

ECZEMA IN RASH CUTICURA HEALS

Very Itchy and Burned. Troubled Six Weeks.

"Our daughter's face came out in rash that we were told was eczema. Her cheeks got sore and she rubbed causing loss of sleep. The breaking out was very itchy and burned so that I had to tie gloves on her hands to keep her from scratching. This trouble lasted about six weeks before I used Cuticura. I used one large box of Cuticura Ointment with two cakes of Cuticura Soap when she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. H. Stares, Elmfield Rd., Oak, Ont. Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are ideal for daily toilet uses. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Agents: The Dominion, Canadian Dept. of Commerce, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. *Cuticura Soap always without stain.

"Flatterers" — OR — The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER VII.

"Particular!" Sydney stopped as they paced out of sight of the house now, down the shrubby, and her look of distress vanished in a gust of sudden laughter. "Particular! oh, very, indeed! I should have saved—calculating on her finger-tips—on sugar, seven farthings; on buttons—let me see, pearl—one dozen, I should think three half-pence! Yes, three-pence-farthing would have been the valuable result of my drive. Now, to spare mamma's and Leonora's pockets to that huge extent, do you say I ought to have run off from what I had promised to do, and left my best friends in the lurch?"

The major evaded the question, preferring to ask who those best friends were; and Sydney, glowing, gave him an account of all the Dacies, all the sector's, goodness to her, ending with, "If it were not for them I should be fifty times more ill-tempered and incorrigible! Knowing what I am, think what that means, and just consider whether I ought not to work for them even at the appalling loss of three-pence-farthing!"

The major was old-fashioned enough to be clear-headed on some points. "I do think, my dear," he said, simply, "there's one thing you plainly ought not to do, that is, show up your mother's or Leonora's small economies, which I suppose they feel bound to make, for the sake of ridiculing them."

All Sydney's nerves slackened under the altered tone. Reddening with shame, tears gathered thickly on her long black lashes. She moved on very slowly. Then—

"I beg your pardon," she said, quite humbly. "I know I ought not to have done it. But—but—shaking off the twinkling drops, and clasping her hands very tightly behind her—"I do get so beside myself, so weary of it all; for this morning is only just like most mornings. I am always clumsy, always unlikable—at home. Whatever I arrange interferes with something. Not a single taste have I that mamma approves of. Where she is lavish, I should never spend. Where she is careful, I am not! If I could ever please her really, ever make her fond of me, I would try and try and never tire. But I can't, so I suppose I seem to give up, though I don't intend to do so. But please—lifting a sad pair of eyes so appealingly, the poor major felt quite a sympathetic haze over his own—"will you forgive me for saying all this? I know it's wrong to have complained. It's horribly bad taste and very foolish of me, for it can't improve matters. But I never said one syllable about it before to any one—not even Mary Dacie—and I never will again. If you can forgive my grumbling I shall be most grateful. It's eased me ever so much, and perhaps—straightening herself with rather a poor attempt at a smile—"perhaps I shall behave better after it."

The major took her hand, and, with a kindly little pressure, drew it within his arm.

"I'm sure you will, if there's need of it," he said, soothingly. "I dare say there are awkwardnesses for you all. But do your best, my dear, and you'll get into smoother waters before long. You'll not be always here, you know. It's not to be expected you should." (The nearest hint of married freedom he dared permit himself.) "But as long as you live together all as close to your mother's wishes as you can. If you have to vex her with one thing, why, please her with another. Now, that letter business, I don't want to know whom it was from, of course; but couldn't you give in to her there?"

"No!" cried Sydney, with a jerk of the major's gony arm that made him jump. "I do want you to know who wrote it. It was Jacob Cheene. My—my—father's one old, true friend. The only person here at St. Clair's I ever knew or ever saw who spoke kindly of my father to me. He came here eight years ago, just before—before—that June. And his coming was such a pleasure to papa! He was only a clerk, but they had known, and trusted, and cared for each other for years and years. He asked me when he went away to write to him, and I said I would, I told papa I was going to, and it pleased him, I know," cried Sydney, gazing with strangely flashing eyes into the blue sky far away, as if somewhere there a visible presence were animating her—"I know papa would never have me give up Jacob, so I—won't! I know he would always have me keep

true to his old companion, so I—will please, Major Villiers, with a swift turn, and sudden pleading, "don't be angry with me, but papa and I must have our way in this!"

Then she picked up her trailing coil of wire, smiled a half-defiant, half-seeching April smile, and ran off without bidding response or remonstrance, leaving her would-be mentor rather inclined to put his sympathies in the same scale with her rebellious decision, and meditating, as he strolled some half-hour among espaliers and raspberry-canes, how this high, much-hampered spirit could be toned down admirably under tender influence, and make a wife out of a thousand for his son Rupert.

CHAPTER VIII. THE COUNTESS RECEIVES.

That morning's storm seemed to clear the air. Possibly suspecting, and desiring no repetition of it, Mrs. Alwyn avoided dangerous topics; while, amply contented with the opinion that he had formed, Major Villiers attempted no more interference between his sister-in-law and her daughter. By and by, when the girls were married and away, the frets and jars of daily contact all removed, the mother would, perchance, deal out more kindly justice to her younger child. If not—well, Sydney would be out of the way of any carping criticism, sunning herself in more congenial atmosphere.

So, on the principle of by all means letting the sleeping dog lie, the major shirked any more let-a-tates for the remainder of his visit; steered clear of aught but very general conversation; led warily from the heat in India to the heat in town, and the advisability of his son getting out of it, and inhaling the cool breezes of St. Clair's now and again. So the days went smoothly enough till the last of the major's visit was reached. Then the calm which Sydney, from a certain proud penitence at having opened her heart to a stranger, and Mrs. Alwyn, from a politic desire to preserve appearances, had set themselves to keep, was threatened with another upset.

It was the morning of a grand gathering at Oakleigh Place, for which the major had been especially persuaded to prolong his visit. An officer, pronouncedly a gentleman, and a good-looking man, was a most desirable escort. So his journey to town was postponed till the evening train, and arrangements made to suit his departure then.

"If you will excuse it," said the hostess, "you shall have a sort of cold dinner, that can be ready the moment we are back from Oakleigh. You will be sure, Sydney, to see that we are not kept waiting. A new parlor-maid is a great worry, major, which you are fortunate not to realize."

Sydney looked up perplexed and red-denning.

"I am to see about the servants, mamma?"

"Yes, if you've no objection."

"But—I thought I was going to Oakleigh!"

"And I thought," returned Mrs. Alwyn, "that as you generally care so little for these afternoon parties, and always prefer getting off them, you would be positively glad to stay at home."

"So I should," answered the girl, frankly, "if it were anywhere else; but the Dacies say the gardens here are glorious in July, and I had been so looking forward to seeing them, mamma, as they invited me too, that I—"

"Let Sydney go instead of me," interrupted the major; "I don't care a straw for the gardens. That's an excellent amendment."

"Not to be thought of for a moment," said his hostess, peremptorily. "If Sydney cannot possibly attend to my wish and your comfort, of course she goes with us." But baffled in her project of letting Leonora shine unrivalled at Oakleigh, and warding off comparison between the ripened beauty of her elder child and the far fresher attractiveness of the younger, Mrs. Alwyn assumed the heavy air of chronic dissatisfaction Sydney knew so well and ached under.

"Indeed, mamma," she said now, desperately anxious their kind guest should not think her always an evil-dispositioned marplot. "I will show Phillips anything I can before we go, and help her if you will tell me how I may. But I was wanting to say that I almost must go to Oakleigh, for I met Lady Comyngham yesterday, and she stopped her ponies and said she hoped I would certainly be there. And I said, 'Oh, yes, for I never imagined you didn't want me to—'"

"I must beg of you, Sydney, not to misinterpret me in that manner!" put in Mrs. Alwyn, irritably, more out of sorts than ever at this pointed politeness from the countess. "Go, by all means! Pray go! I'm only afraid, Major Villiers, you will find it awkward driving with four in the carriage."

"Not the least in the world," protested the gentleman, very willingly. "I prefer the quiet, I assure you. Shouldn't half enjoy myself if one were left out in the cold, you know," with a good-humored smile at Sydney, who, on the verge of answering, was stopped by Leonora, her mouth slightly sullen, her cheeks tinged with vexation.

"Mamma, we shall be intolerably crushed, two on the back seat. My skirt certainly won't look fit to be seen. I think I had better stay at home."

but for once Sydney broke in vehemently.

"No, no, no, Norah; you know that couldn't be anyhow! And there is no need, for Mamma—I wanted to tell you last night, only Leonora was singing, and I couldn't speak—Dr. Dacie is not able to go, he doesn't get a bit better, and his wife will not leave him, of course; but they both so wish poor Mary to have the pleasure, for she has not been out all the summer. So I said I would ask if you would let her drive me, and then she could go in with our party. And may she?"

"Just another of those frequent cases where I do wish you would think before you speak, Sydney," answered Mrs. Alwyn, slowly, for she was mentally balancing pros and cons. Chaperoning Mary Dacie, in a well-worn Sunday gown, was repugnant to her, but the plan would give Leonora space. Best agree to it, then. So she ended, "You have made it impossible for me to say 'no,' however much I may dislike your arrangement."

"Then I may say 'yes' mamma, and go and tell Mary?" Alwyn, rather sarcastically, and with a sigh indicating she had much to put up with. Which reluctant affirmative gained, Sydney escaped to the Dacies' and later in the day, from the doctor's house, and from the Dale, their respective vehicles set forth to traverse the three miles of lane and road that led to Oakleigh Place.

Thither on that afternoon converged such a stream of equipages as had not waked up the rustics theretabout watching wonder for many a long year. For, as Mrs. Alwyn had explained to her guest, this earl and this countess were new to titles and possessions, and over and above a natural desire to shine in these strange parts, they just now had double reason for desiring good opinions in the expected candidature of their elder son for the southern division of the country.

Except as a name of long nobility and ownership, the present generation of Comyngham was little known near St. Clair's. The late earl had hated the same scenery of East Anglia, had shut up Oakleigh Place for years, living mostly abroad, or when in England, on a more favorite estate in Hampshire, and had scarcely been seen personally by either tenants or neighbors.

But the in-comers meant to reverse all this.

ASPIRIN

"Bayer" is only Genuine



Warning! It's criminal to take a cheap on any substitute for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting Aspirin at all. In every Bayer package are directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada), of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Fashions and Fads.

Afternoon models show the three-quarter sleeve. Scalloped edges are plotted instead of bound. Tiny ostrich tips make the latest slipper tongues. Bright heels are seen on dark-colored slippers. Separate gumples and vestees feature the frill.



"Sincerely in word and deed, that is what makes friends, wins customers, grows business, insures success. We make no claim we cannot substantiate, declare no values we cannot show."

Our claim is that Phosphate Cough and Cold Cure is the best preparation for all kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various lung troubles, and to substantiate our claim we can produce the proof by the sales we are making. If Stafford's Phosphate was not what we claim it to be, why should people be continually asking for a bottle and wholesalers purchasing it in gross quantities. Phosphate is only one of the many preparations we manufacture and have succeeded in obtaining a very large sale for owing to its medicinal qualities.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Fashion Plates.

A UNIQUE STYLE.



Pattern 3577 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. The sleeve may be finished with or without the cuff portion and the drapery on the skirt may be omitted. The skirt is mounted on a body lining. Serge, satin, taffeta, pongee, linen, gingham, steaten and challie could be used for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A SMART SUIT.



This attractive style illustrates a reasonable combination of Ladies' Coat Pattern 3589, Skirt 3251 and Vest 3251. The vest may be omitted, or with or without a jabot or chemise will form a suitable accessory to this model. The Skirt is cut in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The Coat in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Vest in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. To make this suit for a medium size will require 7 1/2 yards of 40 inch material for coat and skirt, and 2 yards of 27 inch material for the vest.

Embossed linen, crepe, mohair, twill, duvetyne, Jersey cloth, taffeta, serge or satin could be used. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

This illustration calls for THREE separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

Name No. Address in full:— Size

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

The travelling woman will rejoice in pongee lingerie. Hats of accordion-plaited white organdie are worn.

Two-toned pearl frocks are worn at informal dances. Taffeta dresses are showing the square-neck outline.

The sleeveless riding habit is the ideal one for summer. Frills and pleatings continue to be used extravagantly. White and pink tricotees are smart and cool looking.

BIG Special Sale

Wonderful Values in Two Departments

Ladies' Hats

We have just received a clearing line in Ladies' Straw Hats in newest American styles, and despite increased duties can offer you Hats

At Half the Price

at the opening of the season. All other Hats at present in stock are also reduced.

You can add greatly to your dress by having a greater variety of Hats. Our Hat Pricing now, and at other times, enables you to do so, for here you can always buy a good hat in the very latest style for very little money.

It is our opinion that many ladies expend too much money on Hats and get very little for their money.

They sometimes put too much money into one hat. We want to emphasize that they never do that in this store, though our Hats are of the finest quality and right-up-to-the-minute styles.

Boys' Suits

We have been fortunate in picking up a line of Boys' Suits much under manufacturer's costs. We are giving our customers the fullest advantage of this purchase by making

Extra Special Prices

During this Sale

which can not be repeated later. We offer:

Boys' Norfolk (2-Piece) Tweed Suits, sizes 1 to 7, only \$4.95 for all sizes.

Boys' Rugby (3-Piece) Tweed Suits, sizes 1 to 12, only \$5.95 for all sizes.

These prices represent very little more than the cost of making without figuring the materials.

If you are making up clothes for boys or men we offer:

Striped Cotton Tweeds at only 49c. yard.

Extra Heavy Striped Cotton Tweeds (1920 price \$1.20 yard) for only 65c. yard.

Navy Fine Checked Worsted Suiting, 54 inches wide (1920 price \$5.00 yard) for only \$2.00 yard.

Henry Blair.

Ellis Make Clothes

Have that REAL STYLE that MEN recognize at a glance. They are carefully TAILORED by FIRST CLASS workmen, from the BEST ALL WOOL British Fabrics, and the latest LONDON and NEW YORK STYLES.

All goods have been marked down to meet the drop in prices. Order your SPRING SUIT and OVERCOAT NOW.

CHARLES J. ELLIS, English and American Tailor, 302 WATER STREET.

Advertise in the "TELEGRAM"

Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.