

"I Had Bilious Attacks and Stomach Weakness"



Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Yorker, Sask., writes: "I suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and used to have bilious attacks so bad that I could do nothing for weeks at a time. My stomach would be so weak that not even a drink of water would stay on it. On my sister's advice, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they have made me feel like a new woman."

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

Again the summer breeze stirred the leaves, and they seemed to repeat the words "when I come home."

"I shall sit up for you," continued Dolores. "You will not be late?"

He looked at his watch, and, as he held it in his hand, the sunlight flashed upon the ruby ring and the white rose. Dolores bent and kissed it.

"How I love white roses!" she exclaimed. "And, oh, Karl, how your ring shines in the sun! It dazzles my eyes."

"I must go," said Sir Karl, hastily. "I shall be late; but I am loath to leave you, Dolores. You seem sweeter and dearer than ever. How many kisses will you give me?"

"How many will you take?" she returned, laughingly.

"Good-bye, my sweet wife," he said, clasping her to his breast; "I will tell you all about this business when I return."

Their lips met in one long, loving kiss, and then he was gone. She watched him until he was out of sight, and then slowly went back to the house.

CHAPTER XX.

It was half-past seven o'clock, on the tenth of June, when Sir Karl Allammore left his home on business which he had explained to no one, and from that hour he was not seen again—there was no sign, no trace of him. He vanished completely, as though he had disappeared from the face of the earth.

He had said that he would be back by half-past nine at the very latest; and Lady Allammore wondered how she should spend the time. It was the first evening she had been alone since her marriage; Sir Karl had never left her before, and she could not help wondering what this most mysterious business was; it was evidently something that engrossed his thoughts. But she would not trouble about it; he would explain when he came home.

She took up a book; it was one of her favorites. But on that evening it had lost its charm. She could not read; she turned over page after page without even scanning their contents. She would go to the piano, she thought, and play away dull care. How strange it was that the first piece of music she opened was the song she had sung to Sir Karl, when in her own mind she had hidden him far away for ever. How well she remembered having sung that to him—the pain in her own heart, the despair and reproach she had read in his eyes! All the anguish of those days came back to her.

"He is mine now," she said to herself, "and there will be no more parting."

She longed for his presence that she might feel the clasp of his arm around her, his kisses warm on her face; but he would soon be back. It was striking nine, and he had said he would return by half-past. She put away the little song that was so closely associated with him, and played all the airs she could remember. She was startled when mingling with the notes of the piano, she heard the clock strike ten.

He must have returned, she thought, and, owing to the music, she had not heard him. She rang the bell quickly, and asked if Sir Karl had come in. Fredsham, the butler, said "No." Most of the servants had gone to rest; but he was sitting up for Sir Karl. He was dismissed with a graceful smile—nothing pleased Lady Allammore so much as attention to her husband.

"I will never sit up at night alone again," she thought.

After a few minutes, her nervous fears increased so greatly that there was nothing left for her to do but go down to the old butler in the hall. He looked up in surprise at the beautiful vision of silk, velvet and pearls covered with white lace.

"My lady!" he cried, jumping up from the chair. "I am afraid I was asleep! Did you want me?"

"I am uneasy about your master," she said. "He was to have been back at half-past nine, and now it is past eleven."

"The anxious voice aroused the faithful servant. He went to the hall door and opened it, letting in a floor of moonlight.

"There is no cause for fear, my lady," he replied—"Not the least. See how light the night is—it is bright as day."

She looked down the broad steps; the moonlight lay on flowers and trees, on the grass and the statues. What could there be to fear on such a night? Nothing. There could be no accident, she reflected, such as was occasioned at times by losing one's way in the dark.

"May I ask, my lady, where Sir Karl has gone?" inquired the butler. "He very often tells me himself; but tonight he did not say a word of his intentions—indeed, my lady, I thought that he did not seem quite well."

"He was not well," she replied quickly; "it is that which has made me uneasy."

"I am sure, my lady, that there is no need for anxiety. Did you say where my master had gone?"

There was a look of distress and childlike bewilderment on her face.

"I do not know, Fredsham. He did not tell me." Even as she spoke, a cold thrill of terror passed over her, and a dreadful foreboding of sorrow made her tremble.

"I am quite sure, my lady, that you need not be anxious. No accident could have happened on a bright night like this. You see for yourself that it is almost as light as day."

"Yes, I see," she answered.

What she would have liked would have been to go out herself in search of Sir Karl.

"I should not like to leave you alone, my lady," said the butler, "but if you will permit me to call the housekeeper to remain with you, I will go to the lodge-gates. It would be better to call Mrs. Pickering than your ladyship's maid."

It occurred to him that, if there had been any little contretemps, it would be far better to have the staid old housekeeper present than the young maid.

The first thing that Mrs. Pickering did when she saw her mistress's white face was to get her some wine. The two stood together in the cold moonlight while the old butler went to the lodge-gates. Once Lady Allammore gave a start, for they thought they heard the sound of voices; but when she went to the door, she could see no one. It was some time before Fredsham returned, and then he brought no news. The woman at the lodge had seen nothing of the master. She told him that the outer gates were unlocked, and he had passed through; he had looked down the road, but there was no sign of Sir Karl.

Lady Allammore wrung her white jeweled hands.

"Oh, Fredsham, I am afraid something has happened to him!" she cried. But still the old man scouted the idea of danger. Sir Karl would come walking up presently, and would laugh at them for their pains.

"Take my advice, my lady," he said, "and do not get anxious. Sir Karl knows every step of the ground about here—he could not lose himself if he tried. He went on business, you say, my lady? Then he has been detained."

(To be continued.)

Top each cup of cocoa with a fluffy marshmallow.

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The Card-Players Bible

A private soldier, named Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow for playing cards during divine services. A sergeant led the soldiers to the English Church, and when the minister had read the prayers he gave out the text. Those who had Bibles took them out, but this soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book; and, pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first looked at one card and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said: "Richard, put up the cards, this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard. "When the services were over, the constable took Richard a prisoner and brought him before the magistrate."

"Well," said the Bailie, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in the church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you severely."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy Your Worship of the purity of my intentions."

"Then spreading the cards before the Bailie, he began with the ace."

"When I see the ace, it reminds me that there is but one God. When I see the deuce it reminds me of the Father and Son. When I see three, it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see four, it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps; there were ten, but five were foolish and were shut out. When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made Heaven and earth. When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work He had made and hallowed it. When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world—Noah, his wife and his three sons and their wives. When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of ten that never returned to give thanks. When I see the ten, it reminds me of the Ten Commandments, which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone. When I see the king, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven. When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was a wise woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. The King sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows, the boys to the wrists. So Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the magistrate, "you have described every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the Bailie.

"I will give Your Honor a description of that too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Bailie, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"The greatest knave I know of is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Bailie, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

When we count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, we find there are 365—the number of days in a year. When we count the sum of cards in a pack, we find 52—the number of weeks in a year. There are 12 picture cards in a pack—the number of months in a year. And on counting the tricks, we find 12—the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see a pack of cards serves for a Bible, an almanac, and a Common Prayer Book.—Glasgow Weekly Herald.

WISARD'S INSTANT BELIEVES NEURALGIA.

Schoolboys Make the Grand Tour

Fifty Australian public schoolboys are visiting England, under the auspices of the New South Wales Division of the Young Australia League.

They have spent several days in Leeds and the neighbourhood after a visit to Harrogate, and were taken over woolen and worsted mills, clothing factories, and foundries. It was explained to them how Australia can directly aid British woolen manufacturers to reduce the cost of their products, by marketing better-prepared wool. Thus the lads might be described as new Argonauts carrying home the secret of a new Golden Fleece.

"But they travel not for trafficking alone, and their tour of Britain includes visits to her most ancient as well as the most modern institutions, to the battlefields of the Civil War as well as to the 'ammunition factories' of the modern commercial struggle. They are thus not only to learn what England is to-day, and by what means the interests of the various parts of the Empire may be co-ordinated; what Britain can contribute to the common stock and by what means Australia can make these contributions more readily available, in her own interests and in ours, but also they are to gain some insight into the long process whereby English institutions have been built up.

Someone, for example the Lord Mayor of Leeds, who is to receive the party at the Town Hall, might usefully suggest to them the signs—for they are everywhere about their path—that that great tradition of voluntary public service which is perhaps the finest of all English traditions, the example of liberty which is never so surely founded as when it voluntarily surrenders something of its own completeness in the common interest of all.

"This tour of schoolboys is an admirable institution. In its way it is almost an Imperial edition of the school-wanderings which at one time in our history helped largely to break up the narrow provincialism which had communications and the dangers of the track and times conspired to perpetuate.

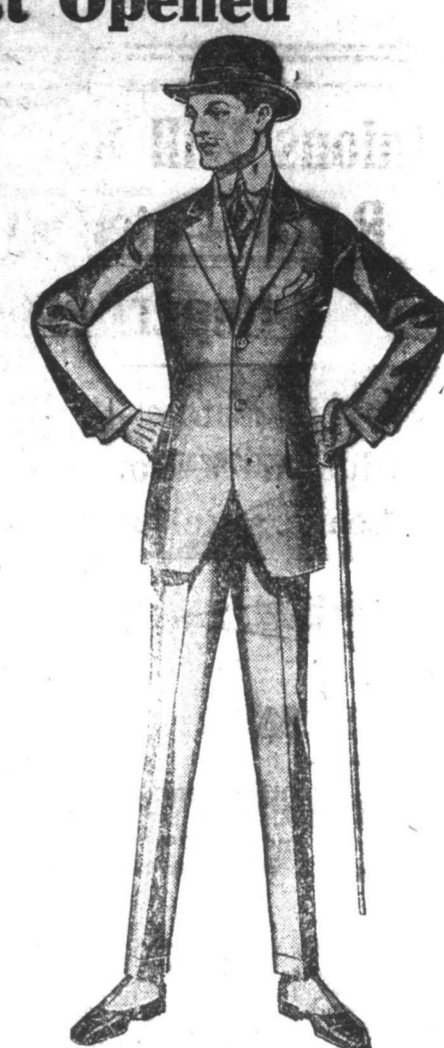
"Once the Grand Tour of Europe was accounted a necessary part of the liberal education of an English man. But the tour was necessarily disencumbered by conditions of travel and considerations of expense. Yet even so it is at least probable that some of our national difficulties might have been found less pronounced if the old Grand Tour had been available to a larger number of young men and women at the most receptive periods of their lives. To-day, so it grows ever less distant, and in consequence the relationship of all its parts more complex and more intimate, more obviously the personal concern of every one of us. In the years that are coming this will be still more the case, not less. And in particular it will be ever more vital that English youth shall have as much knowledge as can possibly be given to them of the Anglo-Saxon world.

It would seem that the efforts of the Young Australia League might and should be paralleled in this country."

In its dainty design and new blue and white dress the five cent Ivory Soap makes an instant appeal to ladies of good taste.—adv.t.

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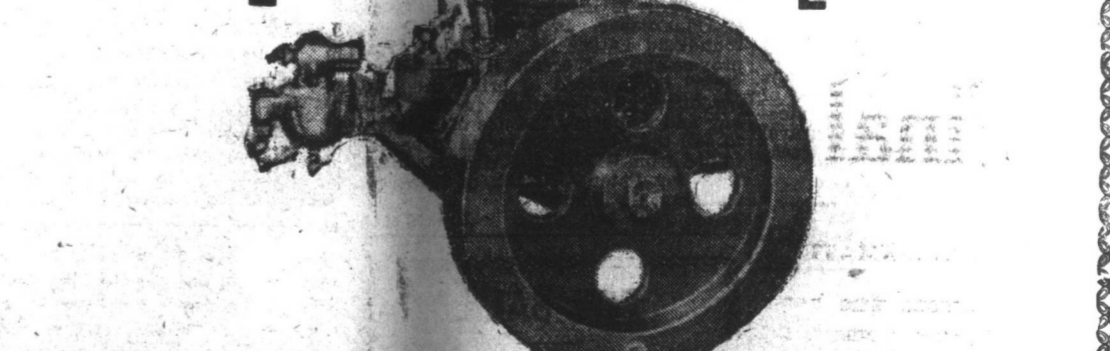
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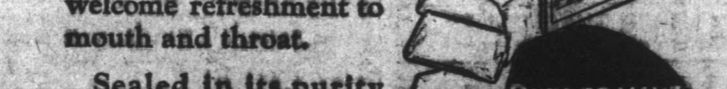
"The cleansing action of the gum between the teeth helps to keep them free from the particles which lodge in the crevices and cause decay."

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