

### CUTICURA HEALS SKIN TROUBLE

Eruption On Face, Itched and Burned. Lost Rest.

"A small, sore eruption broke out on the side of my face and kept spreading until it was the size of a quarter. It was rough and scaly, and at times I was most crazy with the itching and burning. I lost my rest at night, and my face was terrible to see."

"I tried different remedies without any benefit. A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some, and after using one box of Cuticura Soap and one box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Eleanor Beckman, Springdale, Mont., Jan. 19, 1922.

Rely on Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to care for your skin. Supply each bottle with full directions. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. Soap and Ointment are sold in 10-cent boxes. Cuticura Soap always with full directions.

## An Indispensable Favorite

### Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Well, there was some little misunderstanding," Mr. Davison says, faintly, "about a very trifling matter—can be put to rights in a moment—but Dallas—Mr. Dallas—Captain Glynn, I mean—was very much displeased—a most trifling cause, I assure your ladyship—very confidentially to Lady Pentreath—and I left her last night or this morning."

"And his present address, please?" the younger lady asks, with a flash of her eyes, opening her silver card-case and taking out the pencil.

"Captain Glynn left no address, madam," Mr. Davison answers, sourly, seeing that neither his bows nor smiles nor his personal appearance produce any effect on these rigid members of the British aristocracy. "He will call for letters, doubtless, either to-day or to-morrow; and if you or Lady Pentreath have a letter or message, it shall be delivered to him instantly."

"I have left my card," the countess says briefly, looking at her companion, and not at Mr. Davison. "We can do no more, Isabella."

"No," agrees Isabella, watching Mr. Davison very keenly. "If you will please give Captain Glynn Lady Pentreath's card and message, that will be all."

She inclines her head slightly—the countess has already moved on—and they both sweep out to their carriage again, leaving Mr. Davison staring after them and gnawing his mustache recklessly, to the great detriment of the shining brown cosmetic with which it is dyed and glossed.

"I've a dashed good mind to pitch my lady countess' card into the fire, and say nothing about either it or her message!" he mutters, savagely. "I will, too, if that stuck-up boggler, my Lord Dallas, cuts up rough with me the next time he shows up here!"

## WOMAN'S HEALTH RESTORED

She Claims Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did It After Everything Else Failed

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "I feel that I ought to let you know about my case. I was ailing and could hardly do my housework and washing. I was so run-down, just from having one child. I took a lot of medicines and had doctors. Then I gave up all up and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I feel wonderfully good now. I am every year younger and feel like a new woman. I am thankful for what the Vegetable Compound has done for my health and for my family."—Mrs. Mary Sauerbeck, 944 22nd Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"Letters like these testify to the value of the Vegetable Compound. These women speak from the fullness of their hearts. They describe as correctly as they can their conditions. First, those symptoms that affected them most conspicuously; and later the disappearance of those symptoms. They are sincere expressions of gratitude. For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been praised by women."

chit of a lady wife and his countess and duchess! I don't care a fig for the whole bill' of 'em!"

"We can do no more, Isabella," the countess repeats, wearily, as the carriage rolls homeward. "I am very much disappointed. I wished so much to see Dallas Glynn again! His poor, little wife, too! You must go over to Rutland Gardens after dinner, Isabella, if he does not come, and explain the delay to her. Poor child!" Lady Pentreath says, sadly. "She is counting the hours until she sees him, I suppose!"

She is counting the hours—nay, the very minutes she had turned into a gigantic sum, from which she joyfully subtracts every ten that pass.

She has had his room prepared for him, and has stolen in herself after the housemaid has gone, to put fresh roses in the delicate pink specimen glasses that stand here and there, to fill the massive cut-glass toilet bottles with perfume, and to place some of his favorite poets and novelists' work on the writing table and cabinet shelves. As she stands at the door for a final glance at the dainty apartment all delicate pink china and white lace, embroidered linen, snowy fur rugs, and crimson carpeting, she tells herself that Dallas cannot help being pleased with his room. It looks charming, and it is sure to be much nicer than any room Dallas has occupied lately, even at the Baltimore Hotel.

It is certainly much nicer than Captain Glynn's present apartment—a dingy "tidy" room, a second-hand back in a "decent" street near Theobald's Road—a street the aspect of which is suggestive of a model convict prison in the vicinity—where, on a small iron bedstead fronting a narrow painted, wooden washstand, Dallas Glynn is lying helplessly from a badly sprained ankle, for which he has to thank a hasty omnibus conductor and some greasy mud—out of a situation, homeless, friendless, and with six pounds in the world between him and destitution.

And the next day comes, and the next and the next, but no message or letter from Dallas Glynn reaches any one.

His poor, young wife has written twice to him—tender and beseeching letters, begging even for his address. Lady Pentreath has written, and finally mademoiselle has called at the hotel. But Mr. Davison only informs her curtly that all letters addressed to Captain Glynn are lying there awaiting for him, but he has never called or sent for them.

"And I guess I don't expect he will call here again," adds the manager, with disagreeable significance. "It is five days later than the day on which he had left his situation at a few hours' notice, in consequence of the unbearable insolence of Davison, the manager, when Captain Glynn, pale and ill, gets feebly out of a cab and limps into the hotel office with the aid of his stick."

"Any letters for me, Mr. Marsh?" he asks, briefly, but civilly. "Mr. Davison has your letters, Mr. Dallas," Marsh replies, glancing with a hurried, uneasy look into the inner office and avoiding Captain Glynn's eyes. "Mr. Dallas has called for my letters, Mr. Davison," he says, putting in his head and speaking in a queer, dubious voice.

"They are all afraid of their lives through this vulgar bully," Dallas thinks, with bitter contempt.

"All right!" the gentleman in the inner office responds, coolly; and, walking out presently, with a patronizing smile he hands Dallas three letters. "There you are," he says, evasively. "What's wrong with your leg—hurt it?"

"Thank you," Dallas says, quietly, taking the letters and ignoring Mr. Davison's questions. "These are all!"

He cannot keep the tone of sharp pain out of his voice. He does not know that his enemy was waiting to hear it, and is gloating over it and the look of blank dismay that is in his eyes; for a dagger seems to quiver in his breast at the sight of those letters. He knows the writing of all three—one is from a man who owes him money and pays him in apologies, the others are from acquaintances about an appointment to dine at the Exhibition. Not one line from his wife, Yolande.

"Yes; did you expect more?" Davison asks, with insolent amusement in his subtle eyes. Dallas does not answer this question

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either, being almost speechless from the shock of his cruel disappointment. "She repeated of her generosity; or perhaps my mother talked her out of it!" he thinks, setting his lips hard lest he should betray himself by a word or a sigh.

"Thank you. Good-morning," he says, very quietly, in a low voice, and then goes away without a word or a question more.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

One week later Lady Pentreath has bidden Yolande "a last farewell," as she herself says, and gone back to Wales to die. The doctors can do nothing for her; they tell her so in effect, though they still affix to "remedial measures" and to "keep very quiet." And Dr. Sutherland Smith is to "run down" to Pentreath Place in the course of next month. But the truth remains the same—she has gone home to die.

"And I have but two regrets, Isabella," she says, discussing her condition calmly—she who used to exhaust the resources of medical skill at every fresh hypochondriacal fancy. "One, the greatest, is that I have not made a better use of my life and my opportunities."

"You have been good and kind and charitable, chere comtesse," Isabella protests, earnestly, with something like honest emotion, while tears dim her eyes. "You have been patient and amiable and forgiving to every one!"

"I have been an unprofitable servant, Isabella!" the countess says, gravely, "and my few poor efforts to atone for the wasted years I trust will be graciously received. If I had tried to comfort others, I should have been comforted myself. If I had tried to satisfy the afflicted soul, light would have arisen on the darkness of my lonely path. You must do better than I, Isabella. You have been a faithful friend and companion to me, I know, and I am grateful to you for it. Whatever were the motives that prompted you to devote your time and thoughts to me—whether from a sense of duty, mercy, or kindness or heart, or ambition—you have been both kind and faithful in your services, and I will try to reward you when I am gone. Would you like to know what I have bequeathed to you, Isabella, or would you rather wait until my will is read, after my funeral?"

"I don't want to know anything about it!" Isabella answers, bursting into tears, and sobbing agitatedly, for she is both ashamed and frightened. "I don't want to hear you speak about your death and your funeral; it cuts me to the heart! You are the best and kindest friend I have ever had in my life, and—and—I cannot bear to think of losing you! I want to stay with you always—as long as I live!"

(To be continued.)

## La Grippe

Pneumonia and Colds exhaust in the short period of their course more of the nerve tissues of the body than weeks of hard work. After them take

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Distributed by

Paul S. Doyle

sept 21, 21



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### JAMES VARDY, Cliff's Cove.

## Romance of the Red Shield.

How the Rothschilds Rose to Wealth and the Power that Riches Give.

It was a sordid, evil-smelling street in the Frankfort Ghetto that the dazzling fortunes of the great house of Rothschild were cradled in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Their founder was Meyer Anselm, son of a poverty-stricken dealer in ornaments, who took his name from the Red Shield (Roth Schild) which hung, as a trade-sign, in front of his modest shop.

Before he had reached his twelfth birthday young Meyer was known far beyond the limits of the Judengasse for his business astuteness. He was a collector of coins and curios, and was able to drive a better bargain than men of three times his years. But he quickly found Frankfort and curio-collecting too cramped a sphere for his ambition; and, packing up his few belongings, he started one day, with a stout stick and a stouter heart for companions, on the long tramp to Hanover. There the bright-faced lad soon found a place in the office of a banker.

First Steps to Success. By hard work and thrift, he managed to save the capital which enabled him to return to Frankfort in a position to start as a dealer in bullion, curios, coins, and bills of exchange on a large scale.

Customers and wealth began to pour in on him so rapidly that, within a few years, the son of the Ghetto was recognized as the wealthiest man in Frankfort, and was dubbed the "Honest Jew," a title which pleased him more than his reputation for riches.

Those were the troublous times when Napoleon was flooding Europe with the horrors of war, and when great thrones were tottering and falling on all hands. When the destroying armies at last threatened Hesse Cassel, Landgraf William thought it high time to seek refuge in flight. In his hurry to pack up and be off, he had no time to secure his cash, which he had only too glad to leave in the hands of his banker, though probably he had misgivings as to seeing it again. It was safer, he thought, in the hands of Rothschild than in those of Napoleon.

Autocrat of Finance. The sum thus left to the Jew's custody amounted to £250,000, and Meyer was quick to see that, at a time when coal was so scarce and in such universal demand, it only required a cool head and sound judgment to turn this capital to considerable advantage.

To Napoleon himself he lent large sums at high interest; the Danish Government came to him as a suppliant for loans; and he made £150,000 by acting as the agent of the British Government in transmitting money supplies to Wellington in the Peninsula. For several years towards the close of his life this once despised son of the Ghetto was the financial autocrat of Europe, in a position to influence the destinies of the greatest nations on earth.

When the Landgraf was restored at length to his small kingdom, Meyer was dead. His eldest son, Anselm, returned to the prince his £250,000, with interest. It is said, at five per cent—a circumstance which so delighted the young banker knight, on the spot, and led to an opportunity of introducing him to his friends among the sovereigns of Europe as the most trustworthy of bankers.

At For Each And Each For All.

Of the five sons of Meyer, Anselm remained in charge of the Frankfort house; Solomon established a branch at Vienna; Nathan had already achieved great prosperity in England; Charles made Naples his headquarters; and James, the youngest son, migrated to Paris—each son, in a different land, thus setting himself to work to make the house of the Red Shield the greatest financial power in Europe.

Since then, each generation of Rothschilds has helped to swell the family riches, and has continued the same traditions of financial skill and scrupulous fair dealing; the blood of Meyer Anselm, the child of the Ghetto, has been allied with that of some of the proudest of our noble families—and to-day the Rothschilds, still presenting a united front, are incomparably the wealthiest family in Europe, and probably in the world.

For that empty 'tween-meals feeling, try a Banana Royal at the Blue Puttee. This is the dish which American's refer to as "New England Boiled Dinner." It is both delicious and satisfying. Try it after the show to-night. sept 21, 21

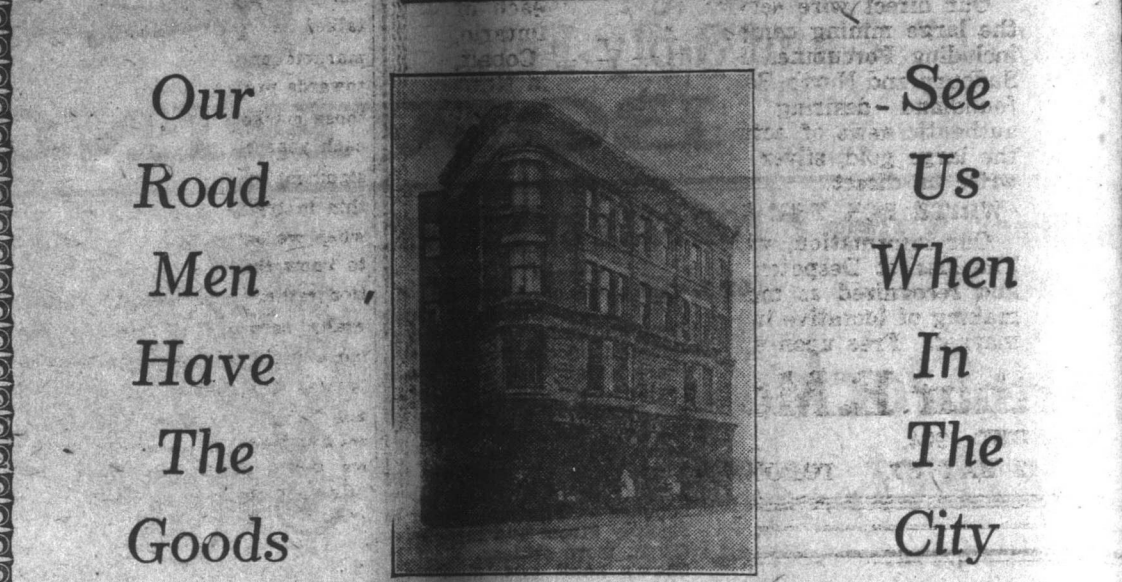
## Household Notes.

If you do not wish to take the time to stuff tomatoes for baking, merely slice off the tops, sprinkle with bread-crumbs, add a little butter, salt and pepper to each and bake.

Set aside a small can, with a cover, for the sole purpose of melting chocolate. As the can will not have to be washed out after every using a great deal of chocolate will be saved.

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- BROOCHEES.
- PINS.
- THIMBLES.

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