

Escaped Operation For Piles

THESE are the kind of letters we are receiving almost daily in regard to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for Piles. Surgical operations are usually quite unnecessary, and in some cases Dr. Chase's Ointment has effected cure after operations had failed.

Mr. Samuel Parker, Fruit-grower, Grimsby, Ont., has made the following declaration before Mr. W. W. Kidd, Notary Public of the same place:—"I do solemnly declare that I was troubled with bleeding Piles, and was advised to go to the hospital to have an operation performed. My wife said 'No; get a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment.' I did so, and have used it according to directions while living in Manitoba, and obtained a complete cure, for I have never been troubled with Piles since. I am now seventy years of age, and want to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all sufferers from Piles."

Mrs. T. Pierce, Oak Bay, Charlotte County, N.B., writes:—"About five years ago I had a very severe attack of Piles. In fact, I had suffered from them for years, but never had so bad an attack as this one. I was obliged to remain in bed and suffered excruciating pains. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital and be operated on, as they were so bad that nothing else would cure them but an operation. At this time I heard that Dr. Chase's Ointment was a good treatment for Piles, and began to use it. I persisted in its use until cured, and know that it saved me from a surgical operation."

This statement is vouched for by Rev. Thos. Pierce, Methodist minister, Oak Bay, N.B.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

60c a box, all dealers, or E.C. Mansson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Substitutes are offered because the profit is greater. They fail to give the desired results. Trade supplied by GERALD S. DOYLE, 309 Water Street, St. John's, Agent for Nfld. Send for price list and free samples.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was about eighteen months later, when, one day, at luncheon-time, a station-fly drove up to the Court.

"Why who's that?" said Carrie, for she and Ricky were spending the day at the Court, as they often did. Heroncourt rose from the table and went to the window.

"Why, it's Dartford!" he exclaimed—"I mean Lord Erith."

"Yes, I saw him," said Purley in his old, quiet way; his eyes were as keen as ever.

"Dartford!" exclaimed Ricky, and he hurried out into the hall after Heroncourt.

It was Dartford right enough as buoyant and smiling as ever, and like a red Indian for tan.

"Yes, it's me," he said—grammar had never been Dartford's strong point. "Just come over. Surprise visit. I've got news for you. Came down here straight. How well you two chaps are looking!"

"Come in," said Heroncourt, when he and Ricky had done wringing Dartford's hand. "Both The Sisters are here"—it was a double title which the county had bestowed on Carrie and Maida long since.

"Dartford was hailed in, and received a warm welcome from Maida and Carrie, and as warm, though a very quiet one, from Purley.

"My word!" exclaimed Dartford, looking from Maida and Carrie to Heroncourt and Ricky; "you two chaps are lucky ones!"

Heroncourt and Ricky glanced proudly at their wives, who blushed, but smiled at the compliment.

"When I saw your portraits in the Sketch I said they must be flatteries. But for once the photographer was out of it. You'll excuse the candour of a rough backwoodsman, Lady Heroncourt and Mrs. Clark."

"Oh, they'll excuse you," said Heroncourt. "They know you—by repute, I've told them about you; but you ought to be ashamed of yourself, raising the blush of vanity to the faces of two staid matrons."

"Ah, yes, I've got to see those two babies directly," said Dartford. "I've got a little present for each other. I'll give it to 'em after lunch. I'm as hungry as a hunter. Fire away with all the news while I'm stoking."

There was a good deal of laughter over that lunch, for Dartford seemed to be in even more than his usual brilliant spirits, if possible, and rattled away like a school-boy. But when the meal was over and the servants had gone, he took a small parcel from his coat pocket, and, unrolling the wrappings of tissue paper,

produced a couple of children's ivory rattles.

"There are my presents for your kiddies," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

They looked like quite ordinary rattles, such as one buys in the Lowther Arcade; but Maida, as she thanked him, looked curiously at hers, and said:

"Why, how heavy it is! And how funny the bells are! Look, Mr. Purley."

He took the thing, glanced at it, and said in his quiet way:

"Gold; made out of the rough nugget."

"Right you are, old man!" said Dartford. "Trust an old digger to spot the yellow stuff! Yes; it's gold—and it comes from the Dartford estate!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise and delight, and Dartford looked round, nodding and smiling.

"It's a true bill, Heroncourt," he said. "We struck it while we were making the foundations for a larger house; the stuff was there right under our feet. You don't want any more money, I know, you're offish enough, but you can guess it made me yell. It's the first bit of luck that ever befell our family, and I'm making the most of it."

They all shook hands with him—the ladies included—and congratulated him; and presently the two bonnie boys were brought down and Dartford thrust a costly rattle into the hand of each. There was so much excitement over the news that not until the close of the evening was Heroncourt able to have a quiet chat alone with his partner.

They went to the terrace and sat themselves in a couple of deck-chairs and smoked their cigars for a time in that silence which indicates some-

thing like perfect happiness; then, presently, Dartford said:

"By George, old man, you fell on your feet, both you and Master Ricky. What rot they talk when they say life isn't worth living! They ought to see you and him, with youth and strength and no end of money—"

"And the women we love," said Heroncourt, very quietly.

"Right you are, old man!" assented Dartford. "I was coming to that, but I ought to have put it first. 'Lord! little did I think—or you either, for that matter—that those two girls were at Milda Wolda within a day's ride of you! Quite a romance, eh?'"

"Yes," said Heroncourt. Then he added, gravely: "I had a letter from Mrs. Broseley."

"Ah, yes," said Dartford, as gravely. "Poor woman! She was terribly cut up; for he was her son after all, her only son."

"How did it happen?" asked Heroncourt. "She did not give me any particulars."

"Oh, it was in a drunken bout. In Melbourne. He and Black Jake met—"

"Black Jake!"

"Yes. Both men had been drinking heavily; they met in one of the low pubs and started quarrelling at once. At the trial Black Jake wanted to make out that Robert Broseley drew first; but anyway, Jake shot Broseley, shot him dead. It was the kind of ending that might have been expected for the man, for he was a bad lot, and, if the mother and father could only see it, it was a blessing in disguise. You'll see her over here presently. She's a dear good soul, and she and my wife have taken to each other tremendously."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Heroncourt, turning to him with astonishment.

"Yes," said Lord Erith, to give him his proper title, very slowly and looking steadily into Heroncourt's eyes; "I've kept the most important bit of news—that is, most important for me—till we were together quietly. I've married Lucy."

Heroncourt held out his hand without a word.

THE END.

The Sound of Wedding Bells

—OR—

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER I.

"So I was—so I ought to be, I'm afraid," rejoins his companion. "But something has happened, and I exchanged."

"No! Really!" ejaculates Sir Archie, his blue eyes wide open. "Come into some money, old boy? Congratulate you!"

And he seizes the other's hand and wrings it heartily.

"Wait a minute," with a faint smile, "scarcely that. I—in fact it is too long a story to tell you here. Where are you staying, if you are staying here?"

"At the Hotel de Vincit," replies Sir Archie. "Where are you?"

"At the same place," is the response. "That is, I went and ordered a room, but it is a chance if they have one. I only arrived a few hours, say two, ago. Fact is I forgot the carnival."

"No, really! You didn't come on purpose? But I forgot, you don't care for this sort of thing. Never did."

"Not much," assents the other. "No, I came here because it was a good deal out of my way."

"A—good deal—out—of—your way!" echoed Sir Archie, amazed; then he laughs his frank, light-hearted laugh.

"But there, that is just like you! A good deal out of your way! And where were you going, old man?"

"To England," returned the other, staring at the crowd absent. "I am going on business. Some business I can't understand yet, and that is why I am shirking it."

"Really. And you came round by Rome. Just like you, just the old man as in days of yore. And how long are you going to stop? You must stop and see this out, you know—oh, though! you don't care for it, do you?"

"Not much," assents the other. "How long? Perhaps a few hours, perhaps a day or two. But I'm keeping you. Where were you going when I met you? Judging by the serious, business-like look on your face, you were on some errand intent? What was it?"

Sir Archie blanches—like most fair men the tell-tale color is always near his face.

"I—I was going to buy a lantern," he remarks, in a would-be careless tone, which does not for a moment deceive his companion, who stares at him with grave regard.

"A lantern! What on earth—Oh, I see, some fair lady," and he laughs. Sir Archie laughs, too, but not so easily. "I might retort on you, Archie. Just the same as in the days of yore! Always impressionable, always got a little flirtation on. And who is it this time? Some dark-haired Roman matron?"

Sir Archie laughs and shakes his head.

"If you mean it is a Roman lady for whom I am buying a lantern—then he breaks down and laughs again. "No, old man, it's an English girl. Don't laugh!"—for a smile is breaking out on the grave face—

"I'm serious this time. Such a beautiful creature, old fellow; the most beautiful girl you ever saw, and the most bewitching. By Jove, she might be a Roman, considering her grace and wit, and that sort of thing. Oh, I'm awfully hit, I give you my word."

"Poor Archie!" remarks the other. "How many times in my recollection have you been 'awfully hit'? And it was always serious, too; perhaps too serious for the hitters! You generally loved and rode away. It has always been a marvel that you haven't been involved with at least half a dozen breaches of promise. How do you escape?"

"Because I am not worth it," says Sir Archie. "But, seriously, old fellow, I wish you wouldn't take it in a laughing spirit. This is serious! It is awfully serious! And as for breaches of promise, Jove! I wish she'd let me go so far; but she won't! No, old man, I'm a dead soldier from henceforth—I am, indeed."

"Until some fresh charmer revivifies you," retorts the other, rather absently. "Well, I congratulate you. And who is this marvel of wit, grace, and loveliness?"

Sir Archie draws near, then pauses. "Better not mention names," he says, with remarkable caution. "Get picked up by this crowd, you know. If you come to the hotel—you will, of course—I'll put you up, if they can't; I've got a suit, you'll see her."

"All right," assents the other. "And now, my dear fellow, if you don't want to render your suit quite hopeless, don't you think you'd better buy that lantern?"

"The lantern! Yes, of course. You don't mind my leaving you? Look here, I tell you what! you go straight to the hotel and—"

"All right," breaks in the grave voice. "Never mind me. We shall meet, as Shakespeare says, 'when the hurly-burly's over.' Away with you!" and with a gentle push and a grasp of the hand, he thrusts him into the crowd.

Sir Archie seizes one of the paper lanterns dangling to a stick, and proceeds to fight his way back to the hotel. What with his anxiety to lay his trophy, complete and unbroken, at the feet of his goddess, and the fact that the crowd is now setting against him, it is some time before he reaches his destination; and when he does, it is without his soft tourist hat, and with a flushed and generally disheveled appearance, which, as his is the beauty which can stand that kind of treatment, rather becomes him than otherwise.

Panting, but triumphant, he enters the room, and makes his obeisance before Mrs. Fermor.

(To be Continued.)

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A JAUNTY BLOUSE.



2189—This style is good for flannel, serge, crepe-volle, satin, silk and crepe de Chine. The fronts are gathered to yoke extensions of the neck. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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2170—This model is unique and practical. It is made with reversible closing, and its fullness is held by a belt that fastens at the centre back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Deep, ample pockets trim the fronts.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 3 yards at the foot.

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A List of Odds and Ends

which customers says they often have difficulty in getting in many stores, but which we always have. Coats' Celebrated White Crochet Cotton, all numbers, 9c. ball. Coats' Re-crisper White Crochet Cotton, all numbers, 15c. ball. Mendings for Silk and Lisle Hose, all colours, 5c. card. Mending Wools, best quality, all colours, 2c. card. Wood Button Moulds, in leading sizes. Black Bordered Handkerchiefs. Mourning Hat and Arm Bands. Ladies' Sanitary Goods, Rubber Sheetings. Solid Alcohol Stoves and Refill Tins. Patent Leather Belts for Ladies' Coats and Costumes. Pipe Cleaners (Wire and Chenille), 3c. per dozen only. Manicure Goods: Files, Orange Sticks, Buffers, Nail Polish, etc. Face Powders in best makes at lowest prices. Gossmith's Choice English Perfumes such as Phulhana, Hasu-no-Hana, Florodora, Shem-el-nessim, etc.

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The Evening Telegram is the People's Paper.

Shipments of Sea Products

The following is a statement of fishery products shipped from Newfoundland last month:

FROM OUTFORTS:
To Europe . . . 43,191 qts.
To U. S. . . . 40,233 qts.
To Canada . . . 1,836 qts.
To France . . . 3,205 qts.

Also:
To Canada . . . 7,026 barrels
To U. S. . . . 2,536 barrels
To U. S. . . . 3,472 pounds

FROM ST. JOHN'S:
To Europe . . . 18,258 qts.
To W. Indies . . . 4,700 qts.
To U. Kingdom . . . 6,901 qts.
To U. S. . . . 56 qts.

Total . . . 89,802 qts.

Also:
To U. Kingdom . . . 500 qts.
To U. S. . . . 1,956 qts.

Total . . . 2,456 qts.

Also:
7244 Bris. herring.
421 Bris. turbot.
49 Bris. codroses.
1/2 Bris. squid.
1/2 Bris. caplin.
46 Bris. salmon.
52 Tierces salmon.
316 1/2 Tuns cold oil.
215 1/2 Tuns cod liver oil.
328 1/2 Tuns seal oil.
10 Tuns cod liver oil and seal.
5 1/2 Tons seal stearine.
15230 Lbs. cod liver oil and seal.
7396 Lbs. cod liver oil and seal.
73783 Lbs. seal stearine.

Magisterial Inquiry

INTO MOTOR CAR TRAGEDY AT MANSLAUGHTER CHASE.

The preliminary inquiry into motor car tragedy, which occurred on the Goulds Road on Sunday afternoon, August 25th last, and in which Mrs. Theodore Chafe and her 17-year old son Douglas lost their lives, began at three o'clock yesterday afternoon at the Magistrate's court before Judge Morris.

Private John Parker, who is charged with manslaughter, was present with his counsel, Mr. V. J. Hill, Mr. C. H. Hutchings, C.C. De Minister of Justice, and Mr. J. A. McNelly, on behalf of the Crown. Dunfield, B.L., representing the husband of the woman who was arrested, and the accused, and press representatives.

Two witnesses were examined by Mr. Hutchings, C.C. The first was Mr. Francis H. Baour, mayor at the Crown Law office, submitted a plan which he took the surroundings where the tragedy occurred. The next to be sworn was Battalion Sergeant Major J. H. Grier, who was in company with the accused on the day in question, seated in the front part of the motor car at the time of the tragedy. Messrs. Gardner gave a detailed statement of all that happened.

There was no cross-examination either witness. By consent of counsel for prosecution and defence the inquiry was set down for further hearing on Friday afternoon.

McMurdo's Sterno

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5, 1917. McMurdo's Menthol Sterno has the reputation, which is doubtless well deserved, as being the most potent, as richest in the essential ingredients, Menthol; and to this they may be regarded as the best which best exhibits the pain relieving and soothing qualities of menthol, which are very well known. Each plaster enclosed in an air-tight envelope which keeps the strength intact. Price 25c.

Mentholated Bronchial Tablets. Menthol in another line—as a healing antiseptic for bronchitis and irritation, and for slight roughness of throat. Admirable for the cough. Price 20c. a box.

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