

Used After Shaving
Keeps Skin Soft and Smooth



Many men suffer from irritation of the skin as a result of shaving. With some it assumes a form of eczema and becomes most annoying and unsightly. By applying a little of Dr. Chase's Ointment after shaving the irritation is overcome and Barber's Itch and Eczema are prevented or relieved.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

At all Dealers.
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I wonder," thought Inez to herself, "if I shall ever see that face again." She had seen so few strange faces that a young and handsome one was sure to interest her. No visitors ever came to Serrano, Madame Monteleone had never even during her daughter's life-time visited herself, for she knew no one in or near Seville. The friends of her youth were all far away; most of them resided in Madrid. She had not cared to make new acquaintances when she brought little Bianca to Serrano so many years ago. She saw no use in it. There was no one there likely to help her in the object for which she lived. Isolated from the world, she had found her happiness in the discharge of her duty and in planning the restoration of the Monteleones.

Isolated from the world, Inez found her sole pleasure in longing for it and dreaming of it. This face that had smiled at her with such vivid admiration shining in the dark eyes, was the first of its kind she had seen. It was a dream coming true. The heroes she had made for herself were brave and courteous like him. Would he remember her? Would he ever think of her again? Perhaps not, for he saw beautiful ladies every day. "If ever he rides on the highway again, I wonder whether he will look for me?" she thought.

That wonder increased, until Inez felt it must be gratified. When evening came she went out to the boundary line. Up and down the hard road those beautiful, wistful eyes wandered; but there was no sign this evening of the gallant rider and his horse. She could not tell if she was disappointed; she had neither hoped nor expected to see him; she had only wondered if he would pass by again.

Suddenly upon the calm evening breeze there came the sound of a horse's gallop. Even in the far distance Inez knew the plumed hat and dark face.

With a crimson face and heart beating loudly she concealed herself behind a group of trees. She heard how the rider slackened his pace as he drew near the shrubs where he had seen her. He drew rein there, and sat for some minutes looking over the grounds of Serrano. She could see the disappointment that clouded his face; then he turned and galloped back to Seville.

"He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He looked and

waited for me. He has thought of me, just as I have of him."

"Where have you been, signorina?" cried old Juanita, when she saw the young girl entering the house. "How well you look! You have a color like a damask rose, and your eyes are as bright as two stars. What has come over you?"

"Is mine really a nice face, Nita?" asked Inez, simply. "Tell me, if you were to see my face once, would you think of it, and want to see it again?" "Listen to the child!" cried the old servant, in affected horror. "Did ever any one ask such questions. Your face is well enough, signorina. It is the mind, not the body, we must care for." Then, seeing something like disappointment in those questioning eyes, she said, "It is a bonny bright face, young lady. You will know its value some day," she added, smiling as she spoke.

It was a break in the monotony at last. There was something to dream about; a real incident had happened, more interesting and exciting than any she had ever dreamed of, and she was the heroine.

Impatiently enough Inez waited for the next day. It rose at last, bright and beautiful as its predecessor had been. Her first thought was, "Shall I see him? Will he come?"

Even Madame Monteleone remarked how bright and radiant the young face was that smiled upon her, how fresh the musical voice that gaily made her good-morning.

"How beautiful she is!" said the lady to herself, with a deep sigh; "more lovely by far than her mother ever was. If I were but well now, all would be safe."

When the hour's reading was ended, Madame Monteleone kissed Inez more tenderly than usual as she dismissed her.

"This long day," said Inez to herself, "I have this long day before me. Will he come?"

When the evening hour drew near, again she waited, and hearing once more the horse's gallop, she watched during the long pause the rider made by the shrubs, and heard his half-muttered exclamations of disappointment at not seeing her. Every day during that bright long week the same thing happened; and from behind the trees she watched the gallant young cavalier. She was too shy and timid to let herself be seen; but the day would have been blank to her that did not bring him past Serrano.

One evening it was past the usual time; she had been reading for nearly an hour in her leafy hiding-place, but there was no sound of a horse's gallop. No words can describe the blank feeling of desolation that seized the girl's heart.

"He has forgotten me," she said; "he is tired of never seeing me, and will not come again."

She could not define the pain that made her heart ache. It had been so pleasant to gaze all unseen upon that dark, handsome face—to see the eyes fixed so intently upon Serrano, and know that the wish to see her had brought the gay young cavalier there. It was something to break the dreary monotony of the long summer's day. Now it was all over, hot tears fell from the dark eyes, when suddenly she heard the sound, not of one horse, but of two, coming swiftly along the road from Seville. Both riders paused at the well-known spot, and then Inez heard a deep musical voice, saying, "This is the place, Luigi, where I saw her, and I shall never forget her. I should lose my reason if I thought I was never to see that face again."

"What was she doing there?" asked his friend.

"Looking over the shrubs into the high road," was the reply. "When I bowed, she blushed. Why, to see such a blush is worth living for."

"Why do you not inquire what the place is?" asked the one called Luigi; "it looks something of a wilderness, but a very pretty one."

"I have," replied his friend, "The house is further down, and both house and lands belong to Madame Monteleone, and she in her turn, as I need not tell you, belongs to one of the noblest families in Spain. I made all inquiries, but no one knows much of them. They lead a very secluded life. This much I was told: that the young granddaughter who lives with her is the most beautiful girl in Andalusia."

"It was the granddaughter you saw, I suppose," interrupted Luigi; "she is matchless. I would go barefooted all over Spain to find her once more."

"It is a serious case, then," said Luigi, laughing heartily.

"Do not plague me," was the reply. "I tell you I love that young creature madly, and I will find her and make her love me, if I die for it."

"Well," said Luigi, "you must try again. You have no chance to-day; she is not to be seen."

"I will hunt the place," cried his friend, passionately. "I will stay here day and night, but I will see her again."

They went away and left Inez, her heart beating tumultuously, a new, vague, and delicious happiness thrilling her.

What romance had she ever dreamed of equal to this?—what "fair lady" in the gay world was ever loved so romantically and so well? He had seen her once, and then but for a few minutes, yet he admired her more than any one else,—ah, even loved her. Surely she must be beautiful, if once seeing her could inspire such love as that. How cruel it was that her youth and her beauty should be kept prisoners, as it were, in this gloomy old ruin. Oh if she were but out in the world! Love and happiness, pleasure and riches would all be hers.

All night the music of the words she had overheard rang in her ears and gladdened her heart. Had she been treated as other girls, had she been allowed a fair and proper share of girlish amusements, this first little romance would not have proceeded so deep an impression upon her. As it was, her heart, mind, and imagination were absorbed in it.

When the next evening came, Inez did not go near the "haunted spot." She could not tell, she did not know whether it was timidity, pride, or maiden bashfulness that restrained her,—probably all three.

(To be continued.)

ECZEMA

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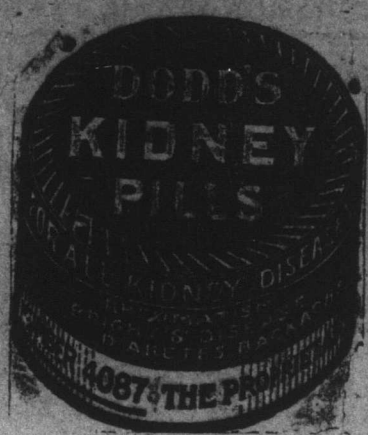
that accomplishes wonders. There's not a preparation made that gives as good results.

The quickest way to undermine your health and ruin your system is to let eczema get a start on you.

If you have a mild case or a prolonged one—try this remedy.

Price 40c per bottle at

Dr. Stafford & Son
Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill.
Incl. 1/2



Fashion Plates.

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

A PRETTY HOUSE FROCK IN SLIP ON STYLE.



4334. Green and white plaid gingham with facings of white linen would be attractive for this model. It is a dress for service or for porch wear, and suitable for slender or mature figures.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY GOWN.



4331. Here is a very pleasing model, with a new sleeve effect. It is a style that is attractive for combinations of material. Lace and silk, linen and gingham combined would be pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5 yards of 46 inch material. To make panel and sleeve drapery of contrasting material, will require 1 1/2 yard 36 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 18 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Name
Address in full:—

Plaided chiffon ribbon is a novel French millinery note. Rainbow georgette trims some charming English hats.

Our Weekly Wit.

United States Senate has discovered that Standard Oil Company controls price of gasoline. Leave the Senate alone and some day it may discover that George Washington was our first President.

Business without advertising is like kissing a girl in the dark—you know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

AIN'T IT HELLA!
In silence I saw with my Della
At the beach neath a monstrous umbrella.
When a big Swedish maid
Gently lifted the shade
And said, "Excuse me, I thought 'twas my tella."

Slender girls will have their vogue this summer with King Tut Egyptian styles. The plump ones are trying to dig up some ancient and honorable fat Equino to set a style for them.

Headline says "Terry Greas Nurse, \$20,000 for a Kiss." Well, it is worth that to kiss juries we've seen.

About the only thing that hasn't been unearthed from King Tut's tomb is a landlord who likes children.

No matter what type or period of house the architect may design, the owner generally puts a mortgage on it.

Some men are so persuasive that they can get credit from a slot machine.

People who live from hand to mouth usually have small hands and large mouths.

An executive, under his mask, is as human as the office boy, and sometimes quite as foolish.

MAKES YOU STRONG LIKE ONIONS
"My tonic fills you full of hope,
It's marvelous," says Dr. Snitcher,
"There's gold and silver in the dope,
And that will make your blood much richer."

The book of etiquette doesn't mention it, but it is good form to offer your plug before taking a chew yourself.

Nature is very beautiful if you can find a spot where nobody has had a picnic.

When a girl wishes a man to save his money it is a sure sign he is going to heed it.

Taxpayers will be glad to learn that modernizing a battleship doesn't cost any more than building a new one.

There was a man in Canada and he was most unwise. He introduced his sweetheart to a lot of other guys.

We have discovered that most people work because they have to.

AND WE CAN WAVE AT EACH OTHER.
The radio's the nicest thing;
It's sure beyond compare.
More folks, no doubt, will want to
With music in the air.

Grover Cleveland Bergdoll is said to be worth \$200,000, but most people wouldn't give a nickel for him.

A Walla Walla, Wash. wireless fan has heard Java on the Radio. But we're content to hear Java on the percolator these fine Spring mornings.

Los Angeles messenger company advertises "instantaneous service on one hour's notice."

Men who try laying down the law to their wives probably wonder how Solomon lived so long.

It didn't take the New Jersey couple who spent their honeymoon in a taxicab very long to discover that married life is full of bumps.

Some men ought to learn to play the violin in order to give their chins a rest.

The man who does as he pleases is easily pleased.

When a liner arrives from Europe and passes through the rum fleet off New York Harbor the hand plays, "Comin' Through the Rye."

Since the war there's only two kinds of men left, majors and minors, the majors can't do any work, and the minors won't.

THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE.
"Take care of this man," said the sergeant to the warden, as he went to lock him up. "Give him a nice dry cell. He used to make batteries."

Wretchedness usually is self-inflicted.

An open fireplace openly arrived at is the dream of every dear-sweet girl.

In a certain drug store there is a glass bowl on a stand, with single goldfish in it. On the outside of the bowl is a placard bearing the following answers to questions which the druggist has become tired of answering in person:

THREE
EEE
FOOTWEAR
EASE, ELEGANCE, ECONOMY
For Street, Home or Business Wear
The height of flexibility and comfort. Shapely, Stylish and Durable, their many designs furnish exactly proper foot-fashions for all occasions.
Women of discernment are asking to-day for
Three EEE's Footwear
Archibald Bros., Ltd., Harbor Grace.

MILKMAID MILK
IS THE
BEST MILK MADE

FORD OWNERS!
To have satisfaction with your car on steep grades or in traffic you should use
CORK FELTBAK TRANSMISSION LINING
grips firmly without chattering or burning.
The "Red Star" Timer is better than you are now using--will keep your engine hitting on all cylinders.

JOB'S STORES, Limited
m.w.t.f.
This is a goldfish. It is alive. There is only one of it. We got it from a boy.
We do not know where the boy got it. It has never died. We do not know how old it is. We feed it when we want to. It eats what we give it. That is water it is in.
We got the water from the faucet. We have had the fish even since we got it.
You nearly always find a prospect in the mental attitude you expected to find him in.
The reason it took centuries to build the Pyramids is because it was a government job.
AN ARTISTE.
The way of art is long.
The restless clocks keep ticking; Her art has made her strong.
With those who do the picking; She has no voice for song.
But she has legs for kicking.
Millions now living are dead already but that doesn't mean millions here, but there are some in the dead class.
Duggan notes by the movies that the modern girl raises one foot when hugged. He says the old-fashioned girl merely raised a row.
The trouble about limiting the price of anything is that usually the sky is the limit, thinks Boggan.

FOR BURNS
Mentholatum
Tubo 25c Jar 25c & 50c

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mans Blow Ruhr-- New Ha Feather
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ON, June 2-- (press)—Interer son has been rowds attendin es, and it will more people than to Epom Thom and Derby Day, stitution of the racing may post at Royal Ass hood or during es at Newmark romance and is round Epom Th at classics—the Epom to the r taining to the eses are concern days of racing day offers a var programme. In on the opening day some of the se ay, Sir John R on the Plate a candidate this Derby Day. The late for two-sea tion Cup for on Thursday. Some include the for three-year- from Plate, for
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