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**At the Mouth of
the Treacherous Pit**
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER I.

Once more he panted, unable to speak. The Squire looked up at the beautiful, colorless face.

"What do you say, Dolores?" he asked.

"I do not know what to say, papa; I am bewildered," she answered.

"I have been too abrupt!" cried Lord Rhyworth. "Dolores, I wish I could pray to you; my prayers should be so eloquent that you could never refuse them. I will make you happy, and will live only for you. No younger man could give you the love, the care, the tenderness, the devotion that I shall lavish on you. Dolores, you will be truly happy with me. I am sure, if you will but risk the trial."

"You are very good," she answered. But he saw that her lips were pale, and that the words came with difficulty.

"I meant to be kind," he said, regretfully. "But I fear I have been cruel. I have been too abrupt. Dolores, you must think the matter over. I will take no answer yet—neither 'Yes' nor 'No.' Think over it, Squire, will you do the same? And then, after a few days, you will write to me, Dolores. I do not wish to press my suit unduly, my dear, but always remember that your words will bring me either life or death."

"Whatever happens, Lord Rhyworth," observed the Squire, "I shall never forget your goodness to me."

"Never forget my love for your daughter," was the reply. "Use your influence for me, Squire, and you shall be the happiest man in the world. Dolores, if your heart says one word in my favor, listen to it. I must go now; and when you have an answer for me perhaps you will write."

"Yes," she returned faintly, "I will."

He took her white, cold hand in his, raised it to his lips, and kissed it with passionate tenderness. Then he whispered a few words to the Squire and retired.

Father and daughter sat for some few minutes after his departure as though they were turned to stone. Then, drawing her to him gently, the old man said:

"What do you think of his lordship's proposal, Dolores? Is it a favor from Heaven?"

"I cannot tell," she replied.

"He is very good, very noble; and, oh, child, from my heart I dread poverty and the workhouse! He is generous and wealthy. He said I should be a rich man. What will you do, Dolores! Can you give me some idea, something to rest my heart upon something to think of and hope for?"

"I will consider the proposal, papa," she answered. "I cannot decide at once. I must have time."

"You would be mistress of Deeping Hurst—a place the like of which is not in England—Lady Rhyworth."

of Deeping Hurst, and I shall be a rich man. You love me—do you not, Dolores?" he asked, with almost childish eagerness.

She kissed his forehead tenderly.

"I love you so well," she replied, "that I would give my life for you, papa."

"And you will weigh his lordship's offer. I shall try to be satisfied with those words, Dolores. I feel better now. Get me a bottle of the Burgundy with the yellow seal—there is enough to last until I am a rich man, and you are Lady Rhyworth. Then I will go to sleep. My brain is tired; it aches with terrible misgivings. Sometimes, when I was a young man, I passed the aims-houses at Deeping. I should not like to live there, Dolores. You must not let the last of the Clifdens go there."

"I will think about what we had better do," she said; and, though his eyes followed her wistfully, she would say no more.

She brought him a pillow and lowered the blinds, making him comfortable as only such loving hands could, and then left him.

It was piteous to see how old and worn his face seemed to grow when he was left alone. He slept, and in his sleep he went back to the dreams of his youth, for he murmured continually the one name that seemed to be engraved upon his heart. "Dolores"; while his daughter went to her room, knowing that she held the issue of their lives in her hands. She had promised to think of Lord Rhyworth's proposal, to see what she could do; but her reasoning power seemed to have left her all at once, and she could not collect her thoughts.

(To be continued.)

**The Countess
of Landon.**

CHAPTER XL.

"Left 'em at the station," he said. Then he added in a graver tone, "I wanted to walk. Come along; we'll all go together."

But Irene lingered behind and sat for quite five minutes before the fire, looking into the glowing wood. He had come back at last—she had known his step. He had come back. Well, it was time for her to go; to-morrow she would leave the Towers to pay one of the many long-promised visits, and—and stay away a long, long time. It was a quiet but a very happy dinner. Royce did all the talking, the

two women scarcely taking their eyes off his bronzed face, the butler and footmen listening with all their ears, and, for the first time in the records of Monk Towers, passing the wrong things, and otherwise neglecting their duties.

After dinner they went into the servants' hall, and a cheer rose as the butler trotted to the table, and filling his glass, bid them all fill theirs.

"His lordship's health!" he cried, crimson in the face, and lifting his glass high.

A cheer rose—not the cheer that is bought with money and grudgingly rendered, but the spontaneous shout of affectionate welcome.

Royce looked round and pressed the countess's hand, for she was crying.

"I'm bad at speechifying," he said; "but I thank you all with all my heart. It's good to know that so many friends are glad to see me; and I can tell you that, if you've thought of me once or twice during the last two years, I've often thought of all of you. I've come back to stay with you."

"Thank God! Hurrah!" rose the hearty response.

"And I hope we shall still be friends as well as master and servants. Here's your health, one and all of you, big and small, short and tall. We'll have a dance some evening later on—oh, mother!"

He made Irene and the countess drink some of the wine, and shook hands with the butler and the coachman, and then took the two ladies away.

"Thank God, he's back!" exclaimed John, the coachman. "That sort's too good to be wasted in Africa. We want 'em at home—oh, friends!"

The excitement had tired the countess, and very soon Royce gave her his arm upstairs.

"I'll come in any say good-night presently, mother," he said at the door.

Then he went down-stairs, two steps at a time, and caught Irene as she was coming up.

"Going without saying 'good-night'?" he said in a low voice and with a rather grave smile.

"I—I was going to the countess," she said. "But I'll say good-night now, aff—and good-by."

"Good-by!" he echoed, his eyes fixed on her face.

"Yes," she said, hurriedly and with downcast eyes. "I—I have promised to go to the Balfarres, oh, ever so long ago; and—and I shall start to-morrow quite early."

"Wouldn't it do if I went back to Africa, Irene?" he said. She looked up at him.

"Yes, because you are running away from me," he said. "I know that."

He took her hand and drew her gently to the fire.

"Do you think I could stay if you went?" he said in a low voice that thrilled her. "Do you know why I decided to come back all in a minute? Shall I tell you? Because I could not keep away from you any longer, because the vision of your face that came to me every night grew at last into a torture of longing. Irene"—he stopped and looked at her; the fire-light cast a warmer glow on the lovely face, the long lashes swept her cheek, the beautiful lips were tremulous; the vision had changed to reality, and a great longing to take her in his arms welled up in his heart—"Irene, dearest, have you forgotten? Ah! she knew whether my heart would turn. Irene, I love you dearest. I have come back to ask you to be my wife."

See stood a moment, then she raised her eyes, and he took her in his arms.

As her head fell on his breast her cheeks rested on a white flower. She touched it as his lips met hers.

"Yes," she said, simply, as if answering her question, "I went there as I came home, and I found your flowers lying there. It was like a message from you, from her. I brought one away to remind you, lest you should have forgotten. For you are doubly mine, dearest, by your own gift, and—hers."

It was a solemn betrothal. The spirit of Madge seemed to be hovering over them and to consecrate their love, but there was no sadness in their joy, and no shadow of doubt, for as he took her hands there flashed upon him the memory of that day he had come from Cumberleigh Fair, and had held her hands as he held them now.

(To be continued.)

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**Radio Program Heard
In Tunnel Below River**

Huddled in a dripping tunnel, 90 feet below the surface of the Hudson River and 1,600 feet from an exit, a group of transit officials, electrical experts, and newspapermen recently tuned in on radio concerts broadcast from Westinghouse Station KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A., and a half dozen nearer stations.

The experiment was conducted at the farthest end of the uncompleted Jersey-Manhattan tube of the dual vehicular tunnel by technicians of the Radio Corporation of America, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the New York and New Jersey Bridge and Tunnel Commissions.

The radio programmes were heard distinctly, both by ear phone and loud speaker. The fact that the ether vibration carried into the tunnel, penetrating 90 feet of water, 60 feet of earth and several inches of steel, demonstrated, said those in charge of the experiment, that the radio could be used as a life line of communication by entombed miners or deep-sea divers.

This convinces us that the future will enable our divers and caisson workers, whose lives often are imperilled when the telephone lines, they communicate with, are swept away, to carry small portable radio transmitting and receiving sets which will make them independent of all other means of communication," said M. M. Frolich, secretary of the New York State Bridge and Tunnel



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Commission, who instituted the tests. G. Y. Allen, radio technician for the Westinghouse Company, predicted the experiments demonstrated the practicability of a miniature radio outfit that already had been designed for the protection of the miner.

"The telephone is now the deep mine worker's only means of communicating with those above ground," said Mr. Allen. "If there's an explosion or slide which cuts off his escape, the telephone lines usually are disabled also. The entombed miner is unable to tell his rescuers where he is, what has happened, what gas hazards there may be, what has been the fate of his companions, or to direct those burrowing to his aid.

"The radio should take most of the haphazard out of mine rescue work." The test—called the first successful underground reception of radio, was conducted with standard stock apparatus. The programmes heard were the regular afternoon concerts of broadcasting stations in Pittsburgh and New York.

The Pittsburgh music came clearly and with normal intensity over the headphones, but less distinctly from the loud speaker. The local concerts, however, came so loudly over the amplifier that they were heard 200 feet away.

**Giving Britain
"The Once Over"**

"WHEN AMERICA CALLS, 'Lobster palace'—swagger restaurant.

"Rubberneck wagon"—charabanc. "Tuxedo"—evening dress.

"Table Talker"—wireless loud speaker. People in this country who grow accustomed to these and other similar expressions when the American delegates begin to arrive for the International Advertising Convention, which is to be held in the Conference Halls of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, next July.

There will be about two thousand of them, and, to prevent any unnecessary misunderstanding, each visitor is being provided with a glossary of Anglo-American slang.

The idea originated with a half-facetious suggestion at a luncheon-party, that an American who was present chanced to overhear it. Within a few weeks the glossary had become an accepted fact all over the United States, and thousands of applications came pouring in to the Convention offices in London from intending visitors.

"This little guide," says the preface, "is not intended to be comprehensive, but perhaps slightly instructive to both English and Americans."

"An Englishman rarely says, 'Fancy that!' although he frequently reiterates 'Really,' punctuated by an occasional, 'quite.'"

"Don't tell an Englishman you will buy him a drink. Ask him if he would care to have one. In either case he will probably say 'Yes.' If you are addressing a Scotsman, don't trouble to think."

A glance at the glossary affords some idea of the conversational pitfalls that the American some to "give London the once-over" will have to face.

He may, for instance, find some little difficulty in convincing the British waiter that when he asks for a "high-ball," he really means a whisky and soda and one can picture the mild flutter of astonishment of the Englishman on being told to "shoot"—get on with what he has to say—or to hear the guests at his tea-party described as "lounge-lizards."

"Cop," "Candy," "gay," "cracker," are all already familiar terms over here, but there is trouble in store for the first daring individual who refers to an Englishman as a "jane."

Some of the bright gems of the collection are:—Rant—small-sized person. Pull down—earn. Handout—charitable gift. Derby—bowler hat. Hobo—tramp. Jeans—trousers. Smooth guy—plausible fellow.

Hotel life will present by far the greatest difficulties for the American guest. Maitre d'hotels are always referred to as "captains" in the States, a term that may at first be slightly resented over here. When an American wants pancakes he asks for "flap-jacks," and "crackers" for biscuits.

The first visitor to ask the "bell-hop" (page-boy to show him the "shoe-shine parlour" is likely, in his own words, to get the "frozen mitt."

**Roman Camp
Kitchen Found by
English Excavators**

London, May 17. (A.P.)—A camp house, where probably in olden times the unwelcome Roman legions once feasted, has been found among a group of newly discovered Roman remains at Folkestone, on the English Channel, where the first Romans are said to have landed. The remains consist of two buildings, in each of which are about seven hearths, which leads to the belief that they were used as the cook houses and dining halls of early Roman camps.

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**"I Had Bilious Attacks
and Stomach Weakness"**

Mr. Wm. Robinson, Yonker, N.Y., writes: "I suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and used to have bilious attacks so bad that I could do nothing for weeks at a time. My stomach would be so weak that not even a drink of water would stay on it. On my sister's advice, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they have made me feel like a new man."

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**DR. CHASE'S
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**
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been found, built in a wall which evidently surrounded the camp. Several burial urns and Roman glass have been dug up, all in perfect condition.

The excavations are being made under the supervision of experts from the British Museum, to which institution the relics will be given.

**American Guam
Menaced By Deadly
Coconut Tree Scale**

Agana, Guam, May 8. (A.P.)—United States marines, under the command of Captain William W. Allen, who is chief of police of this island, are leading parties of natives

in a concerted attack on a most pernicious enemy. The enemy is a spidertoothed destroyer, a scale insect pest, recently discovered to be destroying coconut palms, banana trees, alligator pear trees and three other kinds of trees. More than 8,000 trees were found infested in widely separated localities all over the island. The insects are so small that they barely are visible. They attack trees by sucking the sap, causing the foliage to turn a mottled yellow at first, and in the last stages to assume the appearance of having been scorched by fire.

The scale is one of the most destructive known. It recently wiped out the coconut industry of the island of Siapan, 120 miles from Guam.

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