

THE SHOES I CAN'T WEAR

All Because of a "Touchy" CORN

But you can wear them, Madam—and now. Simply place on that corn a little Blue-jay plaster, and never again will you feel it. In two days there will be no corn. It will disappear for good. Millions of women know that. They don't pay corn. They don't use old-time methods. And they don't suffer. When a corn appears they end it. We are urging you to join them. Corns are needless since Blue-jay was invented. So they are absurd. You can prove in one minute that Blue-jay stops corn aches. You can prove in two days that it ends them forever.

Won't you?
Visit the drug stores
Also Blue-jay
Best Plaster
BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical
Dressings, etc.



WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Future Son-in-Law.

She allowed him to hold her hand in his for a minute or so, then slowly withdrew it, and walked to the window. He followed her hesitatingly.

"May I stay?" he asked.

"No!" she said, not coldly, but with a terrible calmness. "I want to think—I would rather—"

"I understand; of course you'd like to be alone—after all this. I'll go and tell the squire—" he said, smothering a sigh of disappointment.

She turned on him quickly.

"You will not tell him—"

"About our bargain? No, trust me," he said, with a sharp smile and a gleam of cunning in his small eyes.

"Good-by, then, till—"

He waited for her to fix a time, but she merely murmured "Good-by," and with a wistful glance at her, he left the room.

She stood looking out at the bright flowers, her face pale, and wearing the rapt, preoccupied expression it had borne all through the interview. Then, as she heard the door open, she forced a smile to her lips, and turned with her back to the window to receive her father.

"Olivia!" he said, coming to her quietly. "Is this true?"

"That I am engaged to Mr. Bradstone, papa?" she said, with an unnatural cheerfulness. "Quite true. Has he told you?"

"Yes; the poor fellow is half mad with joy; I never saw him so—but let me look at you!"

And he took her in his arms and looked at her searchingly.

She bore it for a moment or two, then hid her face on his shoulder.

"Are you pleased, papa?" she said, in a low voice.

"Pleased?" he echoed, and there was a strange ring in his grave voice, a vague anxiety. "Yes, yes—that is, if you are pleased. It is for you to decide, my child. I have said all along, I have told him repeatedly, that not by word or look would I seek to influence you. If I have, it has been unconsciously."

"No, dear," she murmured. "And you have not. It is of my own free will—and you are pleased? Tell me, papa."

Healthful Sleep

is necessary for the enjoyment and prolongation of life. During sleep Nature renews the vital forces of the body and restores the energy. Sleeplessness is one of the evil results of indigestion. To avoid it, keep the stomach well, the liver active and the bowels regular. The health of these organs

Is Assured by

Beecham's Pills. A harmless vegetable remedy, which acts immediately on the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys, toning and putting them in good working order. Millions of people sleep well and keep well because, at the first unfavorable symptom, they begin to take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box
Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

Bartley, generous as he is. But The Maples is not very far, is it? Not very far. I shall see you every day. You will still be the sunlight of my life, the comfort of my old age. See how selfish I am!"

She flung her arms around him with a sudden abandon, and he felt her quiver and tremble as she sobbed.

"Yes, I shall still be your child, papa. You will never let me go far from you. Promise—promise!"

"Hush, hush, Olivia!" he said, soothingly, his own voice trembling. "This is my fault. Come, come; this is not very complimentary to Bartley. Why, dear, you must remember that you don't lose your father because you gain a husband! Bartley and I are quite close friends, and we shall be closer now. Run up to your room, my dear, or he will see you have been crying, and feel hurt. He loves you, thank God! No man could love you more devotedly."

CHAPTER XV.

A Woman's Way.

Faradeane rode home slowly through the wood. It was well for him that his horse was sure-footed, and picked its way safely through the undergrowth, for its master rode like a man who has suddenly lost his sense of sight and hearing. Unguided, the animal bore him to the gate, and then Faradeane, with an effort, raised his head and threw off the kind of lethargy which had held him.

He threw the bridle to his man and entered the cottage. As he did so, Bertie sprang out of a chair to meet him, with an eager, anxious expression; then he stopped short and uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Great Heavens! are you ill?"

Faradeane closed the door carefully, and dropped his hat on the table.

"No—that is, yes; it's of no consequence." He went to the sideboard and drank some wine. "I—I beg your pardon; help yourself. You'll want it," he added, unfeelingly, but with a sad, decisive air.

"Then—then you've seen her?" faltered Bertie. "I thought you would go to her this morning. You have seen her—"

"Yes, I have seen her," assented Faradeane, dryly.

"And—but there is no need to ask you the result," breathed Bertie, like a man resolved not to show the agony that is devouring him.

"My face is that of an unsuccessful ambassador, is it? Yes, my mission has failed, Cherub. I am sorry."

Bertie turned his back to him and was silent for a moment; then he said, hoarsely:

"What did she say? Tell me."

"What did she say?" repeated Faradeane, dropping into a chair and passing his hand over his brow with a weary gesture, as a smile of bitter self-mockery shone for a moment in his eyes. "I don't know. What does it matter?"

"You don't know?" echoed Bertie, turning to him. "For Heaven's sake, try and remember! I—I can bear it, whatever it was. Did she laugh?" and his lips quivered.

"Laugh! No, she didn't laugh much," replied Faradeane, grimly, as the vision of the slim, graceful form lying full length in its abandon of misery rose before him.

"Then she took it seriously? What did you say to her, Faradeane?"

"I said all I could. I did my best. Believe that, Bertie. I can't tell you what I said, but I pleaded as if"—he paused, and his lips came together tightly—"as if I were pleading for myself. I could do no more. Would to Heaven I had not done so much!" bitterly.

"And what did she reply? Did she say 'No' straight out?"

"No, she didn't."

"Then there is—there may be some hope! You took her by surprise; she was frightened, perhaps. She'll think it over," said Bertie, excitedly.

Faradeane rose and laid his hand on his shoulder, firmly, yet pityingly.

"Cherub, there is no hope," he said, in a low, grave voice. "I should be your bitterest enemy, instead of your best friend, if I allowed you to think that there was. There is none. Accept it, Bertie, once and for all. Be a man; there is no hope—there never has been. If you had pleaded for yourself, if an angel had pleaded for you, instead of me, it would have been the same."

DESPAIRING WOMAN Now Happy Mother

Mrs. Stephens Did Not Need The Surgical Operation.

Patoka, Ill.—"I had been married five years and my greatest desire was to become a mother.

The doctor said I never would have a child unless I was operated on for female troubles and I had given up all hopes when a friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly for some time, and I am

in better health than ever, and have a healthy baby girl. I praise your Vegetable Compound for my baby and my better health. I want all suffering women to know that it is the sure road to health and happiness."—Mrs. GEORGE STEPHENS, R. F. D. No. 3, Patoka, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful in overcoming woman's ills because it contains the tonic, strengthening properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, which act on the female organism. Women from all parts of the country are continually testifying to its strengthening, curative influence.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

"She—she never cared for me?"

"Yes, she cares for you as a sister cares for a brother. Be content with that—"

"Content!" Bertie burst out. "Content! You are mad, Faradeane!"

"I dare say," was the calm, sad assent. "We are all more or less mad, Cherub; but I would rather be loved as a brother by Olivia—Miss Vanley—than as a husband by any other woman—"

He stopped abruptly, and Bertie stared at him.

"You can't know what love—such love as mine—is!" he said.

Faradeane smiled.

"Perhaps not," he said, grimly. "I tell you—but what is the use of talking? Faradeane, my life is ruined. I don't care what becomes of me. I staked everything upon her; I loved her as a man never loved a woman before. I—oh, old fellow, tell me the truth! Is there no hope for me?"

Faradeane shook his head.

"Not a fragment," he said, solemnly. "If I—if I went to her myself—"

"As you should have done at first," said Faradeane, grimly. "Would to Heaven you had. No, Bertie, none. Don't go to her. Accept my report. Why should you harass her? I tell you that there is no more chance of her marrying you than there is of her marrying—the Sultan of Mocha. Be a man, Cherub. There are other women—"

Bertie put up his hand.

"Don't," he said, winning. "I can't bear that anyhow. I'm—I'm very grateful to you, old fellow. You did what few men would have done, what I would have asked no other man to do, and—and I'm grateful. Even now, crushed and knocked out of time as I am, I can scarcely realize it. I thought she might not consent right away, that she might say she'd think it over—"

"There was no occasion for her to do that," said Faradeane, grimly.

Bertie looked up sharply.

"You mean that there was—some one else?" he said, with the acuteness of a man whose nerves are on the rack.

Faradeane nodded.

"There is! Who—who is it?"

"Mr. Bartley Bradstone."

Bertie groaned.

(To be Continued.)

Canada's Best Will Stand The Test

Windsor Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

Equality for Newfoundland

With the opening of our new Showroom next month, St. John's can lay claim to possessing a Ladies' Outfitting Store the equal of those seen in any of the World's leading Fashion Centres. We are already in the fortunate position to announce the following Sole Agencies for Newfoundland.

THE FORSYTH TAILORED WAIST CO.

THE HENRY A. DIX CO. NURSE'S UNIFORMS.

THE HENRY A. DIX CO. MAID'S UNIFORMS.

THE SHAFF & MANDEL TAILORED COSTUMES.

THE SHAFF & MANDEL TAILORED COATS.

THE TIFF TOFF SILK DRESS CO.

THE AMERICAN HAT ORNAMENT CO.

THE CELEBRATED "TIMOTHY BROULEY" NECKWEAR.

STEARNS CLASS VELOUR & VELVET HATS.

THE AMERICAN UNDERGARMENT CO.

THE KIDDIE SCHOOL DRESS CO.

THE NEW YORK SHIRT MFG. CO.

AND OTHERS TO FOLLOW.

Bishop Sons & Co., Ltd.

Telephone 484. DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

The GREAT CENTRE For Wholesale Buyers!

A BIG COLLECTION OF AMERICAN

POUND GOODS

MADE UP IN BUNDLES, SUITABLE TO THE TRADE,

5, 10, 20 Pound Bundles.

Also, YARD GOODS,

Arranged from 5 to 10 yard lengths.

COMPRISING: Jeans, Piques, Lawns, Cambric, Gingham, Percales, Cheviots, Fancy Muslins, etc., etc., etc.

PRICED Exclusively for the Trade.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO CASH BUYERS.

OUR AIM: GOOD VALUE.

BOWRING BROS., Ltd.

aug18.61.11

Advertise in the Evening Telegram

MID-S

As usual, we are now
Sale we will offer Goods

BOYS' KHAKI BELTED TWO-PIECE SUITS.

8 to 16 years. All one price \$2.20

MISSSES' MUSLIN DRESSES.

Slightly soiled. Reduced from \$1.50 and \$3.00 to 72c. and \$1.10.

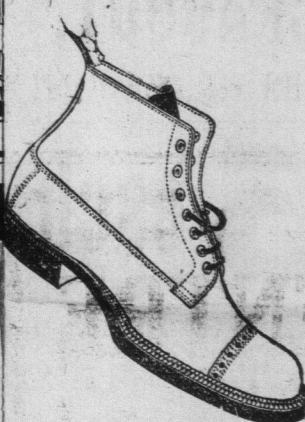
BOYS' WASH SUITS.

New clean stock, 65c., \$1.26 and \$1.50.

Worth from 80c. to \$2.50.

ROBERT

Bankrupt Stock



\$4.50.



\$1.75.



\$3.50.

PARKER & MO

housekeeper who considers the of herself or maid will plan a hot meal a day in summer. The most important thing comfort is to the burn. Only four lima corn should never boil more than four minutes. If it boils longer it loses much of its sweetness. They are too thick