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Davis & Lawrence Co., Mfg. Chemists, Montreal.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER I.

"Give me my reel of cotton, if you please," said Carrie, coolly, as if he had thrown or dropped it, "then you can see if the kettle is boiling, and help Maida lay the tea. Put it at the end of the table, because I can't be disturbed; and Ricky, open the window a little more—at the top—and bring me that piece of tape off the mantel-shelf—"

"Would you also like me to fetch a cab, clean the grate, and wind up the clock while I'm about it?" he remarked. "Is thy servant a dog—"

"Not yet—they call them puppies when they're young," retorted Carrie, blandly but promptly. "My dear boy, men are divided into two classes—the ornamental or the useful, now you've got to be useful because you see you're not—Leave my hair alone or I'll stick the scissors into you. Can't you see I'm engaged—"

"Not yet! No one would be such a badly idiot," he put in like a flash.

"Engaged in what you have never been—in work. Silly boy! There! Go and play with Maida—it's all you're fit for. I was wrong to think of trusting you to lay the tea; you'd steal the sugar or scald yourself with the kettle. Rick, don't you wish you were going to the Countess of Glassbury's to-night," she sighed, "to see and hear the Heavenly Maid? It was a pet term of hers for Maida. Oh, don't it?"

"Yes. We might go disguised—"

"You as a gentleman: no one would know you; the sharp tongue darted at him. "No, no, I don't mean that; I'll take it back, Rick! Oh, hark at the kettle! It's boiling itself to death—do be careful, there's a good boy; the last time you tried to lift it off you scalded Miss Jenkins's cat, and Miss Jenkins scolded me—sorry,

Maida; that fool of a boy is here and his wretched puns are infectious; they're worse than measles."

"Ah, talking of puns," remarked Ricky, as he lifted the kettle with the awkwardness peculiar to the human boy, "you should go and see the new piece at the Frivolity. I looked in last night—"

"Looked in! I like that! He waited outside the gallery door for an hour and a half, Maida, you know. Looked in!"

"It's a stunning piece. Going well, too. Our gun'vor was there, in a private box. Got our new client with him. Don't you trouble, Maida: better not touch the kettle; you might really scald yourself, and that wouldn't do. It wouldn't matter if it was me or Carrie; her hands are so red already. Hah! hah! That's all most good enough for the Frivolity! Oh, yes, the gun'vor was there last night, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and with a smile soft enough to paint the house with. I know that smile. We put it on when we've got a new client to pluck. Not that there's many feathers on Lord Heroncourt; but what there are, we shall have, you bet; when I say 'we,' I beg you to understand that I mean Spinner & Peckloff, my worthy—hah! hah! worthy employers!"

"And who is Lord Heroncourt?" asked Carrie, superciliously, as she bit off an end of cotton.

"The boy drew himself up and struck an attitude of exaggerated disdain.

"Even you, my dear Carrie, ignorant as you are of the 'hupper suckles,' must surely have heard of Lord Heroncourt."

"Nary word," retorted Carrie, indifferently, and with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Is such benighted ignorance possible! And this is the beginning of the twentieth century. Maida, you at least are not buried in such Cimmerian darkness—"

"You'll hurt yourself with one of those words, strain what you call your mind trying to find the meaning of them," put in Carrie, with marked

anxiety. "Don't answer him, Maida, dear. Don't humor him. He's dying to tell us about his lord—some mushroom peer or other he has opened the door to, or called a carriage for. Rick, if you throw that piece of bread I'll put down this work and turn you out with my own hands."

"Lord Heroncourt? Rick, put the piece of bread down, there is a dear, good boy! Carrie, don't tease him. Father will be in before the tea is laid—Lord Heroncourt!" said Maida, momentarily knitting her dark, finely pencilled brows. "I have read something about him in the newspapers. He has lately come into the title, has he not?"

"That's the man," said Ricky. "That's our new and noble client. He was Lord Vaser, Viscount Vaser, before he came into the earldom. There was enough in the papers about him then, 'Wild Vaser.' I believe they're called him. There used to be paragraphs about him in the society papers and the sporting rags. He won the mile championship; and a horse of his pulled off the City and Suburban. If I remember rightly, he was No. 2 in his varsity boat. Of course, it was long before my time; but they talk about him at Oxford even now. He's gone a dence of a pace; been in the grip of the Jews all his time; and now he's in the grip of our people. And may Heaven have mercy on him! as the Judge says when he is putting on the black cap."

"Is he so poor, in so much trouble?" asked Maida, as she arranged the tea-things slowly, in her dreamy, absorbent fashion.

"Oh, absolutely poor," replied Ricky, tossing up the bread knife and catching it deftly a la Indian juggler. "He's got a castle in Devonshire or Cornwall or somewhere in those parts, with miles of land; but it's all mortgaged, and I fancy my esteemed firm, Spinner & Peckloff, hold the mortgage. There's a London house in Park Lane, or adjacent thereto; but that's let furnished. The noble earl, as the sporting papers are fond of calling him, lives in diggings somewhere in St. James's."

"Poor young man," said Maida, very quietly.

"What's the matter with him?" said Carrie, in her sharp, thin, girlish voice. "He's an earl anyhow, and has heaps of friends, I suppose. Other people are poor without being earls—look at Ricky, look at us. We don't wall and moan. He will have to marry for money. I suppose he's good-looking, Ricky? You describe him as though he were the hero of a three-volume novel."

"Oh, yes, he's good-looking enough, I suppose," said the boy. "He's what you girls would call good-looking. Oh, yes," grudgingly, "he's tall and thin and got a waist—he was in the Guards for some time, and they say they all wear stays there; and he's got a curl in his hair and dark eyes. I suppose he wore a moustache when he was a soldier; he hasn't got it now; at any rate, he hadn't got it last night at the Frivolity. He attracted a good deal of attention. I could see the opera-glasses levelled at him from where I sat—"

"In the gallery," put in Carrie.

"Right you are: in the gallery," retorted Ricky, defiantly; "and a very good place, too, when you can't afford a better. And just to show there's no malice, I'll treat you next Saturday, if you care to come."

"Thank you; but I'm not in the habit of going with boys to the galleries of theatres," said Carrie, tilting her nose higher than nature had levelled it.

"Oh, indeed!" said Ricky. "Very well, then; I'll ask Miss Willoughby on the third floor. She'll go."

"Miss Willoughby would go with you, or anyone, to a dog-fight," remarked Carrie.

"Miss Willoughby is a sensible, amiable—"

"Red-headed idiot," put in Carrie.

As they leant across the table towards each other, with sparkling eyes and red faces, utterly deaf to Maida's gentle remonstrances and admonitions, the door opened and the father of the two girls came in. He was a short, thick-set man, with a face that would have made distraught the most advanced student of Lavater; it was such a strange mixture of strength and weakness, of dreamer and the practical man. The face was square, the brow no worse than ordinary, the nose was straight, the mouth large but mobile, but the chin and the jaw-line were weak and receding. The upper part of the face was strong and decisive, the lower weak and hesitating. The short and rather dumpy figure was dressed in the approved city fashion: dark trousers, a white waistcoat, rather tumbled and stained, a coat with short tails; a black neck-tie of corded silk, a tall collar, and a silk hat worn rather at the back of the head. Of course, he carried a small black bag, beloved of the city man from all time. He looked as tired as most city men do at that hour of the day, and the smile about his lips wavered somewhat as he said, removing his hat as he spoke:

"Well, dears; well, Master Ricky? I'm late, I'm afraid. Been detained in the city. Is tea ready? Hope so. I always get home to tea, like the man in the song, eh, Ricky? Is that toast I smell? Hope so. Nothing like toast for tea. Feeling quite well, Maida? What's all this, Carrie? Dress-making, eh? Be down again in a moment."

With a nod and a smile, he closed the door on his podgy form, and Maida finished setting the tea.

"Father seems more cheerful than usual," remarked Carrie, displaying her usual quickness of perception; "things have gone well with him today."

"I wish I was a city man," grumbled Ricky. "I'm firmly convinced I could make my fortune in business."

"How strange," murmured Carrie, sarcastically. "I'm firmly convinced you'd make your fortune in Barnum & Bailey's show—as a freak."

"You might join me as the mermaid," retorted Ricky, snatching at her hair.

"Touch my hair again and I'll—"

(To be Continued.)

NOTICE.

THE STEAMER



Prospero

will leave the wharf of

Bowring Bros., Ltd.,

on

FRIDAY, 1st JUNE,

at 10 a.m.,

calling at the following places:
Bay de Verde, Trinity, Catalina, Bonavista, King's Cove, Greenspond, Westville, Seidom Come By, Fogo, Change Islands, Herring Neck, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbor, Exploits, Fortune Harbor, Leading Point, Pilley's Island, Little Bay Island, Little Bay, Nipper's Harbor, Tilt Cove, La Scie, Paquet, Bale Verte, Coachman's Cove, Seal Cove, Bear Cove, Western Cove, Jackson's Arm, Harbor Deep, Englee, Conche, St. Anthony, Griquet, Quirpon.

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Colours: Black, Tan and White.

Sizes 8½, 9, 9½ and 10.

R. TEMPLETON

Our Baseball Column.

PLAGIARISED AND OTHERWISE.



He fanned with the janitor morning and night. Recalling the old days when Matty was right.

He fanned with the landlord who came for the rent.

With all his friends, whether lady or gent;

With strangers he met in the subway each day.

With old or with young, with the wise guy or Jay.

He argued with friends and he argued with foes—

Old Bangs was a rooster clear down to his toes.

On leaving the church of a bright Sunday noon,

Right glad that the service was over so soon.

He'd dream of the game for the following day

When Stallings' young huskies were coming to play.

While down at the office his work wasn't right.

For he dreamed nine full innings in slumber each night.

If he can't see a game when the sun is bright,

Old Bangs will regard it as Paradise lost.




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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DAN-DEUFF.

The many fans who remember the brilliant playing of Ross Waterfield, and the Shamrocks, before going overseas, will rejoice to learn that he has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry on the field. Nothing less was expected of him, and we are glad to publish the following, which was sent to us as an Appreciation—

WATERFIELD.

We're glad to hear his name again. As not so long ago His name was flung from tongue to tongue By rosters high and low. He won his share of name and fame He's on the Honour Roll yet. Yet when he played, he played 'the game' With all his heart and soul.

Whether he snorted at the bat Or killed line drives, or slid, His every step was "full of pep" This tense Tabasco Kid. Before he travelled Baseball's pike And since he's crossed the main "John," his wife will say, "I want you to meet professor Squires, who discovered the reason why a stream flows more swiftly in its centre than along its banks."

"Glad to know yer," says John. "What d'yer think of the way the Giants are going?"

"I am sure I don't know," says the savant.

"Well, kid," replies John, "well, kid, I know, and you can't take it from me. They're going to walk in this year—walk in, not scramble in. This man McGraw forgot more than Socrates ever was wise to."

And so it goes. The stars may or may not move in their courses for all John cares, just so the baseball stars don't have too many off days. All the royalty of Rumania may hock the family diamonds to swell the war fund, just so the baseball diamonds are kept in condition and the national game is allowed to go merrily on. Kingdoms may rise and fall for all John cares, just so the stars don't spare enough ball-gamers from the selective draft to keep both leagues going until Fall.

When you hear a low, soft humming, That's the Baseball Bee a-coming!

THE BASEBALL FARMER.

He used to be a baseball star. But now he runs a farm. He views the contest from afar. And rubs his pitching arm. His corn and oats are coming fine. But like an army vast He hears them thunder down the line— The roosters of the past.

The corn that stands in even rows Looks like a host of fans; The hills of earth the farmer hoed Have turned to cheering clans. "Ah, well," he said, "we farmer men— May think the past was fair. I earned five thousand yearly then— Now I'm a millionaire!"

"A Breaking Up"

The Government held a party meeting in the House of Assembly Chamber last evening and it lasted until an early hour this morning. Various rumors are afloat as to what happened during the many long hours of discussion. Some say that there is going to be "a breaking up" over the outcome of the meeting. That term has a theatrical definition and applies to prolonged holidays. Whether this has any suggestive application to the present Government's term of office is another matter. Another report is given much currency, that one of those higher up in the ranks of the party got off some hot stuff, arising out of recent cabinet friction and, it is said, went so far as to repeat the challenge that he made in the Legislature last year, namely—that nobody present could take a splinter out of his head.

Reids' Boats.

The Argyle left Paradise at 4 p.m. yesterday afternoon.

The Clyde left Horwood at 6:20 p.m. yesterday, outward.

The Dundee left Wesleyville at 6:45 p.m. yesterday.

The Ethie arrived at Humbermouth at 6:30 a.m. to-day.

The Glencoe left Fortune at 2 a.m. to-day, coming east.

The Home left Springdale at 10:20 p.m. yesterday.

The Wren left Heart's Content at 3:30 p.m. yesterday, outward.

Fishing Rods, Trout Lines, Baskets, Wading Stockings, Fly and Bait Hooks, to be had at BOWRING BROS., Ltd., Hardware Dept.—may 25, eod, tf



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"Will You Please"

—a phrase heard in the sands of homes, in the drench and growth of the whole wheat flour—

"There's a Grape-Nuts usually eaten with cream—a most delicious and balanced ration"

Our Volunteers

The following received signed the roll at the Water Street Recreation Station yesterday:

FOR THE NAVY.

Geo. S. Peckford, Change Islands; Jonas Blake, Change Islands; Llewellyn Butler, Little Bay; W. Duder, Little Bay Island; Ed. B. Simms, Pilley's Island.

FOR THE ARMY.

John B. Fitzgerald, Keels, B. B. Herold Warr, Pilley's Island; Pierce Budgett, Pilley's Island.

THE FORESTRY COMPANIES.

Major M. S. Sullivan has resumed command of the Forestry Company now in training at the C. C. G. Camp. The class of men offering for this service are the best obtained and on reaching the Old Country will do credit to the country that sent them.

Oporto Market.

The condition of the Oporto market as received yesterday, is—

	Last Week	Present Week
Stocks (Nld.)	6,755	6,200
Consumption	3,465	2,900

HERE FOR SUPPLIES.—A number of northern craft arrived here yesterday for supplies for the fisheries.

"Will You Please"

—a phrase heard in the sands of homes, in the drench and growth of the whole wheat flour—

"There's a Grape-Nuts usually eaten with cream—a most delicious and balanced ration"