

### Beauty Hint for Women

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### Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XXIX

"Certainly, my lady," replied the willing maid. "I am so sorry your face is bad again. I would have been up hours ago, if I had known."

When Stephanie brought the little phial, she looked in alarm at her lady's pale face.

"The pain must have been very bad," she said; "what can I do?"

"Nothing now," replied Inez.

When the maid disappeared, Inez carefully dropped a small portion of the liquid into a spoon and drank it. After that she slept, the heavy, unrefreshing sleep that results from opiate.

Lady Lynne and Agatha were full of commiseration the next morning; Stephanie had told them how her lady had suffered so much from her old complaint, neuralgia in the face, that she had been obliged to procure opium to rub it with.

"I thought something was wrong last evening," said Philip. "You were so quiet, but Inez, my darling, be careful of that opium; a small quantity mayadden the pain; but mind you do not take too much."

The afternoon brought Count Rinaldo to the Palazzo Giordani. Lady Lynne spoke much of the Leighs, and of the pleasure they should feel in being all together once more.

"I should not wonder," he said, "if they arrived this very day."

An uneasy expression came over the count's face.

"Do you expect your friends today?" he said, turning to Inez.

"They will probably reach here," she replied, understanding fully all that was comprised in the question.

Lord Lynne was not deceived in his expectations; for just as they had finished dinner, the door opened and Sir Allan Leigh and Miss Leigh were announced.

Evelyn had quite recovered her bloom; her smile was as bright as ever; all traces of her long illness had vanished. Sir Allan had altered wonderfully. He was now a tall, handsome man, with a bronzed face and dark mustache. There was one thing in which it was quite evident he had not changed,—that was his deep and lasting love for Agatha Lynne. Tall and strong as he was, poor Sir Allan trembled like an aspen leaf when her little hand lay for a moment in his grasp and her sweet, true eyes smiled upon him again.

And Miss Agatha Lynne, who had felt uncomfortable when Lord Rington had paid open attentions to her,—who shunned the handsome, courteous Count Montalt,—looked very shy and conscious, as the honest,

manly young baronet lingered near her, and seemed to forget that any one else existed. Evelyn and Lady Florence were very happy,—both had the same love and keen appreciation of humor; and Lord Lynne's face positively beamed with happiness when he heard the ripple of silvery laughter that sounded through the room. In the course of the evening Count Rinaldo appeared, and was cordially welcomed by the hospitable nobleman, who really liked a house full of visitors.

"I was passing by," said the Italian, "and thought I should like to know if your friends had arrived."

He was introduced to Sir Allan and Evelyn, and watched, with scrutinizing eyes, the devotion paid by the young baronet to Agatha.

Coffee having been handed around, the long windows that opened on to the balcony were opened. It was one of the prettiest in Rome; graceful flowers were entwined in the iron-work, making quite an ornamental bowyer of it, and there was a view of unrivaled magnificence in it, that Inez had spent hours in admiring.

It was with great, though silent amusement, that Lord Lynne saw Sir Allan, with seeming indifference, gradually persuade Agatha to come out upon the balcony to him.

"There is no chance for Lord Rington," he said to himself. "Allan has been the favorite all along."

Some one else watched this proceeding with a dark face and angry glance.

"You have known these—your friends—some time," said the Italian to Lord Lynne.

"Ever since we were children," he replied, with a smile.

When quite sure of not being overheard, Count Rinaldo drew near Lady Lynne. He held a small engraving in his hand, and under pretense of asking her opinion about it, he bent over her.

"What progress are you making in my case?" he asked.

"None," she replied, briefly.

"Answer me truly," he continued.

"Have you spoken to your sister as I wished you?"

"Not one word," she said, raising her clear eyes unflinchingly to his face.

"Count," said Lord Lynne, "will you give us your opinion? Is not this engraving copied from Giorgione?"

He muttered something that sounded like an execration, and leaving Inez, went to her husband.

CHAPTER XXXI

"How strange it seems," said Sir Allan to Agatha, "for us all to meet here in Rome! But how altered your sister looks! She must have been very ill."

"She has," replied Agatha; "but Rome suits her; she is much better and stronger now."

"Do you know what brought me to Rome, Agatha?" he continued.

"No," said she, looking up into his face; but she saw something there that caused a vivid crimson to flush her own, while her sweet eyes drooped shyly before the ardent gaze that seemed to read her very thoughts.

It all came out very,—the long-treasured secret of his love; and his story was so well, and so eloquently told, and bore in every word the impress of such truth and nobility, that no girl could have listened to it unmoved.

"You are as far above me, Agatha, as that blue sky," said Sir Allan; "but if you will try to love me, my whole life shall repay you. Do not keep me in suspense, beloved; tell me, will you try to love me?"

He could hardly hear the faintly

whispered answer. It was favorable to him, he knew, by the droop of the golden head and the flutter of the little hand in his own.

"Miss Lynne, are you not afraid of the night dew?" said a voice which made Agatha start and look guilty.

Turning round, she saw Count Rinaldo, with a strange expression on his face and a light like flame in his eyes.

"There is a splendid view from this balcony," he continued, carelessly turning to Sir Allan, who heartily wished him at the antipodes,—while Agatha made her escape and re-entered the room.

The half-suspicious smile she saw upon Lord Lynne's lips, sent her, with a burning face, to her sister's side.

Count Rinaldo was the first to take his leave; as he did so, he silently placed a small folded piece of paper in Lady Lynne's hand. Then Sir Allan and Evelyn rose to go.

"Philip," said the young baronet, in a low voice, "you are Miss Lynne's guardian. What time can I see you to-morrow?"

"About three," replied Lord Lynne;—"and Allan, dear old fellow, I understand it. I wish you all the happiness in the world, and I believe you will have it."

When the visitors had departed Lord Lynne went to Inez.

"Are you tired?" he asked, kindly.

"I am afraid all this talking and laughing has been too much for you. It is like old times to see Allan and Evelyn once more. Do you remember the charades and the tableaux, Inez? If Bertie Bohun were here we might have them all over again."

Did she remember them? A pang, sharp and bitter as death, shot through her heart. Was not every hour of that happy time burned in upon her memory? Had she dreamed then, in the hour of her beauty and triumph, of the fate that awaited her!

"Come here, little sister," said Lord Lynne to Agatha. "I wonder what took place in that very romantic-looking balcony. I wonder what Allan is coming to say to me to-morrow."

"Do not tease her, Philip," said Lady Lynne, as she saw her sister's face grow crimson.

"I will not tease her, my dear," replied Lord Lynne. "I will only say one word,—I think she showed good taste when she returned the white hyacinth to me."

"Returned it to you?" cried Agatha, with a wondering face. "Why?"

But the words were arrested upon her lips. Inez had fallen back with a cry that rang through the room.

"That is my fault," said Lord Lynne, raising her tenderly. "I invite people here, and forget how necessary quiet and repose are for her."

Inez had not fainted; it was rather as though some sudden blow had struck her.

"Philip," she said, in a low, faint voice, "what trouble I give you! But you love me, my husband, do you not?"

"Of course I do, darling," he replied; "and I ought to be more careful of you."

"Tell me just once again that you love me," she said, gently.

He bent over her, and smiled into the beautiful pale face, while he whispered that he loved her better than his life.

Lady Lynne would not go to her room until Agatha and Lady Florence had gone to theirs. Then, when she was sure her sister and her husband would not meet again that evening, she went upstairs to her own chamber, a handsome apartment, with some traces of the old Roman luxury in it,—large mirrors, rare statues and pictures, silken hangings, and thick soft carpets; were all there; but Lady Lynne noted nothing of the magnificence that surrounded her. Stephanie awaited her mistress, a blue silk dressing-gown thrown over her arm.

(To be continued.)



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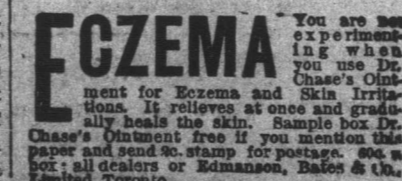
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### Eat More Fish.

Illustrating the importance of Canada's fisheries as a source of food supply, Mr. Arthur Bouillier, president of the National Fish Company, says: "It takes an acre of land to support two sheep or one ox. On the other hand one acre on the fishing banks will often yield ten times this amount of food." He says further as to the necessity for a larger consumption of fish if we are to properly utilize this great natural resource, and to furnish employment to our large and needy fishing population: "There are 400,000 people in Canada directly dependent upon the fisheries, and yet our annual per capita of fish consumption is only 21 lbs. Great Britain, on the other hand, consumes an average of 26 lbs., almost three times as much as we do. Could we raise our consumption to that amount we would at the same time lower immensely our cost of living and increase the amount of employment throughout the Dominion. There is no question about the supply, it is exhausted. On her west and east coasts, Canada tanks two of the three great world fisheries. Down from the Arctic every year flows a

great glacial current carrying with it a detritus that is depositing on the banks. The St. Lawrence river and the Gulf Stream assist in the fertilizing process, which annually renews the fertility of the ocean floor. And as for catching the fish, two large modern trawlers, such as Venosta and Lemberg, both equipped with wireless, can catch in one day, more fish than the maritime provinces consume in a week. Additions to this trawler fleet would mean additions in the number of men employed and the amount of good food enjoyed. The only problem then, since the problem of supply has been so well settled, is to build up the demand. I have personally eaten a pound of fish a day on the average for years past, because I have learned to like fish. I learned because I was enticed with good cooking, and in this, my experience confirms that of the people in Europe."

—North Sydney Herald.



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### Dramas of the Derby.

In addition to the excitement of "spotting the winner," this famous race frequently provides the spectator with "drama" complete with which the most melodramatic film or play fades into insignificance.

The Derby, which was first run in 1780, has often turned out to be a dramatic and sensational affair.

For example, in 1823 the betting was 4 to 2 against Mr. Petre's The Colonel, and 4 to 1 against the Duke of Rutland's Cadland.

After a terrific struggle these two horses ran a dead heat, the first in the history of the race. At their second meeting 5 to 4 was laid on The Colonel; but this time he failed, and Cadland won the blue ribbon of the turf.

The Derby of 1840 gained romance from the fact that England's beautiful girl Queen (Victoria) attended the race with her husband. It was won by Little Wonder, with a jockey called Macdonald up, and afterwards the Queen sent for the boy and congratulated him.

Refusing a Royal Request.

When, however, the Queen asked him what his weight was, the youngster conscientiously replied: "If you please, your Majesty, my master says I must not tell anyone my weight."

At this the Royal couple burst out laughing, and Prince Albert congratulated the lad upon his obedience. The year 1844 saw one of the most sensational Derbys on record. Before the day of the race several objections were lodged against a horse called Running Rain, on the grounds that he was more than a three-year-old and was not the horse his backers claimed him to be.

After some investigation the stewards allowed him to run, but declared that further inquiries would have to be made.

The race was run and Running Rain came in first, with Colonel Peel's Orlando second.

Won, And Lost Again.

The stakes were, however, withheld, and an action at law followed, the question at issue being "whether a certain horse called Running Rain was a colt foaled in the year 1841, whose sire was The Sailer and dam 'Mab'?"

The result of the case was that Colonel Peel conclusively proved the horse to be in reality a four-year-old, whose sire was Gladiator, and dam a mare called Capalcum. A verdict was given to this effect, and Orlando figures at the Derby winner of 1844.

The story of the 1855 Derby reads more like fiction than fact. A gentleman named Popham owned a horse called Wild Dayrell which was doing extremely well in its training. But, in spite of this, the bookmakers were curiously ready to lay money against Mr. Popham's horse.

Some friends of the owner began to suspect that foul play might be contemplated, and said as much. But Mr. Popham only laughed at the idea until a happy thought occurred to him. He thought he would score off his friends by showing them how foolish their suspicions were.

Tampering With the Van.

At that time horses were taken to Epsom by road in vans, and suggestions had been made that Wild Dayrell's van might be tampered with. Mr. Popham therefore collected his friends, placed a bullock in the van, and had it driven off under their eyes.

Imagine the honest gentleman's surprise and dismay, therefore, when the flooring fell out of his van and the bullock's legs were broken. This had been the fate prepared for Wild Dayrell.

Of course, after that there was a tremendous reaction in the betting. The price shortened until Wild Dayrell was favorite at seven. And the price was justified, for the favorite won by two lengths from Lord of the Isles and ten other runners.

The Derby of 1867 was another dramatic affair. A few weeks before the race The Rake was favorite, and on this horse the Marquis of Hastings stood to win a fortune.

Custance, the famous jockey, had been retained to ride Mr. Cheslin's Hermit; but when Hermit broke a blood vessel a fortnight before the race, Custance was released, and he agreed to ride The Rake.

On the eventful day, snow fell before, but not during, the race. The horses got away well together, but before they had rounded the bend The Rake had shot his bolt and was beaten. Vauben led, then Markman forged ahead; it looked to be Markman's race.

Suddenly another horse was seen drawing up. It was Hermit, and he was going "great guns." He overhauled Markman opposite the enclosure, and ten yards from home they were level. In a few more strides Hermit had won the Derby by a neck, and the Marquis of Hastings had lost £100,000. The betting was 1,000 to 15 against Hermit.

The year 1880 brought a truly classic Derby, which resolved itself into a duel between the great Fred Archer and Bend Or, and Rosister on Robert the Devil. When a quarter of a mile from the post, Robert the Devil seemed to have the race well in

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hand. But as they came thundering toward, Rosister looked over his shoulder, and Archer, at once taking advantage of the mistake, slipped up level with the leader.

Lost by Looking Round.

A tremendous contest now ensued, the horses racing stride for stride, while the crowd yelled itself hoarse with excitement. Then, right on the post, Archer seemed positively to lift Bend Or forward, and Robert the Devil was beaten by a head. But it is the opinion of experts that Rosister would have won if he had not looked round.

The sequel to this race was an objection to Bend Or, on the ground that he was a changeling. But the objection failed, although some people still maintain its truth.

When Lord Rosebery won the Derby with Ladas, in 1894, he realized one of the ambitions of his schoolboy days. And then, in the following year, he repeated his success, this time with Sir Visto.

Edward VII. won the Derby in 1899 with Minerva, and led his horse in a duel between the great Fred Archer and Bend Or, and Rosister on Robert the Devil. When a quarter of a mile from the post, Robert the Devil seemed to have the race well in

the horses had just rounded The turn Corner, a suffragette rushes from the rails and snatched a bride of the King's horse, Ab Amber turned a complete somersault and fell on his jockey, H. Jones; untidely he was not seriously injured, but the woman died.

The race became a battle between Craganour and Abouyer, who proved to bump each other like polo balls all down the course. Craganour was first by a short head, but he soon disqualified, because, in steward's words, he "did not keep straight course, and interfered." Having bumped and bored the odd horse, they disqualified Craganour.

So Abouyer, an outsider at 100, gained the verdict.

Misses' Rubber Sole Canvas Shoes. White \$1.00 pair; Black 75c. pair; SMALLWOOD, Water Street June 20th.

To make "the cracker" sandvich for the patriotic menu, wrap the bread in red paper, and pin in a bit of candied fruit peel 1917 as a fuse.