

**GILLETT'S**  
100% PURE FLAKE  
**LYE**

This famous household cleaner and disinfectant is now made in *Crystal Flakes* instead of powder. It is the best household lye on the market. Use it for cleaning and disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, etc.; destroying vermin; softening water; making soap; cleaning floors, greasy pots and pans, etc.; removing paint, etc. Avoid inferior and dangerous substitutes. Get the genuine article in cans as reproduced below.



**An Indispensable Favorite**

**Wealth and Beauty at Stake!**

CHAPTER XXVII

So in this difficult she betinks her of Yolande. Her daughter-in-law has been very useful to her hitherto—she will no doubt continue to be useful; and therefore in the present instance she does admirably as a cat's paw—without her own knowledge or consent, which is a secondary matter—no obtain from the pious and ecclesiastic notice of poor Yolande Glyne, her kinsman's forsaken and heart-broken wife, and—as a matter of course—of poor Lady Nora, his forsaken and heart-broken mother. So she indites long letters to the countess, in which she speaks of Yolande as her "beloved and suffering child," and delicately hints that a little gracious friendliness on the part of the Glyne family "might be blessed in producing a happier state of mind in my worse than widowed daughter."

In spite of hypochondria and oddity, Lady Pentreath is known to be generous, kind-hearted, and religious. And Lady Nora, with her trick of religious phraseology, her assumption of maternal love and self-abnegation, appeals to all three qualities of Lady Pentreath's nature.

The small drawing-room of the house in Rutland Gardens is used by Lady Nora as her own especial room, and the heavy brown plush portieres between it and the larger room are always kept drawn, except for receptions. It is a nest of luxury in which Lady Nora, like a gorgeous little tropical bird, rests amid flowers and scents and radiant colors.

To-day it is additionally cumbered with rich and beautiful things, as Lady Nora's dress for a fancy ball is laying on the couch; and Lady Nora herself, in a pink cashmere tea-gown, mothered in lace, is discussing it with her daughter-in-law and two gentlemen visitors, Major Hutchinson and Mr. Wilnot Sarjent—Yolande's cousin. Lady Nora is going as a "Circassian

**The Secret of Good Health**

Assist Nature back to normal action

Take

**Beecham's Pills**

Sold everywhere in boxes

When Nature requires assistance, she will not be slow in conveying to you, an intimation of the fact. Decline of energy, inability to sleep well, headache, biliousness, constipation, a general sluggishness of mind and body and any sign of digestive "arrest" should impel you to seek the aid of a reliable medicine without delay. There is no better—no surer—no safer—than this proven remedy.

Slave," in a costume which makes Yolande hot to look at, consisting, as it apparently does, of a pale blue silk tunic embroidered in silver, which reaches from her ladyship's waist to her knees, and nothing else worth speaking of, except tulle spangled with silver, and necklaces.

Yolande's dress is very elegant, but simple and modest. She is to represent a "Spanish girl," in rich skirts of vivid scarlet silk, beneath black silk and voluminous black laces, a high comb and gannilla, and a cluster of pomegranate blossoms in her hair and at her bosom.

At this moment Lady Nora's maid, Moodle—a much more cheerful person than in the days of uncertain wages—appears in the doorway, with a deferential murmur to her mistress and an extremely uncertain and nervous expression.

"The Countess of Pentreath and Mademoiselle Gantier, my lady," Moodle repeats, loudly enough for every one to hear.

"Good heavens!" Lady Nora mutters, palting visibly under her rouge, and casting a distracted glance around the room at the fancy dresses and her visitors, all forming such a tableau as she would not for any consideration that Lady Pentreath should see. But Lady Pentreath does see it all, even to the details, for mademoiselle, in the other room, into which the countess and she have been ushered, hearing Yolande's voice in laughter, darts over to the portiere.

"I hear dear Mrs. Glyne's voice!" she exclaims, and pulls the curtains apart with playful precipitancy.

"I wish to see Mrs. Dallas Glyne if Lady Nora is too much engaged to see me," Lady Pentreath says, curtly; and, as she is standing haughtily in the middle of the room, displeasidly wondering what Lady Nora really meant by those letters of hers, mademoiselle's malicious fingers let in the revealing light figuratively and actually on Lady Nora and her surroundings in the perfumed gloom of her luxurious apartment.

One swift glance of her keen eyes at the men visitors, the fancy dresses, the flowers, the French novels, and then mademoiselle is dropping the curtain with a murmured "Mille pardons!" when Lady Nora indignantly snatches back the drapery, and comes forward to greet Lady Pentreath with most tender effusiveness.

"My dearest Lady Pentreath," she says, clasping her hands and kissing her relative, "this is an unexpected pleasure surely to see you in town!" "I fear I have intruded on you," Lady Pentreath responds, frigidly, going over with eyes of cold displeasure the brilliant little tableau in the background. "I think you have met my friend, Mademoiselle Gantier, Lady Nora."

"I have had the pleasure," Lady Nora murmurs, red with rage, but taking her cue from "my friend Mademoiselle Gantier," as she touches Miss Bella's hand with her finger-tips. "I am glad to see you looking so well, Mrs. Glyne," Lady Pentreath says, coldly shaking hands. "I fancied from your letters, Lady Nora, that your daughter-in-law was in better health," she adds, almost sternly turning on her.

"I never said so, I think," Lady Nora says, sweetly, seeing that nothing but placidity will save her in this emergency. "I could certainly wish that dear Yolande was much stronger and brighter than she is. We were discussing costumes for a fancy ball," she adds, boldly, knowing that nothing can save her from an explanation, since Lady Pentreath is standing within the portiere, and, with her eyeglasses up, is surveying the room with a cold scrutiny from which nothing

escapes, and mademoiselle is shaking hands warmly with Major Hutchinson and Mr. Sarjent. By this maneuver she prevents their taking their leave, as Lady Nora has hoped they would; and, as the countess is looking at them, Lady Nora has no resource but to introduce them.

The next moment mademoiselle, with demotic glee, is rapturously admiring the "Circassian Slave" dress, and expatiating on all its enormities of abridged skirts, spangled tulle trousers, little fly-away armless vest, turban, and ropes of pearls, while Lady Nora is alternately red and white with vexation. Yolande is hot with discomfort and regret, and the two men are in tortures of suppressed mirth at the amusements and disgust visible in Lady Pentreath's face, who is well known to be of Evangelical views and extremely rigorous and strait-laced in her opinions.

"You absolutely intend wearing that thing, Lady Nora," she asks, pointing a finger of righteous indignation at the spangled trousers—"intending going to a ball and dancing in it?"

**No Corns**



The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

**Blue-jay**

ing escapes, and mademoiselle is shaking hands warmly with Major Hutchinson and Mr. Sarjent. By this maneuver she prevents their taking their leave, as Lady Nora has hoped they would; and, as the countess is looking at them, Lady Nora has no resource but to introduce them.

The next moment mademoiselle, with demotic glee, is rapturously admiring the "Circassian Slave" dress, and expatiating on all its enormities of abridged skirts, spangled tulle trousers, little fly-away armless vest, turban, and ropes of pearls, while Lady Nora is alternately red and white with vexation. Yolande is hot with discomfort and regret, and the two men are in tortures of suppressed mirth at the amusements and disgust visible in Lady Pentreath's face, who is well known to be of Evangelical views and extremely rigorous and strait-laced in her opinions.

"You absolutely intend wearing that thing, Lady Nora," she asks, pointing a finger of righteous indignation at the spangled trousers—"intending going to a ball and dancing in it?" "I can easily get another costume," Lady Nora murmurs; "and it shall be as Yolande wishes," she adds, sweetly, glancing entreatingly at her son's wife. "I have very little inclination for anything of the kind; but Yolande has never even seen a fancy dress ball, so it is she who shall decide whether we go or not."

And Yolande quietly accepts the sense of the decision, though Lady Nora has forced her to accept her invitation a week since.

"I should like to go," she says, carelessly, "as I am anxious to know if I shall not quite disgrace myself as 'A Spanish Girl.' I know I shall only look 'propriety, prunes, and prism, and break down altogether in fan titration."

Lady Pentreath's long, gaunt, pallid face is turned to Yolande with the severest expression it has worn yet. "I am sorry to hear you speak like that," she says, sharply, then adds, in a lower tone, "Will you come and spend to-morrow evening with me? I have something to tell you."

"About Dallas?" "The words are spoken scarcely above a whisper; but Lady Pentreath sees that they are uttered with a grasp of passionate eagerness. And then Yolande recoils herself, blushing violently, and resumes her mask of indifference.

"I should be very pleased to come, Lady Pentreath," she adds, glancing uneasily at Lady Nora, who, she sees, is watching her with a jealous sparkle in her eyes; "but there is the fancy dress ball to-morrow night, you see."

"In spite of that important event," Lady Pentreath asks, coldly, rising to take her leave, "could you not come and dine with me at six?" "Certainly, dearest," Lady Nora replies, gliding up softly. "If you are dining with Lady Pentreath, I can send the carriage for you at half-past eight, just to give you time to dress."

Mademoiselle is watching Lady Nora closely all the time she speaks, and her eyes glitter knowingly.

"I am going to utter a prophecy, my lady," she says to the countess as they drive homeward. "You will get an apology from Mrs. Dallas Glyne to-morrow. Lady Nora does not wish her to visit you by herself, and she is quiet under her control."

"Do you think so, Isabelle?" the countess asks, appealingly, of her clever companion. "But I want to see her, poor, foolish girl! She is completely under the control of that worldly woman, Lady Nora, as you say, Isabelle. What shall I do?"

(To be continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, AND SORE THROAT.

**Live Fish Was Eagerly Bought in.**

Experiment of Ontario Man Meets With Success.

(Canadian Fisherman.)

In our last issue we spoke of the initiative of an Ontario man in getting live fish into the New York market. The firm to whom the experimental shipment was forwarded, speaks of the occasion as follows:

"Transporting live fish by rail is not entirely new. The bureau of fisheries (Wash.) have shipped live fish in tanks from the hatcheries to various points for planting purposes, and many have been shipped alive to the wholesale market, but it remained for Gottlieb Friedrichs of Little Current, Ont., to ship to New York 6,000 pounds of live lake trout, mullet, sturgeon, pickerel and pike. The fish were put in four large wooden tanks each seven feet square and five feet deep, which were placed in an ordinary box car. A small oil engine was used to keep the water in the tanks in constant circulation, while on the trip to New York. The arrival, the tanks containing the fish, were delivered to Fulton Market and transferred to a large concrete pool which had been built for this purpose. This pool is supplied with a constant flow of water, so that the fish might feel perfectly at home. Considering the long distance from the point of shipment, casualties were very slight, amounting to but 15 per cent. As this was more or less an experiment, much information was gathered during the trip which will be invaluable for future shipments.

"There has been a great demand for live fish in New York city, for many years, but on account of the delicate nature of most fresh water fishes, it has been a very difficult matter to transport any, but the most hardy species, with any degree of success. With the wholesale shipment of several popular varieties of live fish, it will be possible for hotels and restaurants to stock their aquariums, permitting their patrons to select the particular fish they desire, insuring them perfectly fresh fish.

"That the venture was a success is attested by the fact that within a comparatively short time after the fish arrived, buyers from all sections of the city visited the market, making purchases which soon left the pool empty of fish. Since this initial shipment was successful in meeting a demand that has existed for years, the possibilities of a live fish market are very manifest."

**Life of Dreams.**

Amazing Career of a Rich Recluse—Fortune to the Poor.

A remarkable personality is revealed by details of the life of Mr. Richard Charles Jackson, the 70-year-old recluse who died recently with only 6s 3d in his pocket and 5s standing to his credit at the bank, though his house in Camberwell, London, was filled with treasures, which were sold for nearly £12,000.

The two Rubens pictures which Mr. Jackson bequeathed to the nation have been accepted by the National Gallery, and are now on view in the Flemish Room. "They are Rubens without a doubt," an official of the

National Gallery said, "and we are very glad to have them."

Mr. Jackson was believed to be the original of Walter Pater's romance, "Marius the Epicurean." He used to be known in the literary world. He published many books, and was deeply religious. His collection of books included a copy of Homer, published in Venice in 1636, with more than 100 wood-cuts. Some 24 years ago he presented to the Southwark Library in Walworth Road, S.E., a complete Dante Library. He was once wealthy and it is recorded that he spent a fortune in giving to the poor.

Nightly during the winter "Count D'Orsay's Double," as he was called, might be seen in shabby attire on the Embankment seeking out the homeless and providing them with food and shelter.

Mr. William Shepperley, of 83 Clapton Common, London, writing to an old friend of Mr. Jackson says: "He was an eccentric who lived in a world of dreams, but knew the value of his treasures. He had a delusion that he was a bishop of a Greek church in England. When I called to see him once he opened the door in gorgeous sacerdotal robes. I had interrupted a solemn high mass, celebrated and served by himself on a beautiful mediaeval altar. His service ended, he led me to luncheon on biscuits served on exquisite Sevres china.

That at times he starved amid all his artistic wealth is certain. Every pound he received he would expend in bric-a-brac, or a rare edition. He had no servant, no companion in the loneliness of his big house. A few friends sent him dainties, but his life was otherwise cheerless."

Reichsbank Aided in Looting Nation.

Dusseldorf, Aug. 29. (Star-Tribune Special Cable, Copyright)—Speculators in the occupied territory are worrying about whether the expected resignation of Rudolph Havenstein, head of the Reichsbank, will mean a change of policy by that institution which for months has been the medium through which tens of thousands of Germans ranging in wealth from pikars to plutocrats systematically looted the government.



**Mrs. Coates tells one of her cooking secrets**

"Few housewives know what a difference the milk they use can make in cooking," writes Harriet Ellsworth Coates, practical cook and widely known authority on cooking questions. "Considering the long distance from the point of shipment, casualties were very slight, amounting to but 15 per cent. As this was more or less an experiment, much information was gathered during the trip which will be invaluable for future shipments."

Libby's Milk is not, of course, ordinary canned milk. Nor is it milk from ordinary cows. **Cow's milk made double rich** There are, as you know, certain sections of this country famed above all else for the perfection of their dairy products. It is not simply because nature has provided these sections with ideal pasture lands, shady slopes and well-watered meadows where grass grows in abundance for the cows. But the men there are dairymen. That is their business. They know the kind of cows that give the richest milk and they constantly compete among themselves to see who can raise the finest herds. By placing our plants in these favored sections we get for Libby's Milk the finest milk in the land. And we make it double rich simply

by evaporating more than half the moisture from it. Nothing is added to it; none of its food values taken away. We seal it and sterilize it in air-tight cans, for only thus can we bring it safely to you who live, perhaps, many hundreds of miles away. **You, too, will notice the difference** Get a can of this richer milk from your grocer today. Try it in one of your favorite recipes in place of ordinary milk. See what wholly new richness it gives to your cooking. And what delicious flavor. **Write for free recipe folder** Upon request we'll gladly send you a copy of a new recipe folder which shows how good cooks are making richer dishes—and saving money—with Libby's Milk. **Libby, McNeill & Libby** 228 Duckworth Street, St. John's, N. F.

**Libby's MILK**  
The milk that good cooks use

**THREE E.E.E. FOOTWEAR**  
EASE ELEGANCE ECONOMY

Very smartly styled, built to endure and "keep its figure" as long as there's any of it left. Three E.E.E.'s Footwear is the first and last choice of ladies who fully appreciate fine quality plus comfort.

Fall styles now ready.

**Made by**  
**Arohbald Bros.**  
**Harbor Grace**

Loans became due and borrowers often found 20 per cent of the foreign currency they had bought thirty days before was sufficient to pay the principal and interest. This gave them a profit of \$20 on \$100. Sometimes the percentage exceeded even this. Comparatively few Germans with means realized this literally golden opportunity and with the inflation their deals helped foster they romped

in paper money much like small boys in pits of autumn leaves. When the shortage of money appeared they prayed for more presses, bitterly criticizing the government for not forestalling the demand for marks. Now the Socialists are all demanding that the Reichsbank be closed to such transactions while there is anything left to the Reichsbank.

To make a delicious Sally Lunn treat, dissolve one cake of yeast and one tablespoonful of sugar in two cupfuls of lukewarm milk, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two cupfuls of sifted flour, two eggs and one teaspoonful of salt. Beat until smooth, pour into greased pans, cover, let rise, sprinkle with little sugar and bake.

**Flies Bother You?**

Now is the time to get after the flies. You can't stop them from getting in the house even with screens, but you can either catch or get rid of them very easily after they get inside by the use of either of the following articles:

Tanglefoot, 3 double sheets . . . . .10c.  
Fly Coils, 3 for . . . . .10c.  
Keating's Insect Powder, small size . . . . .10c.  
Keating's Insect Powder, medium size . . . . .15c.  
Keating's Insect Powder, large size . . . . .25c.  
Sabadilla Powder . . . . .15c.  
Jeyes Fluid (small size). Price 30c per bottle.

For prevention of Mosquito bites use our Mosquito Oil it does its work.  
Price 20c. per bottle.

**STAFFORD'S**  
Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill.  
July 29, 12