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Lady Wyverne's Daughter.

CHAPTER XI.

On her wedding eve she would be engrossed with her. She called herself weak and fanciful, but there was the ever-haunting dread, "Suppose anything should happen!" It would kill her now. She could not bear to think of it. With care and caution by constantly watching her sister, she could avert anything that seemed dangerous; and again in the hour of her triumph she wished, but wished vainly, that she had done nothing that could cause her to fear.

She had purposely invited Evelyn Leigh to be one of her bridesmaids, thinking that she would engross Agatha's attention. They were to reach Lynnewald three days before the wedding, and on the day appointed, she awaited their coming anxiously. She dreaded the first look at her sister's face. If it should be pale and sad, if those gentle eyes were that pained wondering expression that she remembered so well, what should she do? Mrs. Lynne wondered why that beautiful Southern face looked so pale and agitated as the carriage stopped at the hall-door. For one moment, at the sound of Agatha's voice, a mist swam before her eyes, and she could see nothing; then it cleared away, and she saw before her the same sweet face with its delicate color. There was no trace of sorrow on those calm features, no cloud of grief in those dove-like, tender eyes. Her sister looked a little thinner and more thoughtful; the child-like gaiety had gone; but it was not a sad face upon which Inez gazed with curious, wistful eyes.

The relief was great, for the fear had been great. Agatha did not quite understand why, when her sister came, she left two burning tears upon her face; even Evelyn thought

how tenderly the bride loved her sister.

"There is but one danger more," said Inez to herself that evening, "and that is, Philip's first meeting with her."

The whole country-side was ringing with the coming marriage. No one could be more popular than the young Lord of Lynnewald, no one admired more than his beautiful young bride. The county papers were in ecstasies; they discussed the magnificent preparations at the Hall, the number of bridesmaids, the superb wedding presents, the arrangements for the marriage, and the ball to be given in the evening. They likewise informed the public that immediately after the ceremony the happy pair would leave for Ross-y-Glynn, a small estate in North Wales, belonging to Lord Lynne. After the honeymoon they were to proceed to London, where Lady Lynne was to be presented at the drawing-room announced for the twenty-fourth of June.

The morning of the nineteenth arrived bright and beautiful—a cloud in the sky; Nature seemed to have donned her fairest robes; the soft spring air bore the perfume of flowers and the music of birds.

"If to-morrow is as bright as to-day," said Mrs. Lynne to Inez, "you will have a glorious wedding-day."

The magnificent bridal costume, ordered expressly from Paris, had arrived, perfect, even to the last detail. The bridesmaid costumes were all ready; the wedding-cake, which was really a work of art, had arrived; the wedding breakfast was laid out in the long dining-room and a more magnificent display had never been seen in Lynnewald. The four young ladies who were to join Agatha and Evelyn were staying at the Hall, and every one seemed devoted to the queen of the festival, the beautiful bride elect.

"What time do you think Philip will really arrive?" asked Inez of Mrs. Lynne.

"About six, I think. I have ordered dinner for seven," was the reply, and

the lady smiled to herself as she looked at the wistful young face. No one noticed how unequal were the bride's spirits,—one moment flushed and laughing, looking like the queen of mirth and revelry; then pale and silent, with shadowed eyes.

"Courage," she said to herself—"one trial more, and then my triumph is complete." Yet, despite her bravery, her face and lips turned white when she heard the noise and confusion of her lover's arrival. She was in the drawing-room with Agatha, Evelyn, and Allen Leigh. Mrs. Lynne had gone to meet her son. Perhaps Inez never suffered greater suspense than in those few moments. Her eyes seemed magically attracted to Agatha's face. If she should faint when she saw Philip again, then he would question her, and the whole story must come to light; but Agatha showed no signs of fainting.

"That is my cousin," she said, when the sound of a gentleman's voice was heard. The color did not vary in her face, her lips did not quiver, nor did her voice tremble. She stood near the door when he entered, and his first words were addressed to her. Quite frankly and calmly Agatha held out her hand, and spoke a few words of kindly greeting to her cousin. Just as calmly Philip replied, and then passed on.

Inez sank back in her chair—the ordeal was over; they had met; and no sign showed that they had ever been more than friends. Lord Lynne thought her pale face and quivering lips were caused by her emotion at seeing him, and he loved her the better for it. But she had yet another ordeal to pass through, even more terrible.

When dinner was over, they adjourned to the large drawing-room. The party was a large one; besides the six assembled bridesmaids, there was Allan Leigh, who on the morrow was to associate as "best man," and several other gentlemen, wedding guests. The evening was warm, and the large French windows were opened to admit the sweet, soft breeze. Lord Lynne had established himself by the side of his fair fiancée. Agatha and Allan were perhaps the merriest couple in the room. Suddenly some thought seemed to strike Lord Lynne, and, turning to Agatha, he said, in a low voice, "I have something very particular to say to you. Will you come into the conservatory with me for a minute? I will not detain you long."

A clear conscience is the happiest and greatest blessing that man or woman can enjoy. There are no words in which the feelings of that beautiful girl can be described. A death-like pallor stole over her face; her dark eyes had a wild, perplexed look. She did not speak nor move, but sat like an image of despair.

"It is all over," she cried, in the depth of her heart; "there is sure to be some explanation between them, and I am lost."

The white hands were tightly clinched, and she listened in sickening suspense for the voice of her sister or lover. Minute after minute passed, and still they came not, and despair took the place of hope in her heart. At length, after what seemed to her hours of torture, she saw Agatha slowly approaching her.

"Inez," said her sister, bending over her, "Philip wants to speak to you; come with me."

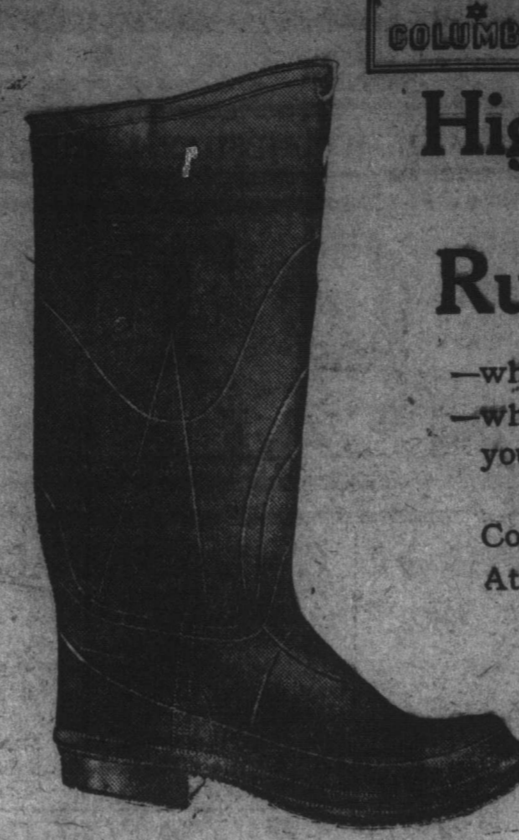
The last hope died in that proud, passionate heart. She rose haughtily, and walked with the dignity of a queen through the long drawing-room.

"I have fought my fight," she said to herself, "and have failed. Still, I know how to bear defeat."

But when she reached the conservatory, instead of the pale, stern face she expected to see, Philip stood before her smiling and bright, as he had been when he quitted her, and in his hand he held a large jewel case. In one moment, with her quick unerring instinct, she divined that she had been mistaken—that she was still safe.

"I am afraid I am a very awkward lover," said Lord Lynne, with a smile. "I wanted to offer you my wedding gift, Inez, and I have been obliged to consult Agatha as to whether I should do it now or not. She thinks, perhaps, you will like to wear my gift to-morrow, so I offer it to you this evening."

(To be continued.)



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Channel Crossed in Plane of 13 H.P.

Georges Barbot, the French aviator, set up a new record in aeronautics by crossing and recrossing the English Channel on a tiny motor-assisted glider. He crossed from St. Inglevert, on the French coast, and descended at Lympne. He then flew back to St. Inglevert, where he landed safely. This is the first time the Channel has been crossed by a machine depending in part on wind current.

By his success Barbot wins a prize of 25,000 francs offered by the press for the first aviator to fly the Channel and back again on a machine of not more than 15 horse-power. Leaving St. Inglevert at 8:30 o'clock, Barbot landed at Lympne at 7:31 o'clock. After a short stay at a British air-drome he left again on the return flight to France. This he accomplished in 44 minutes. His outward journey from point to point was exactly twenty miles as the crow flies, but having been taken slightly out of his course, Barbot actually flew slightly over 70 miles between France and England.

So light is the machine in which he travelled, that the aviator, wishing to move it out of the way, picked up the tail and pushed it along the ground to the desired position. Barbot was particularly pleased with his little engine, which was running well when he came in. Experts said that had the engine stopped during the flight the aviator would have found it very difficult to restart and would probably have had to rely solely upon air currents to reach a place of safety.

Barbot's machine is a monoplane of 15 horse-power. The quantity of petrol he was allowed to consume by the rules of the competition is strictly limited being sufficient for little more than actual climbing.

Fads and Fashions.

A line of buttonholes and hanging buttons gives the required note of side trimming to a chemise frock of black moire.

A slightly draped coat of blue cloth fastens at the side, has a short cape in the back and is lavishly trimmed with badges.

Women's umbrellas are no longer partial to the baskette ring. Only novel rings are seen, and the side strap of leather is much more in evidence.

The costumes, which include pleated skirt and jacket, use a lighter tone in the embroidery on jacket. The effect is strangely rich.

Aeroplanes to be Used.

TO BRING VOTERS TO THE POLLS IN THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS. TORONTO, May 16.—For the first time in the history of the world, so far as known, the airplane is to be brought into use as a conveyance to bring voters to the polls at the coming Ontario elections on June 25.

The far distant polling station at Moose factory is to usher in this new world record. It is understood that Premier Drury and members of his Cabinet yesterday broached negotiations for the engagement of an airplane and of an experienced pilot to go to the northern constituency for the purpose of carrying the electors to the polls.

This move on the part of the Government, it is stated, is not made with a view to applying of creating a precedent, but was the result of some bright person's suggestion for meeting a difficult situation. What roads there are in the extreme north of the riding are now impassable and are not expected to be in passable condition when election day comes around.

Traffic Scares "Rip Van Winkle."

A full-length mirror fastened to the front of one's closet door is not only a great convenience, but also increases the apparent size of the room.

WOMEN'S STYLES BEWILDER CON-VICT FREED AFTER 36 YEARS.

A man whose association with the world of every-day life ceased 36 years ago has just been released from prison in England. He lives in the world of yesterday. His twilight existence has lasted 16 years, longer than Rip Van Winkle's, and his sudden descent into the maelstrom of modern life is more violent. He was sentenced 36 years ago to be detained at "her majesty's pleasure."

"His mind is wonderfully quick," said Brigadier Puden, head of the Salvation Army social work in Lancashire, but traffic and women's dress bewildered him. He is so afraid of the speed of modern motor vehicles and tramway cars that he is almost afraid to venture into the street.

When this Rip Van Winkle left the world behind him there were no gramophones, the telephone was in its infancy, X-rays, the cinema, wireless and aeroplanes were not yet invented, the poles were still undecorated and the great war was but a hazy dream of mad war lords.

Magic Cooking.

"Say Jimmie; may I have the use of your fire for a few minutes. Mine has gone out and I do not want to kindle it again, and I have beans to bake." Such was my request to my next door neighbor one scorching hot day in August when we were camping at Mo. Jimmie was resting on the settee and had on a roasting fire. "Why sure, ma'am. I'll be keepin' up a fire as I don't feel a bit well and you can cook whatever you wish ma'am."

"Well, I replied, I only want to set the cooker and a couple of irons on for a few minutes. Thank you Jimmie, I'll be back shortly." When I left Jimmie was heaping on more wood to show his willingness and pleasure to do that act of kindness. When I returned in about 15 minutes time to remove the pot of beans, Jimmie expostulated, "Sure ma'am they're not cooked. You don't need make a fire! they can stay there all day." Thank you, Jimmie, but this is all I need and they will be ready for supper, and I hurried into my own quarters and put them into the fireless cooker. A few minutes then a knock at the door. Jimmie came in, looked around, saw a fire, a very cool room, no sign of heat or cooking. "Whatever has she done with the pot?" Then with a very puzzled expression on his face he said, "Please ma'am, I don't understand how you can cook beans without a fire!" I said "I'm going out now berry picking and fishing with the children and at supper time I'll send you in some beans, and if they're not cooked you can tell me so." Jimmie went off but not convinced, and when I sent him in some he admitted they were as well cooked as if he had done them himself, and then I showed him what I had done, but I don't believe Jimmie understands yet what magic cooked them. A few days after I was asked for a donation for the annual Garden Party. Another hot day, so I had the good fortune to turn out of the fireless cooker one of the lightest and most delicious cakes I ever made. Since then many, many cakes of various kinds, among them a sixteen pound, four tier wedding cake besides innumerable Xmas and birthday cakes, have been baked in it. The cooker bread is most eagerly sought for. It is especially good for cooking roasts of any kind. During Child Welfare Week I will be delighted to show fathers and mothers the magic that puzzled Jimmie.—M.J.C.

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