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At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER III.

Her spirits rose, she had said to herself that she would keep Sir Karl by her side, and she did so. He could not resist the witching charm of her drollery, her wit, her sparkling talk.

One trifling circumstance dwelt in Sir Karl's mind. As Dolores and he passed some beautiful roses, Lord Rhysworth stopped and gathered a lovely white one. He placed it proudly in his coat, and Sir Karl felt that he wore it as a knight of old wore his lady's colors. The utter unconsciousness of Miss Cliefden struck him.

"I have driven over, Dolores, to say that, quite unexpectedly, we have some visitors from Paris to-day. Mamma is making almost superhuman efforts to entertain them, and she wants to get up an impromptu party this evening—dancing, charades, music—everything that will while away time. She sent a messenger to Lord Rhysworth, but he is out of temper about something, I should imagine, for he has declined to come."

The knowledge of what that "something" was brought a burning blush to the fair face of Dolores.

"What are you blushing about? What is the matter?" asked Lola, whom nothing escaped. "Have you anything to do with Lord Rhysworth's not coming?"

"Then why are you blushing? People do not blush in that way for nothing. Have you seen Lord Rhysworth to-day?"

"He called here this morning, but he did not mention Beauileu; perhaps he had not received your note then. Will it be a large party, Lola?"

Dolores was anxious to change the subject, but Lola detected the motive.

"You do not want me to say any more about Lord Rhysworth. I will be silent, but none the less sure am I that there is a mystery, or you would not blush."

On what trifles do human lives turn! If Dolores had not blushed,

her life would have been entirely different.

"Will you have a large party, Lola?" she asked again, quite ignoring the remark made by the beautiful French girl.

"I hope so. Sir Karl is coming, I secured him first. A party, or anything else, without him, would be intolerable to me."

"And to me," thought Dolores, but she said nothing.

"He is coming; that is settled; and I feel a placid indifference about every one else but you, Dolores," continued Lola.

CHAPTER IV.

She saw that Miss Cliefden was not quite herself—that she had something on her mind, something that ruffled her thoughts and shadowed her clear eyes. For Lola there was but one subject, and that was her lover. She judged Dolores by herself.

"It cannot be Sir Karl," she thought, "it must be Lord Rhysworth. I always said that he was fond of her. He has been there this morning, and I am quite certain something unusual has occurred. You will drive back with me, Dolores?" she said aloud. "You will have plenty of time to see to your toilet, and you must stay all to-morrow and help us to entertain our visitors."

That Dolores could not do; she did not like to leave the Squire for so long. Indeed she would have declined the invitation altogether, but that it seemed to her Providence had presented the one chance more for which she had longed: She would go, because she would see Sir Karl; and if he did like her, she would find it out.

"Dolores," cried Lola, "you are keeping something from me! It is quite useless for you to deny it; your face betrays you. Now, what is it? All the time I have been talking to you, you have been looking out there over the trees, with a far-away expression in your eyes which I understand, if no one else does. I do not believe that you have heard a word of what I have said."

"On the contrary, I have heard all," she said. "You know, Dolores, it is better to make a friend than an enemy of me," said Lola. "You will do better to trust me. You are keeping some secret from me, and I am quite sure to find it out for myself."

"I give you permission," answered Dolores carelessly, yet vexed in her heart that Lola had guessed so correctly. "What shall I give you to amuse yourself with while I get ready?"

"I will talk to the Squire," said Lola.

The beautiful French girl, with a

smile on her lips, lay back in her chair watching her, the very picture of luxurious ease. She was thirsty, and had asked for some fruit. With her white, slender fingers she held a lovely, ripe peach, talking while she ate it; and Dolores, looking at her, thought she was more like a picture than ever.

"You are debating in your mind, Dolores, about your dresses," observed Lola. "I can see the perplexity in your face. Let me decide."

But Dolores had already decided. She took from her wardrobe, a dress of creamy silk with rich lace trimmings, the only ornaments she chose being a beautiful pair of pearls. The dark eyes watched steadfastly.

"Evidently," said Lola to herself. Dolores means to eclipse us all to-night. Now for whom is she going to dress in this style? Not for Lord Rhysworth—that is certain; for he is not coming. It must be for Sir Karl. I must put a stop to that. Dolores," she said aloud, with the girlish frankness no one could better assume, "you have selected your very prettiest dress; yet Lord Rhysworth will not be with us."

But Dolores was on her guard and made no answer.

She was more silent than usual, all the way to Beauileu. Lola laughed, talked, told her some absurd anecdotes of the Parisian visitors; but on the sweet face of Dolores there was a look of anxious thought. What would the evening bring for her.

Dolores had vowed to herself that she would not be shy, cold, or proud to Sir Karl, that she would give him every opportunity of speaking to her, and that she would be as amiable as possible to him. Yet, when the first sound of his voice came to her, she grew faint and sick at heart; she seemed to realize all at once the great stake she was to win or lose that night.

He did not come straight to her. Lola had gone forward to meet him, and kept him for some minutes in close conversation about the French guests.

"You must talk to Madame Glenise," she said. "She was a great favorite with the Empress, and knows more about the French Court than anyone else. She is a devoted Imperialist," continued Lola. "She would give her last shilling for the cause. When you have heard her speak of the Empress, you will be compelled to love her."

"Be explicit, Miss de Ferras. Love whom? Madame Glenise or the Empress?"

"The Empress of course! You know that, I love the Empress too. Her life always reminds me of a tragic poem. I think she is the most beautiful, the most charming woman who ever graced a throne; and if you wish to please me"—she paused and looked at him archly—"that is if you really wish to please me—"

"Can you doubt it?" he said, with laughing gallantry.

"I do not want to doubt; I wish to believe it," she answered. "So, if you desire to please me, you will talk to Madame Glenise and learn to love the Empress, Sir Karl."

"Have you any other commands?" he asked, with a low bow.

"I will tell you as the evening goes on," she replied and her dark eyes seemed to flash light into his.

He said to himself that to look at the fair, angelic beauty of Dolores, after a flash from those dark eyes, was like changing the sultry beams of a hot, noonday sun for clear, calm moonlight. Unfortunately he put his thoughts into words.

"How beautiful Miss Cliefden looks to-night! What a poetical face she has!" he said.

The remark gave Lola the very opening she wanted.

(To be continued)

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June 5, 1924

Honest People Who Steal

LITTLE FRAUDS THEY THINK CLEVER.

Many people who are scrupulously honest in their private affairs do not display the same nice sense of honour in their dealings with the Government or railway companies, or indeed, with any large concern which it is possible to defraud negatively and not positively, writes "John Blunt" in the Daily Mail.

Many a man who would never dream of stealing a penny has often little compunction in travelling first-class with a third-class ticket.

Similarly, many a man feels no particular remorse at defrauding the revenue out of small sums of income tax, though such men would be horrified at the thought of pilfering a few stamps.

Blunted Senses.

So long as the misdeed is, as it were, a passive one, and so long as the sufferer from it is an impersonal concern like a Government or a company, people often think themselves rather clever to have got the better of it, and are unable to perceive that they have done anything deserving of blame.

How is it that so few people feel that a man who has, say, travelled first-class with a third-class ticket has done anything particularly heinous?

That, certainly, is the general attitude; but I confess I do not quite know why. The truth is I imagine, that about moral questions, as about everything else, there is a kind of convention. A man who steals a shilling is looked up, but a man who may be infinitely more fraudulent in reality, and ruin thousands of people, may easily, if he is cunning, evade the law altogether.

THOSE SIGNBOARDS.

A firm that dealt in marmalade had tried for years to get my trade; the first drummers often would parade to where I hoe my row; and they would ask me why in heck I didn't buy, at times, a peck of sterling goods they placed on deck, and sold at prices low. "Your marmalade," I made reply, "is surely pleasing to the eye, and I would purchase a supply, but for your bonehead play; you advertise it on a sign that desecrates a landscape fine, and shuts off from these eyes of mine the view of moor and bay. There are a million other men who'd like to gaze on wold and fen, on spinney, dingle, copse and glen that mighty signs obscure; and they won't buy the sterling goods whose names are blazoned in the woods and over all the neighbourhood, where beauty should endure." And now, behold, those people say they're taking all their signs away; and I shall chase myself to-day to buy their marmalade; I'll buy in kegs their standard jam, and eat it with my scalloped yam, yes, eat it with a spade. And all the delegates I know are wending toward in a row their heard-earned stercorose to blow for that world-famous brand; the signs that used to make them swear, that jarred the landscape everywhere and drove sane people to despair, have vanished from the land.

Gland Theory Overated

AVERS NEW YORK DOCTOR.

CHICAGO, June 11—(A.P.)—Rejuvenation by transplantation of any kind of glands was branded as mythology before the surgery section of the American Medical Association, by Dr. Clarence A. McWilliams, New York surgeon, in an address to-day. The speaker considered the subject in relation to skin grafts or grafts of internal organs from one creature to another.

"In numerous instances I can point out where the uniform result is the disappearance of the grafted tissues," Dr. McWilliams asserted. "The scientific reason is that between animals of the same species, even there are unknown biological differences that prevent the survival of the transplanted arteries. Reported successes would indicate that these grafted organs 'seem to take', but they suddenly disappear, in a few weeks at the most."

"The same facts govern the grafting of skin from one individual to another."

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The Wrong Pocket

A mean old farmer went to his landlord to pay his rent. He bemoaned the hard times, the bad season, and the small prices to be got for grain, and finished by putting his hand in his pocket and taking out a note which he laid on the table, saying: "There's a' I'm able to give ye, laird. I hivna' anither pound i' the world."

His landlord picked up the note and looked at it. "But, John," he said, "this is a £100 note, and your rent is only fifty. You have given me twice what I want."

The farmer made a grab at the note. "Eh, what an auld fule I am," he cried; "I put my haun' i' the wrang pouch!"

A Disappearing Act

During their recent trip round the world, Sir Harry Lauder and his wife had a great reception, especially in America, where they were the honoured guests at innumerable social functions.

Lady Lauder was particularly struck with the New York hotels; though there is one thing, she says, they won't do for you. They won't clean your boots.

A friend of hers on her first visit to the States, put her boots outside her bedroom door to be cleaned. In the morning they were not there.

Nor did she ever see them again, and the only answer she got to repeated inquiries was!

"In America, ma'am, folks only put outside their doors things they don't want."

When you once get to know how good Ivory soap is you will always use this fine pure soothing toilet soap. Ivory is as good as any soap can be, yet it costs less money than most toilet soaps.

Making Sure

The new domestic help was stating the terms on which she would accept the situation.

"I want sixty pounds a year," she said, "and I don't wash floors, or clean boots, or—"

"But—" protested the mistress, feebly.

"Work after six o'clock" went on the woman, steadily. "And I want every evening off in the week and a fine reference, and—"

"But surely the reference can wait till you leave us?" broke in the mistress, hurriedly.

"No, I want the letter now," replied the new domestic, firmly. "I've tried getting them when I leave, and I've never got a good one yet."

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