

### Eczema Covered Arms of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucedale, Ont., writes—



Baby Marshall.

**DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT**  
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

"When my little son was three months old he broke out in sores on his chest and arms. We did all we could to heal those terrible sores, but nothing did him much good. Finally I ventured on a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and kept on using it. At last we were rewarded by the steady healing of the sores, and finally he was completely relieved of them. He is now three years old, and has had no return of the trouble since."

### At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

#### CHAPTER III.

"Am I, I shall hope to meet some Englishmen who will remove the prejudice?"

"I hope I shall be one of the happy band," he said, laughing. "I shall do my best, and I shall say to myself, that in trying to please you, I am rendering a national service."

"There is one thing I must say about England," she continued. "It is a most hospitable nation—indeed, you are the most hospitable people in the world. Strangers come to you from every land—kings driven from their thrones, peers from their ancestral homes, all grades of political refugees. England, like a kindly hostess, opens her arms to all, bids all welcome, treats all generously, never gives up those who cling to her for who seek to hide their wounds in her bosom."

"I am glad you allow us even that much praise," he said, calmly; then after a few moments, he exclaimed suddenly: "Look! What a pretty picture, Miss de Ferras! Who is that—that young lady, I mean, in white and blue?"

She looked up with sudden misgivings, and saw that he was attentively watching Dolores. A sudden chill came over her, and her dark, brilliant face grew pale.

"That," she said, "is Miss Cliefden—Dolores Cliefden; have you not heard of her?"

"Dolores Cliefden," he repeated slowly. "Is she the daughter of Old Squire Cliefden at White Cliffe? I have heard of her."

"Yes, that is Dolores Cliefden," said Lola.

If he had been more shrewd, he would have detected a ring in her voice which betrayed her thoughts.

"Do you know her?" he asked eagerly.

There was an expression of proud surprise in her eyes as she answered him.

"Certainly I do. Are you not aware that we are called 'The Red and the White Roses'?" But I am forgetting—you are only a stranger amongst us."

"I shall not be a stranger long, I hope," he returned. "I have never been so many beautiful faces before."

"Do you like beautiful faces?" she asked.

He looked at her and laughed. "Does a butterfly like flowers? I have been a beauty-worshipper all my life."

"Then we shall agree," she said, "for I think beauty—great personal beauty—the highest of all gifts and the most enviable."

He stopped abruptly and spoke almost eagerly.

"Ah, no; you misunderstand me! I do not mean that," he said. "I admire beauty, perhaps so many more; but I never said and never thought, and never could think it was the highest earthly gift. There are others I value more. I could admire a woman for her beautiful face, but I could never love or marry her for that alone."

She made no reply and he stood watching the sunlight on the fair face and white dress of Dolores. Suddenly he requested—

"As you know her, Miss de Ferras, will you introduce me to her?"

She could not refuse, yet she did not wish to consent. He saw the half-hesitation on her face, but had no clue to its cause. He thought she was tired.

"Is it too far for you to walk through the glade?" he asked. "If so, never mind."

But it had suddenly occurred to her that, if he really wished for this introduction, it would be better if she should undertake it. She would know then all that passed. She turned to him with a charming smile.

"I shall be delighted," she said. "Nothing will give me greater pleasure. I am not at all tired, and the walk by the river is beautiful."

He thought that he had never met a more amiable girl, and his heart warmed to her, but his eyes still lingered on the fair, delicate face under the trees.

"So they called her the 'white rose'?" he said, musingly.

"Yes," Lola replied; and then added, quickly, "and they call me the 'red rose'."

"All I can say is that I am very glad that I did not live in the days of the Wars of the Roses—I should not have known whether to wear the red or the white!"

"You would have made up your mind in time," she said, thoughtfully.

"Every man does who has a mind worth making up."

"Do you think so? At any rate, I am well content not to be obliged to make any choice—in fact, I could not. The 'white rose' is irresistible, the 'red rose'—and he bowed low to her—charming. If I had been in the place of Paris, I could never have given the apple—each style is so perfect in its way."

"I respect Paris," Lola rejoined, quickly. "He made up his mind at once. I like prompt decisions."

"Do you?" he said, with sardonic amusement. "I should say that you are likely to be gratified. So far as I have seen the world, there are far more quick and hasty decisions than slow and wise ones."

"I have had the first chance," thought Lola, "and I will make the most of it. I will be so charming and so amiable that he will be compelled to recognize the difference between a white rose and a red one."

Sir Karl talked for a few minutes to Dolores, Lola listening with sharpened ears. But he said very much the same as he had said to her.

He told Dolores that he had had no time to call at White Cliffe, but he should do so at once; he regretted not having been at home when the Squire had called. He liked the simple, girlish way in which she said: "You will find White Cliffe a very quiet, old-fashioned place. It is one of the oldest houses in the county."

"That is just the kind of place I like," he answered. "One seldom sees anything quiet or old-fashioned in these days. I am often half undecided as to whether the olden days were not the best."

"I am sure they were not," remarked Lola. "I think every age improves; and I am quite satisfied with the one in which I live."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Sir Karl; "and you, Miss Cliefden?"

"I am very happy," she replied, "and think no age could be better than this."

"My belief," observed Lola, "is that the world is in its infancy. I believe we are only just beginning to understand. We are emerging from darkness into light; but the light is faint yet. I should like to return to the world when it reaches its middle age—to see what steam, electricity, and all the wonders of science have done for us. I should like to see the telephone perfected. When will its wonders stop? I should like to be on earth when it and other marvelous things are in general use. And there is one thing above others I should like to know."

"What is that?" asked Sir Karl, who was somewhat amused at her remarks.

"I should like to know whether men will so far overcome the difficulties of atmosphere, time, and space as to get to the planets."

"No," returned Sir Karl; "I think we shall have to be satisfied with our own world, Miss de Ferras."

"Our own," said Dolores, "and the beautiful world that is to come hereafter."

In some vague fashion those few, simple words pleased him more than all Lola's aspirations. He would have said more; but at that moment Lady Fielden came up to them, bringing with her a tall, distinguished-looking man, whose noble, kindly face was pleasant, though not handsome.

"Lord Rhysworth," thought Lola; and her heart gave a great bound.

It was a strange coincidence that she and her rival should meet the two most eligible men in the country together.

"This is as it should be," thought Lola. "Lord Rhysworth for Dolores, the handsome young baronet for me!" She was perfectly content.

Lord Rhysworth greeted her very kindly; he said that he remembered having seen her when she was a child, and made some pretty complimentary speeches on her return, but all the time his eyes were fixed upon the face of Dolores. Then Lady Fielden suggested that they should go to the archery ground. But none of the quartet cared about moving; it was very pleasant to stand chatting under the trees. For some few minutes they all kept together, then Lord Rhysworth and Dolores gradually gained ground, and Sir Karl, with Lola, was left at some little distance. Lola was delighted. She believed that for once Providence was going to favor her with the dearest wish of her heart.

**Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK**

Pure, sweet, wholesome milk condensed with sugar. Delicious with coffee. Excellent in cooking any dish where milk and sugar are used.

### Under the Black Flag

PIRATES AS THEY REALLY WERE.

The pirates of history are, on the whole, a very disappointing crowd as compared with the pirates of our boyhood's imagination. Instead of swashbuckling desperadoes we generally find a collection of quite tolerably decent fellows who were forced out of the Merchant Service by the terrible conditions obtaining therein.

They seldom took more from their victims than what was required to keep their ships in commission, while they approached no nearer to murder than the occasional flogging of a captain who had a bad reputation for his treatment of his crew.

There are exceptions to this, however; one, Teach, in particular, was the typical pirate of romance. He amused himself by inviting his mate and his gunner to drink in his cabin and then discharging his pistols blindly under the table. The mate, who incidentally was Israel Hands, immortalized in Stevenson's "Treasure Island," was lamed for life by this trick.

In his new book, "Piracy in the West Indies and Its Suppression," Mr. F. B. C. Bradlee deals particularly with the period of about a century

ago. In those days the pirates were nearly all tough characters who had served in the various South American Navies as "barristers" in the wars against Spain, and had taken into piracy many of the cruelties they had learnt in that service. These men certainly were the bloodthirsty pirates of romance, but they had nothing brilliant about them. In fact, if the merchantmen of the time had only armed themselves to a reasonable extent they would very seldom have been molested for these gentlemen of the Black Flag had very little stomach for a fight.

One of the most picturesque of these sea-raiders was Gasparillo, whose right name was Jose Gaspar and who roamed the Gulf of Mexico in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He was a terror, and had things all his own way for many years till finally things got too hot for him.

So he and his crew agreed to divide their spoil and retire to respectability. Unfortunately, while they were sharing out, he saw what he thought passing Gasparillo Island, and was tempted to make a last comb. Having noticed him well away from his supports the prize turned on him and suddenly revealed herself to be an American sloop of war.

Gasparillo himself was determined not to be captured and twining a heavy piece of anchor chain round his waist he jumped into the sea and was drowned. But his entire crew with the exception of his cabin-boy were hanged at the yardarms.

Some of these West Indian pirates had ships, but most of them operated in boats from the shore, as they could thus be certain of the protection of the authorities in the Spanish and other islands, and always wanted a safe retreat in case of emergency.

Once a well-found brig sailed from Salem to collect a cargo of pepper in the West Indies, and according to custom took aboard a large sum in Spanish dollars. Evidently this was not done with enough secrecy, for she found a pirate waiting for her among the islands, and every man on board her had his throat cut.

Two members of her crew had a lucky escape. Just before the brig left Charleston, where it had called for stores, a large black dog had come to the quayside and howled dismally. This had been too much for their seamen's superstition and the two men had deserted, thus saving their lives.

It is not the policy of the manufacturers of Ivory Soap to make extravagant claims in its behalf. They simply say that Ivory soap is a good, pure toilet soap and that it will cleanse the skin thoroughly without injuring the most delicate complexion.

## "EXCEL" The Fisherman's Friend

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# The 'Excel'

Trade Mark on Long Rubber Boots is an absolute guarantee of quality and long wear. You can use them on the sea, on the farm, in the mines, in the woods, or in the quarries, and you find the "EXCEL" quality stands the wear every time.

"EXCEL" Boots have heavy square Tread Soles to give EXTRA WEAR. Moulded insteps to prevent slipping. Re-inforced legs to prevent wrinkling and chafing.

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only to...  
became a Dep...  
the same year...

The golden brown of Kellogg's turns to rosy hues on kiddies' cheeks.

How children love it—with milk or cream, or topped with fruit.

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**  
Cooked fresh always

**Goodrich the quality Tire**

There is a quality designed and built into Goodrich Cord Tires which insures long and uninterrupted service.

All sizes, inch or millimeter, in fresh stock. Also Goodrich Red Tubes.

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Hardware Dept.  
June 5, 1924

### Presented to the King

The most important people at the Court to be held at Buckingham Palace this week will be undoubtedly the debutantes. They are the girls, still in their teens, who are to have the honor of being presented to the King and Queen.

Every debutante has to wear a veil not longer than 48 inches, and have three small ostrich plumes in her hair. The bobbed or shingled maiden will find the fixing of these plumes more than a little troublesome!

Of all occasions, the most terrifying for the debutante comes after she has made her deep curtsy to the King and Queen. She must not turn her back on the throne as she moves away, but must walk backwards, courtesying low to the members of the Royal Family and wondering in her heart if she will trip over her six foot train!

Though many people do not know

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### Acadia Gas Engines, Ltd.

ST. JOHN'S.

May 10, 1924

If, not all the guests arrive at the Palace by way of the main entrance. There is a garden entrance near Buckingham Gate, and certain privi-

leged persons are allowed to pass through it on their way to the Palace. All members of the Royal Family go into the presence of the King and Queen at the garden entrance. Here they

are received by Court officials known as White Staves, who conduct them to the Council room, and from there they go into the presence of the King and Queen.

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