

Over 500 Uses GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE

It is best for cleaning and disinfecting sinks, drains, closet bowls, etc.; for softening water, making your own laundry soap; cleaning floors, greasy pots and pans, etc.; for removing old paint, destroying vermin, etc. Full directions with every can. Be sure you get the genuine Gillett's FLAKE Lye. Substitutes are usually costly and unsatisfactory.



MADE IN CANADA

NEEDED IN EVERY HOME

Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XXV.

"What, indeed?" sighed Lady Lynne to herself; then she turned the subject to that of her sister's dress. She felt an indescribable relief. After all, if Rinaldo saw that Agatha did not like him, and would never love him, he could not blame her for that. He would simply turn his attention to some one else.

One part of her task accomplished, Lady Lynne went to look for her husband. He was in the library, wearing what was for him a grave if not sorrowful expression, and she passed her arm caressingly round his neck.

"What is the matter, Philip?" she said, gently. "Why are you looking so sad?"

"I am vexed with myself, Inez," he replied, kissing the beautiful face, always so bright and loving for him. "Life has been so brilliant and pleasant for me lately, that I have been neglecting where I ought to have been kind."

"Tell me all about it," she said.

"That I will," he replied. "There is nothing like frowning one's faults cordially. Some years ago I knew the Earl of Wyverne. I met him abroad, and he took a great fancy to me. I went to visit him at Severn Castle. You remember you sent a telegram to me there?"

"I remember," she replied, gently.

"He had only one child," continued Lord Lynne, "a beautiful girl of seventeen; and he was passionately fond of her. He confided all his affairs to her. His one great grief was, that at his death this ideal child would be left penniless. I said nothing to him, but in my own mind I resolved that my mother should befriend Lady Florence. I never heard of the earl's death, which took place last year; and I am told that his ideal daughter is out in the world, gaining her livelihood as she best can."

"But had she no relations who could have adopted her—no friends who could have helped her?" asked Inez.

"I am all attention," said Lord Lynne.

"For a half a moment his wife laid her face upon his shoulder, while a look of unutterable weariness stole over her. How she loathed and hated this necessity for maneuvering!"

"You must not think me a match-maker, Philip," she said; "and you must please promise to keep my secret faithfully if I tell you I have observed something."

"I will be all discretion and wisdom," he replied, gayly.

"I think," she continued, "may, I am sure, that the Marquis of Horington admires Agatha very much. It would be an excellent match for her."

"I should think it would," interrupted Lord Lynne. "He is one of the best young fellows I know, and he will be immensely rich. Do you really think there is anything in it, Inez?"

"I am sure that if he saw more of her, he would soon propose to her," she replied; "that is what I wanted to speak to you about, Philip. You must invite him here. We always have a house full of visitors; but I do not think we consider Agatha enough. She does not care about

"None, it appears," replied her husband. "She had spent all her life at Severn Castle; and the poor, ruined, prodigal earl had few friends. The man who succeeded him—a distant relative, whom he detested—was so enraged at the condition in which he found the estates, that even in the presence of Lady Florence he spoke most unkindly of her father. This so aroused her pride, that when he reluctantly offered her a small annuity from the estates, she proudly refused it."

"I like her for that," interrupted Inez.

"The only relative she had was a distant cousin, Lady Blake, who offered her a home. Not knowing what else to do, she accepted the offer; but Lady Blake never ceased harping upon her father's faults; and, in sheer disgust, the poor girl looked out for and found a situation as traveling companion, and left England some months ago."

"Who told you all this?" asked his wife.

"The lawyer who managed the poor old earl's affairs; and, by the way," continued Lord Lynne, "I shall note that man. He had tears in his eyes when he spoke of Lady Florence; and I should imagine such a thing as a lawyer's tears to be a wonderful rarity. She has dropped her title, and has gone abroad with some merchant's family. I think he said."

"Poor girl!" said Lady Lynne. "It is a sad story, Philip."

"A story that I, who called myself her father's friend, ought to be ashamed of telling," he said. "I cannot pardon myself. Poor, friendless child!—she would think I had deserted her in her hour of bitter need. I shall never rest until we have some trace of her; and then, Inez, my dear wife, you must stoop to her for my neglect."

"That I will," replied Lady Lynne, cordially. "I will help you by every means in my power, Philip. And now, dear, if you have a few minutes' leisure, I want to speak to you."

"I am all attention," said Lord Lynne.

"For a half a moment his wife laid her face upon his shoulder, while a look of unutterable weariness stole over her. How she loathed and hated this necessity for maneuvering!"

"You must not think me a match-maker, Philip," she said; "and you must please promise to keep my secret faithfully if I tell you I have observed something."

"I will be all discretion and wisdom," he replied, gayly.

"I think," she continued, "may, I am sure, that the Marquis of Horington admires Agatha very much. It would be an excellent match for her."

"I should think it would," interrupted Lord Lynne. "He is one of the best young fellows I know, and he will be immensely rich. Do you really think there is anything in it, Inez?"

"I am sure that if he saw more of her, he would soon propose to her," she replied; "that is what I wanted to speak to you about, Philip. You must invite him here. We always have a house full of visitors; but I do not think we consider Agatha enough. She does not care about

those foreigners and elderly people whom we find useful. Let us give a dinner-party and invite Lord Horington."

"I will do anything you wish, darling," said Lord Lynne, admiringly. "What a wise woman of the world you are."

"Another thing I thought of," said his wife; "those formal dinner-parties are very well, but for real intimacy there is nothing like those petite soupers you like so much."

"That is true," said Lord Lynne, with an air of profound wisdom.

"You are sure to see Lord Horington some time to-day," she continued; "ask him to join our party and go to the concert with us. You will find how eagerly he accepts the invitation. Then, casually as it were, ask him to return with us when the concert is over. He can have a seat in our carriage."

"Of course he can," replied her husband. "But I forgot, though—your friend, Count Rinaldo, is to go with us."

"To be sure he is," said Inez. "I remember now, you asked him. Well, we must not be selfish, and let Agatha be always sacrificed to our friends. They must both go. I see nothing against it."

"Nor do I," said Lord Lynne. "But I really blame myself that I have not thought of these things before. I will drop in at the club this morning; I am sure to meet Horington there."

"So far, well," said Lady Lynne, as she watched her husband leave the house. "You will find your opponent worthy of you, Count Rinaldo, and in the end I shall win. When did I ever fail?"

Agatha felt that all the troubles in the world were heaped upon her when Lord Lynne announced that the Marquis of Horington was going with them to Lifford House.

"They will positively both be there," she said to herself, with a deep sigh. "What shall I do? I wish I were like Inez. Nothing troubles her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The concert at Lifford House was a brilliant success, for the elite of the fashionable world were present, and the music was of the best.

One group in that large and sumptuously-appointed room attracted more attention than any other. It consisted of the "beautiful Andalusian," as Lady Lynne was called, and her graceful sister. They were attended by the "handsome Italian"—the name by which Count Rinaldo was generally known—and the best part of the season, the observed of all observers, the young and wealthy Marquis of Horington. Something like a flutter of distress went through the ranks of dowagers and daughters when they noted his attention to the graceful, elegant Miss Lynne. To be sure, she was an heiress, and a very wealthy one, if rumor spoke truly. She was of good family, too; no one could deny that. There was also something of the prestige of fashion about her, thanks to the beauty and magnificence of her sister, Lady Lynne. But, as the Countess Dowager of Strathmore whispered to Lady Clonallon, "he might do so much better. He could marry the daughter of the first peer in England, if he would. What can he see in that blonde, shy beauty, Miss Lynne?"

(To be continued.)

There once was a maiden of Siam Who said to her lover, young Kiam, "If you kiss me, of course, you will have to use force. But I'll wager you're stronger than I am."

GOSH!

A woman stepped into his life. In fact, this vampire stepped with zeal; She stepped with such a cruel stride. She ground his soul beneath her heel.

Rolling stones soon reach the bottom.

The "cleanly state"—Wash. The most egotistical state—Me. The richest state—Ill. The most maidenly state—Miss. The most paternal state—Md. The most paternal state—Pa. The mining state—Ore. The bunco state—Conn. The deep in debt state—O. The coy state—La. The oldest state—Ark.

"stands in" with the garage mechanic. The man who can see a frosty pane while waiting for a train, and not scratch his fatigues on it.

The wife who, when there are fresh peaches for dinner, does not remind her husband that peach stains won't come out.

The man who does not tell how far he can hear over his home-made radio set.

The wife who does not remind her husband how attentive he was before they were married.

The husband who took down the awnings the first time his wife asked him to.

Lots of folks thought 114 temperature was hot air, but it turned out to be hot water.

Long hair and whiskers, it now appears, were not for only distinguishing marks of the House of David.

A man in New Orleans was injured when a barrel of wine slipped off a truck onto him, which emphasizes the arguments of the advocates of light wines.

THE BEST RECIPE.

We live to learn, and learn to live. But not until we've learned to give. Unless we give, a selfish mist clothes us, and we just exist.

Iowa chicken thieves are operating in automobiles. Using "coupees" we suppose.

REPORTERS, MAKE IT SNAPPY. Springfield, Ill. Two Wabash Railroad "car knockers" lowered a lantern into a tank car to see if all the gasoline had been drained out. It wasn't quite empty. They will recover.—St. Louis Times.

ON HIS SHOULDER. Lives there a man With tongue so tied Who hasn't to His wife's head To shield himself— He tried this stratagem. That's whitewash, dear. From off his wall!

The birthday cake was heavy, but the candles made it light.

It's those getting up exercises that bother us of a morning.

Never spank a child on an empty stomach. Turn him over.

"It seems often the case," observes



Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Made From The Mildest Cleansers

Palmolive contains Palm and Olive oils. These oils were the cosmetic cleansers used by Cleopatra and kept her skin fresh, smooth and youthful.

Today their scientific combination in Palmolive produces the most perfect of all facial cleansers. Science has discovered nothing finer, milder or more beneficial for the toilet than Palm and Olive oils.

Artful applications of rouge and powder may lend your skin the appearance of smooth freshness. But unless you cleanse the pores thoroughly every day with soap and water, blackheads, pimples and other blemishes are sure to result.

Some persons imagine that soap is too harsh for the face. They should try Palmolive. Its mild, smooth, creamy lather, when massaged into the skin, cleanses without the slightest irritation.

You can buy Palmolive Soap at all first-class dealers.



F. M. O'LEARY

DISTRIBUTOR

The Lighter Side.

Boss (to applicant applying for a job): "Are you a mason?" Applicant: "No, I'm a plumber."

KINDA HINTIN.

There once was a maiden of Siam Who said to her lover, young Kiam, "If you kiss me, of course, you will have to use force. But I'll wager you're stronger than I am."

GOSH!

A woman stepped into his life. In fact, this vampire stepped with zeal; She stepped with such a cruel stride. She ground his soul beneath her heel.

Rolling stones soon reach the bottom.

The "cleanly state"—Wash. The most egotistical state—Me. The richest state—Ill. The most maidenly state—Miss. The most paternal state—Md. The most paternal state—Pa. The mining state—Ore. The bunco state—Conn. The deep in debt state—O. The coy state—La. The oldest state—Ark.

"stands in" with the garage mechanic. The man who can see a frosty pane while waiting for a train, and not scratch his fatigues on it.

The wife who, when there are fresh peaches for dinner, does not remind her husband that peach stains won't come out.

The man who does not tell how far he can hear over his home-made radio set.

The wife who does not remind her husband how attentive he was before they were married.

The husband who took down the awnings the first time his wife asked him to.

Lots of folks thought 114 temperature was hot air, but it turned out to be hot water.

Long hair and whiskers, it now appears, were not for only distinguishing marks of the House of David.

A man in New Orleans was injured when a barrel of wine slipped off a truck onto him, which emphasizes the arguments of the advocates of light wines.

THE BEST RECIPE.

We live to learn, and learn to live. But not until we've learned to give. Unless we give, a selfish mist clothes us, and we just exist.

Iowa chicken thieves are operating in automobiles. Using "coupees" we suppose.

REPORTERS, MAKE IT SNAPPY. Springfield, Ill. Two Wabash Railroad "car knockers" lowered a lantern into a tank car to see if all the gasoline had been drained out. It wasn't quite empty. They will recover.—St. Louis Times.

ON HIS SHOULDER. Lives there a man With tongue so tied Who hasn't to His wife's head To shield himself— He tried this stratagem. That's whitewash, dear. From off his wall!

The birthday cake was heavy, but the candles made it light.

It's those getting up exercises that bother us of a morning.

Never spank a child on an empty stomach. Turn him over.

"It seems often the case," observes



Five large, modern condensaries in the finest dairy districts of Canada, are required to supply Canadian housewives with this every-purpose milk.

Four sizes—a size for every need.

The Borden Co. Limited MONTREAL



Another Shipment OF Ladies' and Misses' Summer Hats

Usual Good STYLES Usual Good VALUES

That are picked up quickly by those ladies who are discerning buyers and leaders of fashion.

Therefore endeavor to make your selection as early as possible.

HENRY BLAIR

in the

Mike McTigue Gets Big Offer From Dublin.

NEW YORK, June 18.—An offer of 20,000 pounds sterling to Mike McTigue, world's lightweight boxing champion for a return match with Battling Siki, in Dublin on September 7, was made to-day by Dr. Patrick McCarton, Irish promoter, who came to this country in an attempt to arrange the bout.

Joe Jacobs, McTigue's manager, indicated he would accept the offer, but deferred his decision until to-morrow.

Dr. McCarton arranged the match at Dublin last St. Patrick's Day when McTigue wrestled the 175 pound crown from Siki on points in a 20-round contest.

Dr. McCarton, Irish promoter, who came to this country in an attempt to arrange the bout.

Joe Jacobs, McTigue's manager, indicated he would accept the offer, but deferred his decision until to-morrow.

Dr. McCarton arranged the match at Dublin last St. Patrick's Day when McTigue wrestled the 175 pound crown from Siki on points in a 20-round contest.

Dr. McCarton, Irish promoter, who came to this country in an attempt to arrange the bout.

Joe Jacobs, McTigue's manager, indicated he would accept the offer, but deferred his decision until to-morrow.

Dr. McCarton arranged the match at Dublin last St. Patrick's Day when McTigue wrestled the 175 pound crown from Siki on points in a 20-round contest.

nounced he was her brother. It was only after he answered satisfactory questions concerning their childhood days that she was convinced. There was then a joyous re-union. Dineen, 72 years old.

THE BEST RETURNS

Can be secured by using Ammonium Sulphate.

It is the best fertilizer for hayfield or garden.

By its use large crops are assured.

Sold in large or small quantities by

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY.

Enquiries solicited. Phone 81, Gas Works.

N. B.—Orders taken at Calver's, Duckworth Street, King's Beach.

may 7, 1923

Thick Lustrous Hair Kept So By Cuticura

At night touch spots of dandruff itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with a sudsy Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water. Keep your scalp clean and healthy and your hair will be luxuriant.

Keep 55¢ Cuticura 25¢ and 10¢ Tubes 10¢. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Depot: London, London, 247 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap cheap without name.



Eczema

of Mrs. Allen



Baby DR. GER.

French Rubr

Mount

Mount Etna

Mount Etna, in

waste the

side, say despa

land. Great

pouring down

the mountain f

as are overwhe

ading settlement

while their cro

near under the

crater of Etna

ays of last we

at midnight on

like the first

There w

illages, flames

populations of

at the base of

Five great

northeast side

from the mo

of tons of ro

ed to the hea

from both the

and the lava

a frontage est

yards, laid w

its in their pa

rate of a mile

Isolated ho

inhabitants v

ated. "The

om of Castigl

ingness, ten

crater, w

Several ho

sixteen thous

safely. Ser

most of

neighbourhood

Roads and

feeling inhab

is reported.

LIFAX STOR

LIQ

use of this

for steamshi

Danaherty rel

into the Un

mers dealing

Tr

When y

fine fla

ter, don

contain

riching

But

quality

thousan

use Lib

ter fat