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known for good values and up-to-date styles are the places to ask about the D & A and the LA DIVA Corsets.

"Made-in-Canada" in one of the best equipped corset factories in the world, they offer all the quality formerly found only in high grade imported corsets, but sell at little more than half the price.

NON RUSTABLE
D & A CORSETS

Dominion Corset Co., Quebec, Montreal and Toronto

"KYRA,"
OR,
The Word of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER VIII.
A Penitent Peer.

"Put not your trust in women!" he said; "they are a broken reed. I would that it could have been otherwise, that I could have let the money drift to you and go with the land; but it cannot be. Justice and atonement—justice and atonement!" and murmuring those words again and again, he withdrew his hand from Percy's grasp and fell into the old attitude of abstraction.

Percy stood looking at him for a few minutes, then moved slowly away.

As he reached the door, which Stephen Gringe had shuffled forward to open, he looked back and saw that the earl had completely forgotten his existence, and was crouching over the fire with a slight shiver and air of perfect unconsciousness.

Percy sighed—it was such a noble wreck! and passed out.

Stephen Gringe shuffled after him, and caught him up as he stood in the hall, consulting his watch.

"Mr. Percy, you will not go on today, sir?" said the old man, in a troubled voice.

Percy turned to him with a smile.

"Yes, at once, Stephen."

"Not to-day, sir! Stay, Mr. Percy, one day in the old house. It isn't right that the heir—"

Then he stopped.

"No," said Percy. "Why should I stay, Stephen—the earl is no worse than usual?"

Stephen Gringe shook his head.

"I should not see him—he told me so himself."

"The earl sees no one but me, Mr. Percy. I have been with him since he was a boy!" said the old man, in his thin voice.

"I know that, Stephen," said Percy, laying his hand on the bent shoulder with that frank, gracious kindness which won the hearts of his inferiors. "I know how faithful and devoted you have been, Stephen, and I know that while you are by his side my uncle needs no other protector or guardian, so I can leave him all the easier. Tell me, why should I stay?"

Stephen Gringe looked up at him, and then at the long line of pictures—at the men in armor, at the old, tattered flags; then he drew a little near-

er to the young heir, and with a timid, deprecating, and yet cunning air, placed his shrunken hand on the strong, muscular arm.

"Master Percy, forgive an old servant who's grown gray in the Vering service—I've had you in my arms many's the time and oft, Mr. Percy—can't this bring be?"

"Do you mean can I marry Miss Harrup, the coal-owner's daughter, Stephen?" said Percy, with a grim smile.

"Ay," said the old man, his small, sharp eyes searching the open, candid face above him with painful eagerness—"ay, she's not a bad lass, Mr. Percy—not good for the heir of Vering!—who is good enough?" and he drew himself up with a gesture of fierce pride—"but she is a straight, comely young lady; and the earl did not over-reckon the money, Mr. Percy."

Percy shook his head with a smile.

"No, Stephen, it cannot be—it is too late. Ah, and if you had tempted me a year ago, I should have stood hard against it; but now! why, Stephen, I am in love with the loveliest woman in the world, and I wouldn't lose her to save Vering itself!"

The old man looked at him hard and grim for a moment, then turned aside with a groan.

"I knew it was no use," he muttered, shaking his head—"few men could move a Chester an inch out of his road."

Then he gathered himself together.

"You'll stay to dinner, Mr. Percy? It shall be served in the court room—I'll see the cook—"

Percy shook his head.

"No, Stephen, thank you. I've been thinking that I would like to walk across the fields—the old footpath I remember so well—to the station. Will you send my portmanteau on? Come, don't look so grieved, my old friend! 'Pon my life, I think you take my loss of the earl's money to heart more than I do!" and he laughed gently. "And now I will be off."

A footman came up noiselessly with the light dress coat Percy had worn.

Stephen Gringe took it from him, and dismissed him with a gesture, then helped Percy on with it.

"It don't seem long ago, Mr. Percy," he murmured, "since I used to put your little velvet jacket on; you weren't so broad across the shoulders then, and I could reach up to your head better. 'Ah!' and he groaned.

"Old times—good old times, Stephen," said Percy, shaking the old

man's hand. "Good-by!" and with one grave, frank smile, he ran down the great, broad terrace.

Stephen Gringe stood on the threshold of the hall, looking after the tall figure striding rapidly down the drive, then he shuffled up the hall and back again. As he paced to and fro, his thin, wrinkled hands locked behind him, the expression of his face, and his whole attitude denoted that a struggle of some kind was going on within his heart or brain; the little eyes were almost extinguished by the overhanging brows, the thin lips were pressed closely together, the hands were clinched tightly.

At last he raised his head and looked out at the door with an expression of decision and resolution, closed the door, and shuffled across the hall to the earl's room, the resolution still plainly marked in his bearing and in his face. Having gained the door of the earl's room, the resolution still ed it, and, as he did so, the expression seemed to relax. A voice, the earl's, broke upon him, and put to flight completely that same resolution, whatever it might be, for, as the thin voice exclaimed:

"Stephen, is the boy gone? Just put some coals on; I am perishing!"

The old steward's crooked figure relapsed into its old air of humility, and his face assumed its wonted expression. In the presence of his lord and master, under the immediate influence of his voice, Stephen Gringe had no will of his own, however much he might possess when outside the magic circle.

Meanwhile the disinherited heir paced along the home park, with anything but a moody spirit.

"Can it be true," he mused, smiling, "that I shall be that anomaly, a penniless peer? Yes; there was no lack of decision and power in my uncle's assertion. The money will go in another direction, in which particular other one who shall say? It is a secret, evidently, and it does not much matter, seeing that it will not come to me. No, I am not miserable; I am not even envious. How could I possibly be, when I consider that I am the richest man in the world, although I have lost a fortune? I have got a pearl, a ruby, above price. My lily! my queen! Well, well! It would have been better if I could have gone to Lady Devigne without this little romantic story of my misfortune; she is a woman of the world, as well as the mother of the loveliest, purest girl in it, and she may regret the state of my exchequer, but I cannot believe it will make any difference to her and to Lily—ah, the mere idea of suspicion is sacrilege. If ever woman was free from the stain of selfishness, that girl is Lilian Devigne! Put her to the test, said the earl, poor old fellow. Yes, my lord, to-night, please Heaven, I will hear from her own lips the avowal that it is not the Vering gold she loves, not Vering's future lord, but plain Percy Chester."

In this confident mood he reached the station, traveled to town, and gained his chambers. As he ascended the stairs, with a step not a whit less buoyant and firm than usual, though he had not been to bed the preceding night, and had danced and traveled much in the last twenty-four hours, the door of his room flew open, and Charlie came out with an Eton bound to meet him.

"Back already, Perce! How awfully glad I am! Come in—you'll dine at home? I say, how fagged you look! You are tired, I know! It's no use, old fellow, I can see it! All that way and back, and of course too early for dinner. Nothing wrong, I hope, Perce?"

"No, dear boy!" said Percy, with his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"The earl is as usual, I suppose—certainly no worse."

"The business they wanted to see me about concerned myself, and was not very pleasant; but we won't talk about that. What news have you for me, Charlie?" and his handsome face flushed slightly.

"Ah!" said Charlie, in a low voice, as if he were so full of the subject that he did not know at which part of it to begin, "my word, Perce, the fellows at the club are raving mad with envy and uncharitableness! It's got about somehow; Count Hudspiel saw you at the carriage last night, and must have guessed at it. They had-

HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN

Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health:



Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not do my own work, had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all you claim. Now I feel as well as ever I did and am able to do all my own work again. I recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. JAMES CONLEY, 516 St. Clair St., Frankfort, Ky.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it will be confidential.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

A GOOD SUIT FOR SPORT OR OUTING.



Blouse 1671, Skirt 1679.

Composed of Ladies' Blouse Pattern 1671, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1679. As here shown novelty suiting in blue and brown was combined with blue serge. The models may be worn separately. Linen, madras, lawn, pique, drill, serge, cashmere, garbaridine, gingham, silk and Jersey cloth are all suitable for this style.

The Blouse Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

The Skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 3 yards of 44-inch material for the waist and 4½ yards for the skirt for a medium size. The skirt measures 4 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A VERY PLEASANT AND ATTRACTIVE COMBINATION.



Waist 1662, Skirt 1682.

This comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 1662, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1682.

The Skirt could be made of serge, gabardine, voile, novelty suiting, shepherd check, broadcloth, linen, flannel or gingham. The waist is nice for silk, crepe, flannel, linen, lawn, batiste or madras. If desired, one material may be employed for waist and skirt, to produce the effect of a one-piece dress.

The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

The Skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4½ yards of 44 inch material for a 24-inch size which measures 8½ yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to May 30th, 1916.

- A**
Andrews, R., Duckworth St.
Andrews, Miss K. (card), Theatre Hill
- B**
Bally, Mrs. Mary
Baker, Miss Mary, Water St.
Black, Mrs. T. F., care Gen. Delivery
Batten, Abraham, Duckworth St.
Bryant, W. C.
Baldwin, Miss Charlotte, Gower St.
Barrow, Miss Susie, Gower St.
Barron, Mrs. Wm.
Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road
Bennett, Mrs. Peter, c/o Gen. Delivery
Byrne, Miss Margaret
Belbin, Miss Emma, King's B. Road
Bell, W. F., Bell Street
Bird, Miss Maggie, late Grand Falls
Brown, Mrs. Thos., Queen St.
Butler, Mr. & Mrs. James, card, Flower Hill
- Burt, Mrs. Joseph.**
Buddon, Miss Mgt., card
Burton, Robert, LeMarchant Road
Bursey, Wm., care Savings Bank
Butler, W. J., Young Street
Byrne, James, Victoria St.
Brown, Mrs. Military Road
- C**
Carpenter, George W.
Caines, Mrs. George, Duckworth St.
Caso, Ernest
Chase, Walter W.
Collins, Peter, card
Cooper, Miss Rose, card
Crimp, Miss May, c/o Peter O'Mara
Corner, Frank J., c/o C. E. O'Reilly
Corkum, Clarence S.
Callahan, John, 51 Street
Christiansen, Ralph
Coleman, Thomas, Barter's Hill
Collier, J. P.
Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm., Balsam Place
Crane, E.
- D**
Day, Joshua, c/o G. P. O.
Dwyer, Miss A., Bond St.
Devnie, Mrs. Frank, New Gower St.
- E**
Elkin, Mrs. Stanley
Eilsworth, Const. T., West End Station
- F**
Facey, S., New Gower St.
French, Solomon, Scott St.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs., Pleasant St.
- G**
Green, Mrs., Lime St.
Glover, Jasper, late Port aux Basques
Goudie, Ernest.
- H**
Hayward, Miss Sarah, New Gower St.
Hewlett, Arminius, c/o Gen. Delivery
Hurley, Mrs. Norman, card, John St.
Hutchings, A. G., Hamilton St.
- J**
James, J. W., card, c/o G. P. O.
Jenkins, J., Casey's St.
Johnson, Ralph
Jackson, Mrs. George,
New Gower Street
Johnston, James, Nagle's Hill
Janus, Wm. J., Bannerman St.
James, J., Hagerty's Street
Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower St.
Jones, Vincent
- K**
Keefe, Mrs. H., slip, Forest Road
Kelly, Miss Gerlie, card, late Placentia
Kirby, Charles, Prince's Street
King, Mrs. Bertha
- L**
Lamb, Miss Mary, Spencer St.
Lynch, David
Lacy, Mrs. James, Pennywell Road
- M**
Maynard, F. J., care Gen. P. Office
- Martin, Haviland S., card**
Marshall, Mrs. M., King's Road
Malloy, Mrs. James, George St.
Maguel, Maud, care Gen. Delivery
Martin, Jack, Newtown Road
Miller, Miss Ida, care Gen. P. Office
Miffin, Sydney C., card
Mitchell, Miss Nellie
Moore, Mrs. J., Monroe St.
Murphy, Miss A., Gower St.
Murphy, John J., Agent
Murphy, Miss Bride, Young St.
Murphy, Pte. Patrick, retd.
Murrain, Ralph
Murphy, Mrs. May, Bannerman Road
Matford, Miss M. B., card,
care General Delivery
Malone, P. J.
- McDonald, Mrs., Duckworth St.**
McDonald, Wm.
McKinnon, Mrs., New Gower St.
- N**
Noseworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo., card
- O**
O'Keefe, Philby, Prescott St.
O'Donnell, John, care Reid Co.
O'Toole, Francis, Black Marsh Road
- P**
Parsons, George,
Pennywell Road, care G.P.O.
Parrell, Wm., Allandale Road
Power, James, care Ivy Hotel,
Water Street West
Parsons, Miss Jessie, card,
care Mrs. White, Pleasant St.
- Q**
Quirk, Thomas, c/o Genl. P. Office.
- R**
Ryan, Miss Katie, Queen St.
Reddy, James, Newtown Road
Redmond, James
Richards, Miss N., Duckworth St.
Roberts, Henry, Allandale Road
Roberts, E. W.
Rogers, Joseph
Robins, John, South Battery
Rogers, F., Hutchings' St.
Roberts, Solomon
Ruby, Miss M., Water St. West
- S**
Stewart, Capt. George
Spracklin, Herbert
Stratton, Miss Amelia
Shaw, Miss Mary J., Pleasant Street
Stapleton, Miss Laura, Theatre Hill
Stevens, Chas., care G. P. O.
Sterling, T. H. & Co.
Simms, Mary C., care Mrs. Furlong
Smith, J. H., Gower St.
Smith, A. B.
Snook, Abner, Freshwater Road
Scott, Miss P.
Sullivan, Martin, Ivy Hotel, Water St.
Sullivan, Miss Flossie, card,
Queen's Road
Squires, Joseph, Queen St.
Sinnott, A., Pennywell Road
- T**
Taylor, Louis, care G. P. O.
Thistle, Joseph, New Gower St.
Thompson, Wm., Duckworth St.
- W**
Ward, Frank R., Gower St.
Wall, Miss Annie, 21 Street
Whalen, Mrs. Patrick
Walsh, John, late Hr. Grace
Walsh, Mr., P. O. Box 571
Whelan, J.
Whelan, Mrs. Mary, Gower St.
Winsor, James, care G. P. O.
White, Mrs. John, Carter's Hill
Whitbourne, Wm., Cochrane St.
Williams, A., Circular Road
Wright, Henry
Woodcock, E.
Watson, Emily, Miss, Cowan Home.
- Y**
Young, B. B., New Gower St.
- H. J. B. WOOL'S, P.M.G.**

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FOR S...
Sizes 3 and
quality Tweed
York City at
Now clearing
each ...

Boys' Suits
A very style
would sell in
\$6.00; in show
Now clearing ...

Men's Suits
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Now clearing ...

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Collars, Job, ...

Men's Khaki
Most services
made from
Duck, cuff but
sizes. Usually 2
Now ...

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IN AID OF THE SICK AND ED AND OUR SOLD SAILORS AT THE

Port de Grave—66 pillow
old white material.
Trent and Spianard's
prs. socks.
Grand Falls—137 prs.
shirts.
Bishop's Falls—40 prs. s.
Newtown—38 prs. socks.
Hermitage—13 prs. sock
Melbourne—19 prs. sock
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Oporto Market

This Week.
Stocks (Nfld.) ...
Consumption ...
Week Before Last
Stocks (Nfld.) ...
Consumption ...

OUR VOLUNTEERS.
was slack yesterday, only
open offering themselves
agent, as follows: Horat
Red Bay; Robt. E. By
Wales; Martin Walkins.
The day was spent at
Battalion drill on the Para
and squads also had prac
rifle range.

**Nerviline Stops Earache in 10 Seconds
Fixes Toothache in 2 Minutes.**

It Seems to Possess Almost Some Divine Power Over Pain.

BUB ON NERVILINE.

Toothache is usually due to neuralgia in the gums or to the congestion and swelling of the nerve pulp.

"As 'Nerviline' relieves congestion, you can easily see why it cures toothache.

Nerviline does more—cures any ache or pain—in any part of the body. It matters not where your pain is. It may be in a joint or muscle; it may be neuralgia or lumbago; it may be a surface pain in deeply situated in the back, side or chest. Nerviline will reach it; Nerviline will drive it out.

What is Nerviline, you ask? Just a liniment, but very much stronger in pain-subduing power than other liniments—One that penetrates more deeply in the tissue than any other liniment. It is a liniment that cures quickly, that gives permanent relief. You might spend ten or a hundred dollars, but you couldn't buy as much relief as you get from a single bottle of Nerviline.

We guarantee Nerviline: we refund your money if it does not relieve you. In many lands it is a household trust, a remedy that has justified itself under the experience of those who have used it. Guaranteed for neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, pleurisy, strains or sprains; the large 50 cent family size bottle is more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Dealers everywhere sell Nerviline.

Canada's Best Will Stand The Test

Windsor Table Salt
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

Asparagus is delicious served with brown butter for a change, instead of on toast with dressing.

"No, dear boy!" said Percy, with his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"The earl is as usual, I suppose—certainly no worse."

"The business they wanted to see me about concerned myself, and was not very pleasant; but we won't talk about that. What news have you for me, Charlie?" and his handsome face flushed slightly.

"Ah!" said Charlie, in a low voice, as if he were so full of the subject that he did not know at which part of it to begin, "my word, Perce, the fellows at the club are raving mad with envy and uncharitableness! It's got about somehow; Count Hudspiel saw you at the carriage last night, and must have guessed at it. They had-

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