children this summer.

Very smart indeed are the petticoats of black and white checked

No Cough

Have not coughed once all day? Yet you may cough tomorrow! Better be prepared for it when it comes. Ask your doctor about keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Then when the hard cold or cough first appears you have a doctor's medicine right at hand.

taffetas with pipins of bright colored silk.

Handbags of cretonne are among the novelties. A white silk cord takes the place of the customary chain handle.

Flowered net shirred over a white Neapolitan straw hat makes a novel and pretty effect for dressy summer hat.

Red buttons and red embroidery give a note of contrasting color to pongee frocks, whether in blue or in natural color.

Among the novelties in buttons are those of hand-carved ivory and also of pearl. Some of them are mounted in silver.

The assortment of travelling cases of matting is larger than ever. Metal or leather corners do much to save wear on the case.

Fruits are used as ornaments for the dressy coffee-table. Cherries are the favorite, though grapes and other small fruits are seen.

One of the newest rosettes for millinery use is made of tiny flowers which are first sewed into a chain and then wound round the hat.

Huge insects, which cover the entire front of a low necked bodice or embroidered in Oriental colors or ticked out with beads or jet.

Very practical are the one-piece sailor suits made of the black and white checked linens. Emblems embroidered in red are on the sleeves and shield.

Black gloves for the street have wide white bands of stitching; others are stitched with the color, even the seams being sewn with the color.

A great many detachable frills and plaits are in vogue, so that white waists may be worn with different colored skirts and harmonize with them all.

With the barnyard trimmings which are so much sought for, the straw braids, so coarse that one wonders that they hang together, are the first choice.

Patent leather ties with suede vamps in lighter shades are worn on the street. With these stockings are worn that match the walking costume exactly.

Boy Had Fits For 6 Years

Druggist advised DR. A.W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD—Cure complete.

Mrs. J. D. Palmer, 38 Park St., Amsterdam, N. Y., writes: "When six years of age my boy began to have fits. They came on in the night. He would make strange noises, stiffen out, fret at mouth, face would twitch and sometimes turned purple. After the fit it could not talk."

"The family physician said all he could do was to keep him down some what. The second physician pronounced trouble Jeffersonian epilepsy, but could not cure him. He suffered for six years and before beginning the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food had three fits about five days. Our druggist recommended Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. He has taken seven boxes and has no had the symptom of a fit since. His color has greatly improved; he is no nervous and irritable like he used to be and we consider his cure complete."

Such results are only obtained by the use of the genuine Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food—not from imitations or substitutes. 50 cents a box, all dealers. Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Botha's Policy a New National Party.

Pretoria, June 14.—Premier Botha in declaring his policy, said there was no other way possible than to form a government from the governments already existing. Other steps would have been most fatal to South Africa. Investigations clearly proved that the majority did not wish for a coalition ministry. The time had come for starting with a clean sheet. He hoped the old party organizations, especially his own, would be dissolved and amalgamated into a great party with broad, wide principles, named the South African National Party.

Work for Government.

He read a manifesto on various questions confronting the Government. Foremost among these was the task of welding the different races into one great people, and apply sympathetic treatment to natives and colored persons. It should also aim at the encouragement of the white population and prevention of Asiatic immigration. A broad educational policy, consideration of the needs of the workers, their duty to the Empire in regard to defence, the development of industries, mining, land settlement, the encouragement of capital and the opening up of foreign markets.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE. Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER. I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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Ask for Minard's and take no other.

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THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER V. "My Name is Lillian Leigh." (Continued.)

WITH a faint blush, that, as it vanished, seemed to render the pallor of her face more marked, she bent her eyes to the ground again.

Harold, cup in hand, stood over her.

"And you escaped alone! Perhaps—I am almost too excited to think or reason—but it is possible that some of the others are at the next station. The attack, so they tell me, took place near there."

For a moment there was a profound silence, then she raised her eyes and fixed them on his, steadily.

"There is no one there," she said, slowly, in a low, clear voice. "I have been there. The station master was warned, and deserted his post before the stage came up! The place was deserted, and I came here, following the road. I was afraid to remain."

"I see—I see!" he said, hurriedly; "it was wise—you did quite right. But how you achieved your purpose is a marvel! Think of the distance, and your state of mind and body. It is marvelous!"

And again the admiration beamed from his eyes.

"It was the excitement of desperation that gave me strength."

"That, and that only," he said. "But, thank Heaven, you are safe now! When I think that it was a mere chance that induced me to come to the last stage, I feel too thankful for words. Are you sure you cannot sleep—cannot rest?"

"Quite sure," she replied, raising her eyes.

"If you could," he said, "it would be good for you. Pray make an

The long, slim hands twisted together so tightly that the veins stood out upon them in delicate, blue lines.

"Yes," she said, and her voice was so low that he had to bend still nearer to catch it; "yes, there was one other."

Harold's face flushed, then turned pale.

"What was she like? Can you describe her to me? Was she old or young? What was the name?"

Hilda paused a moment.

"She was young, with brown hair and light eyes—I think—I cannot remember."

"An—English woman?" asked Harold, with feverish eagerness.

"No," came the reply, calm and low; "no; she was a Mexican, travelling with her brother."

A curious spasm of emotion, which might have been intense dread or hope, passed across Harold's face.

"Her name—do you know?"

Hilda shook her head.

"No; she did not tell me."

"Then—then," he said, with hurried agitation, "will you tell me yours?"

"Mine," she said, raising her eyes and looking at him steadily, with lips and face a deathly white; "mine is Lillian Leigh."

With a cry of astonishment, of wild delight, Harold sprang to his feet.

"Say it again!" he said.

"My name is Lillian Leigh," she repeated.

With something that sounded like a sob, the strong man hid his face with his hands, and turned aside for a moment, murmuring:

"Thank God! Thank God!"

Then he turned to her, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Don't be frightened. I could not help it, if you knew how I have been searching for you—"

"For me?" she breathed.

"For you—for you!" he went on.

"For a week past I have been tracking your footsteps, sometimes hoping sometimes despairing. A week ago I heard that someone answering to your description had—"

on the

prairie route. I would not wait for the stage, but followed, as you see—followed to hear that the stage had been attacked. To-night, before you came like a vision, I sat brooding over the fatal chance which had snatched you from me at the moment I thought that I had found you. When you entered, I did not dare to hope; I struggled with suggestions that entered my mind; it was not until I saw your face plainly that I dared entertain them. You are Lillian Leigh?"

Moistening her lips, she looked up.

"Yes, I am."

"Then," he said, bending forward, "it is time to declare myself. Miss Leigh, I am Harold Woodleigh, Sir Talbot Woodleigh's nephew."

Without a word, she half rose and looked at him; for years Harold remembered that long-sustained look, with the curious expression in the dark eyes, and times out of number strove to discover its meaning. There was surprise, but not that alone; at times he fancied that there had been something almost of defiance and abhorrence, and a vague, indefinite dread.

But at this moment he was too excited to analyze it, and hurriedly he went on:

"Yes, I am Sir Talbot's nephew. It is he who sent me to find you. It is to him that I am to bring you. Do you know—can you guess—why?"

Advertisement for Asaya-Neurall. Text: THE NEW REMEDY FOR Nervous Exhaustion. Whipping an exhausted nerve system with alcoholic stimulants only shortens the road to physical collapse. The only remedy is Food, Rest and nerve repair. "ASAYA-NEURALL" is and makes possible this cure. It feeds the nerves, induces sleep, improves the appetite and digestion; and soon full nerve vigor is regained. \$1.50 per bottle. Obtain from the local agent. M. CONNORS.

There was a moment's silence; then she said slowly:

"Yes, I think I can!"

"Then you know," he said, "Your mother—"

"My mother," she said, taking up the unfinished sentence and speaking like a machine, in a cold, metallic voice. "My mother was—Lady Woodleigh."

"Your mother was Sir Talbot's wife—"

He stopped abruptly, for suddenly a red, crimson spot started to the white cheeks, and a gleam of pure light shone from the dark eyes.

"Go on," she said hoarsely; "my mother was Sir Talbot's wife—in the sight of Heaven—"

To be continued.

Dr. de Van's French Female Pills

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$3.00 and \$5.00 a box. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.—th&s

Myrick's Idea.

Editor Evening Telegram: Dear Sir,—Now that our twelve aspirants for Municipal honours are lined up and ready for the fray, I hope that the best six may be the chosen six.

In looking over the several addresses and noting the improvements outlined by the candidates as they came thro' the field, there was one idea that struck me very forcibly, that is to have all night soil carried to the sea through the main sewer, instead of having it, as at present, spread over lands adjoining our country roads, endangering the public health, by making those walks, which should be rich with the flower-scented breeze, nauseous with the odours of filth.

Our sewerage system was inaugurated at a great cost to the city, and not to avail of the use for which it was intended seems to me a strange piece of business. Mr. M. W. Myrick suggests that a house be built over or near the starting point of the great northern sewer, and connected with it, where the contents of the night carts be dumped, and by proper flushing carried to the sea. This idea should recommend itself to the incoming Council, and to the advocates of the A. P. C.

In connection with this I would like to tell a sanitary man's story: "One stormy night last winter as the night cars were going by the King's Bridge, they got stuck in the snow banks there, and the men in charge were on the road from one o'clock till six, in the drift and frost, beating a path for the horses to a field a mile and a half distant. Horses and men were half perished as a result." Another condition of things could be remedied by this "All the night soil to the sea" system, is the lateness of the sanitary forces hours, especially on Sunday mornings. I think the city and its sanitary staff as well would hail with pleasure the adoption of the above idea.

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SALVIA is a beautiful, pleasant, non-sticky Hair Tonic, and makes the hair grow beautiful.

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