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Just as the American Indian chose his chieftain for deeds of valor in war, and wisdom in times of peace, So has Budweiser, because of its Quality and Purity, been chosen by the American of today the Chief of all bottled beers.

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Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, U. S. A.

J. D. Ryan
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THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
SKELETON KEYS.
(Continued.)

Laura had been asked to be ready by twelve—it was now a quarter past.

She stood, looking extremely pretty notwithstanding that her costume was of local birth, tapping the window pane with her primrose-gloved hand, and looking expectantly down the road.

Presently she heard the gate swing open, and thinking it was some one from the Hall, opened the French window and stepped out.

But it was only an old man, a tramp, apparently.

He stood looking at the house hesitatingly, and at last, catching sight of Laura, hobbled up to the window.

Lillian shook her parasol at him by the way of denial, but the tramp still hobbled toward her.

'I've nothing for you,' she said, in her thin voice. 'You had better go; you have no business to come in at this entrance, or any other, for that matter. Go away.'

But the tramp still approached, and when quite close stopped, and looking at her, with a quiet smile, said:

'Don't you know me, miss?'

Laura started and turned pale. She did not know him; it was Mr. Robert Green.

He looked at her with a quiet smile, evidently enjoying her astonishment.

'Hope I haven't frightened you, miss,' he said, coolly. 'Obliged to play a dark game sometimes. Wouldn't do for Mr. Robert Green to be seen too much about. Can I have a word or two with you, miss?'

Laura Warner stepped out of the lawn.

'Why have you come like—like this?' she asked. 'What is it you want?'

'Well, I've come to bring you a bit of news for one thing,' he said, quietly, leaning on his stick in the very attitude of a tramp.

'News! what news?'

'You haven't heard?' he said. 'Ah, I dare say not. I've only just got it from one of the servants who came over to Jones' for some cream. Miss Woodleigh is engaged to her cousin, Mr. Harold.'

Laura Warner stood motionless as a statue, and her face as white.

'When—when did you hear—is it true?' she asked, biting her lip.

'No doubt of it,' said Mr. Robert Green, quietly. 'It is well known at the Hall. I thought you would like to know.'

'Yes,' she assented, feeling the ground with her sunshade. 'Thank you, but are you sure?'

'Quite sure,' he said. 'They were engaged last night. Sir Talbot, the old man, brought it about; they were closeted together, he and the young lady, and Mr. Harold, for an hour in the library last night. Oh, there's no doubt. You'll see 'em driving together directly.'

'Yes, yes,' she said, her whole frame aching with disappointment and envy; 'I am going with them to

this hateful picnic. Why, why did you come—like this—to tell me, Mr. Green?' she asked, shrewdly. 'But you must not stay; they will be here directly, and I must go.'

'Don't go, miss,' he said, nodding his head. 'I came up here on purpose to ask you to stay behind. I want you to do something for me this morning.'

Laura stared. She had not forgotten her pledge to this man, but she had tried to do so, and the gentle reminder alarmed her.

'What do you mean?' she asked.

'Just this,' said Mr. Green, coolly. 'You haven't forgotten our little compact in the wood, miss? Well, I haven't troubled you much, you'll confess. I've done all the work up till now, but now I can't get on without you. I'm on the track—never mind to what—but I want a link or two, and I can't get on without your help. You won't refuse me unless you want this wedding to come off.'

Laura looked round nervously.

'What do you want?'

'I'll tell you, miss,' he said, quietly. 'You must stay away from this picnic, or whatever it is—make some excuse or other; ladies generally go in for headaches, and come round to the wood in half an hour's time.'

'Come round to the wood?' faltered Laura.

He nodded, keeping his eyes on her.

'Yes, miss, and I want you to bring a letter or two, any scrap of paper with Miss Woodleigh's writing on it.'

Laura thought a moment, struggling with her nervousness and agitation.

'Letters! I have only an invitation and one or two short notes,' she said.

'That will do, he said, with evident satisfaction. 'You won't disappoint me, miss. I'll wait at the shrubbery for half an hour.'

'What do you want them for?'

Laura asked, trying to speak haughtily.

'Perhaps I'd better not tell you, miss, just yet,' he replied, coolly. 'But it's most important that I should have them.'

She hesitated another minute; then, without looking up, she said, in a low voice:

'I will come,' and went in.

Mr. Robert Green leaped away, and being met by a servant was told

to take himself off, which he did—the wood.

Laura Warner went up to her room and took off her outdoor things, and five minutes afterward the wagonette drove up to the door.

She did not send any message, but came down, a lace shawl thrown round her head, her face looking pale and full of disappointment.

'Not ready, Miss Warner?' cried Lord Rayburn.

'I am sorry,' she answered, 'but I am afraid I cannot come. I have an attack of neuralgia, and could not face the keen air on the cliff. I am awfully disappointed, but I dare not come.'

There were loud expressions of regret, but she stood firm.

'How is Miss Woodleigh?' she asked, looking down the road.

Lord Rayburn jerked his head in the other direction.

'All right, thanks. She and Harold have gone on in the mail phaeton, and he smiled significantly.

Laura Warner's face went paler and her lips twitched.

'Give her my love, please, and tell her how sorry I am. I hope you will all enjoy yourselves; you must tell me all about it.'

They drove off, and she stood watching the cloud of dust for a moment before going in again.

'Gone on without calling,' she muttered, clenching her hand. 'He would not have done that before she came. I am nobody—nobody—in

his eyes now.' Then she flung the shawl from her passionately and ran noiselessly upstairs.

She kept Mr. Robert Green waiting a quarter of an hour, but he was quite prepared for that, and more than satisfied when he looked at and saw the expression in her face. He was no longer a tramp, but a respectable-looking farm laborer in a billycock hat and a clean smock.

'I thought you'd come, miss,' he said touching his hat. 'I had to change my clothes, you see. One of your servants warned me off, and if I'd been caught as a tramp in the grounds again it might have been awkward. Well, miss, have you got them?'

She took three or four letters from under her jacket, but held them as she looked at him.

'You will not tell me what you are going to do with these?' she asked.

The Scorcher.

By many a gasping man a-scud,
I whizz around a corner
And cover one chap's clothes with mud,
Thus leaving him forlorn.
I cut the muffler out, and leap
Along some darkened highway
And laugh at language hoarse and deep
From folk who hunt the byway.

I climb a hill and then I scoot
A-down and through the hollow;
My horn sends back a raucous toot
To those who fain would follow.
The smoke swirls in the atmosphere
And makes it mean and muggy;
I take a half an inch to clear
A plodding horse and buggy.

Through many a little town I blare,
While constables would halt me,
And timid people everywhere
Are willing to assault me.
Yet I am scorching on, you know,
For I am pretty clever.
For when I come then men must go
Or else they'll go for ever.
—Chicago Evening Post.

St. Isidore, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1904.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.

Yours truly,
DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

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Preserving Skillets.

Enamelled Blue and White, 45c. to 70 cts. each.
ENAMELLED IRON, very superior quality, \$1.20, 1.45, 1.75 and 1.95 each.
BRASS, \$2.00 and \$2.50 each.
Wood Spoons, 4, 5 and 6c. each.

MARTIN HARDWARE CO.

Badly Hurt In Thresher

Blood poison set in—Great suffering—Cure effected by DR. A. W. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Mrs. G. Hopkins, St. George, Ont., writes:—'I feel like shouting the praises of Dr. Chase's Ointment. While threshing grain, my son got badly hurt, missing the sheaf and ran the prongs of the fork into my son's leg. He did not take much notice of it and in a day or two it got sore and very itchy and blood poison set in. We did everything for it but it would heal one place and break out at another and kept on this way for three months. Finally I thought of Dr. Chase's Ointment and in a week's time we noticed a wonderful change. By the use of three boxes he was completely cured, and the wounds healed up. There has not been a sign of a spot on him since.'

Wherever there is itching or irritation of the skin or a sore that refuses to heal you can apply Dr. Chase's Ointment with every assurance that the results will be prompt and satisfactory. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy Dr. Chase's Recipes.

SURE PURE THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE!

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA. E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

PERSISTENT COUGH.

Wherever soothing syrups fail to cure that persisting cough which exhausts you,
MATHEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other medicinal extracts will rapidly and definitely rid you from it.



The merits of Mathieu's Syrup are highly recognized and endorsed. Here are a few proofs—

WESTERN UNION TEL. CO.,
Church Point, N.S., May 9, 1908.
Blacking & Mercantile Coy., Ltd., Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs,—I have used your Mathieu's Syrup at Church Point Station.
LOUIS A. MELANSON.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., July 27, 1908.
Blacking & Mercantile Coy., Ltd.
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd inst. received re Mathieu's Syrup. I have been using the article in my home for the last seven or eight years, and know of nothing better to use when one is subject to cough or cold. In fact, we would not be without it for twice its value. I have very much pleasure in recommending this article, and in selling it over the island I have the same report from our customers.
CARVELL BROS.,
C. M. RITCHIE.

SYDNEY, C.B., July 20, 1908.
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd to hand asking for testimonial for Mathieu's Syrup. I have handled Mathieu's Syrup for one year, and find it one of the best sellers in a cough medicine that I have ever handled. I am ordering one Gross from your traveler to day, as I sold the last bottle in stock yesterday.
DUN. J. BUCKLEY, Druggist.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as Mathieu's Nerve Powders which contain no opium, morphine or chloral. 25 cts. per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Sherbrooke, Can.
WOS. McMURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Flax cloth is much used this season for curtains and portiers for the summer home.

To make a Spanish omelet add sliced olives, mushrooms and pimientos to a tomato sauce and put this in the fold and around the plain omelet.

Currants and raspberries mixed in the proportion of two cups of raspberries and one of currants and sprinkled with sugar make a delicious sauce.

To cut a loaf of hot brown bread take a piece of twine, place it around the loaf, cross the ends and pull. There will be a clean cut without crumbs.

Add a piece of wax the size of a bean and a teaspoonful of powdered borax to your starch while it is boiling if it is desired to brighten the polish.

A few drops of ammonia in water will take the grease off of dishpans; a little put into warm water for washing paint will make it look like new.

When jelly is put into a kettle to boil, drop in a small agate marble. It will keep in constant motion in the bottom of the kettle and prevent burning.

The long celluloid collar stiffeners sold at notion counters are useful to give body to the floppy brims of children's hats, especially those made of linen.

When carrying oranges for a train or a picnic luncheon, a good way is to remove the skin and seeds at home, and carry the sections wrapped in waxed paper.

When steel knives and forks have become tainted with fish they can be rubbed with fresh orange or lemon peel, and the taint will disappear entirely.

Beauty doctors are now reinforcing the claims of vegetarians with a theory that meat hastens the approach of old age, and that fruit impedes the aging process.

A moist blotter will be much more effective than a dry one for removing ink spots from fabrics. If repeatedly applied, it will frequently take out the entire spot.

Eggs are good baked. Cover the bottom of a pie plate with a good gravy, break the eggs and drop the whole onto the gravy. Bake until the whites are set.

A delicious hard sauce is made with the usual tablespoonful of butter, creamed with a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream beaten in at the last.

To clean soiled wallpaper, dip a whitewash brush into hot vinegar and brush all over it quickly. When the paper is dry it will appear as fresh as when first hung.

Learn to relax if you would be free from lines in your face and cheat old age. Most of us keep ourselves at tension, mental and physical, too much of the time.

Mosquitoes in the house may be killed by burning sulphur, but all delicately-colored fabrics and metal must be removed from the room where the sulphur is burned.

T. McMurdo & Co. Has a Preparation That Will Grow Hair Abundantly.

This is an age of new discoveries. To grow hair after it has fallen out today is a reality.

SALVIA, the Great Hair Tonic and Dressing, will positively create a new growth of hair.

If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from Dandruff, use SALVIA once a day and watch the results.

SALVIA is guaranteed to stop falling hair and restore the hair to its natural color. The greatest Hair Tonic known.

SALVIA is compounded by expert chemists.

Watch your hair if it is falling out. If you don't, you will sooner or later be bald.

SALVIA prevents baldness by fastening the hair to the roots.

Ladies will find SALVIA just the hair dressing they are looking for. It makes the hair soft and fluffy and is not sticky. A large bottle, 50c. 6

HORSE PERISHED.—A fine horse owned by F. H. Vigers, perished this forenoon while harnessed to the cart on King's Road, of colic. The loss is a serious one to the owner.

Boy Had Fits For 6 Years

Druggist advised DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD—Cure complete and lasting.

Mrs. J. D. Palmer, 38 Park St., Amsterdam, N. Y., writes: 'When six years of age my boy began to have fits. They came on in the night. He would make strange noises, stiffen out, froth at mouth, face would twitch and sometimes turned purple. After the fit he could not talk.'

'The family physician said all he could do was to keep them down somewhat. The second physician pronounced trouble Jeffersonian epilepsy, but could not cure him. He suffered for six years and before beginning the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food had three fits in about five days. Our druggist recommended Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. He has taken seven boxes and has not had the symptom of a fit since. His color has greatly improved; he is not nervous and irritable like he used to be, and we consider his cure complete.'

'Such results are only obtained by the use of the genuine Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food—not from imitations or substitutes. 50 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.'