

**FATS DIRT**  
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS

**GILLETT'S**  
FAT SOLVENT

**MADE IN CANADA**

SOME OF ITS USES:  
For making soap.  
For washing dishes.  
For cleaning and disinfecting refrigerators.  
For removing ordinary obstructions from drain pipes and sinks.

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES**  
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

**"KYRA,"**  
OR,  
**The Ward of the Earl of Vering.**

CHAPTER XIII  
A Letter From Home.

"Jeb, tew the minute, you bet!" remarked the landlord, not moving a peg, and the next instant the door was thrown open with a bang and two men entered, followed by a rush of cold air and a drift of snow.

"Wal, old hoss," exclaimed the first, a short, thick-set man, clothed from head to foot in furs, and having a stout leather bag strapped round his waist. "Wal, old hoss, guess I'd find you all freeze up! If gov'ment don't provide snowshoes next trip for the darned critters outside, calc'late there'll be no mails for Woshano after this date. Sho! I'm tired of this cold beat. I'm going to hand in my checks and take the Polar track fur a change."

And with a cheery smile he rubbed his hands before the fire, and showed his teeth all round.

The second, a tall, thin man, of the true Yankee build, and dressed, like the mail-master, in beaver fur, stood a little behind and peered round in silence.

"Jem's safe with the horses, I calc'late," resumed the mail-master; "so hurry up, landlord, and serve out the supplies. Cold night for an empty stomach, stranger," and he turned to Percy.

Percy assented. He had put Kyra in the corner near to the mantel, and had drawn his own chair to the back, to make room for the newcomers.

"Have you come far?"

"Some two thousand miles," was the reply, tapping his postbag; "all for these. How d'ye do's. Can't think what folks want to write letters for; 'curs to me it's a unnecessary nuisance that the gov'ment ought to put down to once!"

There was a grin all round, and two of the trappers asked if there were any letters for them.

"I forget," said the mail-master; "and I'm certain I shan't remember till I've had my supper. Mr. Jackson, won't you thaw?"

The tall Yankee thus addressed came forward. As he held out his hands to the fire his keen eyes shot a glance from under their drooping lids at the face in the corner, and the glance, after dropping for a moment

**Had a Nervous Breakdown, Could Not Sleep or Work**

Is Now Cured and Attributes His Recovery to the Use of Dr. Chase's Medicines.

Some splendid results have been reported to us from the combined use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. In complicated cases they work together with great success.

While the Kidney-Liver Pills arouse the action of liver, kidneys and bowels, and so overcome derangements of these organs, the Nerve Food enriches the blood, strengthens the nerves and builds up the system in a general way.

Mr. R. B. Hillman, Purbrook, Muskoka, Ont., writes: "About four years ago I was all run down and could not work, and as to writing a letter, I could not do it on account of my hand shaking so badly. My nerves were unstrung and I was troubled with a nervous breakdown. I could not

with a startled suddenness, returned, and rested for a long, scrutinizing minute on Kyra's face.

Then he rubbed his hands slowly, drooped his head, peered for a minute in an underhand way at the stalwart figure of the Englishman, and, at last, slowly moved to the table at which the mail-master was already attacking the stew.

For a time there was a silence of expectancy, broken by the clatter of the mail-master's knife and fork, the ring of his horn cup as he set it down, the smack of his lips, and the "Har!" of satisfaction as a particularly rich piece of fat met his teeth.

Percy, comfortable and luxuriating in the rest and warmth, watched with his usual grave composure, now and then touching Kyra's hand or stroking her hair.

Presently, the little head drooped against his arm, just as it had done for many nights past on the horse's back.

He took the child up in his arms, and, carrying her to a large settee behind the fire, laid her gently down, and covered her with his riding cloak, then he returned to the fire, and as he did so noticed that the guest, Mr. Jackson, was eying him over the knife and fork with a close regard. So close and absorbed that, meeting Percy's cold, clear gaze, he seemed compelled to speak.

"Child seems tired, stranger," he remarked, in a dry rasping voice.

"She is very tired, almost exhausted," said Percy. "I was going to ask the landlord if he could find some small room or cupboard in which she could get a quiet sleep."

The landlord stopped and knocked his cap a little farther off his head.

"Old gal's out, gone around to a neighbor, I guess she'll fix the young critter up when she comes back, stranger."

Percy expressed his thanks and took a turn up the room; then he asked for some tobacco and took out his pipe.

He filled his pouch—crammed it, and in taking a light, handed him by the mail-master, set the pouch down on the table. The pouch was one of those elaborate knick-knacks, upon which gentlemen of Mr. Chester's class continue to waste such large sums of money, silver and seal-skin, with his crest silver-mounted on the front.

Smoking with evident enjoyment, he paced slowly up and down. The clatter of knives and forks was soon supplemented by that of tongues; the room grew full of smoke, the landlord sauntered in with frequent relays of whisky. Percy looked at the sleeping child with grave anxiety. It will be remarked that he had not once hinted at a desire to know the name of the place in which he had alighted or the direction of the nearest large town. Percy Chester had traveled too often and variously to rush upon such an inquiry and so display his ignorance and his plans until it was absolutely necessary; some one of the characters might let out the information he wanted.

Presently, as he stood with folded arms before the fire, the door opened and the landlord's wife entered. She was wrapped in a large cloak drawn over her head. Snow was falling fast. Percy lost no time, but with a bow of greeting drew her attention to the sleeping child.

"What's that?" said the woman. "It's nare a child."

**The World's Best Windsor Table Salt**  
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

"Yes, indeed it is, and a very tired and weary one," said Percy, quietly. "I have been waiting your return with some degree of anxiety. Your husband tells me he thinks you can find some little quiet nook for her to rest the night in. She will not take much room."

The woman nodded.

"No, that she won't," responded the woman. "Poor child, it's an ill night for such a mite. Tut, tell me to think. Why, you've been on the trail!" she exclaimed, as her quick eyes noticed the snow stains on the edge of the cloak.

"Off it, rather," remarked Percy, bending over the child. "We lost our reckoning and—what is the matter?"

"Why, man, it's an Injun!" broke in the woman, dropping the cloak she had lifted, and turning with something like indignation to Percy.

"Exactly," he returned, with a haughty stare.

"An Injun!" she repeated. "Why, where on 'airth! Boss, look here, and she turned to her husband.

"Go ahead!" he chanted, nodding to her.

"Here's an Injun—a young girl—and I've been making as much fuss as if she was this stranger's own daughter!"

"Pray consider her so still if it will be any inducement to you to make haste in finding her a refuge for the night," said Percy. "I am willing and shall be happy to pay liberally for the best accommodation you can afford her. The child is my ward."

The hesitation was slight, yet not so slight but it attracted or rather confirmed the attention of every soul in the room.

"Your ward, stranger?" said the mail-master, over his glass. "That's kinder queer, eh, Mr. Jackson."

The tall Yankee rose in his chair and reached for a light, and in doing so continued to approach the settle with an indifferent air of curiosity.

"Stranger things have happened," he said with a little smile that did not at all improve his general expression of countenance. "Still it's strange. May I ask, sir, how you came to be the guardian of an Indian girl. No offense!"

"I cannot understand why you should intend any, sir," replied Percy, fixing his eye on the sunken, half-leaden eyes, "and I am as gulleless of any such intention when I parry your question by one of my own. What business is it of yours?"

There was a slight movement on the part of all. A quarrel is simply a delicious luxury under such circumstances, in a snowed-up inn of a back settlement.

"Curiosity, natural curiosity, perhaps," replied the Yankee, with a keen glitter of his eyes.

"A curiosity which I feel has no claims for satisfaction on me," said Percy.

And, with a slight gesture, he motioned to the woman to raise the child. As she did so the Yankee put up his hand.

"Stop a minute, mistress," he shouted. "I'd like to see that child, if you please."

With a stride Percy was before him.

"Your curiosity has developed into an insolence which, if persevered in, I shall feel compelled to punish. Stand back, my good fellow."

"Easy, stranger," said the Yankee, his lantern jaws sinking; "I demand a sight of that child."

"Demand!" said Percy, with a smile that was not pleasant to look at. "By what right?"

"By the right which my commission as United States Commissioner gives

me. Postmaster, tell this stranger who I am."

Thus appealed to, the postmaster nodded.

"That's so, Mr. Jackson. Stranger, you'll have to cave in; this gentleman is a commissioner of the United States, and has the pull over any Injuns found within a hundred miles of this city."

"That is so," drawled the landlord. Percy considered a moment.

"Give me the child," he said. "Now, sir, I yield to your authority. Oblige me by making your official scrutiny as short as possible."

The Yankee, with a cunning smile, sauntered up to the child, and was about to draw her cloak aside.

"Permit me," said Percy, drawing back a little, as he uncovered the beautiful face.

The Yankee looked down at it, then smiled, slowly:

"I know this child—"

Percy turned on his heel with marked indifference.

"She is no ward or belonging of yours; you have no more right to her than you have to a stolen horse or a stolen anything."

Percy smiled.

"Right or no right, I have her in my charge, and no man shall take her from me, save a relation or a legal guardian."

"That's me," said the Yankee, tapping his breast. "I am the guardian of every redskin within a hundred miles circuit of this bar. I'll trouble you to resign her to my charge, and account for your possession of her."

As he spoke he drew out a small parchment document and held it toward Percy.

Percy took it, read it through coolly, and returned it.

"That settles it, I think," said the Yankee. "I see, sir, you are a sensible man."

"Yes, it settles it," said Percy. "I refuse to give up the child, and I back that refusal by undertaking to appear before any publicly constituted tribunal to answer for that refusal. My name is Percy Chester."

The Yankee was smoking with aggravating coolness; at the name, however, he drew the pipe from his mouth, and held it halfway with a stare, then, suddenly remembering himself, pretended to yawn and turned his back.

"My name is Percy Chester. I am well known to the consuls at New York and Philadelphia, and I place myself at their disposal. I absolutely and emphatically refuse to give up the child, and that is the last word I have to say."

To the surprise of every one, Percy included, the Yankee commissioner appeared quite satisfied.

"Perhaps you are right, sir; well, well, an Injun—that is not much to fight over, and—yes, I'll just take your name and address—and—ah, put the little 'un to bed, mistress, and, boss, the gentleman will honor us by joining us; let us have one all round."

Percy nodded haughtily, and instead of relinquishing the child to the woman, said: "Go on, I'll carry her."

Taking a candle from one of the tin scones, the land-lady led the way to a small room—a slip at the side—and hastily raked a pile of furs together.

"The queen couldn't have a more comfortable room in the Tower of London, stranger," she said. "Warm as a possum she'll be, before you can say knife."

Percy thanked her heartily, and set the child down, covered her up with furs, and proceeded to follow the woman back again, glancing as he did so at a small window—too small to admit of a man's shoulder—that was set up toward the ceiling of the room. Percy noticed that there was no other exit beside the door at which they had entered, and this opened directly on the public room.

(To be Continued.)

No. . . . .

Size . . . . .

Address in full:—

Name . . . . .

ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

**Help Digestion**  
To keep your digestive organs in good working order—tostimulate your liver, tone your stomach and regulate your bowels, take—

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

**Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns Out. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRACTICAL SERVICEABLE MODEL.



1715—Ladies' Apron With or Without Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths and With Collar, or With Neck Edge in Square Outline.

Percale, brilliantine, mohair, saten, gingham, seersucker, lawn or cambric may be used for this design. It may be finished without sleeves and with the yoke cut in square outline at the neck. It may have loose sleeves in short length, or be made with sleeves in wrist length, thus affording a complete covering for the dress that may be worn beneath it. This style is good for housekeepers, or for studio wear.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size with sleeves; without sleeves, 6 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A VERY DESIRABLE AND POPULAR STYLE.



1708—Ladies' Apron. For percale, gingham, drill, saten, lawn, or cambric, this model will be found very satisfactory. It is cut with sufficient fullness for comfort and ease in wearing and has deep arm opening, which assures freedom of movement for the arms while working. The back is finished with a belt. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to May 30th, 1916.**

- A**  
Andrews, R., Duckworth St.  
Andrews, Miss K. (card), Theatre Hill
- B**  
Bally, Mrs. Mary  
Baker, Miss Mary, Water St.  
Black, Mrs. T. P., care Gen. Delivery  
Batten, Abraham, Duckworth St.  
Bryant, W. C.  
Baldwin, Miss Charlotte, Gower St.  
Barrow, Miss Susie, Gower St.  
Barron, Mrs. Wm.  
Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road  
Bennett, Mrs. Peter, clo Gen. Delivery  
Byrne, Mrs. James, King's Road  
Byrne, Miss Margaret  
Belbin, Miss Emma, King's B. Road  
Bell, W. P., Bell Street  
Bird, Miss Maggie, late Grand Falls  
Brown, Mrs. Thos., Queen St.  
Butler, Mr. & Mrs. James, card, Flower Hill
- Burt, Mrs. Joseph,** care Gen'l Post Office
- Buddon, Miss Mgt.,** card  
Burton, Robert, LeMarchant Road  
Bursey, Wm., care Savings Bank  
Butler, W. J., Young Street  
Byrne, James, Victoria St.  
Brown, Mrs., Military Road
- C**  
Carpenter, George W.  
Caines, Mrs. George, Duckworth St.  
Case, Ernest  
Chase, Walter W.  
Collins, Peter, card  
Cooper, Miss Rose, card  
Crimp, Miss May, c/o Peter O'Mara  
Corner, Frank J., c/o C. E. O'Reilly  
Corkum, Clarence S.  
Callahan, John, 51 Street  
Christiansen, Ralph  
Coleman, Thomas, Barter's Hill  
Collier, J. P.  
Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm., Balsam Place
- Crane, E.**
- D**  
Day, Joshua, c/o G. P. O.  
Dwyer, Miss A., Bond St.  
Devine, Mrs. Frank, New Gower St.
- E**  
Elkin, Mrs. Stanley  
Ellisworth, Const. T., West End Station
- F**  
Facey, S., New Gower St.  
French, Solomon, Scott St.  
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Pleasant St.
- G**  
Green, Mrs., Lime St.  
Glover, Jasper, late Port aux Basques  
Goudie, Ernest.
- H**  
Hayward, Miss Sarah, New Gower St.  
Hewlett, Arminius, c/o Gen. Delivery  
Hurley, Mrs. Norman, card, John St.  
Hutchings, A. C., Hamilton St.
- J**  
James, J. W., card, c/o G. P. O.  
Jenkins, J., Casey's St.  
Johnson, Ralph  
Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower Street  
Johnston, James, Nagle's Hill  
James, Wm. J., Bannerman St.  
James, J., Hagerty's Street  
Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower St.  
Jones, Vincent
- K**  
Keefe, Mrs. H., slip, Forest Road  
Kelly, Miss Gerlie, card, late Placentia  
Kirby, Charles, Prince's Street  
King, Mrs. Bertha
- L**  
Lamb, Miss Mary, Spencer St.  
Lynch, David  
Lacey, Mrs. James, Pennywell Road
- M**  
Maynard, E. J., care Gen. P. Office
- Martin, Haviland S., card  
Marshall, Mrs. M., King's Road  
Malloy, Mrs. James, George St.  
Manuel, Maud, care Gen. Delivery  
Martin, Jack, Newtown Road  
Miller, Miss Ida, care Gen. P. Office  
Miffin, Sydney C., card  
Mitchell, Miss Nellie  
Moore, Mrs. J., Monroe St.  
Murphy, Miss A., Gower St.  
Murphy, John J., Agent  
Murphy, Miss Bride, Young St.  
Murphy, Pte. Patrick, retd.  
Murrain, Ralph  
Murphy, Mrs. May, Bannerman Road  
Matford, Miss M. B., card, care General Delivery  
Malone, P. J.
- Mc**  
McDonald, Mrs., Duckworth St.  
McDonald, Wm.  
McKinnon, Mrs., New Gower St.
- N**  
Noseworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo., card
- O**  
O'Keefe, Philip, Prescott St.  
O'Donnell, John, care Reid Co.  
O'Toole, Francis, Black Marsh Road
- P**  
Parsons, George,  
Pennywell Road, care G.P.O.  
Parrell, Wm., Long Pond Road  
Parrell, Wm., Allandale Road  
Power, James, care Ivy Hotel,  
Water Street West  
Parsons, Miss Jessie, card,  
care Mrs. White, Pleasant St.
- Q**  
Quirk, Thomas, c/o Genl. P. Office.
- R**  
Ryan, Miss Katie, Queen St.  
Reddy, James, Newtown Road  
Redmond, James  
Richards, Miss N., Duckworth St.  
Roberts, Henry, Allandale Road  
Roberts, E. W.  
Rogers, Joseph  
Robins, John, South Battery  
Rogers, F., Hutchings' St.  
Roberts, Solomon  
Ruby, Miss M., Water St. West
- S**  
Stewart, Capt. George  
Spracklin, Herbert  
Stratton, Miss Amelia  
Shaw, Miss Mary J., Pleasant Street  
Stapleton, Miss Laura, Theatre Hill  
Stevens, Chas., care G. P. O.  
Sterling, T. H. & Co.  
Simms, Mary C., care Mrs. Furlong  
Smith, J. H., Gower St.  
Smith, A. B.  
Snook, Abner, Freshwater Road  
Scott, Miss P.  
Sullivan, Martin, Ivy Hotel, Water St.  
Sullivan, Miss Flossie, card,  
Queen's Road  
Squires, Joseph, Queen St.  
Sinnott, A., Pennywell Road
- T**  
Taylor, Louis, care G. P. O.  
Thistle, Joseph, New Gower St.  
Thompson, Wm., Duckworth St.
- W**  
Ward, Frank R., Gower St.  
Wall, Miss Annie, 21 Street  
Whalen, Mrs. Patrick  
Walsh, John, late Hr. Grace  
Walsh, Mr., P. O. Box 571  
Whelan, J.  
Whelan, Mrs. Mary, Gower St.  
Winstor, James, care G. P. O.  
White, Mrs. John, Carter's Hill  
Whitbourne, Wm., Cochrane St.  
Williamms, A. Circular Road  
Wright, Henry  
Woodcock, E.  
Watson, Emily, Miss, Cowan Home.
- Y**  
Young, B. B., New Gower St.
- H. J. B. WOOLF, P.M.G.**

**PERFECTION.**

When you buy from us you get

**Fine Gold, Good Weight, Bright Finish,**

and every Ring is carefully examined before going out.

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**T. J. DULEY & Co.,**  
THE RELIABLE JEWELLERS, ST. JOHN'S.

The "Evening Telegram" is read by over 40,000 People daily.

**"Gems"**

Used in the trenches  
in the training camps  
on the firing line  
on the battleships  
on the heights

10 for 15c  
50 for 75c

**Imperial**  
(Kaufmann)

**War News**

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, June 12

The Governor, Newfoundland: In the naval battle, the enemy admits the loss of the Lutnow and Hestock.

The Hampshire survivors numbered 12; there is no hope of further rescue.

The enemy has captured Fort Vaux after a week's fierce bombardment. The position is not perceptibly modified.

At Ypres there was heavy fighting in the early part of the week. Our troops, Australian and British, made successful raids at various points.

In Italy the Austrian advance held.

General Smuts troops have progressed further in East Africa.

The Russians have developed an offensive from Pripet to the Roumanian frontier, capturing Lutsk and Dubna. A hundred and thirty thousand prisoners, one hundred and four guns, and eighty machine guns have been taken.

BONAR LAW

AUSTRIAN ARMIES ROUTED.  
NEW YORK, June 12

A News Agency despatch from London to-day says that the complete rout of the Austrian armies near Czernovitz was announced here today by the Russian Embassy.

entire divisions, with all their guns, artillery and ammunition, were captured. The Russians are in pursuit, and the Cossacks are clearing the territory at the rear of the fleeing armies.

OPERATIONS IN EGYPT.  
LONDON, June 12

An official communication concerning operations in Egypt was made public to-night as follows: Hostilities have been suspended.

**LIGHT, HEAVY**

The proprietor of one of our systems is credited with saying, "old street, and I'll guarantee the most widely known and best." He was asked to explain. He believed in the trinity of LIGHT, dazzle the moths until they burn them into a warm, comfortable radiance, and the rest is—

Mixed metaphors, perhaps, than imagine the kind of show open, for we pass it in almost to the street. No one fails to air of welcome and invitation the pathway and lets one's respectful lighting effect that obstructiveness, the absence of being that if one would step into a delicious sense of well-being—all these are part of individuality.

We cordially invite all our showrooms and see our latest by the adoption of which the from a London paper may be X. Lamp and GASTREAM requirements.

**ST. JOHN'S GAS**  
dec6,11