

**DUNLOP TREAD**  
SEAL OF QUALITY  
**TRACTION**  
Made in the Heart of Canada  
WHICH BEATS THE WORLD

You don't have to go out of this country to get the best tire in the world. We admit best is a much-used word, but "Traction" is a much-used tire. That's how they know each other so well.

\*Made-in-Canada\* does not mean that the article is trying to travel on a wave of sentiment or trying to avoid discussion of the product merits which ordinarily influence a sale. Far from it. \*Made-in-Canada\* simply means that an article which is good enough for the majority of Canadians, would also be good enough for the minority if the latter bought on a fair test—everything being equal, showed partiality for the article manufactured where the buyer himself was getting the means for his own existence.

Personally we have always felt that while our goods might have competition in price, they never had competition in service. In other words, no matter what the test, we believe DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD is unrivalled for efficiency the world over, that no other automobile tire, imported from where you will, can show a record of results that will equal the \*Most Enriched Tire in All America\*.

Believing that there are so many reasons why Canadian motorists should select DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD, naturally we have never emphasized the \*Made-in-Canada\* slogan as a main argument why you should buy \*The Master Tire\*, but we do emphasize it as an argument why you should not buy the foreign-made tire—no matter whether you select our tires or not.

If every Canadian exercised his right to buy foreign articles, there would soon be no Canadians to buy anything at all.

F. V. CHESMAN, 178 Water St. Telephone, 495.

## THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER IV.  
"You asked why I married her. The reason will perhaps not seem sufficient to my proud Vivien. It was because I loved her."  
"You had me to love," she interrupted, quickly.  
"True, and I love you now; but that did not prevent my loving Valerie. Wait until you know her."  
"It will make no difference, papa. You cannot expect me to love a girl whom you have put in my mother's place. Have you forgotten my mother that you bring this stranger here?"  
"No, I have not forgotten your mother, Vivien; but a man cannot always keep his heart buried in a grave. I have mourned truly enough for her. You ought rather to be pleased that I have found some one to brighten my life."  
"I brightened your life," she said, with jealous pain. "Oh, papa, you

were all the world to me! No one will love you as I did. I had no thought but you; and now you have brought a stranger to stand between us. How could you?"  
Tears rose to the dark, beautiful eyes.  
"I loved you so much, dear," she repeated. "How could you bring her here?"  
He was more troubled than he cared to own—his voice trembled, his hands shook.  
"Come, Vivien, you disappoint me. I thought you would have been more generous—I thought you would welcome my wife."  
"Our happy life is all over," she said. "You may think you will love me as much, but it will never be the same again, papa—never again. She will be between us. You will love your wife better than your daughter—you will study her, not me—you will think of her—consult her wishes, not mine; she will be mistress here, not I."  
"Yes, that is true, Vivien; she is my wife, and she must be mistress. I am glad you have the good sense to recognize that."  
"Your very kindness in the years gone past has been an injury to me," said Vivien. "You made me mistress

of your house when I was but a child—the habit of rule has grown with me—and now you ask me to give up the authority of years to a girl not older than myself. It is not just, papa."  
"I never thought of marrying again, Vivien—nothing was ever further from my thoughts."  
"Then why did you marry, papa?" she asked reproachfully.  
"Well, you see, my dear, I really could not help it. I fell in love with Valerie, that's the plain truth—nothing more nor less. I was happy with her, unhappy when away from her. So I determined to try to be always happy. I asked her to marry me, and she consented. Now, that it is done, Vivien, try to make all things pleasant—try to love her."  
"I suppose I must tolerate her," said Miss Neslie. "As for loving her, a pretty face would never bewitch me. I shall never love her, if only because she has taken my mother's place."  
"That is not a fair view of the matter," observed Sir Arthur. "Remember, Vivien, she has taken a vacant place. Your mother's, alas! is empty."  
"I know it, and, papa, I cannot love the one who would fill it. Do not think me wicked. I am jealous for my mother—my darling mother. Every kind word you give this stranger, every kind look, will seem to me an insult to my mother's memory. My mother loved you so—and do you remember how often you have told me that when she lay dying she asked you never to marry again? What are men like that they can love twice, and marry twice?"  
Her passionate words startled him.  
"Hush, Vivien!" he said. "It is all too late. I—I did not think of these things, my dear. Show your love for me by being kind to my wife."  
"I will show my love for my mother by preventing any one from ever taking her place," was the abrupt reply.  
"Vivien, try to like my wife. She is young—try to make her happy. Ah, there is the first dinner-bell," continued Sir Arthur, thankful for the interruption, "and I am not dressed! You will try to amuse Valerie; will you not, when she comes down? I may as well say, while we are on the subject, that, as she is so young, it would be absurd for you to call her anything except Valerie."  
She laughed scornfully.

"Did you ever imagine, papa, that I should call that girl mamma?" His face flushed hotly at the contempt in her voice, but he made no answer; and the next moment Vivien was alone—alone with her impotent wrath, her wounded love, her heart-ache—alone with sorrow that tore her breast, with pride that burned the soul within her. She clinched her white fingers as she stood there.  
"He loves her already," she said, "a thousand times better than me!" Then the bell rang again, and Mr. Dorman entered. He looked surprised on finding her alone; he looked at the beautiful face and flashing eyes.  
"I should not have liked to be in Sir Arthur's place," he thought to himself. He made some commonplace remark, but she did not hear it; and then the door opened again, and what seemed to them a vision of light and loveliness entered—a fair bright girl with laughing eyes and a beautiful mouth, a girl with golden-brown hair and a lovely face, teeth that gleamed like little pearls between scarlet lips, a slight girlish figure with trailing white robes and pearls in her hair. She went up to Vivien and looked laughingly into her face.  
"I must not call you 'Miss Vivien,'" she said—"that has a formal sound. Sir Arthur was always talking of 'Vivien.' Will you let me call you 'Vivien'? I have learned to know you by that name."  
Miss Neslie had recoiled suddenly as Lady Neslie approached her; and now the two stood face to face, the young secretary intently watching the scene. He thought to himself that it was like the first act of a tragedy—Vivien tall, dark, stately, the diamonds gleaming in her black dress; Valerie fair, graceful, slender, with her white dress and laughing face.  
"Shall I call you 'Vivien?'" she asked, not at all dismayed by Miss Neslie's hauteur.  
"I leave it entirely to you," Vivien replied. With all her burning jealousy and angry disdain, her outraged pride and love, she could not quite forget her good breeding.  
"I told Sir Arthur very often that I was quite sure I should be dreadfully jealous of his charming Vivien," continued Lady Neslie, "and now I see quite enough to make me so."  
The grave bow that was her only answer did not daunt her.  
"You look very grave, Vivien—see, I avail myself of your permission. Gravity seems to be the prevailing characteristic of the English. In France every one smiles, looks pleased, interested, happy; here the people are all melancholy, serious, grave. I must teach you to laugh, Vivien."  
"She is positively audacious," thought Gerald to himself, and then he came to the rescue. He drew near to Lady Neslie with a photograph of

## WOMAN WEAK AND NERVOUS

Finds Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa.—"I suffered with female troubles from the time I came into womanhood until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would have pains if I overworked or lifted anything heavy, and I would be so weak and nervous and in so much misery that I would be prostrated. A friend told me what your medicine had done for her and I tried it. It made me strong and healthy and our home is now happy with a baby boy. I am very glad that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and do all I can to recommend it."—Mrs. A. B. BOSCAMPE, 504 E. Howard Street, Creston, Iowa.

Tons of Roots and Herbs are used annually in the manufacture of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is known from ocean to ocean as the standard remedy for female ills.

For forty years this famous root and herb medicine has been pre-eminent successful in controlling the diseases of women. Merit alone could have stood this test of time.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

the Abbey in his hand. While he was showing it to her, Vivien walked away to the other end of the room. Lady Neslie looked after her with a peculiar smile, and then she turned to the secretary.  
"Do you know how to laugh, Mr. Dorman, or do you require lessons in that charming art?"  
"When you have been with us a little longer, Lady Neslie, you will find that the English laugh quite as heartily in England as the French do in France."  
"There is one thing that will puzzle me in England," said her ladyship, with a smile, that showed all her pretty teeth.  
"What is that?" asked Gerald.  
"I shall hardly be able to tell the difference between marble statues and living women if they are all like Miss Neslie."  
And for that one speech more than for anything else Gerald Dorman disliked and mistrusted her.

CHAPTER V.  
Sir Arthur Neslie, his wife and daughter, and Gerald Dorman sat together for the first time round the sumptuously-appointed dinner table at Lancewood. The baronet was all attention and devotion to his young wife, Vivien, too proud to display her feelings, talked to her father of Paris and Rome, of the friends he had met on his travels, of a thousand and indifferent things. She turned occasionally to Mr. Dorman, and seemed to enlist him as a third in their conversation—but to Lady Neslie she offered no observation, she spoke no word. Gerald could not help thinking that the young wife seemed rather to prefer to listen than to talk.

There had been a slight unpleasantness when they entered the dining-room. Vivien, forgetting for a moment the change in her position, had gone as usual to her place at the table. The sudden expression of her father's face reminded her that she was doing wrong. She stopped abruptly, a flush on her fair proud face, a scornful curve round her beautiful mouth.

"I beg pardon, papa," she said. "I had forgotten." She did not look or even glance at the young wife, who stood by with laughing mischief in her eyes.  
"Next to being remembered," observed Lady Neslie, "the greatest compliment is being forgotten, so I thank you for forgetting, Vivien."  
Miss Neslie drew aside as the bright, piquante, pretty French girl took her place. Sir Arthur turned with an air of apology to his wife.  
"My daughter has been mistress here so long," he said.  
"Do not apologize for me, papa," interposed Vivien. "I plead guilty to the fault of forgetting."  
"Which I persist in thinking a compliment," put in Lady Neslie. "Sometimes strangers, on coming suddenly into our lives, make a great stir and agitation in them; when they make so little disturbance as to be forgotten, I say it is a compliment to them."  
(To be Continued.)

## YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Every mother who has the welfare of young people at heart ought to support and encourage the social center movement, which aims to throw open to the public for recreation, their own school buildings. The boys and girls should be set to form committees to draw up programs and to control these social evenings.

So much of the harm that comes to girls follows from their never having been encouraged to develop their own initiative. At home and at school girls are told to do this and that, and are not encouraged to think things out for themselves. It is very noticeable that while many boys get into trouble through their spirit of adventure, more girls come to grief through the same spirit. They are not able to protect themselves as they are trained to-day.

The thick jellyed water from rice is too good to throw away. It makes an excellent addition to soups, cream or vegetable.

Economical housewives sometimes grind tea leaves just as they do coffee. They claim that only half as much tea is needed.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

1335.—A NEAT AND WELL FITTING APRON MODEL, AND SMART CAP.



Ladies' Apron With Princess Panel. This style is nice for pretty people, strong gingham or seersucker, for jean or drill, lawn, alpaca, saten or cambric. The princess panel is joined to side portions, that meet straps at the hand at the back, holding the apron firmly to position. Ample pockets and good skirt width is provided in this style. The cap is circular in shape, and its fullness is drawn up with ribbon, tape, or elastic. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for the apron, and 1/2 yard for the cap, for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

## 1336.—A UNIQUE AND STYLISH DESIGN.



Ladies' Costume, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, with or Without Over Back, with Two Styles of Collar, and Waist Fronts.

This simple but attractive model offers several style variations. It may be made with a flaring or a lowrolled collar, a sleeve in wrist or short length. The fronts may be shaped in points or in straight outline, and closed at the side, or finished with revers. The skirt is cut circular and with four gores. For linen, pique, corduroy, poplin, repp, gingham, chambray, taffeta, serge, percale or lawn, this style is very suitable. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Printing Department.

## Irish Win From the Stars.

A FINE EXHIBITION.

Outclassed at intervals by the B. I. S., the warriors had to accept defeat again last evening, the third time for the season. The Stars scored one, and the first goal, but their opponents doubted that figure. Mr. W. J. Higgins was referee and the players were:—

Stars.—Goal, Phelan; backs, Thompson, Walsh; halves, Kavanagh, Hart, Duggan; forwards, Morgan, Caul, Phelan, Bell, Brien.

## THE GAME.

The attendance of on-lookers was the largest for the season and so were the gate receipts. The fans were not disappointed as the exhibition was fine, a marked feature being the excellent combination of both sides. The stars became aggressive at the opening and pressed their opponents hard. One of the B. I. S. backs used his hands instead of his feet and a penalty kick was awarded the Stars. The ball struck the cross-bar and no goal resulted. The Stars kept up the attack and Brien shot. The B. I. S. goal keeper caught the ball, but before he had time to clear Caul had the ball in the meshes and first blood was drawn for the Stars. On resuming the Irish controlled the ball and forced into Star territory. A corner was secured; Duggan placed the ball neatly in the mouth of the Star goal and the equalizing goal was notched up. This enlivened matters and a fast and furious game, favored with a scattered bit of roughness, followed. The referee kept his eye on the infringements and those responsible were quickly brought to task. When the "hot wave" had exhausted itself the Irish became masters of the situation and their forwards made several runs, displaying clever combination. Evans controlled the ball and passed to Burke, who succeeded in passing all opponents and scoring the second and winning goal for the B. I. S. Continuing, the Irish had the best of the game but no further scoring was done.

SECOND PERIOD.  
The Stars expected to do much better after changing ends. Play was made about equal for the first ten minutes. Then the B. I. S. showed their superiority and made some vigorous rushes. Two corners were awarded them in quick succession, but were ineffectual. During a scrimmage T. Duggan, of the Stars, wrenched his knee and was obliged to discontinue playing. The balance of the game was fast and interesting. The Star goal tender was called upon several times and saved splendidly. The game ended: B. I. S., 2 goals; Stars, 1.

NOTES.  
The victors played best. They have seven points to their credit, but they have to face the Collegians and Casuals yet. The Stars have lost the three that they played.  
The refereeing last evening showed a decided improvement over the attempts at previous matches.  
For the victors it would be difficult to make special mention, but Burke is certainly an inimitable centre man.  
Brien and Phelan played well for the Stars.

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited.  
Gents.—I cured a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinarians had treated him without doing him any permanent good.  
Yours, &c.,  
WILFRED GAGNE.  
Prop. of Grand Central Hotel,  
Drummondville, Aug. 3, '04.

## Fishery Report.

The latest fishery reports received by the Board of Trade are:—  
From T. M. Costello (Wood's Island to Shoal Point).—The total catch is 4400 lbs. with 400 for last week. Thirteen traps, 125 dories and skiffs, and 7 boats are fishing. Prospects were very poor the past week and caplin is scarce. The lobster catch is very small. It appears the fish has passed along as the traps are doing nothing the last few days, and hook and liners very little.  
From Change Islands.—Thirty traps are in the water, but half of these did nothing the past week, while the balance secured from 30 to 100 qts. each. The hook and liners had nothing and the total catch is the worst on record. There is caplin bait in abundance. S. Roberts' schr. Zida Belle which left here nine days ago hauled for 180 qts. She reports good fishing at Belle Isle in the Straits. There is a salt famine in Foço District, and as a result quantities of fish are spoiling.

Photo  
We have Studio Groups of  
We have Studio Groups of  
We have Studio Groups of  
We have Studio Groups of

347th Day of the War  
LATEST  
From the Front

Messages Received Previous to 9 a.m.  
OFFICIAL.  
LONDON, July 17.—General Hamilton reports that attack in Gallipoli on the 12th suited in the advance of our right flank, including the 1st and 2nd corps, by about 400 yards. Over prisoners were captured.  
Nothing special in the French front.  
The Russians report enemy advance in the region of Riga. The Russians are occupying a position south of Prazhysk.  
The Austrians are attacking in the Dnieper district.  
Steady Italian progress continues. Falzarego peak was carried by a prise attack.

ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.  
PARIS, via St. Pierre, July 17.—In the region north of Arras, enemy attempted during the night to come out of their trenches near Sarleul Castle, but was immediately stopped by our infantry and artillery. In the Argonne our cross-section kept the Germans, who did not try to attack. Between the 3rd and Moselle it was a busy night without infantry attack. There a bombardment at Jonvaux and north of Fleury, gun-shooting cannonade. In Lorraine the enemy attacked on positions previously lost by the B. I. S. Continuing, the Irish had the best of the game but no further scoring was done.

T. J. EDENS,  
Duckworth St. and  
Military Road.

By s.s. Florizel to-day:  
N. Y. Turkeys.  
N. Y. Chicken.  
California Oranges.  
California Lemons.  
Fresh Tomatoes.  
Cabbage.  
New Furnips.  
Cantaloupes.  
20 bunches Bananas.

20 brls  
New Potatoes  
15c. gallon.

No advance in our TEAS.  
BULLDOG Brand . . . 40c.  
DANAWALLA Brand . 50c.

Best Family Flour, 60c. stone.  
Lamb's Tongues, 13c. lb.  
Bacon—cured with Corn Cobs.  
Loin Pork, 14c. lb.  
New York Corned Beef.  
Purity Butter—fresh every week.  
Welch's Grape Juice.  
Bent's Water Crackers.

SPECIAL:  
5 cases Fresh Country Eggs.  
Fresh Salmon, Friday, July 16

T. J. EDENS,  
Duckworth St. and  
Military Road.