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GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

There were mourning and lamentation in the old Hall of Lynnewolde when the tragic fate of its young mistress was known. Mrs. Lynne grieved over the sad ending of the young life that had promised so fairly and so well.

It was at Alexandria that Lord Lynne became so dangerously ill that his life was despaired of. Then Sir Allan, like a true friend, went to the rescue, and nursed him through the long and tedious malady, and at his urgent request went with him to the East. But it was not without some sacrifice that Sir Allan Leigh did this. He had hoped when the year of mourning expired, to make Agatha his wife; but she asked him to wait. She did not regain her spirits; the secret she kept weighed her down.

After the funeral, Agatha and Lady Florence came home. Evelyn returned to the Chase, and life went on slowly and sadly until Sir Allan was summoned to Alexandria. Then they had the fever of suspense to pass through. Letters were looked for with a sickening anxiety, until the news came that the beloved son and brother was recovering. He could not return home, he said; he should go on to the East, and Sir Allan would go with him. When he had learned to forget, he would return to Lynnewolde.

Three years of his absence were dull ones to the ladies at the Hall. Lady Florence had, by Lord Lynne's advice, consented to receive a small income from the Wyverne estate. Mrs. Lynne had grown warmly attached to her, and would never hear of her leaving Lynnewolde. She was sister and companion to Agatha, and filled the place of the beloved one they had lost.

People wondered why Agatha Lynne did not recover her health and spirits. It must have been a dreadful shock, they said, for she had never been the same since. And she never was quite the same. She could not forget; the sad life and death of that beautiful

brilliant sister were ever before her; the words of that last letter seemed ever in her mind. If she could have shared her secret with Allan, it would have weighed less heavily upon her; but that she could not do. She never betrayed her trust, although for many years it clouded and shadowed her life. The faintest shadow of doubt was never thrown upon the fair name of Ines, Lady Lynne.

The first happy event that dawned was the marriage of Evelyn Leigh. Somewhat to the amusement and surprise of Agatha, her friend made, during a visit to London, the conquest of her old admirer, the Marquis of Hortington. It was Evelyn's great likeness to Agatha which first attracted him, for he had never forgotten the sweet and gentle girl he had first loved. Evelyn Leigh went to London to spend some months with her aunt, Lady Meerton. Here the young lord saw and learned to love her. No one was much more surprised than Miss Leigh herself.

Sir Allan could not return for the wedding. He could not leave his friend. Letters and presents came from the East, and he promised, that as soon as Lord Lynne recovered, they would return to Lynnewolde. So Evelyn Leigh was married from her aunt's house, and Lady Florence took Agatha's place as chief bridesmaid.

Lord and Lady Hortington were very happy. He thought no one in the wide world was so beautiful or so clever as his gay, pretty little wife; and she, with her good, clear sense, and quick, bright intellect, helped him to fill his responsible position with great credit. There are not many happier people in the world than Evelyn and her husband.

Once, after her return to England, Agatha heard of the Cadwells. Julia married, and married, every one said, "remarkably well." They sent cards to Florence and Agatha, who replied by a kind letter of congratulation. They have seen nothing of them since. Maria remained an old maid. She still speaks of the great glory of her life—the time "Lady Florence visited them at Rome," and her friends listen in wonder, and awe.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"It hardly seems four years, auntie," said Agatha to Mrs. Lynne, one morning as they walked along the smooth green lawn of Lynnewolde. "How much older and wiser we are that when we left here for London on that bright spring morning! I never thought so much sorrow lay before us."

"Four years is a long time when one is young," replied Mrs. Lynne; "even to me, each year has seemed an age. I have longed so earnestly to see my son again."

"Will he be much altered, do you think?" asked Agatha; "and, oh, auntie, will he have forgotten her?"

"No," said Mrs. Lynne; "my boy

Corns

Just Say Blue-jay

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 this plaster. The action is the same.

At your druggist

will never forget her; but he is young and naturally light-hearted. I have great hopes for him. I trust yet to see him settled at Lynnewolde, a happy husband, with children growing around him, for he has suffered enough."

"But not as bitterly as I have done," thought the young girl to herself.

"They will be here this evening," continued Mrs. Lynne, "and we must give them a grand reception."

When evening came, and a tall bronzed man, with saddened eyes, stood before her once again, Mrs. Lynne without seeing that he had suffered acutely; but "four years is a long time when one is young," and the anguish of his pain was ever now. He would never forget the beautiful girl who had loved him so passionately but life had still many blessings in store for him.

Warm was the welcome given to the wanderer. Friends vied with each other in kind attentions. The first visitors who came to Lynnewolde were Lord and Lady Hortington.

"And now, Allan," said Evelyn to her brother, "when do you intend following my bright example? You have finished prosing with Lord Lynne, I hope. Agatha is very patient; if you had been loved instead of her, you should have stayed in the East."

"Evelyn, be reasonable," remonstrated her brother. "If I had come sooner, Agatha would not have married me. You do not know the effect her sister's death had upon her."

"It was very dreadful," replied Evelyn; "but then one cannot live always under an eclipse. The sun must shine after darkness. Do not let her put you off again, Allan. I have no patience with such delays."

Allan acted upon his sister's advice. He would listen to no excuses. Agatha said she could not leave Mrs. Lynne; but he declared Lady Florence would take her place admirably.

"The fact is, Agatha," he said, "I have waited all my life for you, and to me, each year has seemed an age. I have longed so earnestly to see my son again."

"Will he be much altered, do you think?" asked Agatha; "and, oh, auntie, will he have forgotten her?"

"No," said Mrs. Lynne; "my boy

Old time seemed to have come back to Lynnewolde. When Agatha married Allan Leigh she laid aside her sadness,—she would not grieve him. Lady Florence was bright and animated. Lord Lynne looked happy once more. Yet, on this wedding-day, in the midst of happiness and festivity, they thought of the brilliant, beautiful lady who had once been queen of the old Hall.

Agatha went home with her husband to the Chase; and there is no happier wife in the world than Lady Leigh. Her husband idolizes her. He calls her his pearl, his treasure beyond price; and if he sees at times a look of sadness stealing over her face he charms it away.

In the old picture-gallery at Dymowolde there hangs a portrait that, when the family are away, visitors flock to see. It is of a beautiful lady with a lovely Southern face and dark almond eyes—a smile half parts the rich red lips, and masses of black waving hair bow over the white shoulders.

"And that," says the visitor, "is Lady Ines Lynne, the lady who died in Rome."

"Yes," replies the housekeeper; "and this is my lord's second wife, Lady Florence Lynne."

Then she turns to the portrait of a golden-haired English lady, whose exquisite face and violet eyes tell of happiness and love.

Ten years afterward, Lady Leigh

watched a scene from the laws at Lynnewolde that charmed her. It was a beautiful evening in June; the soft breeze was filled with the perfume of roses and lilacs. Lord Lynne sat under the shade of the great chestnut, with Lady Florence by his side. Mrs. Lynne, now a silver-haired, feeble woman, sat near them, and a group of children were playing upon the lawn with a large dog, their especial pride and pet. A fine handsome boy, the heir of Lynnewolde, was trying to make his little sister sit upon the dog; but the child resisted.

"Then you come, Maud," he cried, turning to a lovely little girl near him. "You try. Inez is a coward."

"Hush, Allan!" cried his father. "Come here, my darling," he said to the little one;—she had dark, mournful eyes, and hair black as the raven's wing. "Come here—and stay with me. Mind, Allan," he said, "remember what I have so often told you; you must always be kind to Inez."

He took her in his arms and kissed her, because she bore his dead wife's name. He had not forgotten that grave in the far-off land, although he had made his true choice at last.

[THE END.]

See To-morrow's Telegram for the opening chapter of our new serial, entitled, "An Indispensible Favorite; or, Wealth and Beauty at Stake."

Cuticura Heals Face Disfigured With Itchy Eczema

"Eczema broke out in watery pimples on my face and head, and later my cheeks and head became so bad that they were covered with large scales. The itching and burning were so severe that I could not sleep at night. My face was badly disfigured. My hair became dry and lifeless and fell out so that I had to have it cut off close to my scalp."

"A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some, and after using two boxes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Elmer King, Box 278, Jackson St., Oxford, Nova Scotia.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your daily toilet preparations. Beware of cheap imitations. Cuticura Soap shaves without cutting.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

A LIFE.

Count not my years in treasures stored away; Let not my life be reckoned loss or gain. By the cold coins which thieves and cheats attain. Or barbarous jewels to adorn the clay Which holds the soul until the judgment day. When all earth's gay apparel shall be vain. But count the smiles I brought to beds of pain. And find my fame in what my neighbors say.

What was I worth in times of doubt and care? What was I worth to him who had no friend? Did he rejoice to find me passing there? So search my life when it has reached the end. This be my glory, told from year to year. What was I worth to those who knew me here?

WOMAN'S HEALTH RESTORED

She Claims Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did It After Everything Else Failed

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.—"I feel that I ought to let you know about my case. I was ailing and could hardly do my housework and washing I was so run-down, just from having a child. I took a lot of medicines and had doctors. Then I gave up all up and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I feel wonderfully good now. I do everything that comes along, and we all take your medicine as long as we don't feel just so. I am thankful for what the Vegetable Compound has done for my health and for my family."—Mrs. MARY SAUNDERS, 844 2nd Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Letters like these testify to the value of the Vegetable Compound. These women speak from the fullness of their hearts. They describe as correctly as they can their conditions. First, those symptoms that affected them most conspicuously; and later, the disappearance of those symptoms. They are sincere expressions of gratitude. For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so prized by women.

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Three Flowers Toilet Specialties

Three Flowers Perfume is the result of long and careful search for an odor not only distinctive but appealing to the most delicate and discriminating taste, giving at different stages the impression of three sweet and refreshing flowers.



To gratify the prevailing feminine desire for individuality in perfume, a complete line of Toilet Specialties possessing the Three Flowers odor has been produced. The lingering exquisite charm of this delightful scent has, from the first, made these RICHARD HUDNUT Beauty Aids the popular choice of fastidious women the country over. Women take



pride, also, in displaying the attractive Three Flowers boxes, frosted bottles and crystalline containers on their dainty dressing tables.

Are you preparing to enter the Testimonial Contest for Three Flowers Talcum? Twenty Dollars in Gold given away. Write for particulars.

GERALD S. DOYLE

317 Water Street : : St. John's
June 25, m.w.f.12

Fashions and Fads.

Tiny net frills trim a flounced frock of moire. Coat and cape lines are apt to be combined in the Summer wrap. Coekades of grosgrain ribbon trim smart sports hats of felt. Bright-colored knitted capes are used a great deal for beach wear. Flowered paper parasols are both

smart and practical for the beach. A colored bag may serve as a clever relief to the all-white costume. Delightful designs in black satin applique are used on a white frock. A jacket of white suede embroidered in scarlet is worn with a scarlet skirt. Pleater ribbon trims a young girl's dancing frock of Nile green taffeta. A light tweed suit with wide cape

When you are "waiting around again" or at functions where full dress is usually worn, don't you feel out of place with a jacket on? Now is the time to leave your order for Full Dress or Tuxedo. Our prices for these Suits are remarkably reasonable. For special parades, or social calls, we can give you something within your means in a Prince Albert, or Morning Coat. We specialize in these garments.

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HENRY BLAIR

sections is bound in darker grosgrain ribbon. Smartness in a travelling costume is generally achieved by severe simplicity. A travelling suit in navy blue alpaca is bound with soutache in several colors. For restaurant and theater wear the frilly wrap of chiffon, lace and fur is ideal. A blouse of creamy eyelet embroidery is worn with a suit of blue Kasha cloth. Embroidery in vividly colored silks is used on costumes of white cloth or silk. A foulard coat dress lined with duvety is ideal for travel in a changeable climate. Binding in deeper rose are used on a young girl's dinner frock of pale rose crepe de chine. Long streamers, tying in both front and back form a novel V neckline on a crepe frock. A sleeveless bathing suit of black velvet has a monogram embroidered in white on the front. The white polo coat is cut on severely mannish lines is a wise choice for the sportswoman.

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