

ERASMIC Tooth Paste!



The disfigurements and consequent aches and pains of the teeth, with all the ill-health they may threaten, are avoided by a constant cleansing and purification with ERASMIC TOOTH PASTE. It has flavour, fragrance and bars the way of the insidious dental germs.

Agent:
T. B. CLIFT, Water St., St. John's.

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE; Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER X.

"They seem to be harsh words. I said them first in the heat of anger; I repeat them now with the utmost calmness. It is an insult for you to ask me to marry you."

"Because I am humbly born?" he interrogated.

"Yes," she replied; "and it is like sacrilege in my eyes for you to offer to take my name."

"The name you hold in honor," he said, with a bitter laugh. "Ah, Lady Iris, if honor makes you so proud, give me dishonor with true humility. If you will speak but one kind word, even in farewell, I shall forget everything that you have said."

"I do not wish you to forget it, Mr. Bardon," she answered. "I wish you to remember what I have said."

"I will do so—I shall have your wish. I will remember it every day of my life. I will even go further—I will remind you of it, Lady Iris, when you will least care to remember it. I will bring it back to your memory ward for word."

He drew nearer to her.

"Your pride has triumphed, Lady Iris. You have rejected me with scorn. If you had treated me kindly, I might have been happy again in time; now I shall never be happy. But I shall have my revenge. You will think it unmanly of me to speak of revenge to a woman; but you have not been a gentle, pitiful woman to me. You have treated me with harshness and contempt; and I swear that when the time comes I will use my power without mercy."

"I am not afraid of your threats," she said, calmly.

He stretched out his hand, and gathered some of the almond-blossoms that had touched her face.

"I will keep this," he remarked. "It will die; but even the withered leaves will be to me a memento. They will serve to remind me of the most cruel and scornful words ever uttered by a

woman. I will keep my grief locked up in my heart, Lady Iris; it shall not be paraded for you to laugh at."

"I have no wish to laugh at it," she replied.

"I—I thought I was stronger," he said, hoarsely—his rage was fast overpowering him. "My self-control is vanishing; I do not wish you, Lady Iris, to see my humiliation and despair. Will you leave me here?"

"Yes," she replied slowly, "I will go."

"Go back to your friends, your lovers, and your triumphs. Laugh at the low-born man whose presumption you have punished, whose love was an insult to you. Go quickly, if you would go safely. Your presence maddens me!"

From that moment John Bardon was a changed man; his love had turned into hate. He had but one desire now, and it was for vengeance. He must humble her pride and make her suffer, even as she had made him suffer. He would live for that object alone.

CHAPTER XII.

When John Bardon walked back to the Chandos mansion, he carried a spray of almond-blossoms in his hand. His sister Marie saw him as he entered the side door, and went to meet him. "After one glance at his face, she knew all. She took his hand in hers."

"Where have you been, John? Lady Selwyn wanted to play a game at cribbage with you."

She stopped abruptly, for he raised his hand with a passionate gesture.

"Hush, Marie—hush! Do not talk to me now of trifles! I am like a man standing in the Valley of the Shadow of Death!"

"Has Lady Iris rejected you?" she whispered.

"Yes," he said hoarsely.

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"My dear John, you will be ill. Let me go to your room with you and talk to you; you will break down, I am sure. What is this?" she added, touching the almond-blossoms.

"A silent witness," he replied. "No, do not come with me, Marie. I am a desperate man—I am better alone."

"If I could but comfort you—if I could but help you, John!" she cried.

He turned his haggard face to hers. "You can help me," he said. "Help me to get away from here without

seeing any of them. Will you, Marie?"

"I will do anything you wish," she replied.

"Tell the earl to-morrow that my father sent for me on urgent business, and that I left early in the morning, before any one was up."

"Will you go before any one rises, John?"

"Yes; I could not meet the gaze of one of them. Good-by, Marie."

"She clung to him with weeping eyes.

"John, let me comfort you, let me help you!"

"No; I must bear my own pain. It may be a long time before I see you again. This place is accursed to me!"

He kissed her and left her; and the last she saw of her brother for a long time was as he went slowly up the great staircase with the almond-blossoms in his hand.

The next morning she delivered her message to Lord Caledon, who received it with due courtesy, saying little, for he knew well what had happened.

"A beautiful woman is something of a scourge after all," he said to himself. "How many good and brave men have suffered for love of my daughter's fair face!"

When Marie Bardon went home, she found that her brother had left Hynes Court, and that her mother was more bitter than ever against "fine-ladies."

Two years had passed since the heir of Hynes Court left Chandos with hatred and anger in his heart. He had sworn vengeance against Lady Iris; but it seemed long in coming.

These two years had added to the beauty of the girl's face and figure, but her pride was as great as ever. She was the acknowledged queen of opera; and, when she went to the opera or to balls, people flocked to catch a glimpse of her lovely face. If she was absent from any great aristocratic gathering there was a general sense of disappointment. No name in London was better known than that of Lady Iris Fayne. Fashionable milliners and dressmakers named various articles of attire after her. The "Fayne hat" and the "Fayne costume" were exceedingly popular. Gardeners gave the name of "Fayne" to many choice plants. The "Fayne Walk" was a great success. It was a widdy height for any woman to reach, but Lady Iris bore her triumph well. The homage paid to her she considered more than half due to her name; for the Fynes of Chandos were, in her eyes, little less than royal. Nothing elated her; praise from royal lips, the homage of some of the noblest in the land, and the sovereignty of fashion, were regarded by her as only her due, she being Lady Iris Fayne of Chandos.

Many brilliant offers of marriage had been made to her during the past two years; but she refused them all. She had not married because she had not loved; and she had never forgotten the glimpse she had had of the fairland of passion on the night when Lady Selwyn sung of the "wind from over the mountain."

Whatever that dream should be realized, she would marry—not until then.

Sir Fulke had returned to Clyffe Hall, decidedly improved by his rejection, the better for the pain he had suffered, and wiser for his humiliation. He did not often go to Chandos, although he still retained a great affection for Lady Iris. Of late his eyes had been opened to the noble character of Marie Bardon, who had long loved him with the deepest but, as she thought, most hopeless love. He had been struck with her tact and good sense; and more than once he had said to Lady Clyffe, "That is the kind of wife to help a man on in the world," and his mother had agreed with him.

Two years had brought about another great change. John Bardon was married. He had married the Lady Avic Deane, the only daughter and heiress of Walter, Lord Deane of Stonebury—a marriage which filled the hearts of his parents with joy. John Bardon had met the Deanes abroad, and, when he wrote from Vienna, where the old earl had a diplomatic mission, to say that he was engaged to marry Lady Avic, the family rejoicing was great. The news spread over the county like wildfire, and every one agreed that it was an excellent match. He had a large income of his own, was the son of a millionaire, and possessed one of the finest estates in the country.

(to be continued.)



The Prophy-lactic really cleans between the teeth.



Prophy-lactic Tooth Brush

Proper care of the teeth means four visits a year to your dentist and daily cleaning with the brush that cleans thoroughly.

The Prophy-lactic does this on account of the tufted bristles and curved handle.

Always sold in the yellow box. Look for the name on the handle. At leading druggists.

Distributed in Nfld. by
GERALD S. DOYLE,
St. John's.

Wonder Well.

REMARKABLE CURE OF MAN'S INFIRMITY.

Wonderful scenes were witnessed on Sunday last at a "wonder well" at Vange, Essex. Several cyclists had stopped beside the well, and were testing the water when a car drove up and an agitated woman alighted and appealed for help to remove her husband from the car. When the man appeared it was obvious to all that he was in great pain. He was helped to the well and given glasses of the water. He became very excited and called for more, saying—"The pain is going; give me more!" As he drank his face became transformed and he straightened himself out with relief. "The pain is all gone now," "you've no idea what it feels like," he exclaimed to the lookers-on.

A press representative called at the man's residence in the evening, and learned that he was Mr. W. A. Steward, M.B.E., an engineer by profession. He told the correspondent how he had suffered excruciating internal pains for three months, without a moment's relief.



A Well Doer

DR. SLOAN'S LINIMENT does more to drive away pain and aches than any other known remedy; that is why thousands of people the world over call it "pain's enemy."

Rheumatism, sciatica, stiff neck, sore and aching muscles, lumbago, neuralgia, neuritis, sprains and bruises are instantly relieved by SLOAN'S LINIMENT.

Obtain without prescription and signature of
Dr. J. C. Sloan
At all druggists and dealers.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
(PAIN'S ENEMY)

GERALD S. DOYLE,
Distributor, St. John's.

Convicts Earn Their Keep.

USEFUL TRADES TAUGHT IN PRISONS.

The usual sentence upon offenders against the law is either "hard labour" or "penal servitude." To-day the labour is not so hard as that by which a free man earns his living, while as for penal servitude seven years is about the average working day.

Thirty years ago the work done in British prisons was chiefly oakum picking, scrubbing and cleaning, or a task on that abominable invention, the treadmill. To-day all is changed, and in every large prison you find workshops as well-equipped and complete as any in the country.

Choosing His Job.

A real attempt is made to teach each convicted person a trade of some sort, so that he or she can find an honest livelihood when the punishment is over.

British prisons are divided into "local" and "convict," the former for short sentences, the latter for longer terms of imprisonment, and although the local prisons have their shops, the terms served are usually too short to enable a prisoner to be taught a trade.

In the case of penal servitude, however, the minimum term is three years, with a remission of 9 months for good conduct. This gives the authorities a better opportunity, and in a large convict prison, such as Dartmoor or Parkhurst, the "shops" as they are called, are well worth a visit.

Dartmoor has a farm of 2,000 acres. It has also a very big quarry, and its "shops" comprise tailoring, tinware, forge, carpentry, boot-making, basket-making, Post Office bag-making, and string-making sections. There are also smaller shops for printing and bookbinding.

When a man arrives at Dartmoor he is examined by the doctor and questioned as to his trade. Within certain limits, and at the discretion of the Governor, he is allowed to choose his occupation.

We will presume that he wishes to work in the tin-shop. He is attached to the "party" that works in this shop, and after morning chapel he is marched to the building assigned for the purpose.

One or two wardens are on sentry duty in the shop, but these are merely guards. The officer who takes charge of the actual work is a warden-instructor, who receives special pay for his duties.

Help Towards Betterment.

At Dartmoor they make tinware for all the prisons, and the shop is a busy one.

In another shop immense quantities of string are turned out for Post Office use.

There is a wheelwright's shop, where all the carts used in the prison are made and mended, while in the forge near by convict smiths are working at glowing forges and making wheel tyres, horse-shoes, as well as other metal articles.

There are two carpenters' shops—one for "old lags" and the other for J.A.'s, or younger prisoners, who are treated on the Borstal system. Some of the latter become amazingly expert.

The tailor's shop is a big one and curiously quiet. Yet there is a constant low hum caused by the men talking in the curious convict language, without so much as moving their lips. Convict tailors are usually men unfit for outdoor work, but some are extraordinary clever with their needles. Wardens' uniforms are made here, as well as convict clothes.

Not only are prisoners taught in the "shops," but those who are ambitious to learn are allowed to take correspondence courses in their free time. They may learn drawing, trigonometry, shorthand, and languages, and if a man is ambitious every help is given him by the prison authorities.

HELPING OUT.



Old Dad Spindle's years are eighty, and he toiled toward his shack, with a bundle large and weighty nearly ruining his back. I could see his vigor dwindle as he labored up the road, so I said, "Oh, Gaffer Spindle, let me back your heavy load." So I heaved it to my shoulder and it weighed a half ton, and I felt a cycle older when the grievous task was done. But it gives me satisfaction if at evening he can say, "I have pulled a lofty action in the progress of the day." When the shopworn sun is sinking and the hues of day me fade, by my bayonet I am thinking of the Loughhead I have played. I am prone to costly blunders, fifty breaks I daily pull, till my Aunt Sophronia wonders why my wife must gather wool. And I groan myself reviling, for the way I've muffed the hell, but enjoy some harmless smiling, when Dad Spindle I recall. I have helped one fellow critter, and that memory is great, forcing recollections bitter to vanquish and move their freight. So one kindly deed will lighten all the record of the day, and I have my private heaven while such recollections stay.

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 SLEEVELESS "COVER ALL" APRON.



4898. Unbleached muslin with cross stitching in red or blue would be nice for this serviceable model. One may use gingham, percale, crepe, or drill. Saten or chintz is also desirable. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-38; Medium, 38-40 inches bust measure. A Medium-size requires 4 1/2 yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SMART AND PRETTY FROCK.



4895. One could have this in taffeta, kasha, or crepe weaves, with bead embroidery or stitchery for decoration. The panels give length and are a unique feature of this style. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 4 1/2 yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Fads and Fashions.

Some of the loveliest new bags are those of chiffon velvet, stuffed with steel beads to match their frames of cut steel.

An attractive knicker dress in brown and tan had the knickers of brown checked velvet and the dress of brown velvet.

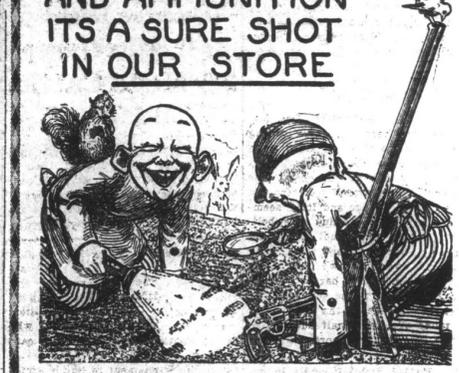
TAILORING OF QUALITY

WORKMANSHIP EXCEPTIONALLY FINE

J.J. STRANG, LADIES AND GENTS' TAILOR.

CORNER PRESCOTT AND WATER STS., ST. JOHN'S.

ALL GUNS AND RIFLES AND AMMUNITION—ITS A SURE SHOT IN OUR STORE



Do not borrow a gun to go hunting. Own one of your own. Then you can go for a hunt when you feel like it.

See and price our Firearms and you will buy from us.

Our ammunition is loaded better than you can do it yourself.

Come in to our Store before you go out hunting or camping and let us furnish you what you need.

OUR HARDWARE WEARS
Special English Cartridges—Heavy Loaded.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd.
— HARDWARE DEPT.

FIRE INSURANCE!

QUEEN INSURANCE CO. of America
— AND —
THE GREAT AMERICAN INS. CO. OF NEW YORK.

Capital practically unlimited. The largest number of Policy holders in Newfoundland.

Absolutely no trouble when a loss occurs.

PHONE 638. P. O. BOX 728.

GEO. H. HALLEY, Agent.
ADRAIN BUILDING, 165 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S.

FORD

Service as we understand it means giving you what you want, as you want it, when you want it.

TRY US

DODD'S GARAGE, LTD.
Ford Distributors for Newfoundland,
Tel. No. 318. Catherine St., St. John's.

Forty-Three Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram