

"I Can Now Do My Work Without Feeling Tired"

Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:



"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or rest at night, and felt so weak I could not walk any distance. I took several tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. Today I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"We found it on his finger," said Lord Fielden; "and, thinking you might like it, I said it here."

Gertrude took the ring from the coffin and kissed it. Dolores looked at it with weeping eyes.

"The last time I saw it," she said, "it was shining on my husband's finger, and it sparkled in the sunlight just as he was leaving me. I kissed it when, Gertrude, I shall wear it until I die."

Slowly, and with dropping tears, she drew her ring upon her finger and kissed it. Once more she laid her face on the velvet pad. She was so silent, so still, that after a time Gertrude went to her. At first they thought that she was dead, her face was so white and so calm. Lady Felden cried aloud, and Harry ran to assist; but death had not been merciful enough to take Lady Allanmore. She was carried to her room; and there for many weeks between life and death, the broken white rose, once so fair and blooming, lay with the ruby ring on her finger, while her heart was with the dead husband she had misjudged so long.

CHAPTER XL.

Gertrude had just been singing, and the words puzzled her. Quite unconsciously something had become a matter of life and death with her. She had grown so accustomed to Lord Fielden's homage and love that she did not appreciate either until he was away from her; then quite suddenly her life grew cold and dim. Harry had learned some wisdom from his mother.

"My dear boy," she had said to him, "you have been too lavish of your love; believe me, there is nothing like a little wholesome neglect. For the last two years you thought only of Gertrude, and devoted yourself to her. She accepts your homage as a matter of course. Now take my advice and leave her for a short time."

But Harry could not make up his

mind to go away, though he promised not to speak of love to Gertrude. This resolve he had carried out, until at last a glimmer of doubt had crept into Miss Allanmore's mind. Did he really love her? He followed her like a shadow; he was never away from the house; he sat for hours, his handsome face turned toward her, his honest blue eyes following her every motion; he agreed with everything she said; and at times her sayings were odd enough; he was faithful and loyal to her as the needle to the pole. He lived for Gertrude—her life was his life; yet following the wise counsel given to him he said nothing of love; and Gertrude had begun to wonder and doubt.

Taking up a magazine one day, she had seen the words she had just sung, and it pleased her to set them to music. They suited her case exactly, she thought. If it were not love, what was it? And if it were love, why did he not say so?

Sixteen months had passed since the funeral of Sir Karl Allanmore, and the old wrong had been righted. Lady Allanmore, with her two daughters, had gone back to Scarsdale, and something like a gleam of happiness had come to Dolores.

As much happiness as could fall to her lot was Lady Allanmore's now. Her husband's memory had been cleared; he had always loved her; he had never deserted her. It had been she who had sinned against him, not he against her. He had been true to her in life and death; he was waiting for her in heaven. She longed in a calm, gentle fashion for death, that she might see his beloved face again. She was living surrounded by her old friends, and her children were all that a mother's heart could desire. She had regained her health and her beauty; she had never dreamed of being so happy again.

The family had spent some few weeks at Deerhurst Manor, and Lady

Allanmore would have been willing to allow Kathleen Rhyssworth to live there, but she preferred to be with her mother and Gertrude. During the last month or two the deep mourning had been cast aside, and something like old times had come again to Scarsdale.

The first thing that startled them from their settled ways was the arrival of the Neapolitan Prince, Colonna, who had seemed so devoted to Kathleen when they had been living in Florence. The sudden departure of Dolores and her daughter had been a great blow to him, but he was determined to find them. They had gone away hurriedly, and had left no address; but, after a time, he had heard the story about Sir Karl and had understood.

(to be continued.)

A QUEEN UNCROWNED
— OR —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN

CHAPTER I.

"There! don't come it over me with your soft-sawder, Master Jacinto, if you please," he said, as if half angry with himself for the liking he could not help feeling for the handsome boy. "You've got a sweet tongue of your own; and though it can sting pretty sharply at times, you are always ready to plaster the wound over again with some of that same honeyed balsam. You see, you can't take me in, my lad. You'll have to cut a few more of your eyeteeth before you can manage that. Here we are at the Mermaid, and there she swings herself, the same picture of ugliness she has always been since I first had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Wonder if old Rowlie has thought proper to die of apoplexy yet!"

As he spoke, he passed through the low doorway, and entered the house, closely followed by Jacinto. The door opened straight into the barroom—a low dirty, smoke-begrimed place, with a strong odor of ardent spirits and sawdust prevailing. Numerous casks were ranged around the walls; and on the shelves behind the counter were arrayed bottles, decanters and glasses, and all the other paraphernalia common in such places. Leaning over the counter, with his back to the door and busily engaged in turning over the greasy leaves of a dirty little account book, was a fat, round-about little man, with a rosy face, indicative of an unlimited amount of solemn good nature.

"I say, old Bob Rowlie! what cheer, my hearty?" called Captain Nick, giving the little man a slap in the back that nearly knocked him into a jelly. "Alive and kicking yet, I see! What a precious long time the old boy is of claiming him own to be sure!"

"Captain Nick Tempest," said the little man, slowly, as he laid down his pencil and book, and looked solemnly in the face of his boisterous guest, "and so you've come back again, have you? I might have known it was you, for nobody ever knocks the breath out of my body till you come. Who is this?" said Mr Rowlie, looking with his slow, grave gaze toward the young Spaniard, who lay leaning carelessly against the doorpost.

"Oh, a customer I've brought you—a young chap from beyond the seas," said the captain, flinging himself into a chair; "come in, Jacinto, and make yourself at home. How's the old woman, Bob?"

"Mr. Rowlie is per-fec'-ly well," slowly articulated Mr. Rowlie, taking a prolonged look at Jacinto, "per-fec'-ly well, thanky. Is the men coming up to-night?"

"Not to-night. I'm going to swing my hammock here myself to-night. How's trade these times, old bluffer? Many customers at the Mermaid?"

"Ye-es," said Mr. Rowlie, deliberately, "ye-es, sometimes there is; and then, again, sometimes there ain't. Vessels principally bring customers, but they don't stay long, mostly the reverse. Generally, it's quite here. Uncommon so."

"Well, it's likely to be brisk enough while I stay, my man are the very dickens for spending their money. And now, my fat friend, just let me have something to eat—will you? I feel hungry enough to eat yourself, bones and all, if you were properly stuffed and roasted. Come hurry up!"



By way of complying with this request, Mr. Rowlie waddled leisurely to a door at the other end of the room, and opening it, he called, in a husky falsetto: "Mrs. Rowlie—e!"

"What do you want?" called a brisk voice from within as a merry-looking little woman, like her husband, somewhat of the dumpling order, came to the door, and peeped out.

"Captain Nick Tempest has arrived, and wants some food."

"Oh, marcy sake! Captain, how d'ye do?" said Mrs. Rowlie, bustling out, and holding out her hand to the burly captain. "How unexpected people keep a-turning up! I'm rally glad to see you. I rally am, now."

"Thankee, Mrs. Rowlie—thankee!" said the captain, as he sprang up, and gave the buxom dame a rousing salute on the cheek, while Mr. Rowlie looked on in solemn dismay, "and how do you find yourself, old lady? Blooming like a hollyhock, as usual!"

(To be continued.)

Canadian Teachers' Federation

Toronto, Ont., July. (By Canadian Press).—The Canadian Teachers' Federation, which is opening its fifth annual convention on August 12, in Victoria, B.C., is the connecting link between the various provincial bodies of teachers.

It is only during the past decade that the teachers in this country have made any serious move toward organizing themselves as a profession. Before that, they acted entirely as individuals; there was no directing body either to represent their interests, or to see that proper professional discipline was maintained. Moreover the teacher was not looked upon by the community with the same respect that was accorded to members of the medical or legal professions, and this valuation was too often accepted by the teacher himself. He could then scarcely be expected to instill in young Canadians that virility and self-reliance which he himself did not possess.

The Canadian Teachers' Federation was organized at a meeting in Calgary in 1920, and its function is to co-ordinate the activities of all the provincial bodies. Its first regular convention was held in Toronto in 1921, and conferences have since met in Saskatoon in 1922 and in Montreal in 1923. All the provinces except Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are now members of the Canadian organization, and it is hoped that these will also be linked up within the next year. The Canadian Federation, in turn, belongs to the World Federation of Educational Associations, which was formed at San Francisco last summer. The two Canadian delegates were both elected to the Board of Directors of the World Federation.

The present executive of the Canadian Federation consists of President, H. C. Newland, M.A., LL.B., Edmonton, Vice-President E. A. Hardy, B.A., D. Paed, Toronto; Past President H. W. Huntley, M.A., Winnipeg; Secretary-Treasurer, H. Charlesworth, Victoria; Committee, Dean S. Laird, M.A., B. Phil, MacDonald College, Quebec; W. J. Bailey, Regina; and J. D. Seaman, Charlottetown.

The conference proper consists of three delegates from each of the affiliated provinces, but in addition there are a large number of unofficial delegates, who are afforded all privileges except that of voting. The official delegates bring reports of the

activities in their provincial organizations, so that each part of the Dominion receives the benefit of the experience of all the others. Various matters touching the interests of education and of teachers are brought under discussion, and plans made, but the autonomy of the provincial federations is safeguarded by a provision in the constitution, that unanimous support must be secured before any measures can be put into effect by the Canadian Federation.

The Conference will hold morning and afternoon sessions and will be mainly taken up with general business while ample provision is also made for the delegates to visit the points of interest in the vicinity of that charming city.

This wider vision of Canada—its possibilities, its problems are received by these 150 delegates under the most pleasant conditions that could be arranged, and transmitted by them to their friends in the profession, should surely have a great influence upon the ideas which next year will be implanted in young minds in regard to the country which is their heritage.

THE MISFIT WIFE.

Charles Chigger thought he drew a treasure when Rose McFlah became his bride; good looks are hers in ample measure, and she is fair and stately eyed; but all she thinks about is p l e a s u r e, the bright lights are her only guide.

This Charles, industrious and thrifty, has plans for building up a wad; with eighty cents he salts down fifty, and blows the thirty cents abroad; he thinks a bank account is nifty, though coin is not his only god. Now, in the days of honeymooning, what'er she does he thinks is fine; she sends the precious bucks ballooning, that he would safely soak in brine; a lover's ditties he still crooning; "This lovely bride," he chirps, "is mine!" But when Charles finds that Rose is yearning forever for some festive show, and idly blows the coin he's

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