



**Even She Had Corns**

Until a little while ago she thought them unavoidable. If you have corns don't blame yourself too much. Many an old person has had them fifty years.

**Y**ET they have done what you do—pared them and used old-time, useless treatments.

But what folly it is in two days take the plaster off. The corn will disappear. Only one corn in ten needs another application.

You will laugh at the old ways when you try Blue-jay. You will wonder why people ever let their corns hurt. Please start tonight. You have suffered long enough.

**BAUER & BLACK**  
Limited  
Toronto, Canada  
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

**Blue-jay**  
Stops Pain—Ends Corns  
Instantly

**A Child of Sorrow.**

CHAPTER XI.

"All right," he assented. "Thank goodness they'll most probably be out; it's so fine."

"Then I shall have to write a note," she said, as if to herself.

"A note—what about?" he asked, only wondering what, woman-like, she was going to spring upon him.

"Why, of course you'll ask them to dinner, Byrnie. You couldn't do less."

"Oh, couldn't I?" he retorted. "I could keep away from them altogether. Why on earth you want to bother about them I can't imagine."

She smiled at him with all a woman's pity for a man's obtuseness.

"I won't be more than five minutes, Byrnie."

"That means half an hour," he said.

"All right."

"What was the name—Charrington, wasn't it?" she asked over her shoulder.

Heroncourt nodded. He had heard the name but indistinctly.

"Yes, I think so."

When she had gone he seated himself on one of the old wooden benches and leaned back with an air of quiet enjoyment; but gradually he grew thoughtful. This money, Mr. Spinner had lent him would not go very far—the period of his stay at Heroncourt would soon pass. He looked up at the grand old house, across the park-like lawns, and sighed.

"Back already," he said, as the countess, radiantly dressed, came gliding toward him.

"Oh, Byrnie! you haven't changed your coat. You want a frock-coat," she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, bother!" he said. "What's it matter? You're gorgeous enough for both of us."

The more you know about coffee—and the more particular you are about aroma and flavour—the more you will appreciate "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE. Once you have tried it, your choice will always be Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

**CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.**

to your coat and skirt and I'll take you for a drive. Heaven has been merciful, and we'll show our gratitude by being happy in our own, simple little way. There'll be time for a good, long drive; and you shall lecture me all the way, if you like, Ethel."

"You will have to ask some people to meet them," she said, musingly. "There are the Percys and the Walmingtons, and, of course, the rector and his wife—"

Heroncourt sighed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I'll ask whom you please," he said. "And now, for goodness' sake, let's change the subject."

When Maida and Carrie returned from their drive they found Mr. Carrington in the hall turning over the cards and the note. His face was flushed, and there was an air of satisfaction beaming from every point of him.

"Guess what news I've got for you, girls," he said, with an attempt at indifference. "There you are!" and he tossed the note and cards on the table.

Carrie sprang upon them and uttered a little cry of delight.

"And we were out, of course! What luck! What's the note say, Maida?"

"It is an invitation to dinner. 'Quite an informal little dinner,' she read. 'It is for next Tuesday.'"

Carrie crowded softly.

"Isn't that nice, isn't that friendly? 'An informal little dinner.' Of course we shall go. Maida, write and accept at once."

"In case Lady Glassbury should change her mind," said Maida, with a smile at Carrie's eagerness, "tomorrow will do. Besides, we shall have to return the call."

"How surprised Lady Glassbury will be when she finds that she knows you. But perhaps she knows already," said Carrie.

"No. The note is addressed 'Charrington,'" said Maida; "and if she knew the right name she would probably not remember it, certainly would not jump at the connection."

Maida's surmise was perfectly correct, for when the Carringtons called at the Court and left their cards and a note accepting the invitation—Lord Heroncourt and Lady Glassbury were out—it did not occur to Lady Glassbury that the daughter of the millionaire, owner of Marston Towers, was the girl who had recited for her at Glassbury House; and Heroncourt saw neither the cards nor note—had, indeed, quite forgotten his new neighbors.

CHAPTER XII.

On the eventful Tuesday evening Carrie ran into Maida's room just as her maid had put the finishing touches to Maida's toilette, and stopped and stared at her with an expression of surprise and something like disappointment.

"Why, Maida, dear, aren't you going to wear your white silk?"

For Maida's tall, slim figure was attired in an evening dress of black lace, so simple as to be almost severe, and unrelieved by any ornament other than a white orchid which nestled in the by no means low bodice.

"Not to-night, Carrie," said Maida, gently. "How pretty you look, dear," she added, scanning her with fond admiration.

"Oh, never mind me, I'm as Nature made me, and that isn't pretty. But you? Why not the white dress, Maida? Though I'm bound to admit that you look simply ravishing in that lace. But where are your diamonds? Do be quick and put them on; I know it is time we started."

"I don't think I will wear any jewellery to-night," said Maida, gently.

"Why not? And those lovely things—the bracelets and the pendant—Ah, I see!" she broke off, her green-grey eyes suddenly gleaming with comprehension. "Mary, will you fetch me my pocket-handkerchief? Yes, you're right; you always are, Maida. All the diamonds in the world couldn't make any difference to you."

"That sounds scarcely complimentary, Carrie," said Maida, laughing.

"You couldn't look more beautiful, and you don't want to call attention to the fact that we are nouveau rich. How cute of you—no, not cute; it's

instinct, Maida, that's what it is. And, after all, these grand people are sure to have better diamonds than ours—family diamonds—"

"Which they are fully entitled to wear," said Maida. "Carrie," suddenly, with a touch of colour in her ivory pale cheeks, "it is because we are rich, because we have bought the Towers, that Lady Glassbury and Lord Heroncourt have made our acquaintance and asked us to dinner. Would they have cared to know us if we were still living in Coleridge Street? And they will expect us to air our wealth—"

"And they'll be disappointed," broke in Carrie, whipping off her necklace and all her rings. "There! They shan't have a chance of sneering—"

Maida put her arm round her and drew the girl to her.

"They would not sneer, Carrie; they would only think we had done the expected thing. But put on your necklace again, child."

"Nary necklace nor ring nor bracelet for me!" said Carrie. "But, oh, Maida—laughing—what will father say?"

"We will tell him that we will wear them next time," said Maida. "There, he is calling. Let us go down."

"One more look at you, Maida," with impressive emphasis. "You look divine; and, oh, if you could only guess how proud of you I am! You won't mind my telling everybody to-night that you belong to me, will you?"

They went down to the hall, where Mr. Carrington and Mr. Spinner, in resplendent evening-dress, were awaiting them. A diamond stud blazed in Mr. Carrington's expansive shirt front, and as his eyes wandered over the girls he noticed the absence of jewellery, and his face fell; but "Lost all those diamonds I gave you?" was all he said.

"Oh, no; but they wouldn't go with our dresses, father," replied Carrie, mendaciously. "It's all right. Don't you worry. And how—how splendid are you look!"

Mr. Spinner eyed the girls with his affectation of simplicity, but there was a twinkle of comprehension in his pale eyes.

"I haven't any terms at my command to describe you, Miss Carrie—and Miss Maida," he added; but his gaze only wandered from Carrie to Maida for a moment.

"The carriage has been up quite five minutes, and it's had form to be late for dinner," said Mr. Carrington, tearing at his gloves and dropping his opera-hat in the nervousness which he was trying hard to conceal under an assumption of accustomed ease.

He succeeded in splitting the right-hand glove long before they reached the Court.

"Poor father!" whispered Carrie as they followed the plainly liveried footman through the ancient, dimly lighted hall. "And I'm just as nervous as he is. But you—just look as cool as a cucumber, Maida; but that's because you are so artful."

The footman announced them, and they entered the drawing-room. Most of the other guests had arrived. Sir Edmund and Lady Percy—a tall and distinguished-looking couple—were standing talking to Lady Glassbury, and Lord Glassbury was declaiming about politics to Lord Walmington—a short, thick-set man, who looked like a farmer; though he was the descendant of a hundred earls. The rector—a thin, overworked-looking man—was standing by Lady Walmington's chair discussing parish affairs, and his wife—a faded, colorless little person—was listening as if every word her husband said was too precious to lose.

(To be Continued.)

**Fashions and Fads.**

Summer hats are faced with velvet. Gray is combined with cheery or blue.

Lingerie frocks are trimmed with lace.

Black Spanish lace scarfs are revived.

Smart and new is the collarless frock.

Trimming is frequently placed at the back.

Sashes are returning with the lingerie dress.

Felt and velour hats will be worn this summer.

**AT THE HOUSE.**

Practically all of the time of the House of Assembly was exhausted in bickering and dickerings with the Estimates yesterday afternoon.

Shortly after the opening Mr. Grimes took the floor. He then talked of the need for a Reformatory here and wished to acquaint the House that he had received a reply from the Colonial Secretary in reference to collection of private fees at the General Hospital by Dr. Keegan. In the Doctor's letter to the Colonial Secretary, which was read to the House, he stated that he had not received any fees on a public ward but he had on private wards. In 1916 he received one fee of \$15 or \$20 from John Ashley, cable operator; in 1917 a Mrs. Finn of Carboneau had paid him \$50 for services; also a Mr. Butt of Bay Roberts had been charged for an operation on his wife, though the fee had not yet reached him. The Doctor intimated in his report that he understood when he was appointed Superintendent that the Hospital was only intended free to laborers, fishermen and their wives and families, but that persons who he knew could afford should pay. Mr. Grimes considered that was Dr. Keegan's own interpretation, but it was a gross defiance of the law and Legislature, as there was an Act passed two years ago stating that all such fees collected should be handed over to the general revenue of the Colony. He (Mr. G.) did not see anything to hinder other heads of departments from acting similarly. He said that Dr. Keegan was now being paid, all things considered (except extra fees), \$4,000 a year. Continuing, Mr. Grimes said that the High Cost of Living Commission had not justified itself, as the food dealers were making greater profits now than ever before. He then advocated compulsory education.

Mr. Stone followed virtually along the same lines, though his main point of argument was the wonder why the toy steamer (Wren), 45 tons net, should receive the same subsidy as the s.s. Ethie of about 200 tons and with splendid accommodation. He said it was in the best interests of the country and Empire that an election should be held this year. At this juncture Mr. Coaker rose to a point of order, pointing out that there were not sufficient members present to form a quorum. In the Government benches were the Premier and Messrs. Piccott, Woodford, Higgins and Devereaux, whilst on the Opposition side were Messrs. Coaker, Stone and Jennings. The Premier replied that when the House was in Committee a quorum was not required, though he had no objection to having the members called in from the lobby. Shortly after Mr. Coaker raised the question as to a quorum, and quoting the rules of the House disagreed with the Premier's decision. The latter told him to have it any way he liked as far as he was concerned. Mr. Coaker rejoined, "Well, then, we'll have an election."

Mr. Jennings spoke of the Prime Minister's trip to the Old Country and thought that the Premier's "sentimental platitudes" were not good enough. He then dealt with the report of the Logging Inspector.

Dr. Lloyd stated that the reason for the present attitude of the Opposition was the Government's refusal to state what their intention was concerning an election. He said it was the duty of the Colonial Secretary to have the list of voters taken and that it was illegal for him to accept a salary as Chief Censor and Colonial Secretary and to retain his seat in the House, just the same as it was unlawful for the member for Placentia (Mr. Morris) to be in the House and at the same time be paid as Acting Judge of the Central District Court. He thought that there should be a salary cut out for the Premier. He didn't mean to say the Premier was working without pay, as he went on to read to the House under the head of Contingencies the following entries: Sir E. P. Morris—July 22nd, visiting Regiment in France, 250 pounds, \$1,193.15. (Includes gifts to members of Regiment.) Sir E. P. Morris—July 22nd, expenses re Loan (not including commission), \$4,000. Sir E. P. Morris—March 5th, expenses, \$3,000.

Dr. Lloyd also thought that the vote for the Heads of Departments should be increased, but objected to Ministers augmenting their salaries in other respects.

The Bill respecting the Volunteer Force, which extends the time to keep the Regiment in existence until six months after the war, was read a second time, as was also the Bill respecting the Wills and Estates of members of the Nfld. Regiment and Royal Naval Reserve. The winding up of the estates of deceased soldiers and sailors is facilitated and done without cost and delay by the enforcement of this Bill.

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**2 IN 1**

**BLACK WHITE TAN 10¢**

**SHOE POLISHES**

Preserve the leather and make your shoes last longer. These polishes contain no acid and will not crack the leather. They combine liquid and paste in a paste form, and with very little effort produce a brilliant, lasting shine.

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**Good Hosiery,**

**Cheap.**

You know yourself that this is difficult, as you have been shopping all over the town lately for many kinds of Hosiery. But then you were buying Cashmere and perhaps heavier wool Hosiery, and these are very high in price. But now we think we can begin to speak to you about Lisle Thread Hosiery, Cotton Hosiery and Half Silk Hosiery.

**We Show Excellent Values in These.**

On to-day's purchasing we should have to charge higher prices, but we are fairly well protected for some time and we are protecting you.

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We still offer **WOMEN'S BLACK THREAD HOSE**, first quality and fast dye, at 15c. pr.; and have other good values too numerous to mention. We have a special range of **CHILDREN'S FINE RIBBED LISLE HOSE**, in Black, Tan, White, Pink and Pale Blue; all sizes.

**Henry Blair**

**WE are still showing a splendid selection of :**

**TWEEDS and SERGES.**

No scarcity at **Mauder's.**

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

**John Mauder**  
TAILOR & CLOTHIER  
St. John's, N.F.

**Read The Telegram**

**TO-DAY'S Messages**

**10.30 A.M.**

**A FAIRY TALE.**

BERLIN, To-day.—The Vossische Zeitung to-day prints what it alleges is the text of a message to President Wilson formulated at a meeting of Greek sympathizers in Amsterdam protesting against the course of the Entente Powers in Greece. The message was drawn up on June 13th. The Vossische Zeitung alleges it was suppressed in England.

**SMALL FRENCH LOSSES.**

PARIS, To-day.—Five French merchantships of over 1,600 tons each were sunk by submarines during the week ending June 17, according to an official report issued to-day. No ships of greater tonnage were sunk. Five merchantships were unsuccessfully attacked by submarines.

**WANDERING TINO.**

GENEVA, To-day.—Former King Constantine, of Greece, left Lugano this morning for an unknown destination, but it is probable that he intended to proceed to Thessalonica according to persons in the hotel where Constantine has been stopping. He was accompanied by Prince von Buelow, former German Imperial Chancellor and Princess von Buelow. The health of Queen Sophie is causing anxiety. Constantine is said to be indignant as a result of the hostile demonstrations against him at Lugano, where he hoped to stay for some time. He departed unofficially like any tourist.

**LEFT LUGANO.**

PARIS, To-day.—Former King Constantine of Greece left Lugano this morning in a special train for Thessalonica in the Canton of Grisons, Switzerland, says a despatch to the Havas Agency from Lugano.

**THE TOTAL ENROLMENT.**

WASHINGTON, To-day.—The war registration returns virtually completed by the representatives from Wyoming and Kentucky, showed that 9,649,828 men between the ages of 21 and 30 years inclusive have been enrolled for the country's service.

**SINN FEIN DEMONSTRATIONS.**

DUBLIN, To-day.—A crowd of several thousand persons enthusiastically welcomed Countess Gergina Markievicz, one of the leaders of the Sinn Fein uprising, on her arrival in Dublin this evening from the prison where she had been under sentence of penal servitude for life. A procession in which hundreds of Sinn Fein flags were carried accompanied her as an escort for the carriage of the Countess to Liberty Hall, thence to the Bathursts, where she intends to spend the night. The police did not interfere with the demonstration. There was no disorder.

**MAKING TROUBLE IN U. S.**

LONDON, To-day.—The attitude of the Sinn Fein have apparently to the Government for passports for three of their representatives in order that they may go to the United States to lay the case of the Sinn Fein before the American public.

**1.00 P. M.**

**ITALY'S DUTY AND AIMS.**

ROME, To-day.—Baron Sonnino, Foreign Minister, addressed the Deputies to-day and declared that Italy's war aims were to seek liberty and assurance for Italy and other countries, but that Italy did not aspire to frontiers constituting a menace to neighbours or a state of low

**5c. The Crescent**

AFTERNOON, 2.15 P.M.

**PRESENTING ELLEN**

**"The Girl Telegram"**

An episode of the "Hazard" of guerilla Clayton and Harry Sean. Mary Anderson in "HER FATHER'S drama. Plump and Runt in "NERVE AND comedy.

**PROFESSOR MCCARTHY** playing the Drums and Effects.

**Rossley's British**

COMPLETE CHANGE OF

**Saturday Night, Country**

Reduce the cost of living. Several first-class groceries. If you want pleasure of handling them over to some

Next Tuesday, a Big Surprise! Babies, Babies, Babies.

**A Beautiful Baby**

On the 28th, a popular Baby competition in your baby's name. Ages 6 to 16 months. Committee of Judges. Three prizes: equipped, 1st prize; 2nd prize, silver cup, gold lined. This is very