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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.

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII

It was almost pitiful to see how Gertrude and Lord Fielden watched the post—the sickness of hope deferred indeed made the young girl's heart sink. One morning a whole bundle of letters came; none of them contained any news of particular interest, but they occupied considerable time in the reading and answering.

"I wonder, Lord Fielden," said Gertrude, when the last envelope was directed, "if ever there will be an end to this quest of mine?"

"There is an end to everything," Gertrude replied, thinking to herself that the one exception was his own great love for her. There could never be any end to that—it was impossible.

"I wonder," she continued, "what I shall have to fill my life and to interest me when this is over. I shall be quite lost. Now every day brings its own work, and that work occupies my whole time. I do not think I could ever live without some real employment again."

"You need not do so," said Lord Fielden, with a quick throw at his heart. "I know work that will just suit you."

"What is it?" she asked, her eyes fixed on the spreading beeches. "Women's rights?"

"Women's rights in one sense of the word, Gertrude," he replied, "decidedly not in the other. You ought to have a husband who loves you, not with a common-place affection, but with an unfeignable love."

"He has to be found," interrupted Gertrude, with a shy, sweet smile.

"No, indeed, he has not; he is found."

But Gertrude would not listen. "I can think of nothing yet but finding my father," she said gently.

"Gertrude," he cried, "suppose that some man—we will presume that he would be in every way eligible—should, through his own exertions and skill, bring to you certain proof of your father's innocence, the sure solving of the mystery that surrounds his name and that of Lola de Ferras, would you, as a reward, marry him?"

His heart beat so violently as he asked the question, that he was afraid she would hear it; his suspense was so great, that he could hardly draw his breath. But she did not look at him. She seemed to forget all about him in the thought of answering his question.

"Yes," she replied, "I think I would."

He turned away with a deep sigh, and without seeing the furtive glance from Gertrude's blue eyes.

"I wonder," said Harry, with an impatient stride across the room, "if it would have been better for me if I had never been born?"

"I should say that it is many years too late to answer the question," observed Gertrude.

"And so their conversation ended, but he did not forget it. Lord Fielden felt convinced that the only way to win the prize of Gertrude's love was by clearing up the mystery of her father's disappearance, and that was the task he set himself to perform."

CHAPTER XXX

Near the pretty town of St. Remy, in a remote corner of France, stands a chateau, quite shut in from the world by the forest that surrounds

it. It is supposed to have been built by a king of France who, passionately fond of hunting, enjoyed the chase best when he had only a few select friends about him. He would spend a week at a time at the chateau, and while he was there the merry sound of the hunting-horn was frequently heard. The next king sold it to one of the bourgeois, who purchased it simply because it had been built for the pleasure of royalty. He gave it his own name of Fleuris, which it retained. Then—for it has quite a history, this chateau—it was purchased by a French noble man who had married a very wealthy heiress. She was mad, but as all his income was derived from her, he kept the matter as secret as possible, and sent her with nurses and attendants to the Chateau Fleuris, where she lingered all the years of her life, a victim to the terrible malady. How often those walls had re-echoed to shrieks and cries, frightening even the birds from their nests!

Once every week a cart was driven from the chateau to St. Remy by a surly-looking man—a Belgian evidently, from his accent. He made his purchases without more comments than the occasion demanded; and if any one presumed to question him as to the number of the household—if it were madame or monsieur whom they had the honor of serving—his

reply was a gloomy suggestion that the inquirer should mind his own affairs. Persons drew their own conclusions. Articles of every kind were purchased—books, papers, cigars, wines, old cognac. There must certainly be a gentleman living at the chateau—and a lady too; there was no mistake about that. Gradually, however, all curiosity ceased, for the simple reason that it never was gratified, and the Chateau Fleuris remained as great a mystery as ever. But, after a time, one of the inhabitants of the old house issued from her seclusion.

She was a tall, dark, stately woman with a strange beauty of her own. A story of passion was written on her face. The dark eyes burned with almost lurid light, a grand but distorted, darkened soul, looked out of them with proud, pained defiance.

She went frequently to St. Remy; no one knew whether she was wife or widow. She never spoke of husband or children; but she wore a wedding-ring, and called herself Madame St. Ange. People watched her with something like awe. It was so strange that she never spoke to any one. The children, when they met her, ran away frightened and crying; no little one ever went to her with outstretched arms; even the very dogs refused to make friends with her.

She always wore black, loose, gracefully-hanging garments that fell in stately folds about her; she walked with a proud, stately grace that was peculiar to herself. In passing through the streets of St. Remy she never looked either to the right or to the left; she swept on as though there were nothing to interest her on earth. Those who noticed her were startled at the tragic sorrow expressed on every feature of her face. Once, as she was passing down the Rue d'Espagne, a pretty little girl fell down a few yards in advance of her, and hurt herself badly. The child's cries were piteous, yet Mme. St. Ange did not go up to her, as any kind-hearted woman would have done, and raise her from the ground; she had no words of sweet womanly compassion for her, but stopped aside so that even her dress should not touch the little one.

With a cry on her lips, the mother came rushing out of her house, and saw madame passing by with raised head, as though she neither saw nor heard the child.

(To be continued.)

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**2 MORE WOMEN
JOIN THE ARMY**

Of Those Who Have Been Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.—"I had a bad pain in my left side and I could not lift anything heavy without having a back-ache. I tried different things. Then I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and began taking it as the directions said. I feel much better now and can do all my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to all my friends, and you can see my testimonial letter."—Mrs. HARRIE WARZON, 370 Garden St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Gained in Every Way
Buffalo, N. Y.—"I had some female troubles that just run my health down so that I lost my appetite and my nerves all the time. I could not lift anything heavy, and a little extra work some days would put me in bed. A friend had told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I gained in every way, could eat better and felt stronger. I had found nothing before this that did me so much good."—Mrs. J. GRACE, 291 Wolz Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Who Make the Scientific Discoveries
College professors who used to make most of the discoveries in science, are now being run hard by the "practising" scientists in the laboratories of big industrial companies. At least this is true in the physical sciences, we are told by an editorial writer in The Electrical World (New York). In engineering, he says, it looks as if the teachers had abdicated entirely in favor of their "practical" brethren. The he does not consider an ideal condition. The theorist and the practical man, he thinks, should continually keep in touch and move up the hill of progress hand in hand. In beginning his discussion, this writer says that if the man-on-the-street were asked how discoveries in physical sciences are made to serve human needs, say through electrical apparatus, he would probably venture a guess that unnamed inventors and college professors make discoveries. But, he continues:

"As a matter of fact, the tendency in our industry has unmistakably been away from such a state of affairs and toward an integration of mental as well as of physical resources. Just as large manufacturing companies have found it to be their advantage to control sources of their principal raw supplies and transportation, so they also have found it indispensable to employ physicists, chemists and inventors of the highest rank, to be assured of 'private wires' from nature's own laboratory. Of late the names of the leading industrial scientists have become as widely known as those of productive scholars connected with institutions of learning."

"The titles of subjects and the character of employment of the authors of the papers presented at the recent meeting of the American Physical Society in Washington are rather illuminating from the point of view of this changing character of the relation between pure and applied science. Out of the seventy-seven papers presented, 68 per cent. were by teachers and by research fellows, 20 per cent. by scientists connected with commercial concerns, and the remaining 12 per cent. emanated from government bureaus and other non-commercial organizations. Even apart from mere statistics, the nature of the papers shows a very close cooperation between the departments of physics in universities and the research departments of the electric manufacturing companies. Practical identical topics are treated by both, and one could hardly find a confirmation of the old belief that physical laws are discovered by college professors and then handed over to practical men for application. This present harmonious state of affairs should be very encouraging to both groups of scientists, and, in providing a direct channel for practical uses of new discoveries, it is a mainly ideal from the point of view of humanity at large."

"Those versed in the affairs of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers will find no such marked parallel connection between professors of electrical engineering and practising engineers. It seems that in this country, with a few exceptions teachers of electrical engineering have been forced by external circumstances—or have voluntarily agreed—to limit their activities to teaching undergraduates and to supervising the work of a few advanced students. This, of course, is also a necessary activity in the industry, and the high standards, both mental and moral, of our young electrical engineers are a glowing tribute to the teaching profession. The questions here raised and which deserve comment are these: What are the reasons why the sum total of the original contributions by our professors of

electrical engineering to methods useful in the industry is not greater than it is? and, Why is it that the voluntary co-operation between professors of engineering and their practising confreres is not nearly so close or pronounced as between the teaching and practising physicists?"

Old Legion Traces White Indian in Roving Scotchmen
New Orleans, July 21. (A.P.)—The recent discovery of so-called "white Indians" on the isthmus of Panama by the Marsh expedition has unleashed its legend in New Orleans, versed in the romantic lore of Central and South America.

Later, it is said, others of the settlers were driven away by the Spaniards, and it is thought likely many of them fled into the jungles and remained. This, if the supposition is correct, might account for the white Indians.

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we advertised last week are selling fast. The values are the best seen for years.
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Silk Lisle Hose, Brown55c.
Fine English—Lisle Thread Hose, in Navy, Nigger, Putty, White75c. & 85c.
Special Black Cotton Hose19c.
White Cotton Hose, 20c. 28c.

Silk Hose, in Brown, White, Sand, Putty, Grey, Black.78c. 85c. 90c. \$1.10, \$1.20
Silk Dresses: Crepe-de-Chene, Tricosham & Crepe Knit. \$9.50, 10.75, 11.75
SCARVES, Etc.
Knitted Silk Scarves Beautiful Colours . . . \$2.35, \$2.75, \$4.50
Bead Necklaces. Very newest. 28c. to \$1.10
Nelly Kelly Bags, for holding Powder Puff 45c.

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