


Over 500 Uses

GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE

It is best for cleaning and disinfecting sinks, drains, closet bowls, etc.; for softening water, making your own laundry soap; cleaning floors, greasy pots and pans, etc.; for removing old paint, destroying vermin, etc. Full directions with every can. Be sure you get the genuine Gillett's FLAKE LYE. Substitutes are usually costly and unsatisfactory.



MADE IN CANADA

NEEDED IN EVERY HOME

Under False Colors

OR

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER V.

Zeba's home was a queer-looking place. It had originally been a gamekeeper's cottage, but had been meant for years when the ayah took a fancy to it, Sir John had ordered it to be thoroughly overhauled, and Zeba viewed these signs of cleanliness with distaste.

That had been years earlier, and the structure was now overgrown with creepers, even the chimney being hidden. A giant maple tree grew unobtrusively, until its branches enveloped Zeba's cottage in a thousand folds, and the interior was so dark that she used candles when visitors came, even in the broad light of day.

Only one well acquainted with the spot could have hoped to find Zeba's home, and she delighted in this obscurity from the vulgar eye.

When Elsie tapped upon the door, it cracked open and proclaimed within:

"It is Miss Elsie's knock—it is my own dear child come to see me. Open, my dear, open!"

The baronet's daughter lifted the latch, and could not resist a shudder when she passed out of the beautiful summer sunshine into the gloom of the cottage.

"Where are you, Zeba?" she said. "How can you exist in this abominable place. It grows worse week by week, and I believe is more unendurable in the summer-time than in winter!"

Zeba laughed harshly.

"I hate the light!" she said, fiercely. "It reveals too much to the curious. Those favored with the gift of prop-

hecy do not need it. Elsie, dear, don't forget to tell Markham that my tobacco is nearly all gone. He must not neglect me in this way. I have done much for him, and can do more yet. I have done much for Sir John, but he is ill—all of the mind, not the body."

"Yes, Zeba, papa is ill. You would scarcely know him, he has altered so much in the past few weeks," Elsie observed.

"I know it. The stars say that he is going on a long journey, but I cannot tell yet if it is for his good. He has a fierce, implacable enemy—his life is in danger."

"Zeba!" Elsie bent closer to the old woman. "My father has partly confided in me, but he carefully avoids making any mention of his early life—of my mother. If you love me, and can fill that void, I am sure that you will do so."

She spoke appealingly, and a cunning light came into Zeba's black eyes.

"Your mother, Elsie? I know nothing of her. I never saw her; I never even heard of her," was her reply.

A regretful sigh left Elsie's lips.

"What is the mystery about my birth, Zeba? Tell me, I am not afraid to hear. Remember that I am a woman, and it is only my right that I should know. I have only given a thought to these things lately."

"I know nothing—nothing," said Zeba, quietly. "Sir John placed you in my arms a little baby; that is all I know."

"Well, if you will not answer that, and you profess to know so much, can you tell me if my father is troubled with some ugly delusion? He accuses himself of so many dreadful things."

"Sir John knows his own heart," Zeba said. "What should I—a poor black ayah—know of his past? He

HEALTH FOR WORKING WOMEN

Let Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Help You to Become Well.

Thousands of girls have to work in homes, offices, stores, mills or factories who are physically unfit for work, with often an aged or invalid father for mother dependent upon them for support. Standing all day week in and week out, or sitting in cramped positions a girl often contracts some deranged condition of her organic system which calls a halt to her progress and demands restoration to health before she can be of use to herself or any one else.

For these distressing weaknesses and derangements these girls have found health to do their work in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Toronto, Ont.—"My work is to run a sewing-machine which is very heavy, and I had a pain in my left side and a weakness caused by getting my feet wet. It was only a few days later when I saw your advertisement in the paper and began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sensitive Wash. The pain left my side and the weakness disappeared after I took the first bottle of Vegetable Compound, but I took five in all and used two of the Wash. I didn't have a physician and I didn't take any other medicine. If this letter will help you you may use it."—Mrs. LARRY KEMM, 21 Sullivan St., Toronto, Ont.

Nova Scotia Woman Helped

Scotaburn, N. S.—"I have been bothered for over three years with a weak side caused by female illness. At times it has bothered me so that my side ached so I could feel it way to my knees. I took two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and found it helped me considerably, and I intend taking more as I know the results will be good. I saw the medicine advertised in the newspapers, and before I had finished the first bottle of it, noticed a difference in my health. I hope every woman who has female troubles will try it."—Mrs. JOHN R. McLEOD, R.R. 1, Scotaburn, N. S.

Pains in Side

Portreeve, Sask.—"My sides would get so sore and pain so that I would be unable to move around. I felt just as if there was a weight bearing the abdomen down. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound from a neighbor who took it, and that soreness has left me. I live on a farm and have housework to do. If this letter will help any woman who suffers from female troubles you can use it. I know of no better medicine than the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. W. C. MATTHEW, Portreeve, Sask.

was a great soldier—that is all I know."

Elsie felt very much upset and worried. Until now it had never seriously occurred to her that there should be any mystery about her birth. She had been satisfied and proud that she was the daughter and heiress of Sir John Sterne, of Blairwood Park, Devonshire. She had wished for nothing more, but now her heart was assailed with a misery that she was unable to give expression to.

As she turned out of the porch, she heard a loud cracking behind her, and saw the figure of a man in the gloom among the trees.

Her first impulse was to scream, but how absurd that would be if the fellow was only a keeper!

She looked again, and saw the figure had vanished.

It was rather extraordinary, and she was turning away when the thought struck her that it was probably a thief, with evil intentions toward old Zeba. It was commonly reported that the Indian had a bag of silver and gold secreted somewhere about her cottage.

In a moment Elsie determined to return and investigate, when she became aware of a man standing at the other end of the path, and he was smiling at her familiarly.

It was Lord George Somerton!

"Ah! how do you do, Miss Sterne?" he said, advancing. "I hope I have not frightened you," he added, as she recoiled from him.

"You certainly startled me, my Lord," replied the baronet's daughter, stiffly.

The last scene in his society in a London drawing-room recurred to her with painful vividness.

"I am sorry," he said, apologetically, his black eyes fixed upon her with an unwavering stare.

"I thought that I heard some one—indeed, I saw a man behind yonder cottage," Elsie went on, "and feared that my old nurse was in danger."

Lord Somerton examined the spot, and beat the undergrowth with his cane.

"There is no one there now," he said, seriously, "but I clearly mark the traces of something. I suspect that it was a servant who ran away, fearing to be detected by you in the negligence of his duty."

"Perhaps so," assented Elsie, but she was only half-satisfied. "I am surprised to see you at Blairwood, my Lord," she observed, presently, more to break the awkward silence rather than to open a conversation with Somerton.

"And may I hope that you are pleased?" he asked, casting upon her one of his sharp, savage glances.

"I am pleased to welcome any one whom it delights my father to honor," Elsie replied. "How did you find your way to Zeba's cottage?"

"I came in search of you," he said, boldly. "I have seen Sir John, and a servant informed me that you were in the park. By the merest chance, I struck the path to the Indian's cottage."

He raised his right hand to shield his eyes from the sun, and Elsie noticed that it was bleeding from several scratches. There were also a number of thorns in his clothing.

"And now that you have found me," he ventured, the words being regretted the moment that they had passed her lips.

"And now that I have found you," he went on, passionately, "I wish to ask you if you have thought over the proposal I made to you in London some months ago? I want you to be my wife. I have been silent all this while because it has taken time to mature my plans. I do not ask you to reply decisively now; a week hence will do, so that in the meantime you may have an opportunity to consult Sir John."

"I was under the impression that you were aware of my feelings toward yourself, my lord," she said, haughtily. "And I repeat again, that I can never be your wife because I loathe you!"

For an instant Lord Somerton covered before the scorn in Elsie's flashing eyes. From a violet-blue they had changed almost to black in her anger and contempt.

(To be continued.)

"How do you like your new manager, Emily?" asked one stenographer of another.

"Oh, he ain't so bad, only he's kind o' bigoted."

"What yer mean by bigoted?"

"He seems ter think that words can only be spelled in his way."

Can't hurt delicate fabrics—this pure, new laundry soap



Here's laundry soap that will lighten the work of washing time. It will turn out the snowiest, cleanest clothes, and linens.

It will clean thoroughly—removing the stubbornest dirt quickly and easily, with the least rubbing effort. But, best of all, it will never injure the daintiest clothes, the most delicate fabrics. Why?

Because it contains absolutely no harmful "filler"—the thing that rots fabrics, and shortens the life of clothes.

That is a big economy to have in mind when you buy laundry soap.

In addition this pure, new laundry soap will not hurt your sensitive skin. It will save your hands from unnecessary, unsightly reddening and roughening.

And, because it's just pure soap, the big bar lasts for a surprisingly long time. That's still another economy.

The name is MOTHER HUBBARD Pure Laundry Soap.

To save clothes and time and hands—use it, next time you wash.

Your dealer has it in stock for you, today.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

MOTHER HUBBARD PURE LAUNDRY SOAP

Coast to Coast Air Mail—28 Hours

RECORD NON-STOP FLIGHT LASTS TENS DAY AND NIGHT POSTAL SERVICE.

(By Norman C. McCloud.)

Letters mailed at New York at noon, delivered in San Francisco the next evening.

When the two army fliers, Lieut. Oakley G. Kelly and John A. Macready, recently landed at Rockwell Field, San Diego, Calif., completing a non-stop transcontinental airplane flight of 2,800 miles from Hempstead, N.Y., they did more than establish a new world long-distance record. They did even more than herald a new epoch of long-distance commercial transportation by air.

By piloting the four-ton army monoplane T-2 from ocean to ocean in 28 hours and 50 minutes, they proved conclusively that all-night air transportation over land is entirely practical. And in so doing, they proved the immediate feasibility of Uncle Sam's plans for the establishment of transcontinental air mail service on a definite schedule of 28 hours, as had been predicted by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, assistant chief of the Army Air Service.

Viewed simply as a sport contest, the feat of Lieut. Kelly and Macready is a spectacular triumph for American aviation, which now holds the world's records for altitude, speed, distance, and sustained flight. But its real significance lies in its commercial value. Figuratively, they have shrunk the United States until, viewed in the light of transportation

Wallace Silverware

In your Table Silver as good to-day as when you bought it!

Have you noticed that at the parts most exposed to wear, the plate has become worn?

Do you think this condition of your silver is in keeping with your idea of a well appointed table?

Then why not, when you decide on replacing your old ware, give place to it with the "Wallace" Brand, the silver that refuses to wear and is guaranteed without time limit.

Start with the Tea Spoons and gradually complete your set with the one pattern—there are several for you to choose from and the price is very moderate.

Tea Spoons cost \$3.00 for a Dozen.

T. J. DULEY & CO., Ltd.
The Reliable Jewellers & Opticians

Borden's EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk

In the past 66 years more healthy children have been raised on Eagle Brand than on all other infant foods combined. Pure, uniform, digestible, nourishing.

Send for free Baby Books The Borden Co. Limited MONTREAL



Beacons Guide Fliers

In the black of night, while the 250 horse-power Liberty motor hummed along without faltering, these two army aviators guided their plane above a mass of confounding lights below them, by means of pre-arranged fares. Thus they proved the soundness of the government's plans for lighthouse, established at intervals across the continent to guide air mail fliers.

And so, with full assurances of success, Uncle Sam is now completing preparations for the establishment of day-and-night scheduled air mail service between New York and San Francisco. This service probably will be established before the close of the summer.

Leaving New York at noon the mail planes are scheduled to reach Chicago, Ill., in the evening; Omaha, Neb., at midnight; Cheyenne, Wyo., at dawn, and San Francisco toward evening of the second day. This schedule calls for about 100 miles of night flying, the total time from coast to coast being 28 hours.

The pilots will be guided by a path-way of powerful beacons pointing the way to terminal fields. In addition, emergency fields will be lighted every 25 miles along the route. As a result, millions of people in the Middle West nightly will witness an artificial

Legal Aid for Let-Down Husbands

WHEN IS A HUSBAND RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS WIFE'S ACTIONS.

In the older days the wife was regarded, in the eyes of the law, almost as a chattel of her husband, a person with no legal existence, and with very few legal rights of any kind, apart from her lord.

This state of affairs first began to be seriously altered only in the nineteenth century, but now a-days husband and wife are almost on an equality with one another from a legal standpoint, though some relics of the old view still remain.

Though for some legal purposes a man and his wife are still technically one, nevertheless the law will not always hold either with responsibility for the other's actions. Certainly, the husband must pay for the groceries and other household articles ordered by his wife as natural head of the domestic department, as well as for the clothing she may require for herself and the children.

There is, however, a limit to the husband's liability in this direction. If he has been in the habit of paying for things ordered by her, he must continue to do so until he warns the tradesman that they are to stop supplying her with goods. If they disregard his warning, they will be free to sue the wife herself for the price of the goods supplied for her if she omits to pay for them, but they will have no case against the husband.

Again, in matters outside the domestic department, a husband is fairly well protected against the extravagance of a spendthrift wife. Provided he is prepared to take full advantage of his legal rights, Mrs. Brown may order necessary groceries and clothing on credit, but if her husband is only earning three or four pounds a week and receiving no more, he is legally justified in refusing to pay for a fur coat ordered by Mrs. Brown at a price more suited to the purse of the lady whose husband can afford to keep a huge Rolls-Royce.

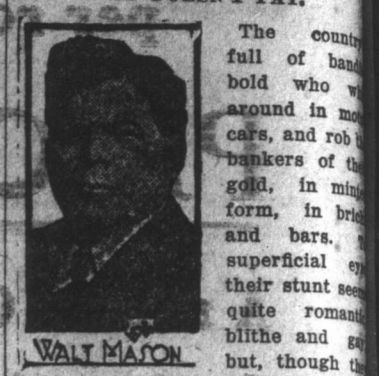
We have hitherto assumed that the pair are living happily to gather. Should a break-up of the family circle come about, the effect on the liability of the husband would vary with the responsibility for the domestic trouble.

If Mr. and Mrs. Brown live apart, a tradesman is not justified in assuming that Mrs. Brown still has the usual authority to pledge her husband's credit. If the separation was by mutual consent, the law allows the wife to obtain, by her husband's expense, necessaries for herself and the children living with her.

Mr. Brown can, however, escape liability by proving that he pays her the allowance agreed upon at the time of the separation as sufficient for her needs, even though the tradesman were not aware of the allowance. The

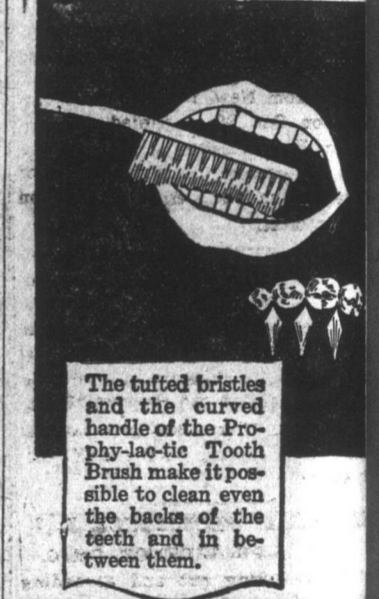
unlucky tradesmen will, too, sue Mrs. Brown in vain if his wife left him to satisfy a mere whim of her own for which no blame could be attached to her husband.

Women's Brown Kid High Laced Boots, only TWO DOLLARS the pair; all sizes, Parker & Mahoe's, Ltd.—



IT DOESN'T PAY.

The countess full of bold who was around in many a care, and robbers bankers of the gold, in million form, in price and bars, and superficial of their stunts quite roman blithe and gay but, though the top all kinds of blunt, it doesn't pay. A little while bandits thrive, and seem to last at all our law; in vain the sweated peeler strive to land them in prison's maw. But Justice does sleep or snooze, she still keeps being on her way, and in her skirted over-shoes, and things dishonour do not pay. The outlaw, tired robbing banks, lies down to his some sweet repose; and while she sleeps the jail doors clank, that some day his form incline. For Justice wakes while sinners sleep, it not her's to hit the hay; her thought are on the donjon keep, she know full well crime does not pay. "No bandits robbed two loaded trucks," the papers say, in terms refined "they collared, twenty thousand bucks, and skipped and left no trail behind." The daring bandits made their splash and roll in riches for day, but there's a jinx on stolen cash and in the end crime doesn't pay. The bandits now are wearing blue and they have precious stones a pawn, but they'll wind up in prison cells and all the glamor will be gone. To spend long dragging years in jail to face a future bleak and gray—is too much to pay for kale; crime doesn't pay, it doesn't pay.



A Clean Tooth Never Decays

The curved handle makes the back teeth about as easy to clean as the front ones. Prophy-lactic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

Besides twice-a-day brushing of the teeth, it is wise and economical to visit your dentist four times a year for examination and attention, which is sure to be slight.

Sold by all dealers in Canada. Distributed in N.B. by GEORGE S. DOWLE, 27 St. John's.

Prophy-lactic Tooth Brush

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