

## Special Offer —OF— Baby Carriages.



A shipment of very handsome Baby Carriages has just arrived, somewhat late in the season—so in order not to have them "hanging over" until Spring, we are offering them at prices genuinely away below cost.

The chance of a life time to get such a high-class Carriage at such a tremendous reduction.

**U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.**

WATER STREET ST. JOHN'S.

## An Indispensable Favorite

## Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

### CHAPTER XXXI

She tears her freshly-written letter across and across, and, setting fire to it, burns it to ashes; then goes into her uncle's room, where Uncle Elias lies quiet and sensible yet, and sits and gazes at him, hopeless and helpless, until she fancies the nurse wishes her gone; and then, just as the clocks are striking two, she goes down-stairs again. She would not willingly encounter Mrs. Sarjent just now, but she must, for Lady Nora's sake.

"She will hurt and insult her cruelty," Yolande thinks, growing strong and resolute for the defense of Dallas' mother, "unless I prevent her."

She sits down to wait in the dark, little breakfast-room at the end of the hall, and after a time she hears the carriage draw up, and a loud knock and ring resound through the house. "Oh, sh-h!" Mrs. Sarjent says, running out noisily, her silk skirts and crinoline catching against the chairs and table. "What a noise at this time of night, with sickness in the house—shameful!"

"Please don't tell Lady Nora, she had news suddenly—it will shock her dreadfully!" Yolande says, breathlessly, hurrying to the door as the footman opens it.

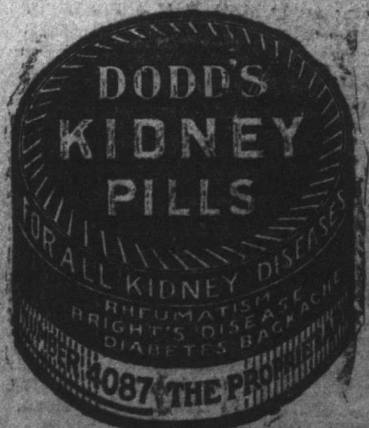
"Stunt!" Mrs. Sarjent retorts rudely, being by this time, as she says, determined to "stand no nonsense." "I'll do her good—knock some of the folly and vanity out of her!"

The moment the door is opened the frivolous little lady runs lightly up the steps, talking gaily to her escort—a short, stout man in an eighteenth-century dress—who, entering the hall with her, glances around with dismay and astonishment at the waiting group.

"What on earth's the matter?" Lady Nora demands, laughing, with some asperity, however, in her silvery tones. "Yolande, dearest, what are you all doing at this hour?"

"We might ask you that question, Lady Nora, I think!" Mrs. Sarjent begins, with tremendous sternness and in meaning tones.

She is overwhelmed when Lady Nora receives both her menace "and" her sternness with a light, scornful laugh.



and disappears. Lady Nora bestows on him the sweetest of friendly nods and smiles as he goes, and says "Au revoir!" to which Mr. Carter does not respond. "What is the matter, Yolande, with your uncle?" Lady Nora asks, curiously, walking into the dining-room, and ignoring Mrs. Sarjent altogether. "He was quite well this morning."

"We fear it is an apoplectic seizure, dear," her daughter-in-law answers softly and reluctantly, longing still to get her away. "He's lying at the point of death, if you want to know, Lady Nora," Mrs. Sarjent interposes, loudly and roughly; "and at such a time as this, with death and disaster in the house, the sooner you take off them scandalous, masquerading things and put on decent clothes the better! And now," she adds, rustling stormily across the room, "I've spoken my mind, and I'm glad of it!"

Lady Nora looks after her composedly, with her lip curling in scornful amusement.

"How ridiculously rude and ill-tempered!" she remarks, coolly, pouring out a glass of Burgundy and drinking it. "I am sure I did not ask your opinion of my dress, Mrs. Sarjent. It is very ill-bred to give it unasked. I don't suppose you are aware of that, though."

She shrugs her bare, white shoulders resignedly, and glances at her daughter-in-law. "Send me up some chicken and a plate of that sponge and cream, Yolande, dearest," she says, quietly. "I want to enjoy my supper, and I certainly cannot with an abusive person in the room. It was extremely stupid of James to lay supper here. And come up to me yourself, love, and tell me everything."

She wraps her domino about her and runs lightly upstairs, while Yolande, trembling like an aspen at the "everything" which she has to tell, sets about obeying her commands most dutifully.

(to be continued.)

The only important Power which has actually increased its armed forces since 1913 is the United States, the figure there having risen from \$6,000 in that year to \$37,000 in 1922. Disarmament pensions to the number of 570,000, including 160,000 permanent life pensions, were being paid at the end of June.

## What Do You Think of a Fluid

That will draw roaches and ants out of every hole, crack, or crevice before killing them and not poison food?

That will kill bugs instantly and not leave an unpleasant odor?

That will knock flies off the wall and not harm paint or paper?

That will keep the bedroom, kitchen, or verandah clear of flies, mosquitoes, etc., for several hours after a few sprays?

That will take fleas off a dog and not harm the dog?

That will destroy chicken lice without any injury to your stock?

That applied in small quantities to the exposed parts of the body will insure you from Mosquito bites?

That as a general disinfectant is stronger than the ordinary carbolic solution.

## THAT FLUID IS SAN-O-SPRAY.

No insect can live where San-O-Spray is used. Yet San-O-Spray is non-poisonous to human beings and can be used with perfect safety in pantry, kitchen, dining room, and cellars, moreover San-O-Spray has an agreeable and delightful odor, removing all fetid or unpleasant odors. In addition San-O-Spray is a disinfectant and germicide. Keeps the home sanitary and free from infectious diseases.

**Ellis & Co.,  
Limited.**

June 4, 1923



## Baby's Skin Troubles

Chafing, scalding, skin irritations and itching, burning eczema are quickly and thoroughly relieved and the skin kept soft, smooth and velvety by the use of

**Dr. Chase's Ointment**  
Apply daily after the bath.

## The Secret of True Mother-Love.

DON'T KEEP YOUR SON FROM MARRYING!

"My dear," said one woman to another, "I hear your son is going to be married. Your poor heart must be broken."

The mother laughed. "I am not an object of pity," she said; "I am a subject for congratulation."

"What!" cried the first woman. "Do you mean to tell me that you are willing to give up your only child to another woman?"

"Willing and glad," replied the mother, "for I want my son to be happy."

## What is a Man's Duty?

"Children are ungrateful creatures," said the first woman, bitterly. "We spend our lives toiling and sacrificing for them, and as soon as they are big enough they leave us. I remember when your husband died, we wondered how you would get along. Well, you did, by working your fingers to the bone."

"You went without everything yourself, but your boy was always fed and clothed, and by hook or crook you put him through school. Now he forsakes you for a pretty girl. I say his duty is to you. He has no right to marry as long as you live."

"Nonsense," replied the mother. "I did my duty by my child, but am I a female Shylock to exact a pound of flesh in payment for having taken care of him while he was young and helpless?"

"I know there are mothers who think that their children belong to them body and soul, and that they have a perfect right to exact any sacrifice of them. I have known talented women who have been balked in their ambitions by tyrannical and exacting mothers, and I have seen pretty girls grow into faded old maids nursing neurotic mothers who would not employ an attendant."

"And I've known more than one whining old woman who kept a bachelor son dancing attendance upon her, and who told you how it would have killed her for her son to marry; how she made him promise he would never leave her; how she broke off a love affair that he had in his youth, and how she knew he was so much happier with her than he would have been with a wife, because no wife would have been as particular about cooking him the things he wanted as she was."

Personally, I feel that I could do no more wicked thing than keep my son from marrying. He is, to begin with, a born family man, the sort of man who could never be happy living in clubs, playing cards, and listening to men's gossip for a lifetime. He must have his own home, his own wife and children, and I would be worse than a fiend if I kept him from the sweetness of a wife's love and companionship, and the joy of feeling his baby's arms about his neck. "My son loves me. We are unusually companionable. I am an old and experienced housekeeper. Doubtless I make him far more comfortable than his young wife will. But I am not foolish enough to think that my home is really home for him, or that a mother's love takes the place of a wife's love."

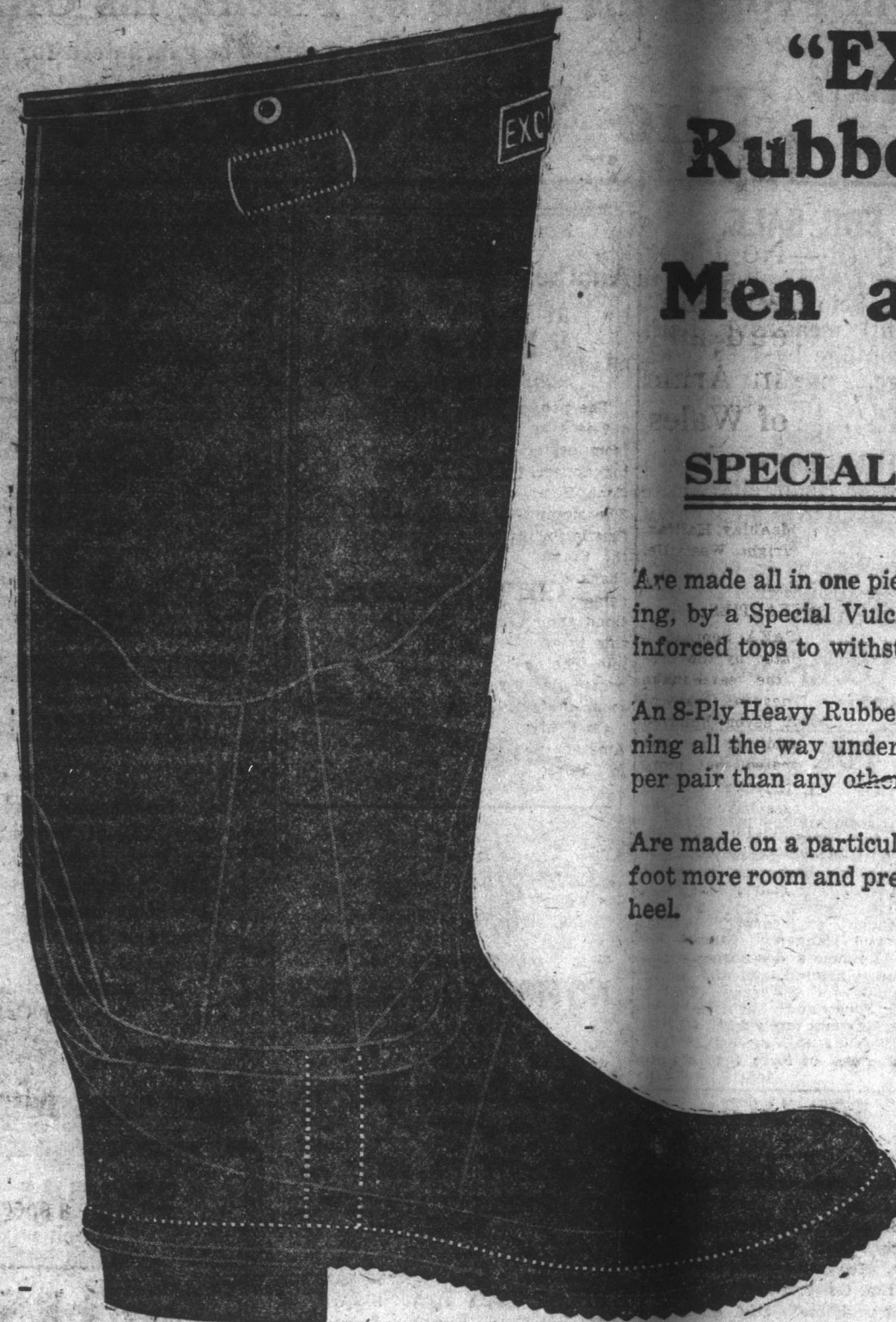
"And so, while he is young and capable of loving and inspiring love, I desire to see him marry. Nothing spurs on a man's ambition so much as desiring to get the best for those he loves. I want my son to marry because I love my sex, and I want to present to some girl the best gift on earth—a good husband."

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MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR CORNS.

# "EXCEL" RUBBER BOOTS!

"THE FISHERMEN'S FRIEND"



## "EXCEL" Rubber Boots

for  
**Men and Boys**

## SPECIAL FEATURES:

Are made all in one piece to prevent ripping or cracking, by a Special Vulcanizing process. Specially reinforced tops to withstand chafing or cracking.

An 8-Ply Heavy Rubber Sole with extension edge, running all the way under the heel. Insures more wear per pair than any other make of Boot on the market.

Are made on a particular shape of last, which give the foot more room and prevents slipping at the instep and heel.

A heavy Cloth Insole made under a new process which absorbs all moisture, is nicely fitted in to add extra comfort for the wearer.

A 4-Ply Duck lining is also used, treated specially to keep the foot and leg cool during hot weather.

Ask your Dealer for

## "EXCEL" BOOTS

"THE FISHERMEN'S FRIEND"

Sold by all Reliable Dealers from Coast to Coast.

Distributed by

**Parker & Monroe, Ltd.,** The Shoe Men

June 25, 1923

## Words We Want.

Our Language Has at Least One Crying Need: Can You Supply It?

Every now and then a prize is offered for a new word to describe a new invention. Quite recently we had such a competition for the purpose of finding a name for the new motor-glider. But words of this sort have a way of supplying themselves. What Briton, for instance, thinks of calling an automobile anything but a "car" or a heavier-than-air flying machine by any other name than "plane"?

Yet, while English is the most prolific language in existence, there are still a few words which are badly wanted, and which would be vastly appreciated by everyone who wields a pen.

One crying need is for a pronoun which will mean equally "he" or "she."

Take an example in point. A doctor is writing directions as to the use of liniment whenever he (or she) is in pain; but, at the same time, it is necessary to caution him (or her), etc.

Such a pronoun would save the writing of millions of unnecessary words in the course of a year. Will some kindly philologist oblige? Other languages are less well-found than our own, and have absolutely no equivalent for many words which we use every day of our lives. "Upstairs" and "downstairs" are words which have no direct equivalents in French, nor is there any French word for "comfort." The verb "to kick" has to be paraphrased, and expressed as "to strike with the foot." Before the war the Germans had



# MILKMAID MILK IS THE BEST MILK MADE

adopted bodily a number of English words for which they had no equivalents in their own cumbersome tongue.

"Tailor-made," "lawn-tennis" and "sport" are among the terms which were thus appropriated. It would have been pathetic, if it had not been comic, to see their struggles in the early part of the war to find German

substitutes of less than seven syllables for these words.

The Germans have always used substitutes for the names of a good many articles in every-day use. A glove is in German a "handshoe," a chimney a "finger-hat," while a grasshopper is a "hay-horse," and chickens are "feather-cattle."

In Madagascar, the natives have curious superstitions about the "evil" partridge; anyone finding a nest of "this bird" and not breaking the eggs, causes the death of his mother.

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