

**ENGLISH LIQUID PAINT**

**A Pure Paint for a Model Job**

You know what should be in good paint, and you have a right to know exactly what is in the paint you put up your good money for.

"English" Liquid Paint made by Brandram-Henderson, Limited, bears a guarantee label showing that the paint is 70% pure White Lead, 30% pure Zinc White, mixed ready for use with pure linseed oil, pure turpentine and drier.

And all 70% Lead is Brandram's B. B. Genuine Government Standard White Lead.

You know you are getting the best—a pure paint for a model job. Prices are right. Come in for a Color Card.

**BOWRING BROS. LIMITED,**  
ST. JOHN'S

**THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.**

CHAPTER III.  
**HILDA FANE.**

(Continued.)

And he turned round, expecting a corresponding amount of enthusiasm, but the stall was empty. Quietly, almost unnoticed, Dawson Slade had left the theater.

"Well look here!" said his friend, "Slade had gone. Too much for him, I suppose—couldn't stand it, eh?"

"Nonsense," laughed another, "nothing would move Slade, excepting a bottle of bad claret! I happened to look round just before she fell, and he was sitting picking the stitches out of his handkerchief—give you my word! Moved! I'd as soon expect to see the chandelier shed tears! No; he's up to something, you may be quite sure!"

As quietly as he had made his way out, Dawson Slade threaded the maze of servants waiting with the carriages, and, picking his way across the street with an amount of leisurely composure that drew down upon him a shower of curses from irate coachmen, went up to a private cab that stood just outside the ring of light from the theatre.

As he stepped in, he looked up at his man, who had evidently received his instructions.

"It is an old, green brougham and a grey horse. Don't let them see you this time, but keep them just in sight, and no more."

The man touched his hat, and the cab took up its position at a corner of the street commanding a view of the stage door.

In about a quarter of an hour a brougham drew up, a lady entered it quickly, as if she had been ready waiting, and the brougham drove off, with Dawson Slade's cab following, cautiously and discreetly.

Leaving the fashionable quarter of the city behind it, the brougham struck out for the quiet outskirts, and

at length pulled up at a small, unpretending, little house, which might have been occupied by a well-to-do mechanic.

As quickly as she had entered, the girl slipped from the brougham and placed her hand upon the bell pull. As she did so, the cab drew up, Dawson Slade jumped out, and, hat in hand, stood before her.

With a start, she raised her head; the light from the carriage lamp fell upon her face, which, from an expression of almost wearied sadness, was instantly transformed as it had been on the stage—to one of proud, indignant interrogation.

For a moment the two regarded each other in silence; the proud and angry face of the girl, lovely in its passionate protest, the handsome face of the man cool, resolute and firm.

"Miss Fane, I crave a word with you."

With a compression of the delicate lips, she eyed him steadily.

"On what plea, sir?"

"On that plea to which no true woman turns a deaf ear," he replied, instantly, his musical voice lowered so that it might be inaudible to the servants.

"And I refuse to have any communication with you, she said, pushing open the gate.

With the faintest inclination of his head, he put on his hat.

"Can you expect me," he said, calmly, "to accept your refusal without appeal?"

She had entered the little garden, and was passing to the door, but turned suddenly, as if the passion had got the better of her, and confronted him, with white face and blazing eyes.

"You have the manner, the voice of a gentleman," she said, slowly. "Are you lost to all sense of shame, that you can dog the steps of a defenseless woman and insult her? By what right do you dare address me as you have done? Are you the person from whom I have suffered so much impertinent persecution?"

If she expected to crush him by this repulse, she was disappointed.

With the same calm earnestness, he took a step nearer.

"I am Dawson Slade," he said. "I am he who wrote, respectfully, humbly, craving an audience."

"And who, when that respectful, humble request," she retorted, with quiet scorn, "was refused, chose to add insult to insult in the vulgar shape of an anonymous and unwelcome gift, which, I trust, you have redirected to some more suitable recipient."

With another inclination, he shook his head.

"If that which was intended for a respectful token of admiration, and a tribute to the art which you have elevated, was translated by you into an insult, am I alone to blame? Had you granted my request, and allowed me to exchange as many words with you as I have done here, the worthless pinkets should not have offended your sight. Desperate men fly to desperate aids. You returned my letters, my worthless present, and, desperate, indeed, I snatch that interview which you denied."

"And having by brute force gained your end, may I ask your object?"

Slowly, with bitter contempt, the words dropped from her lips; infinite scorn blazed from her dark eyes.

Dawson Slade, standing upright as an arrow, with his hands thrust inside his light overcoat, looked at her fixedly.

"To make a confession," he said, quietly.

With a gesture of repudiation, she half turned away.

"It has no interest for me."

"Yet I have to make it, and you to hear it," he said, in the same low

**Asaya-Neural**

THE NEW REMEDY FOR **Nervous Exhaustion**

Headache, Insomnia and Neuralgia are generally the result of exhausted nerve centres. The true remedy is not a paralyzing drug, but Food, Rest and nerve repair. "ASAYA-NEURAL" is and makes possible this cure. It feeds the nerves, induces sleep, quickens the appetite and digestion; freedom from pains and buoyancy of spirits result. \$1.50 per bottle. Obtain from the local agent.

**M. CONNORS.**

voice. "Miss Fane, I am what is called a resolute man. All through my life I have fought for that which I have set my heart on, and I have won it, sometimes easily, sometimes against long odds. To men of my nature, obstacles are but incentives, resistance an additional charm. I do not speak now of love, but of ambition, and even of the useless whims which haunt the best of us of us. A fortnight since I strolled into the theatre to while away an hour, and—saw you. It was the first night of your appearance; they were talking about you in the strain which they had adopted from the first—of your wonderful genius—"

She was about to turn away with a gesture of impatient scorn, but, with a slight movement of his hand, he arrested her.

"Hear me out. Of your genius your beauty and the mysterious reserve which prompted you to conceal yourself from the world which was eager to make a queen of you—a goddess—of you. That night moved by an impulse of mere wanton arrogance, I made a wager that I—Dawson Slade—would draw you from your retreat, and that all San Francisco should see me drive you through the park within a few days."

White with mingled astonishment and indignation, she stood, too amazed to utter a word.

With a change of countenance, without flinching from the flashing eyes, he continued:

"From another woman, at such a moment, I should have concealed this, but with you I can have no concealment, no deception. Having made my wager, I set about winning it, as you know; I wrote to you—once, twice, thrice—I sent you the jewels—worthless, as you rightly say—and then I had lost not only my wager—but myself."

At the last words, and for the first time, there was a thrill in the clear, musical voice.

"I had begun the game careless, confident, indifferent. I began by admiring, admiration grew to respect, respect—to love. Night after night I have watched you, listened to you, until my whole being is absorbed in a love which is as pure as it is intense,

Be certain you get your money's worth—you will if you buy

**M-L PURE PAINT**

Worth any man's paint money, because made of pure materials so thoroughly mixed that every drop does what paint must do to be good paint—PROTECT and LAST. It took 17 years to find just how to use one ingredient (peculiar to M-L Paints) that greatly lengthens the life of the paint. But it was worth the time!—because it makes this paint well worth its price.

Made by Imperial Varnish and Color Co., Limited, of Toronto

Get them at dealers named hereunder.

**AYRE & SONS, Ltd.**

Night and day your face, your voice, are always with me. To fall back repulsed would have been possible; but to retreat—misunderstood, misjudged, unknown—was impossible. So, I am here to-night, that you may judge me by my confession, and know me. Miss Fane, it is true that I have insulted you, that I have persecuted you, but no scorn, no contempt, shown by word or look, can add to my punishment, for I love you, and in the remorse which that love has awakened lies a revenge beyond even your craving."

**SIX EXCURSIONISTS KILLED.**

And Nearly One Hundred Injured in a Lightning Storm.

Berlin, June 12.—Six persons were killed, 17 severely and 80 slightly injured by lightning which struck among a party of excursionists this evening. The excursionists had taken shelter in an unused building from the most violent thunder storm which Berlin has experienced for years. Many telephone and telegraph wires were levelled by the storm and many residences damaged.

Berlin, June 12.—Seven deaths occurred from lightning here to-day brings the total in the Province of Silesia up to 18 fatalities in three days.

**DAILY MAIL CUP WON IN AUSTRALIA.**

The Two Hundred Guinea Cup offered as a prize by the London Daily Mail for the shooting competition held throughout the Empire on May 24th, has been won this year by the Gravelly Technical College, New South Wales, with a score of 816. Vancouver, B.C., is nineteenth on the list with a score of 776.

Sydney, C.B., is fifty-fourth on the list and second in Canada, with a score of 756. About a hundred of the competing clubs are below Sydney. This is a pretty good record for our men and they are entitled to hearty congratulations. No doubt when they become more accustomed to the range they will do still better. In the meantime second in all Canada is a highly creditable position.

**Nerves at High Tension**

Slight extra strain means collapse—Restoration obtained by using DR. A.W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

The successful men and women are often of the high-strung nervous type—keen and active—but with too little reserve force.

A little extra worry and anxiety and snap goes the nervous system. Weeks and months are often required before energy and vigor are regained.

Rest helps, so does fresh air and exercise, but the blood must also be made rich and red by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

**The Evening Chit-Chat**  
By RUTH CAMERON



Ruth Cameron

"Aren't people just too peculiar for anything. Ruth!" announced my artistic friend, tragically, as she climbed her piazza steps, and accepted my invitation to stop and rest for a moment.

"Very," I admitted, inwardly recalling my grandmother's oft repeated story of "All the world is a bit queer but me and thee, and sometimes I think this is a little queer," but what happened to make you think of that?"

My artistic friend sat back in an artistic pose. "My dear," she assured me, "I've just been to call on the new people. And that apartment—really, it's impossible. And yet it is evident they have plenty of money. Why need people make such a mess of things when they could have them so lovely?"

"Do you think I ought to have changed the subject? For I didn't. Instead, I took out my mental note book and spurred my artistic friend on to find all the fault she could. For you see she has very good taste, and I thought a few hints on what not to have in a house might prove valuable."

The rugs came in for the first condemnation.

"The first thing I saw in the reception room," said the artistic lady, "was the rug. It was an expensive thing, but blatant, with huge scrawly figures. It just hit me in the eyes, and you know you never should see a carpet at all. You simply should be conscious of its being a part of the general harmony."

"And then the chairs were all hung with tidies," she went on scathingly. "Now, on a cushion chair, I will admit a perfectly simple square of linen that keeps the cushions from musing, is permissible, but these were crocheted and ribbon affairs, and they were hung on every chair in the room, including two wicker ones, where there was absolutely no excuse for them."

"They've got the living room done in that huge mission furniture, which is absurd and out of proportion in a small apartment like theirs."

"Who are they?" she inquired.

The eldest angel-faced answered: "Mother said for me to take it over to the pretty lady," he announced producing one of my artistic friend's faintest handkerchiefs, which she had evidently left at the new people's.

"You left it on the sofa."

As the two kiddies departed some time later after having been duly feted with mother's best cookies, and having proven as angel-dispositioned as they were angel-faced, the artistic lady gazed after them thoughtfully.

"Well, I must admit one thing," she announced, gravely. "The new people may not have very good taste about houses, but they certainly have about kiddies."

Ruth Cameron

**No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach**

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impair digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so gives health and strength to the whole body.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

**HOUSEHOLD NOTES.**

Linen require a long soaking to remove any stain.

French chalk will clean a slightly soiled white chip hat.

Peach stains are removed with a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Turpentine will be found very good for cleaning an enamel or porcelain tub.

Buttering bread or cracker on which cheese is to be toasted improves the flavor.

The addition of a pinch of salt to the coffee improves it greatly to some tastes.

Spreading a little flour on top of a cake will sometimes prevent icing from running.

Mix grated horseradish with lemon juice; it will be found a pleasing change from vinegar.

Vegetables for salad must be dry.

If the dressing does not amalgamate, and it loses its flavor.

When using melted cheese on sandwiches, remember to melt it in a hot oven and serve immediately.

To clean an oil painting, rub a freshly cut slice of potato, dampened in cold water, over the surface.

The most obstinate coffee stains can be removed by a solution of lukewarm water and the yolk of an egg.

Pure alcohol can be used with wonderful success as a means of cleaning black Spanish or Chantilly lace.

Feathers that have grown grimy can be given a bath in alcohol, after which they are shaken until dry.

A weak solution of oxalic acid, used for stained fingers, is good. For minor stains, lemon juice is helpful.

If brass candle sticks are disfigured

ed with verdigris, try rubbing them out with a cloth dipped in ammonia.

When next making fuligo, add some chopped raisins and nuts to the syrup just before beginning to beat it.

A spoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water will "set" almost any colored fabric if soaked in it before washing.

For white spots on the nails, a solution of turpentine and myrrh in equal portions is an excellent remedy.

The addition of a little sugar to the water in which turkeys are boiled will improve the flavor of the vegetable.

Wrap furs and woollens in newspaper when putting away for the summer months. Moths do not care for the printers' ink.

**Starving Amid Plenty**  
Not Uncommon To Day—The Reason is Explained.

"For a period last summer the thought of food excited feelings of nausea," writes Mrs. C. A. Dodges, of Bloomsbury. "The heat had made me listless and the distaste for food reduced me to a condition of semi-starvation and brought me to the verge of nervous collapse. Tonics were useless to restore an active desire for food. The doctors told me, my liver and kidneys were both at fault, but the medicines they gave me were too severe and reduced my strength so that I had to abandon them. At the suggestion of a friend who had been cured of blood and skin trouble, I began the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The difference first noticed was, that while they cleansed the system, instead of feeling weaker I felt better after taking them. Indeed their activity was so mild it was easy to forget I had taken them at all; they seemed to go right to the liver, and in a very brief time not only did all source of nausea disappear but I began to crave food and I digested it reasonably well. Then I began to put on weight until within three months I was brought to a condition of good health. I urge Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all who are in poor health."

Get this best of all medicines today and refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

WINNER OF 33,000 POUNDS.

The principal prize, worth over £50,000, in the Calcutta Turf Club sweepstake on the English Derby has been won by an officer of the Indian Army who is now on leave in England.

The draw took place the Saturday previous to the race, and the officer, who had taken the ticket, was advised by cable that he had secured Lemberg, favorite with Nell Gow for the race.

Within two hours of the receipt of the cable the officer, who was staying with his father-in-law at Taunton, had negotiated over the telephone for the sale of one-half of his chance to a London syndicate for £7,500. By the victory of Lemberg he has thus won about £33,000.

This was not the only piece of luck which befell him over the race. By a singular coincidence he also drew Lemberg in the sweepstake arranged among the members of the Somerset County Club, Taunton.

**WONDERFUL SHOOTING.**

A foretaste of the record shooting that may be seen at Bisley this year was given recently, when Sergeant John Tippins made 410 out of a possible 420, missing the bull's-eye apparently fewer than ten times in eighty-four consecutive shots.

Under the new rules for Bisley, Sergeant Tippins used an aperture slight of his own invention on a rifle of service pattern. He was shooting in a North London Club competition under King's prize conditions, seven shots each at 200, 400 and 500 yards, and in four consecutive series at the three ranges scored 102, 101, 103 and 104. This is the first time that any man has made four scores of over 100 in a day.

**WILL MAKE HAIR GROW**

**BEARINE**

Prepared from the grease of the Canadian Bear. Delicately perfumed.

The Standard Pomade for 40 Years.

All Dealers 50c per Jar.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

**ADVENTIST CHURCH.**

"The Rock—Christ or Peter?" Elder C. H. Keslake will preach upon this subject at the Adventist Church, Cooks-town Road—to-morrow night, at 6.30.

**POLO SHOE POLISH**

POLO Shoe Polish shines quicker, holds its deep, black gloss longer, can be revived more easily, comes in a bigger box than any shoe polish made, and being in greater bulk, keeps its oily freshness longer—is a genuine leather food right to the bottom of each box. Rubbers never affect a Polo shine. Polo Tan Polish both cleans and polishes. Grocers and shoe men sell Polo. Ladies like it.

**"Good for Leather—Stands the Weather"**

**Bilious?**

Doctors all agree that an active liver is positively essential to health. Ask your own doctor about Ayer's Pills.