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THE PANGS OF REMORSE — OR — A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Clarence sprang forward, caught the beautiful, blushing girl to his heart, and, speechless for a moment, poured a hot storm of kisses on her head.

"Look up, my darling," he said, "and make my joy complete. Oh, Lillian, my love, my love! This happiness is almost too great for one man."

She looked up at that with a smile through her tears of joy, and, pointing with one hand to the window, said, brokenly, as the cheers of the crowd rose again:

"Not for one; others can share it with you—even I."

He kissed her again at that arch reply, and then— "Well, let us leave them; lovers' confidences and confidences are sacred."

They lit the bonfire that night, and the flames rose to do battle with the moon. And in both lights, the garnish flames and the peaceful rays, the happy people danced on the green and made merry.

Four huge barrels of home-brewed stout in the tent, and four strong men were in attendance to empty them.

A long table was set up near at hand upon which, with magical regularity and profusion, appeared huge joints of cold beef, pasties and puddings.

"Never were such times as these!" declared a white-haired old man who had labored on the Riverhall soil since his poll had been covered with flaxen, "never were such times, let agitators and unionists say what they might," and the listeners joyfully assented.

Mr. Walker was great on the occasion, and surpassed himself by getting most gloriously intoxicated and very nearly blowing himself sky high with a grand and magnificently assorted display of fire works.

All night the fun went on, and when the sun rose there was still a small crowd upon the place, looking at its reflection in the Hall windows and talking enthusiastically of the new master.

So much for the humbler legends, but now come the more important ones, and for those one of the old Riverhall dinners was announced.

No modern, cramped-up dining room was the grand banquet hall of Rivers-

hall, and Sir Charles, when he issued his invitations had no need to count seats and feel anxious as to standing room.

All the country families were asked, including Lady Besant, who, however, with her son had left for the continent and their return was indefinite.

It was a grand dinner, quite what the old Melville dinners used to be, said those who were qualified to express an opinion upon the subject.

"The finest, grandest, most tremendous spread you fellows ever heard of," said Mr. Dalton, when he got back to town and the smoking room of the club, "and to see Clarence Clifford stand up and reply to Sparkleton's toast was worth a cool thou. He can speak, mind you, and it was wonderful to hear him. I declare, the old boy, Sir Ralph—that was, you know—actually wiped his eye. I saw him though he blew his nose till the glasses rang again. And Claude Ainsley was there, dark as a nigger, and as thick as thieves with Sir Clarence and Miss Melville—they treat him like a brother!"

It was, indeed, all that Mr. Dalton said, and Sir Clarence made a grand speech, but he made a better one afterwards, for, as he stood, when the guests had gone, in the great drawing room, with Sir Ralph on the mat beside him, and Lillian at his elbow, he drew her to him, and, looking into her downcast eyes, said, with a smile:

"Sir Ralph, they are ringing the bells. What for I cannot say; but I should like to give them an excuse for doing it soon!"

And then, as Sir Ralph, laughing, left the room, he drew his beautiful bride-elect closer and whispered:

"How soon, my love, how soon? I have got Riverhall, but it is a hollow casket with the pearl."

CHAPTER XXIX.

So it came to pass that a few weeks after and on a gloriously bright morning strings of villagers on foot and lines of more aristocratic visitors in carriages were making their way to the little church in the hollow, whose bells were caroling to the summer air with mad delight.

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A quiet wedding, Sir Clarence had said, it was to be, but the tenants and friends of the happy pair said otherwise. Ordinary everyday folks with no romance in their lives might be married how they pleased, but, said the Riverhallites, when a Sir Clarence marries a Lillian Melville, 'tis quite a different matter.

If one good woman within shadow of the great Hall quoted that old proverb: "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," assuredly a hundred did, as they opened their lattices and welcomed the king of the heavens.

"This be a proper sort o' morning, Jen, this be," chuckled Mike. "Where be you a-goin'?"

Jem laughed at the absurdity of the question.

"Why, t' church, to see the lassie and t' young master, spliced, o' course; where be you, skipid?"

"So be I," grinned Jen. "Do you remember about t' squire's coffin?"

"Oh, hane t' copin man! That 'ere story'll last you till ye get into yer own. Come along. The missus and all on 'em a-gone up a-dressed out in their best gowns and ribbons like Sammy Sean's hafter that took t' prize. Come along, man. Hark t' the bells!"

"Very quiet, indeed," said Clarence, with a happy laugh. "If this is a quiet wedding, what must a public one be?"

"Ah! ah!" said the squire, rubbing his hands. "Happy times these for Riverhall, Clarence. Where's my darling? Won't you come in?"—for Clarence was standing at the hall door dressed in his blue coat and other bridal array.

"No, that would not be proper; the hall is interdicted to the bridegroom until after church, you know. But I could not withstand the temptation to hover about for a glance of my darling. Ah! there she is coming down," and with a happy nod he stood aside to watch Lillian, who, quite unconscious of his proximity, passed into the breakfast room.

"How happy she looks, sir!" he exclaimed, squeezing the squire's hand; "and how beautiful! There goes the half hour, and here comes some carriage. Good-by till eleven," and he ran off, leaving the squire to look after him with moist eyes.

At seven the little church was full. The carriages of the county families in all their braveries of orange and brocade hammer cloths were drawn up along the road.

The villagers who took the precedence in the matter of seats, were placed near the altar. Two old dames, short in stature and crippled, had been carried to a coil of vanlags by the reading desk, where they could feast their eyes to their hearts' content.

The bishop, a distant connection of the Melvilles, was robing himself in the vestry, the parish clerk and the headle were fusing themselves into perspiration, and the crowd, gentle and simple, were on the tiptop of expectancy.

"I hear the bride is the belle of the country," said the Duchess of Claverworth, who had been driven down in her carriage of state all the way from Claverworth Castle to honor the nuptials. "And the bridegroom is an Apollo Belvidere, the duke says. Is it true?"

"Yes, your grace; Miss Melville is very beautiful, and Sir Clarence is good-looking, I think, but him I have not seen."

"Dear me, they must come to the altar; the duke is so pleased with good-looking people."

The lady with whom she was talking smiled.

"They are very proud, these Melvilles," she said, quietly, "and keep to their own set. But here they are, your grace. What a magnificent pair of grays those are!"

"A wedding present from the bridegroom," whispered a bystander.

Then the crowd outside began to cheer, and the one within to buzz and press forward.

Then the bishop, a benign and, of course, white-haired ecclesiastic, appeared within the altar rails. All heads were turned towards the vestry, and a sudden hush fell as Sir Clarence and Claude Ainsley walked up and took their places.

"He is very handsome, indeed, my dear," murmured the duchess, in an audible whisper.

But then came the bride, and all eyes and admiration were centered on her.

"What a beautiful creature!" thought the gentlemen.

(To be continued.)

PAINS IN BACK AND SIDES

Ended by Taking Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound

Fuslier, Sask.—"For two or three days every so often I would have such pains in my back and sides that I could not do anything—could not even lie quietly in bed, and my head ached, too. I was this way about three years, but was worse after I was married. I was on a farm with not a house nearer than five miles and there was not a person to advise me, as my folks lived in Manitoba. My sister-in-law told me about Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound and I have been thankful for it ever since. After taking the medicine for three months I can say it has helped me a lot and I am doing fine. I am glad to recommend the Vegetable Compound to others and you may publish my testimonial."—Mrs. HELEN BALANOFF, Fuslier, Saskatchewan.

Often some slight trouble will cause a general upset of the system. Such symptoms as nervousness, painful times, irregularity, backache and headache indicate some form of female weakness.

Women so bothered should give Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. This dependable medicine has helped thousands of women and it is reasonable to expect that it will help you. Try it today. Your druggist sells this medicine.

Americans Would Loan to Dominion

U. S. Bankers Will Compete to Secure Business

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—Canada is likely to get "an extraordinarily good price" in New York for the forthcoming Dominion loan, the Evening Sun states.

The Sun says: "Two syndicates now are planning to compete for the forthcoming Canadian loan, it was learned to-day, and other groups may enter the contest a little later. The amount of the issue may be \$150,000,000 thereby becoming the largest foreign loan of the year."

"Canadian bonds rank in a class by themselves and since the bulk of the loan is for the purpose of refunding maturing bonds owned in the United States, competition on the part of the bankers here will be particularly keen. They will not let anything but a major obstacle prevent the flotation of the loan here. It is likely that Canada will get an extraordinarily good price for her bonds."

"The maturing loans consist of \$90,000,000 one year notes, due Sept. 1st, and \$42,000,000 bonds due Dec. 1st. Both are expected to be refunded in one transaction. In April of next year a \$25,000,000 loan becomes due, but it is not probable that an attempt will be made to refund that, now, especially as money in the New York market promises to remain easy."

"The character of surety to be offered by the Dominion Government is not yet known, i.e. whether it will be short term or long term bonds. The \$90,000,000 one notes due September were four percent obligations and were offered at par and interest."

CONFEDERATION LIFE.

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Will Urge 8 Hour Day

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 21.—(Canadian Press)—An eight-hour day, enacted by legislation, will be urged at the 41st annual convention of the Trades and Labor Congress in Ottawa during the first week of next month. The Trades and Labor Congress represents in Canada the international labor movement, and the Congress convention will indicate the eight-hour day, old age pensions, immigration and unemployment as among the matters of national and international importance which still demand "active consideration."

The eight-hour day is at present extensively in force in Canadian industries, but by agreement rather than as a result of law. Back in the days of the Paris peace conference, labor principles were incorporated in the peace treaty recognizing the eight-hour day or a 48-hour week as the "standard to be aimed at."

Subsequently, at the international labor conference held at Washington under the auspices of the League of Nations, a draft convention was adopted providing for an eight-hour day in industry. In that convention representatives of the Canadian Government of the day concurred.

Now, under the League of Nations Covenant, members of the League are merely required to submit the conventions to competent legislative authority for such action as may be deemed necessary to give them effect. And, which is the competent authority in Canada? It is the Dominion Parliament or the legislatures of the different provinces?

Question Up To Provinces. Dominion law officers held that the eight-hour day was a question for provincial and not Dominion legislative action and the convention went over to the nine different provincial governments. Only one, British Columbia, took any action and its action was contingent on the rest of the Dominion following suit. For all practical purposes, therefore, the situation remained as before.

Labor men then pressed for a reference to the Supreme Court of Canada to determine whether the ruling of the Federal law officers was sound. The reference was made and the Supreme Court decided that the only authority of the Dominion Parliament to legislate on the eight-hour day is in regard to servants of the Dominion Government and to territory not within the bounds of any province, such as the Far North. For the rest, which comprises the industrial districts, authority to legislate lies with the provincial legislatures.

It is expected that when the Trades and Labor Congress meets in convention next month the stand taken will be that the Dominion Government should bring down legislation for an eight-hour day ruling. This, it is argued, would be "setting an example" to the provinces. In the meantime an eight-hour day by legislation in all Canadian industries seems likely, whatever than when the International Labor Conference met at Washington in 1919.



"Use It Wherever The Recipe Calls for 'Milk'"



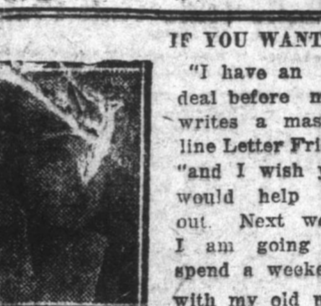
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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.



He's married and I've met his wife. I like her and I guess she hasn't any great objections to me so it isn't that. But they've got a new baby, almost brand new and what I want to know is what I'm going to say when I see it. They think it's something extra special, you understand, and I'll be expected to rave about it and I don't know what to say. I want to say the right thing because I don't want to get in bad, but I'm not up on babies and they look all alike to me, like so many kittens, you know, only more so, because kittens come in different colors and babies don't. Can't you give me a general idea what mothers like to have you say about their babies so I won't be struck dumb or say the wrong things? You might put it in your column because I bet there's a lot of other poor dubs like me that don't have the least idea what they're supposed to say about babies."

As One Says. What shall I tell him. Shall we freeze him with scorn for not knowing that as one star differeth from another to the astronomer so one baby differs from another to anyone with eyes in his head?

Or shall we take pity on him because he hasn't any eyes in his head, recognize the sad fact that there are a million like him, and try to give him some ready-made sure-fire hits for such occasions?

Since we aim to be constructive we are pledged to the latter course, so here goes:

Things To Say About The New Baby. "Say, isn't he big! How old is he? Only two months. Why I'd have thought he was at least four!"

"Hasn't he got nice features!" (I am using "he" for the sake of convenience. Substitute "she" when suitable, of course. Always find out the sex in advance and do not offer the supreme insult of calling the baby "it.") Nothing enrages a mother more.

"Doesn't he look like his father, his mother, his sister, his Uncle Jim, his grandfather." (Just fill in any relative in good standing and do not be afraid that a resemblance to this small red faced mite will be regarded as an insult by his parents or any relative involved.)

"I bet he's cunning in his tab."

"You'd know he was a boy wouldn't you," (but do not say "you'd know she was a girl," this somehow doesn't awake the same enthusiasm.)

"I'll bet she is going to have curly hair." (You can say this and get by with it even if there are only three strands and they are straight as an Indian's.)

His Mother Will Go In From Here. If he opens his eyes and looks about you can say: "Just look at him, he knows everything that is going on here!" (This is an excellent because it will start the mother and you will not need to say anything more for some time.)

Of course it isn't necessary to say all of these things, and of course little judgment is helpful, but I think you can go very far wrong with them.

Don't play tag with your health. Have your home plumbed the right way. It ought to be worth as much to keep well as it is to get well. RING 1567

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