

# The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



When a man once complained to Alice Freeman Palmer, the famous president of Wellesley, that he simply could not remember the names of half the people he met, Mrs. Palmer answered him:—

"Oh, yes, you could if you had to. It is simply that you never had to do it. Whatever we have to do we always can do."

As an abstract statement I suppose that is true. Indeed, I own it sounds very much like some remarks of my own in former chats, but I do wish the great college president had gone a step further, and contributed a few definite details as to just how that impossibility could be made possible.

One of my readers asked me recently to put into this column an infallible method of teaching one's self to remember the names of the people one meets.

If I had such a method, my friend, I would probably have aired it long ago. But, as it happens, that is one of the will-o'-the-wisps that I myself have been hunting for many years.

It certainly is a path-smoothing ability to be able to readily attach the right name to every familiar face, but an ability that few people seem to possess.

The person who never forgets a face and never remembers a name is a familiar friend of all of us, may be lives in the same house and sleeps in the same bed.

"I remember your face perfectly, but I can't quite recall your name." Who of us hasn't had that said to him a thousand times and very likely said it about as many?

Of course, to an extent this defect in the memory can be overcome, and

although I know no infallible method of doing so, I can give my inquiring friends, and any who like her are troubled by this irritating weakness, a few suggestions while long struggling with my own difficulties along this line, has given me.

In the first place, when you are introduced to a person, use the name in acknowledging the introduction. Make it an invariable rule to add to your, "I am glad to meet you," or "How do you do?" the name of your new acquaintance.

If you don't catch it, ask who it was. It will be much less embarrassing to do so at once than later.

Secondly, in conversing speak the name of your vis-a-vis occasionally. Don't just call him "you" all the time. Not only does this use of the name, for some unknown reason please most people, but, of course, it also fixes the names in your mind.

Again, when you see an acquaintance on the street, or in the car merely to bow to, and find you cannot at once recall his name, do not let the matter drop simply because you do not have to say the name just then. Rather do all in your power, such as running over the alphabet recalling the circumstances under which you met him, etc., to bring the name back. If you recall it this time it will be much easier to do it the next time when you are obliged to use it.

"Oh, yes, that's all very well," I can hear some one saying, "but when you have a memory like mine such things are no more than drops in a bucket."

Quite so, my friend, but I confess in the beginning that I couldn't give you the bucketful. And if it's a question of drops, maybe you can remember what it is that makes "the mighty ocean and the beautiful land."

Ruth Cameron

## No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so gives health and strength to the whole body.

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## Fads and Fashions.

Neck ruffs of tulle, the exact tone of one's costume, are seen whenever a cooler day comes.

Crocheted pearl collar pins is one of the latest fads, and very much in keeping with summer tolets.

The Persian belts are usually finished with a very narrow edge of patent leather or dark yellow suede.

The majority of bathing shoes are low, but a few high models laced with silk ribbon are also seen.

The world is quite infatuated with the use of black and white stripes for simple morning frocks.

White kid gloves are stitched in colors to match the frock. Lavenders and pinks are especially favored.

Most of the parasols this season have handles from five to eight inches longer than those of a year ago.

Jet necklaces with pendants of jet continue in favor. They are seen more with collarless gowns than ever.

Accordion plaiting is seen to good advantage in many of the dressy silk negligees, whether long or short.

Rich cords as fastenings on the afternoon coat are a relief after the various hook and button arrangements.

One of the prettiest novelties of the season is the hat pin of Irish Crochet to be worn with the dainty summer hat.

## AWFUL ACT OF MAINE MAN.

BANGOR, Me., June 27.—Coroner Raskliff, of Oldtown on Monday visited the scene of the Springfield tragedy, and after viewing the remains of David Downes and his two victims, Mrs. Elizabeth Downes, wife of David, and her mother, Mrs. Ivy Woodard, decided that an inquest was not necessary. The funeral services will be held on Tuesday, Mrs. Downes and her mother to be buried side by side, Downes in a separate place. Later accounts of the tragedy vary somewhat in interesting details from the first story. The shooting did not occur in the home of the Downes family, but at the house of Mrs. Downes' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ivy Woodard, across the road. Mrs. Downes had spent Saturday night with her parents, and was still in the house when at 9.30 o'clock Sunday morning, her husband appeared in rather an ugly mood and demanded to see his wife. Mrs. Woodard refused him admittance, and when he insisted, seized an axe and stood brandishing the weapon in the doorway, whereupon Downes raised his rifle and shot the woman dead in her tracks.

Hearing the altercation, followed by the shot, and the fall of her mother's body, Mrs. Downes appeared in the doorway, and after a few words she too fell before Downes' rifle. Ivy Woodard and Mrs. Mrs. Gibson, neighbours, who were in the house at the time, fled through the back door, and Downes retreated to the road, where with rifle ready, he gazed about as if seeking another victim, presumably Mr. Woodard. No one being in sight, Downes, after a brief pause returned to the bloody doorway, stepped over the bodies of his wife and Mrs. Woodard, and placing the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth, fired, his corpse falling across the others.

It is said that Downes and his wife had been living apart for five weeks, and that he blamed Mrs. Woodard for their estrangement.

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## Notes From Our Iron Island.

Regret to record another sad fatality whereby Charlie Cox, son of Sergt. Cox, was killed by being run over by an ore car on the N. S. S. C. Co. tramway Tuesday evening. While riding on the car he accidentally fell off, and before being noticed two loaded cars passed over him. He lived but a half hour after the accident. His parents have the deepest sympathy of all the residents in their great affliction.

The Crescent Amusement Club held their annual excursion here Wednesday and had an ideal day. A team from the city played a football match with the Dominion A. A. team, who defeated the visitors by 2 to 1, thus keeping up the honor of the island as well as the laurels they have already attained this season.

Saturday last witnessed one of the greatest football games ever played on the island. For the last month all Bell Island anxiously awaited the 7th of July, when the rival teams from the two companies, the Nova Scotia and Dominion, would face one another for the mastery of this noble game. As expected, the game was a close one and fast from start to finish. Early in the first half the Dominion, through W. Burke, scored. The shot was a beauty and well placed, going just under the bar and so swift that Bastow, the N. S. custodian, was beaten. No other scoring was done and the Dominion retired victorious, having retrieved their defeat of last summer. After the game the winning team, accompanied by their friends, were driven to the Wabana House, and on Tuesday evening they were dined by a gentleman from the city, who on more than one occasion has proved himself a true sport.

I would like to call the attention of the Postmaster General to the urgent need of keeping the East End P. O. in St. John's open till 11 a.m. to receive mails for Bell Island. I understand the mail there for the island closes at 7 a.m., while it does not close at the G. P. O. till noon, exactly five hours later. Why this? Because the P.M.G. has not recognized that it would only be justice to the East Enders and the residents of Bell Island to keep the East End P.O. open till 11 o'clock. This state of affairs is anything but creditable to the P. O. authorities, and the time is ripe that they should wake up at least in his matter. Imagine an East End of the city of St. John's having to walk a half mile or more to the G. P. O. to post mail for the island, while there are several branch offices alongside their doors, but the mail is closed there since early morning. Let us hope, Mr. Editor, that the East Enders will be better looked after by the G. P. O. authorities and that soon we shall see the day, when the East End P. O. will be open till 11 a.m. to receive the Bell Island mail. The time when this mail happens is certainly not far off. Let it be immediately.

Yours truly,  
BELL ISLAND.  
Bell Island, June 14, 1910.

How thoroughly you seemed to understand everything," he said, leaning on her arm and looking up at her with eager admiration in his violet eyes. "Have you ever acted in amateur theatricals before?"

"No, never," she said, quietly, and after that she looked on, and offered no more suggestions. Neither did she join in the innumerable little fussy meetings at the Priory, the Grange and the Hall itself; little parties, at which nothing but theatrical matters were talked about, and at which the various costumes were hauled about and tried on, altered and generally spoiled.

"I am afraid dear Lillian doesn't take much interest in our little discussions," murmured Laura Warner, at one of these gatherings, when an excuse came instead of Lillian herself.

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## THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XI  
WINNING TRUE HEARTS.  
(Continued.)

Laura made the Priory almost unbearable; day and night muttering over her part, requesting everybody and anybody to hear her recite this and that; trying this attitude and that before every glass in the house, and either proclaiming her conviction that she should inevitably break down in the middle, or professing that she should be too hoarse to speak; but Lillian seemed to think the matter of very little consequence. Sir Talbot, Harold, Gerald—all of them—were surprised. They were still more surprised at the first rehearsal, when she, and she alone, was letter perfect; and, unlike the other—who doddled about the stage after the manner of amateurs—took up her right positions and responded to her "cues"; once or twice, too, she volunteered, very reluctantly, to offer hints and suggestions which seemed to set the confusion straight. Gerald was consumed by mingled surprise and delight.

"How thoroughly you seemed to understand everything," he said, leaning on her arm and looking up at her with eager admiration in his violet eyes. "Have you ever acted in amateur theatricals before?"

"No, never," she said, quietly, and after that she looked on, and offered no more suggestions. Neither did she join in the innumerable little fussy meetings at the Priory, the Grange and the Hall itself; little parties, at which nothing but theatrical matters were talked about, and at which the various costumes were hauled about and tried on, altered and generally spoiled.

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be all smiles, and the musical voice would be broken by girlish laughter. Sir Talbot sitting in his study, would hear her running across the lawn, laughing, full of glee, with half a dozen dogs tearing after her, barking and yelping with delight. All the animals about the place loved Lillian. There was an old dog—so old that no one could date his age with certainty—whom, on account of his crustiness and general bad temper, was avoided by old and young.

Lillian found him, one morning, chained to his kennel, snarling grumpily at a stable boy, who was pushing his food at the end of a long stick.

With a laugh, she took up the earthenware dish, and, going boldly up to the kennel, laid her hand caressingly on his head.

Old Gip started for a moment, as if he were trying to make up his mind whether he should seize the round, white arm or make a dash for the slender throat of the intruder, but suddenly he came out of his hole and commenced to lick the hand instead.

It was the same with the horses, and with the cows, even.

She stole the hearts of every one of them.

It was only with her equals that Lillian was cold and reserved.

Her moods changed; she was like an English summer day—one hour all smiles, the other cold and repelling.

Sometimes, when Sir Talbot was caressing her, patting the soft, white hand, and calling her his darling and his pride, she would suddenly throw her arms about him and lay her head on his shoulder; then suddenly she would spring up, as if some bitter memory had seized her, and, throwing him far from her, spring from his sight.

"My poor darling!" Sir Talbot would murmur, with a spasm of remorse; "she cannot forgive me yet! The past—the cruel past—comes back to her. It is my punishment; Heaven help me to bear it and win her love!"

But to Harold her manner never

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Once there, her manner—that mixture of reserve and pride which provoked so much criticism among her equals—would disappear, as the early morning mist before the sun, and the heiress of Woodleigh Hall would be transformed into the piteous, loving sister of mercy.

There is always a prejudice against new c-mers.

The cottagers, when they heard of the arrival of Sir Talbot's daughter, grumbled, and prophesied that there would be no more old port and thick blankets, and they were proportionately surprised when the beautiful, young mistress came among them, bringing not only port and blankets, but womanly sympathy and pity.

She had been at the Hall only two short months; the people of the village who had heard of her proud, reserved manner, and been prejudiced against her, had in those two short months entirely veered round from cold suspicion to warm and enthusiastic praise.

"Call her proud," gasped an old man to a servant from the Hall, who had looked in upon him. "You may be a fool! She tuk off her gloves and made my gruel w' her own hands, and white as milk they be!"

"God bless her lovely face!" cried a woman, whose sick child Lillian had sat nursing through the whole of one hot day, while the mother went hay-making. "God bless her lovely face! She's an angel, if ever there was one on this earth!"

But the people at the Grange and the Priory never heard this. Once outside the sick room, the heiress of Woodleigh was the proud, reserved girl again; and her associates, who met her on the road, and received the slight, cold bow of recognition, would never believe that the lovely face could grow wistful and tender as it bent over some feverish child.

In two short months Lillian had won the entrance to every cottage in Woodleigh, and the heart of every inmate.

Sometimes that reserve and pride which was so marked would disappear. At times her lovely face would

self. "Dear Lillian! She is a strange girl!"

"Oh, but she does!" exclaimed Gerald, eagerly. "She was at the Towers yesterday, and pointed out no end of mistakes in the scenery, which she set right!"

"She?" said Laura, with a curl of her thin lips. "How did she know that there were mistakes?"

"I don't know," said Gerald; "but I know that she was right directly she explained them!"

"Yes," said Harold, in his quiet way, "Lillian is always right!"

Laura looked up, with a strained smile.

"Is it instinct, do you think, or experience?"

"Experience!" said Gerald. "How can it be! She told me the other day that she had never played before!"

How did Lillian spend her time which the others consumed in theatricals?

Perhaps only the villagers could have answered that question.

One of the first presents Sir Talbot had made her had been the pair of ponies and carriage in which she drove to the Priory.

No one knows, nor will know, the trouble and money expended in that turnout. Both Sir Talbot and Harold scoured the county, and London, to boot, to find those ponies, and Aldebert had received carte blanche for the carriage.

No such ponies, and no such carriage, had been seen in the county since Count D'Orsay's time. To make the affair complete, Harold had found a creature, neither man, child nor boy, but a little of each, to act as tiger, and in this equipage Lillian seemed to take special delight.

Soon after breakfast—when Laura was rambling over the Priory spouting "lines" from her part—Lillian would drive out, having been handed in by Sir Talbot, who himself arranged the light, summer wrap, gave her the reins, and stood watching her until she was out of sight—Lillian would drive down to the village, and, avoiding the great houses, pull up at a cottage where some sick child or bedridden man lay imprisoned.

Then, with a basket of fruit or some such delicacy—but with never a tract—she would make her way to the sick room.

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M. CONNORS.

changed. At all hours and seasons it was the same. Not cold, but reserved and guarded; it was as if she were keeping watch upon his every word and action.

Never since that first evening, when he had offered to give her all that remained to him of his heritage, had she allowed him a chance of speaking to her alone and in confidence.

He could not complain; she was always courteous and attentive, but nothing more.

Harold took to heavy swims and long walks, and tried to solve the problem.

"Sometimes," he mused, pulling his tawny moustache, "I think she has me. If—I thought so, I would get out of her sight!"

But he could not; her beauty, her very coldness, drew him to her, as by an unbreakable chain.

To be continued.

**THE PAPAL SECRETARY.**

Cardinal Merry del Val, who is reported to have named the State officials of the recent anarchy in Spain, is a Londoner by birth, and on his mother's side is connected with England. His grandfather was at one time Member of Parliament for Southampton, and his Eminence himself was educated near Slough. His father was for many years Secretary to the Spanish Embassy in London.

In his young days Cardinal Merry del Val, although not a particularly brilliant scholar, was nevertheless a brilliant athlete.

He is still an exceedingly athletic man; in fact, it is said that he is the only one of the august body to which he belongs who ever makes any attempt to take physical exercise. This, perhaps, is not surprising when it is remembered that most of his brother Cardinals are nearer seventy than sixty.

Last year the Cardinal was the hero of a very amusing incident arising out of an action in the Italian courts concerning a bequest of two million lire to the Holy See. The Papal authorities were not represented at the proceedings, and the judgment could not be carried into effect until formal notice had been served either upon the Papal Secretary or on the Pontiff himself.

For two months a court official made, repeated, but unsuccessful, attempts to catch the Cardinal. One day it came to the official's knowledge that his quarry had gone to the lake Bracciano. Hurrying thither, he came face to face with the Cardinal while bathing, whereupon he flourished his all important paper.

But his Eminence, who is an excellent and powerful swimmer, made off for the shore and regained his cabin. When he emerged, the official was nowhere to be seen, and the Cardinal immediately drove off to a restaurant, where he lunched in a private room.

Presently he called for his bill. He was handed a slip, only to find that he had been given the court decree. But the judgment was simply to the effect that the Italian Government had authorized the Vatican to accept the legacy of two million lire.—M.A.P.

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To be continued.

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