

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

A Harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups — No Narcotics!

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind, Colic and Diarrhea; allaying feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food, giving natural sleep without opiates. The genuine bears signature of

Wm. H. Fletcher

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent for Nfld.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Madame went to her couch. She was sure Sir Karl would excuse her; but the day had been warm and she was tired. The fact was her heart ached for her daughter; and if a tete-a-tete after a long absence could be useful to Lola, she should have it.

"If I should forget myself, Sir Karl, and fall asleep," she said, "you will forgive me. Assume me before hand of your pardon, and I shall be satisfied."

"I can have no greater pleasure than to see Madame comfortable," returned Sir Karl; and in a few minutes he saw by the closed eyelids that Madame was alone with Lola.

She made some half-laughing apology for her mother; but Sir Karl would not allow that one was needed.

"It is warm here," she said. "Let us go to the lawn. I should like to talk to you after your long absence."

That was just what he did not want her to do, but he did not like to tell her so. There was nothing for it but for him to follow her on to the lawn. Then he wished he had taken a chair; for, as though the action was quite natural to her, she held out her hand for his arm. He gave it to her with a low bow, and they went off together toward the time-trees. All around was still; there was no sound save the sweet song of falling water. It was the very night for poetry and love.

"Sir Karl," said Lola, "tell me whether you think our friendship has prospered. Are you pleased with the results of it?"

"I cannot but be well pleased and grateful too," he replied. "Your letters have been a great source of pleasure to me. I must thank you for them. Owing to them, I felt as though I had not been far away from home—you have kept me so constantly as content with all that has happened."

"I am very glad that you are pleased with them. Tell me one thing more. Do you care more for my friendship than you did? Would you feel reluctant to lose it now?"

"Most certainly I should," he answered. "I should be more than reluctant—I should be grieved. But why should there be any fear of such a thing?"

"I hope there is not," she said. "I was merely wondering, if you were to lose my friendship, whether you would feel it acutely."

"We may be friends always," he responded. I do not see anything to prevent it."

"You were wrong in one respect," said Lola, raising her bright, beautiful face. "You anticipated finding me married on your return. See how true I have been to our friendship."

"Your marriage need not have impaired it," he replied. "It, however, you had married some one who ob-

jected to it, your clear duty would have been to put an end to it."

His thought, hardly went with his words. He was wondering how Dolores looked with a widow's cap on her fair hair, whether she would be pleased to see him, how she would greet him, what her first words would be; and the emotion of the girl by his side escaped him.

She walked on in silence. At length she spoke. This was to have been a day of supreme happiness to her, and it did not seem to her as though it had fulfilled its promise.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" she asked slowly.

He looked down at her with a smile.

"Have I left anything unsaid which I ought to have said?"

"You must be the best judge of that, Sir Karl," she replied. "I am pleased indeed to see you, and hope you are equally delighted to see me."

"I have assured you of that," he said gravely.

"You seem distrustful and preoccupied Sir Karl—as though your thoughts were hardly here."

"Then I am ashamed of myself," he answered, "that would be unpardonable. The fact is," he added in a lower tone, "my mind is full of one great hope, and I am afraid that I lose myself in thinking of it."

Her heart gave one passionate throb; no doubt came to her as to what the great hope was that filled his mind; it must be the winning of her love; the very fact of his mentioning it proved it. She bowed her head in silence; the words were unutterably sweet to her. Why did he not say more? Surely he would! But he also was silent for some moments.

"Some day," he said then, "I will tell you, as we are friends, more of this great hope of mine. Now I must go, for it is growing late; and Scarsdale is some little distance from here."

"Must you go?" she asked, with the least pressure of her hand on his arm. "I wish you could remain one hour longer. This is, above all others, the night for a beautiful walk."

Who knew its beauty and its dangers better than he did?

"Do not wake Madame," he said, "bid her good-by for me."

"Shall I add that you will soon come again?" she inquired.

"Yes. I shall be busily engaged for the next few days; but I will ride over as soon as I can."

"I shall miss the pleasure of writing to you," she said; and the way in which she clung to his arm was almost caressing.

"I shall be here to listen to all your pleasant little gossip," he replied. "Speaking is better than writing."

"I could write more than I can say," she said, a flush on her face, her eyes averted.

He made no reply to that, but said "Good-night" to her gravely.

When the moon rose an hour later, its beam fell upon a beautiful figure lying, with its robes of amber silk and black lace, upon the dry, dewless turf, and upon a white, despairing face, raised to the sky, while the silence of the night was broken by the sob of a woman, who cried:

"Give me his love, O Heaven, or I shall die!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Sir Karl gave a deep sigh of relief when he found himself driving home in the bright moonlight to Scarsdale. He had dreaded the interview with Lola, and now it was over. He had forgotten all about his promise to go to Beaulieu first on his return to England; he would never have remembered it but for the coaxing little letter which brought it all to his mind. Then he knew that he must keep his promise, and guard himself from peril as well as he could.

However, it was over now; and he thought he had done a wise and diplomatic thing in telling Lola of his "one great hope."

That she should imagine that hope applied to herself never occurred to him; he thought he had let her see that his affections were fixed elsewhere.

Now he could visit Lady Rhyworth with a light heart; by noon to-morrow he should see her.

That one thought was enough for him—"by noon to-morrow." He did not know what he should say to her, or what the result would be—whether she would be pleased or not to see him, whether he should ultimately win her; he thought only of those few words—he should be with her "by noon to-morrow."

Early the next morning he started for Deeping Hurst. He had not forgotten that Dolores had a little daughter, and he took with him some marvelous toys which he had brought home for the child. He felt sure that the way to Dolores' heart would now be through her little daughter. So he rode on, his heart filled with happy thoughts until he reached his destination. He asked the servant who answered his summons if Lady Rhyworth was at home. He remembered that he had never seen her as Lady Rhyworth; nor had he seen her in her new home. He recalled his parting from her. What would his meeting with her be like?

The domestics at Deeping Hurst had forgotten him; he had seldom been there. When the servant asked him what name he should give, Sir Karl replied that he should prefer not to give his name, as Lady Rhyworth did not expect him. He was shown into the drawing-room, where he saw many traces of her ladyship's presence. The piano was opened, and one of her favorite songs stood on it; a dainty lace handkerchief was on the table, and a little white glove in a flagree basket; a book lay open, as though she had just put it down, and a jeweled fan near it. They were little tokens, all of them, but they meant so much to him. He took the little white glove; it should never go back to the flagree basket again.

That which struck him most in the room was a life-like portrait of Lord Rhyworth, painted by one of the greatest living artists. Sir Karl stood for some little time looking at it; he felt sorry for his rival's death, so sorry that if any wish of his could have brought him back to life he would have uttered it. He felt only reverence and pity for the man who had enjoyed his happiness so short a time.

"If ever the wish of my heart is realized," he said, "his child shall be as dear to me as my own."

When the drawing-room door opened, Sir Karl looked up with a sudden, startled glance. He trembled for the moment when his eyes should first fall upon the face he loved so well.

(To be continued.)

Household Notes

No butter is needed in hot bacon sandwiches.

Cucumber sauce is nice served with whitefish.

Top each cupful of cocoa with a fluffy marshmallow.

Baked beans are very nice served cold with chili sauce.

Rice timbales make a nice garnish for corned meat.

Sliced cucumbers and grapefruit make a delicious salad.

Some people prefer buttered beets slightly sweetened.



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GERALD S. DOYLE,
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Wedding Bells

BYRNE-KOOLERY.

Miss Laura Byrne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Byrne, of St. John's, Nfld., and Jack Koolery, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Koolery, also of Nfld., were married Sunday evening, June 28th, at the R. C. Church of St. Michael's, Fourth avenue and Forty-second street, Monsignor Cherry officiating.

The bride was charming in a gown of white satin canton crepe and a tulle veil with a head-dress of lilies-of-the-valley; she carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Mrs. George Brandeau, in grey georgette with a unique trimming of the same color and carrying a large bouquet of opublia roses was matron of honor and the bride's only attendant, Michael T. Cooney, was best man; George W. Brandeau gave the bride away; a reception was held at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. G. Brandeau, 462 Seventy-sixth street.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. T. McQuirk, Mr. and Mrs. R. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Best, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Cooney, Miss E. Kelly, R. Kelly, Miss S. Herbert, J. Carroo, G. Moore, Mrs. E. Tompkins, J. Turner, Mrs. F. Guber, Mr. and Mrs. H. Best, Miss Minnie Guber, Mrs. J. B. Kelly and daughter, Elaine, Master Jack and Girard Kelly, William Best, Jr., Mary Best, Marie and Lillian Brandeau.

BOBBED HAIR BANDITS.

The bobbed hair bandits come and vex the weary peepers for a while; it's sad to see the gentler sex get down to ways of crime and guile. It's sad to see a lovely maid who must adorn a drawing room, take up the bandit's bootless trade and all his penalties assume. The bandit lady might proceed along a safer, saner way, and sell the works of Myrtle Reid, the stately tones of Bertha Clay. But such a pathway is obscure, it draws no space in public prints; the restless maiden can't endure a pathway where no limelight glints. And so she takes her little cat and tries the robber's age-old game; she works a night or two threat, the country's ringing with her fame. No doubt it's passing sweet to read the morning papers with their tale of how she pulled a daring deed, and gibes a grocer of his kale. No doubt it gives the maid a thrill to read how cops are breaking backs to gather in the countless Jill who takes the coin of trembling Jacks. So for a time the bandit belle prunes her graft beneath the stars; but just ahead's the prison cell, with walls of stone and rusty bars. And there she'll wear her youth away, all sad of heart and heavy-eyed there in her dungeon.

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(To be continued.)

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MEN'S LOW SHOES.

Men's Mahogany Colored Oxfords, neatly perforated, rubber heels, special value; sizes 6 to 10.

\$4.75 \$5.00 the pair

MEN'S OXFORDS

BLUCHER STYLE.

Men's Mahogany Colored Low Shoes, wide blucher cut, rubber heels attached, solid throughout, special prices at

\$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00

MEN'S BROGUE OXFORDS

Men's Wine Colored Low Shoes, "BROGUE" style, fancy perforations, rubber heels attached, first class workmanship; all sizes.

\$6.50 \$6.75 \$7.50

MEN'S BOOTS.

Men's Dark Brown Boots, blucher style, solid leather soles and heels; sizes 6 to 10; a real "Bargain" at

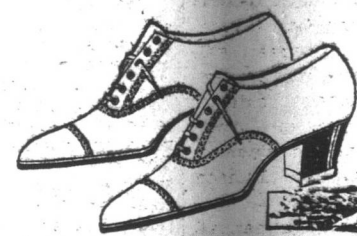
\$4.50 \$4.80

Same style in Black Kid .. \$4.50

Men's Mahogany Colored Boots, blucher style, a good wide last, rubber heels attached, a boot for "real" wear. Special price .. \$5.00 the pair.

Same style in Black Kid.

\$5.00 \$5.50 \$6.00

New Styles**LADIES' BARGAIN FOOTWEAR.**

Ladies' Black Gun Metal Oxfords, medium toes and heels; sizes 8 to 6; real value at ... \$2.25 the pair.

LADIES' BLACK KID LOW SHOES.

Ladies' Black Kid Walking Shoes, medium pointed toes, made with good walking heels, rubber heels attached. Special prices at

\$2.50 \$2.89 \$3.00 \$3.30

LADIES' PATENT STRAP SHOES.

Ladies' Patent Leather, 1 Strap Shoes, medium rubber heels; all sizes. Special prices.

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$3.75

Ladies Patent X Strap, medium rubber heels, a very neat model; all sizes .. \$4.00

Ladies Tennis Shoes .. \$1.20

Men's Tennis Shoes .. \$1.30

**FOOTWEAR FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.**

Children's Sneakers, Black, Brown and White, strong rubber soles. Sizes 6 to 10 .. 95c.

Sizes 11 to 2 .. \$1.10

Boys' Sneakers, 3 to 6 \$1.25 the pair.

CANVAS SKUFFER SHOES.

Leather Soles. Sizes 5 to 8 .. \$1.25

Sizes 9 to 11 .. \$1.40

Sizes 12 to 2 .. \$1.60

CHILDREN'S SKUFFER SHOES.

Children's First Quality Skuffer Shoes, strong and durable. Sizes 5 to 8 .. \$1.35

Sizes 9 to 11 .. \$1.50

Sizes 12 to 2 .. \$1.70

CHILDREN'S BAREFOOT SANDALS.

Childs' Barefoot Sandals, strong straps and buckles. Sizes 5 to 8 .. \$1.25

Sizes 9 to 11 .. \$1.40

Sizes 12 to 2 .. \$1.60

Handsome Suede Footwear, in all the latest shades and style kinks.

10 Per Cent. Off Everything—Long Rubbers Excepted

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.
 The Shoe Men

grim and gray, while happy people play outside. Outside the prison walls of stone glad girls will ride in motor cars; and she'll be, weeping there alone, her fingers on the rusty bars.

Household Notes.

Pineapple jam is unusually good when cooked with spices.

Omelet is nice served in a border of peas and sliced carrots.

Fresh pineapple gives a nice flavor to strawberry jam.

Egg sauce flavored with lemon is good with boiled salmon.

Rhubarb jelly is very good when delicately flavored with mint.

Serve asparagus tips in tomato cases on crisp lettuce leaves.

Serve strawberries, crushed and sweetened, with orange mousse.

A little finely chopped parsley is nice in a minced ham sandwich.

Try scalloping apples with stale breadcrumbs, nutmeg and lemon.

Seasoned mashed cauliflower, shape in small fritters and saute in butter.

Tomatoes and okra are nice fried together and seasoned with onion.

Mold gelatine desserts for picnic lunches in papier-mache nut cups.

Cheese dreams, cocoa and fruit cup make a delicious light supper.

Try making bread pudding with bread crumbs. It will be less soggy.

Many people prefer beets either pickled or served with a sour sauce.

A tart jelly, such as currant, should be served with rice croquettes.

Flavor junket with caramel and top with whipped cream and chopped nuts.

Line your garbage pail with newspaper and it will be easier to clean.

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to make? We make a specialty of making up customers' own goods at prices that are absolutely the lowest for first class work.

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Mr. Thomas Honey, Brantford, Ont., writes—



"When I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I was so nervous that when I picked up a cup of tea my hand would tremble like a leaf. I could not sleep well, could not remember things, and there were neuralgic pains through my body. After taking seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am in perfect health."

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