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GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent for Nfld.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

He would not do anything without telling Dolores. He looked up with a great sigh. It seemed to him that all the perplexities of his life were returning. The red rose for him had always been surrounded with sharpest thorns. He looked up to find his wife's eyes fixed upon him.

"A sigh, Karl!—and such a deep one! What is it about; and from whom is your letter?" His first impulse was to tell her, his second not to let her know, if possible. It could bring her only sharp pain, and could do no good. Her words returned to him that her name was a burden of sorrow, and her happiness too bright to last. A superstitious chill came over him as he looked at the letter. He would not tell Dolores what was in it. But she saw that he looked pale and agitated.

"You have had news, Karl?" she said suddenly. "No, my darling—indeed I have no news at all," he replied. "Show me that letter you have in your hand," she said.

The Squire looked up in wonder at the change in his daughter's voice. Sir Karl was at a loss for a few moments. He knew that if he did show the letter to Dolores, it would make her miserable, she would imagine all kinds of horrors, and perhaps their happiness would be destroyed. If he refused she might be vexed, and think he was keeping a secret from her. He compromised the matter by thrusting the letter into the depths of his pocket, and saying to her that he would show it to her later on.

"Is it anything important?" she asked. "Oh, no," he answered—"only a little favor asked by a neighbor!" Then her anxiety left her. It could only be a letter from one of the tenants who wanted something done.

In some strange manner all the brightness was gone from the day. They went out for a long drive after breakfast; but Sir Karl's jests were few—he even forgot to smile. His one thought was, What did Lola want with him, and should he tell Dolores? He looked at the bright, sunny face so radiant with happiness and love. How could he sadden it even for a moment? And yet he hated to keep a secret from her. The struggle be-

tween his desire to save her pain and his desire to be truthful to her made him wretched. "What day of the month is it Karl?" asked Dolores, as they stood together in the library after luncheon. "The tenth of June," he replied.

"Well, I shall always remember the tenth of June," she said, half laughingly, "as the first day on which you seemed dull after our marriage." "I am not dull, surely!" he cried. "That cannot be, Dolores."

"You are; and a greater crime, Karl, you could not commit—in my opinion at least, for I love to hear your laughter. What has been the matter all day? Even papa has noticed it; he says that he fears you are not well."

She went up to him, and her finger traced the lines on his face. "This is quite a new line over your brow, Karl. I never saw it until today. Now what has brought it here?" "I cannot tell. I think you will soon send them all away. Kiss the lines, Dolores, and they will vanish as if by magic."

She kissed them with her sweet, fresh lips. How he longer with all his heart to fold her in his arms and tell her all his perplexity! How at that moment he hated Lola for coming between them! Never was man so sorely perplexed; and the loving wife read the perplexity in his face.

"Karl," she said, "you are keeping a secret from me—that is, you are trying to keep it; but you will not succeed. I can read your thoughts. You have not the faintest chance, believe me. You had better tell me at once before I find it out."

"My darling Dolores, I shall never keep any secrets from you," he answered; and he spoke the truth. He never intended so to do. If he did meet Lola to ascertain why she wanted to see him it would be only to tell Dolores afterward every word that had passed between them. Of that he felt convinced; so he took her in his arms and kissed her until she cried out for mercy.

"We have been married all this time, Karl, and you kiss me as if we had been married only a day or two." "My beautiful wife!" he cried, "every day of my life I love you more and more."

Ships That Never Go to Sea

Round the coast of Great Britain, in every port and harbor, there are ships which never go to sea. Year in and year out they lie at their moorings, their only movement the idle swing round at the turn of the tide.

All some of the ports where there is a miniature fleet of these stay-at-home boats the harbor-master has moored them all together out of the way of the traffic. They are of all types and sizes and ages. Although they appear to be utterly lifeless, there is generally a caretaker on board to trim and set the lamps, open the ports and skylights, do a bit of pumping where it is required, and generally keep things as ship-shape as possible. At other places or where there are only a few, a longshoreman will go the round and have them under his charge. In the docks there are many of these odd craft tucked away in some remote corner.

There are many reasons why these boats are left to lie at their moorings. A number are the victims of the trade "slump"; there are no markets, and consequently there is no use for them. Others are for sale for various reasons, while not a few are getting old and their classification number—the hall-mark of seaworthiness—has expired.

A Legacy Of The War. At the end of the war there were hundreds of ships which, being designed and built for some specific war use, became obsolete on account of their being useless for other purposes except at a heavy cost of reconstruction. Those which were not bought to be broken up or sold lie at their moorings in various creeks and harbors.

Away out of sight in large and in small boat yards are many yachts which have not been in commission for years. In many cases long before the war. Their owners have been unable to use them; some have not found new owners and lay up year after year until they are of no use for the sea.

The life of a ship is not materially affected by being laid up if reasonable care has been taken of vital parts, such as keeping the bigges clean, ventilating the cabins, and having a coat of paint put on now and again. A boat which may look a sad spectacle to the eye will, after being through the hands of workmen, look none the worse for years of idleness.

Wooden boats are perhaps the most sensitive to neglect. As a rule, the wood to decay first is not that part which is in the water but the inside portion and particularly that strip of outside planking which sailors call "between wind and water."

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A GUEST

UNINSTRUCTED. "I'm going to send you down to earth," said God to me one day. "I'm giving you what men call 'birth'—To-night you'll start away; I want you there to live with men Until I call you back again."

I trembled as I heard Him speak. Yet knew that I must go; I felt His hand upon my cheek. And wished that I might know Just what on earth would be my task. And timidly I dared to ask.

"Tell me before I start away What Thou would have me do; What message would Thou have me say. When shall my work be through? That I may serve Thee on the earth. Tell me the purpose of my birth."

God smiled at me and softly said: "Oh, you shall find your task. I want you free life's paths to tread. So do not stay to ask me. Remember, if your best you do, That I shall ask no more of you."

How often as my work I do, So commonplace and grim, I sit and sigh and wish I knew If I am pleasing Him. I wonder if, with every test, I've truly tried to do my best.

Apron effects, cape backs and plaitings are three popular features of summer frocks.

"I am sorry I must leave you, Dolores," he said. "It is very annoying to have our pleasant evening spoiled in this way." She looked up at him. "Where are you going, Karl? It is so unusual for you to have business interviews in the evening."

"It is not only unusual, but it is awfully disagreeable," he replied. "I will take good care that it never happens again."

"Tell me what it is all about," she said. "You know everything of interest to you is of equal interest to me."

"I will tell you all about it, my darling, when I return," and to his morbidly excited fancy the rustling leaves seemed to repeat the words "when I return."

"At least," said Dolores, "tell me where you are going, Karl." "I cannot; I will tell you all about it when I come home."

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NO ENVY.

In my four-cylinder calash I journey here and there; its crankshaft, made of seasoned ash, has energy to spare. The body made of chocolate tin, is much in need of paint; I know the fenders are a sin, the ancient top looks quaint. It has a homemade steering wheel, with wire together tied; and yet when driving it I feel all swollen up with pride. For this old bus is all my own, I owe no man a groat; and like a king upon his throne I sit and guide my boat. The sparkplugs are not very good, I fashioned them of zinc; the pistons made of cottonwood, are sometimes on the blink; but they are mine, such as they are, my credit's good and clean; and so I tool my grunting car with high and haughty mien. My wagon lacks the modern curves; it has no four-wheeled brakes; its action's hard upon the nerves, it bucks and creaks and shakes; and yet no man can view my truck, and say, "I'll call police unless you pay the silver buck you owe for gas and grease. I'll summon here the hat-herders, unless you pay me now for mixing up your busted gears that time you killed a cow." I'd rather drive a rusty bus and owe no man a cent than scorch around with pomp and fuss while creditors lament.

Fads and Fashions.

Alligator trimmings are used on slippers of beige suede. Printed crepes and taffetas are rich in design and color. Black, white and red seem to be the leading shades in shoes. It is rumored that dark blue will soon have a decided vogue. Frocks are flat in back, and rather full at the front of the skirt. Figured silk dresses are worn with scarfs of the same material. Edges of gray Summer fur are used on a frock of gray Venise lace. Colorful cross-stitching is used on cool smocks of silk and cotton crepes. Plaits are used at the sides of slim skirts to give additional fullness. A touch of red is necessary to the smartness of the summer costume. A very smart handkerchief of black chiffon has a printed border in red.

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