

TAKE IT FOR  
**CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHŒA**

APPLY IT FOR  
**BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT**



**PERRY DAVIS' Pinker Home Remedy**

**Lord Cecil's Dilemma**  
—OR—  
**The Picnic**  
—in—  
**Woodall Forest**

earth had yawned open and swallowed him."

CHAPTER XIV.  
"Auntie," she said, quickly, "you must tell me what this is. I knew that there was something that troubled him; his words at times have been so strange. He seems to think that there is something dreadful enough to separate us!"

"And what was your opinion, auntie?" Gladys asked, after a few minutes' silence.

"I do not know—I do not know. At times I feel that Edgar Emden still lives—that he will come back to me yet. It may be only a woman's fond and illusive faith. When a woman truly loves, she loves forever. There is nothing strong enough to come between her and the object of her affections. You must not be worried by Sir Charles' quixotic notions. He shall not sacrifice two young lives for his folly. I will tell the earl everything before Sir Charles sees him, and you need fear opposition in no quarter. Both your father and I suffered too much in our own young days to interfere, even if we felt disposed, in the loves of those near and dear to us."

"Oh, auntie," cried Gladys, her pansy eyes moist with tears. "You have made me so happy—happier than I can express. You have cleared away the awful doubts and mystery that have filled my mind since my darling went away. I knew that the trouble could not be very much—could not be sufficient to part us, but his vague allusions made me wretched—his sudden fits of passion and frenzy. He has regretted ever meeting me one moment, and wildly kissed me the next. And even his letter to me—the only letter I have ever had from him—is one of hopes and fears, sweet and bitter. He almost declares that our future happiness or misery depends upon the events of the next few days."

"That cannot be, dear; it was proven that poor Edgar was on his way to visit me that very night. We had had several little quarrels over your father. He was jealous, and I was proud. I would not explain, or all might have been well. He did not know that your father was my brother, and saw him one night part from me by the lake. Your father had quarrelled with the old earl, your grandfather, and visited the abbey in secret. I need not go into details; fathers and sons rarely agree upon all points. Your grandfather was a man of forbidding temper and aspect. He would neither acknowledge my lover nor your mother. He was only reconciled to the present earl a few hours before he died. Well, Edgar Emden accused me of favouring another lover, and I was so outraged by his untruthful accusation that I would not explain one word to him. Though my heart was breaking, my pride would not give way. He left me after an exchange of angry words in the White Lady's Bower. I have never seen him since, or heard one word of him. He left me, and it seemed that all that was evil within him was aroused, for he appeared at Emden Hall the next day, to abuse and revile his brother-in-law, Sir Charles' father. Edgar had been disinherited, and he hated his sister and her husband for it. The evidence against Sir Charles' father was not strong enough. He brought several servants who proved that they had driven Edgar to the railway station, and that he was coming here. Be that as it may, no ticket was issued for Swinford that night, and my lover vanished as completely as though the

"I am glad that you have told me, auntie," Gladys said. "I am glad that it is nothing worse, though this is dreadful enough in its way. I believe that Sir Charles thinks that his father was guilty, or he would not be so wretched about it."

"The second letter was shorter, and read thus: 'DEAR SIR CHARLES—Your letter has surprised and pained me. I do not consider it necessary for you to lay any portion of your misfortune before me, as I know quite sufficient to preclude even the remotest possibility of my daughter ever entering your unfortunate family. I ask you as a gentleman, to accept this as final, and to communicate with my foolish child no more. Yours faithfully, HOWARD.'

"While the earl was writing these blistering words to Sir Charles Hastings, Lady Gladys was penning an answer to her love letter, her heart overflowing with gladness. Outside the birds were singing, and their songs were all of love; the winds among the roses sighed of love—only love. And Gladys, attuned to the melody and fragrance about her, saw nothing but joy and beauty through the golden vistas of the future; from her pen dropped words of burning, deathless love—love that would live in her heart forever!

"Poor Charles!" murmured Gladys, her eyes luminous with pity and love. "Why does he not trust me more? I would cling to him even if we had to walk barefooted all the rest of our lives."

Lady Marcia smiled, and soon Gladys was singing merrily. Her doubts were dissipated like mists in the sunlight. So this was the trouble—this was the cause of her lover's fits of misery and depression—this was the meaning of his frenzied actions. Oh, how soon would the clouds be dispersed. How startled he would be when she told him that she knew everything—when she pressed kisses to his lips, and called him a foolish fellow to doubt her for one moment. And while her happy laughter rippled in the library, the earl passed the door, and heard it with a shudder. His face was white and drawn, his eyes bloodshot, and old age seemed to be creeping upon him at the rate of ten years in a single day. He slipped quietly into his study,

and for a little while sat almost motionless. Then he took two letters from his pocket, and laid them on the table before him. One was from Lord Cecil Stanhope, and the other from Sir Charles Hastings. Both contained the same desire—namely, to see my lord about Lady Gladys, his lovely daughter, whom both of the young men loved, and wished to marry.

"This is a terrible task for me!" he muttered, huskily; "and from what Marcia has said, my darling child favors Hastings; but it can never be—it can never be. Oh, the very sound of her happy voice is maddening! If I could help her by ending all with a bullet in my brain, I would do it! There is not a loophole to escape by; there is not one chance among a million for me! I may be tried for killing a man. My folly was in hiding the body. I only did that so that my father should have no knowledge of my presence. I may be thrust out of my position—I am only here on sufferance—and my poor child become a pauper! And the scandal—oh, Heaven! the scandal! I have no reason to doubt the steward's words—I do not doubt them. He is, beyond question, my brother—my sister's brother. He swears that he is a legitimate heir, and I am not going to risk disproving it. I have nothing to gain; I have everything to lose. Willness me, Heaven, and know that whatever I do is done for the good of my daughters. Unless it is imperative, Marcia shall never know one word of this."

He read the letters once more, then drew a small writing-desk before him, and taking up a pen, wrote two replies, as follows:  
"DEAR STANHOPE—I shall be happy to see you at your leisure to discuss the proposal you appear to have so much at heart. I am sure that the match would give me infinite satisfaction, and see no reason why it should not be consummated. In me you will have a firm ally. I do not wish to press Gladys at present in these matters—she is so very young—and I do not wish to lose her yet, so much of my time having been spent away from home. You will respect my wishes. I am sure. As for Sir Charles Hastings, I would not permit Lady Gladys to enter his family upon any account, and have informed him of my ultimatum."

Your sincere friend,  
HOWARD.  
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(To be continued.)

**THE SPECTRE.**  
The ghost of Uncle Hiram came, one night, and talked with me; from far beyond the starry frame, from twilight land came he. "Now this is what I longed for most," I cried in my amazement; "oh, sit you down, good old ghost, and talk of spectral ways. Pray tell me of the silent shores where shades like you abide, and of the good sports gone before, the delegates who died." My Uncle Hiram shook his head, in phantom well-bedlight; "the weather over there," he said, "has lately been a fright. From out the east there comes a breeze that's fraught with deadly chill; I catch a cold and cough and sneeze, and have to take a pill. The rain, relentless, never stops, it's rained throughout the spring, and much we fear the early crops won't pay for harvesting." "Forget the weather and the wheat, the climate and the prunes, and tell me of the golden street where seraphim sing tunes." "I came a long and weary way," my Uncle Hiram moaned, "to ask about the field of hay that once I proudly owned." "Go hence," I cried, "get up and walk! You've spoiled my evening's mirth! What piffle all you spectres talk when you come back to earth! You might some stately message bring to shake men to their souls, but you can't talk of anything—but hay and ten-foot poles."

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<b>Capers.</b> Curry Powder. Browning (for Gravies). Citron Peel. Corn on the Cob. Camp Coffee Essence. Glaze Cherries. Calve's Foot Jelly. Guava Jelly. Crab Apple Jelly. Lemon Curd. Chicken, 1 lb. tins.	<b>VIOTA.</b> Afternoon Tea Cake Mixture; each package makes 18 cakes, baking cases included in pack- age. <b>Queen Olives.</b> Black Leicester Mush- rooms. Mince Meat (Condensed) Campbell's Soups. Peanut Butter. <b>Lamb's Tongues, 38c. tin</b> <b>Corned Beef Hash,</b> 32 oz. tins, 35c.

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**Placentia Notes.**

Great activity is being displayed here in prospecting minerals. The work on Verran's Island and at Silver Cliff, Argentina, is going ahead steadily, and the mineral so far unearthed is said to be of such a quality to justify the general confidence in the possibilities of these mines. We trust the efforts and hopes of Mr. MacKay, who is operating, will materialize to the fullest extent.

Another mine is being opened on the Jersey side, which is also showing splendid results, sample of a high percentage being uncovered. Inspector General Hutchings is the discoverer of this claim, which we hope will pan out successful to the fullest extent. With all these mining possibilities in sight, it looks like the old town is in for a boom.

The fishery to date is very good. Trapping began this week, though weather, which has been most unfavorable the past ten days, has improved, and a good voyage is hoped for.

Splendid sea trout fishing is obtainable here now, and not for many years has better sport been seen. Salmon are making for the rivers, and several were caught at Southeast this week. Next week should bring good fishing in the river. The river is in fine condition for splendid sports as soon as the fish reach there.

We would remind fishermen and holiday seekers of the many attractions Placentia has to offer during the summer months. It is the best place in Newfoundland to spend your vacation. The salmon fishing in the Southeast River is the best in the country, and here you may enjoy that sport, which has been rightly called the "sport of Kings." Here you can enjoy your fishing amidst beautiful surroundings. The river is easily and conveniently reached without any of the discomforts usually experienced. First class hotels take care of your comforts. There is also to be enjoyed motor boating and carriage drives through delightful scenery. Placentia is delightful these summer days. The bridge at Colinet River will soon be completed, and this completes the Colinet-Placentia Road, which is in good condition, and opens a delightful country to motorists. It is expected a great number of motorists will visit us during the summer.

Father Connors, who has been ill at his home here the past month, is now, we are glad to say, able to get out, and is rapidly regaining his former good health. His many friends are glad to see him around again.

Rev. Andrew Whelan arrived home on Thursday last, from Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, where he has been studying for the priesthood. His years of study having been successfully completed, he will be ordained here shortly by his Grace Archbishop Roche. His many friends welcome him home, and congratulate him on the success which has crowned his studies at the Seminary, and trust he will have many useful years in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony by Rev. Father O'Flaherty, P.P. We extend felicitations and trust they will have very many happy years of wedded life.

On Monday evening, Mr. Matthew Collins (Ex-Sergt. Royal Nfld. Regt.) and Miss May Mooney were united in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony by Rev. Father O'Flaherty, P.P. We extend felicitations and trust they will have very many happy years of wedded life.

The schooner Golden Rod, Capt. Pierson, is discharging coal at Jas. Murphy and Sons.

Mr. Keating, who for several years was Principal of the High School here, is in town renewing old acquaintances, who are glad to see him.

Mr. Jos. Keefe, Roadmaster R.N. Co., paid a flying visit to the old home this week. His friends are glad to see him in good health.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who spent the winter at St. John's, has returned to her home at the "Swan" for the summer.

Miss Kitty Croucher has arrived from New York, to spend the summer vacation with her folks at the "Downs."

S.S. Daley is now in port undergoing renovation preparatory to taking the Supreme Court on circuit—COR. June 29, 1922.

Yarmouth, N.S., March 24, 1921.  
The Secretary of the Yarmouth Athletic Association, who were the champions for 1920 of the South Shore League and Western Nova Scotia Base Ball, states that during the summer the boys used MINARD'S LINIMENT with very beneficial results, for sore muscles, bruises and sprains. It is considered by the players the best white liniment on the market. Every team should be supplied with this celebrated remedy.  
(Signed)  
JOSEPH L. LeBLANC,  
Secy. Y. A. A. A.  
Champions N.S. South Shore League, 1920.

**Hams and Bacon!**

The Smoked Meat market has advanced a good deal lately in sympathy with the stronger feeling in Pork Products and higher quotations on Hams and Bacon during the Summer months (the heavy consuming period) are not at all unlikely.

We were lucky in securing a large shipment of these Meats before the recent "lift" in prices and are prepared to continue selling our delicious

**"Berkshire" Hams & Bacon**  
at present prices for a limited time only, and would advise our customers to secure their requirements for the Holiday Season without delay.

PHONE 393.

**F. McNamara,**  
QUEEN STREET.

**BON MARCHÉ SPECIALS**

<b>LADIES' SUMMER VESTS,</b> 18c. while they last.	<b>LADIES' HOSE,</b> 18c. pair. Black and Tan
<b>CHILDREN'S HOSE,</b> 14c. pair. Big value; get some.	<b>LADIES' COLORED HOSE,</b> 20c. pair. Only a few jobs.
<b>36" PERCALES,</b> 22c.	<b>CHAMBRAYS, MUSLINS,</b> 15c. GINGHAMS, 22c.
<b>MEN'S WORK SHIRTS,</b> 89c. Best value in town.	<b>MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS,</b> \$1.30. Double cuffs, new stripes.
<b>LADIES' NIGHTDRESSES,</b> 85c. Very special.	<b>LADIES' White Embroidered UNDERSKIRTS,</b> 89c. See them. See them.
<b>CHILDREN'S WHITE MUSLIN DRESSES</b> . . . 39c.	

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