

**NON RUSTABLE**  
**D&S CORSETS**



**Real Economy**  
suggests the purchase of the D & A or the La Diva Corsets.

There is a style to fit your figure. Compare its workmanship and material, its comfort and appearance with other makes.

Efficient manufacturing and very large sales enable you to buy these "Made-in-Canada" Corsets at about half what imported corsets, which are no better, sell for. Every D & A and La Diva Corset is a real bargain.

Style 540

Dominion Corset Co. Quebec, Montreal and Toronto

**"KYRA,"**  
OR,  
**The Ward of the Earl of Vering.**

CHAPTER XI  
**The Indian Maid.**

Then he rubbed his own hands and face with melted snow, sat himself down by the fire, and proceeded to enjoy the first meal he had tasted since the morning.

The supper over, he piled fresh logs on the fire, and took out his pipe, he hesitated a moment ere he filled it, for a glance at his beaver-skin pouch showed him the smallness of the supply, and he knew that there was a fair chance of his requiring a pipe in lieu of to-morrow's dinner.

"We'll save that, I think, Judy, in case the larder should run out," he muttered, nodding at the horse; and, replacing the pouch in his pocket, drew the ears of his cap over his face, and lay down to that repose which a long, wearisome ride had honestly earned.

An hour, perhaps more, passed, when the recumbent figure rose quietly but sharply on its elbow, and stretching out one hand for the long rifle which had been resting beside him, listened intently.

A slight noise in the bush by his right—so slight that nine months ago it would not have attracted his attention, though he had been ever so wide awake—had not only aroused him, but put him on the alert.

A bed beneath the yuh-bah trees in the Rocky Mountains is not quite so free from interruption as one in the Albany Chambers, and the interruption generally comes in the shape of a dusky, moccasin-clad two-footed foe, or not less treacherous four-footed one.

Whatever occasioned the noise, the horse heard it, too, and with straightened ears, stood as if carved in stone.

Again! This time the hunter took to his knees, and holding his rifle on the trail, ready for instant aim, crawled cautiously toward the direction in which the sound had arisen, murmuring in a coaxing, reasoning voice:

**For Emergencies**

When you have a bilious attack, or when you feel illness coming on—promptly move the bowels, start the liver working and put your entire digestive system in good shape with a dose or two of the time-tested

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

You will welcome the quick relief and often ward off a severe illness. Beecham's Pills are carefully compounded from vegetable products—mild, harmless, and not habit-forming. Buy a box now. You don't know when you may need Beecham's Pills. A reliable family remedy that always

**Should Be at Hand**

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

"Quiet, old lady! This is just what I expected. Well, a little excitement will help to keep the ball going. Now, Mr. Grizzly—if you are a grizzly, and I can't see what else you can be, here's lead for supper!"

And, bringing his rifle to the aim, he felt for the trigger.

Before he could fire the first barrel, with the intention of bringing his foe out into the open for the reception of the contents of the other, a light, not unmusical yell rose from the darkness, a small figure leaped to the right of the bush in one bound, and in another sprang into the circle of the firelight.

With an expression of surprise and—yes, disgust—for no one likes to be deceived in his expectations of evil or good—the hunter lowered his rifle; not incautiously, however, and stood staring at the apparition. For a moment he could scarcely believe himself awake, he could not but think that this was a trick of the elf, Sleep, for there in front of him stood a young Indian girl, straight and lithe as a sapling, defiant as a panther-cub, glittering-eyed as a serpent.

The glittering eyes were fixed with a half-supplicating, half-questioning gaze upon the hunter; the childish hands, small and thin, were clinched at her side; the head poised like a fawn's, the straight, shapely bust rising and falling with the fear which the young soul tried so hard to conceal.

Now if there was anything in the wide world of emotion which Percy Chester disliked and loathed it was that weakness which is known as the embarrassment of surprise.

For a moment he looked hard and inflexible, then he nodded, and with a slight, sarcastic reflection muttered "Indeed!"

The Indian girl nodded in answer to his nod, but remained immovable.

"Now," said Percy, as coolly as if he were propounding a question at whist, "is this an ambush—are there half a hundred of your villainous relations behind taking careful aim, and speculating on horseflesh and my scalp, or is it a case of founding hospital? Come, young lady, drop that stoneware, and let us go into the question." And with a gesture of command he pointed to the fire.

The girl, still keeping her eyes on his face, walking slowly, ah, with such a grace!—no, civilized young lady, you could not learn that light half-swing, half-glide if all the darning masters in France were to take you in hand!—it belongs to the Indian, and though we have taken all else from him we palefaces cannot rob him of that—came slowly to the fire.

"Good," said Percy Chester. Now, stand there—oh, yes, you can warm yourself while I look round." And with a significant nod which said, as plainly as a nod could say, "don't move," he went cautiously to the outside of the circle to hunt for treachery. All, however, was silent as the grave, no flight of poisoned arrows or uplifted tomahawk broke the charm; and convinced that the child was indeed, like himself, belted, he returned to the fire—not, however, without many a backward glance—and stirred the embers into a blaze.

There was opportunity now for a further examination of the visitor, and Percy Chester scanned her somewhat curiously. His curiosity increased by

what the firelight showed him.

She had thrown herself, or rather dropped, down beside the fire, and was leaning on one dusky elbow, her upturned eyes gravely regarding him with that calm self-possession which is the characteristic of the higher race of Indians. As the firelight fell upon her face Percy Chester felt that inward sense of satisfaction which all of us experience at the sight of anything beautiful.

It was a beautiful face, almost faultless but for its color, and as the hunter examined it with still greater curiosity, he was fain to admit that even its hue did not detract, but absolutely added to the peculiar charm of the clear, regular features and dark, fawn-like eyes. The hue was neither the dusky red nor the deep sorrel brown of the North American Indian, and, for the moment, the hunter half believed that she was half-caste, but a second glance at the tiny feet and hands seemed to upset that theory, and with a nod of critical satisfaction he gave up the riddle.

"Hem," he muttered. "Race unknown, parentage ditto, age probably twelve, possibly thirteen, temper vicious, appetite great, temperature cold."

All this he muttered to himself as he poked the fire, then, taking off his cloak, he threw it round the girl, pulled out his wallet, cut off a slice of buffalo, and perfectly aware that a sandwich would be treated with contempt, stuck it on a thick "hunk" of bread and handed it to her. Without a word, but with the same fixed gaze, she stretched out a little brown paw and took it; but, Indian like, though she was half starving, toyed with the food with an air of indifference for at least three minutes before she commenced to eat.

With a delicacy which was not thrown away the dispenser of the feast turned away to gather some fuel, and the result was made evident by the increased rapidity with which the little sharp teeth clicked through the tough pemican; the moment he turned toward her again she ate slowly.

"Indian to the backbone," he murmured; "and now I wonder whether she knows what this is," and he pulled out his spirit flask and poured out a small quantity in the tin cup.

With sublime gravity she watched him, took it without a word, and drank it with intense, but carefully suppressed enjoyment.

Then, as she returned the cup, she smiled for the first time. Now he it known that an Indian rarely or never laughs, and that a smile may be reckoned a great concession to the human weaknesses, and Percy Chester, who had seen enough of their kind to be aware of their disinclination to exercise the risible faculties, thoroughly appreciated this mark of friendliness and gratitude.

"Come," he said, replacing the flask, "that is better, now, if your young ladyship has no objection, suppose we devote the remainder of this eventful night to the rest which we are both greatly in need of." Allow me to arrange the cloak and make you as comfortable as—ah! and he broke off suddenly, for as he touched the cloak he felt her wince, and looking down at her hand he saw that it was smeared with blood. Instantly the half-sarcastic and caustic manner vanished, and the tenderness which is so greatly the portion of every strong, true man, came uppermost.

"Let me see!" and he took hold of

**WOMEN'S STOMACH TROUBLES**

**The Great Woman's Medicine Often Just What Is Needed.**

We are so used to thinking of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy exclusively for female ills that we are apt to overlook the fact that it is one of the best remedies for disorders of the stomach.

For stomach trouble of women it is especially adapted, as it works in complete harmony with the female organism, since it contains the extracts of the best tonic roots and herbs. It tones up the digestive system, and increases the appetite and strength. Here is what one woman writes showing what this medicine does:

Newfield, N. Y.—"I am so pleased to say I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as an economical and beneficial remedy in most ailments pertaining to women. At least I found it so by only taking two bottles. I had indigestion in a bad form and I am now feeling in the best of health and owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BURN WILLIAMS, R. D. No. 23, Newfield, N. Y.

Many women suffer from that "all gone feeling," and "feel so faint," while doing their work. Ten chances to one their digestive system is all out of order. A tablespoonful of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after each meal should completely remedy this condition in a few days.

her arm gently, "a cut with a tomahawk—that's bad; on the fleshy part of the arm, so far that's good. No arrowheads sticking anywhere about? No. Now we'll wash that! Don't shrink, my child! Ah, no, I forget you're Indian, and you wouldn't wince if I cut your arm off instead of binding it up. How's that—oh?" he muttered, as, with dexterous fingers—that were as gentle as a woman's—he washed the ugly cut and bound it up with his silk handkerchief.

"That's better, isn't it? Why, what's the matter?"

For, to his intense surprise, the girl held out her arm as stiff as a poker, and glared at him with an astonishment beyond description.

Then for the first time the clean-cut little lips opened for speech, and with slow, speculative, and deeply-satisfied tones, she said:

"Pale face be good! He no want scalp!"

"No, thank you!" retorted the hunter coolly, "I think not. So you thought I was going to feed you and then skin and roast you, after the amiable manner of your sweet friends—eh? And like the plucky daughter of Wild Hawk or Warpaint Peacock, or some such great warrior, you mean to die game without a word of palaver!"

And he smiled.

The girl looked at him with a puzzled and only half-assured confidence. "Paleface, no smoke!" she said, intimating that her companion had omitted the ceremony which invariably accompanied friendly intercourse.

"Exactly, excuse my rudeness, and put down the omission to the shortness of tobacco, and not a lack of friendly intentions. Here goes, and with a nod to reassure her, he drew out his pipe, filled and lit it.

As the smoke rose between them, the face of the girl grew less constricted, and presently the smile which had welcomed the warmth-giving whiskey reappeared again.

(To be Continued.)

**System Was Full of Poison; Pains in Side and Back**

Had Constipation for Many Years, but Was Entirely Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The most common ailment and the greatest cause of disease and suffering to-day is constipation. Artificial food and sedentary indoor life combine to induce torpid, sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels. As a result poisonous waste matter remains in the system and gives rise to pains and aches and affords a starting point for serious disease.

Infectious and contagious diseases are little known to persons whose liver, kidneys and bowels are kept in healthful activity, for there are no suitable conditions for disease germs to thrive in. Even common colds usually take their start when they find the system in a constipated, poisoned condition.

Mrs. Ed. Miller, West Flamboro, Ont., writes: "I can truthfully say that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me of constipation. I suffered with constipation almost ever

since I can remember, and for four years had pains at the left side of the back. If I walked across the kitchen floor I would have to sit and heat. That, I think, was terrible for a woman of twenty years. The condition of my blood was shown by pimples breaking out on my face. I suffered so much from pains and stiffness in the back, I am sure my system was full of poison. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have entirely cured me, and I feel better than I have felt for many years."

As a cure for constipation Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills stand alone, for by their action on the liver they awaken the activity of this organ, cause a good flow of bile, and hence remove the cause of indigestion, for bile is nature's cathartic. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

**The Hymn of the Ahr Hun.**

Gott of our Vaterland, dein will be done,  
Hear thou in Himmel der hymn of der Hun.  
We are dein messengers, cruising der shiky,  
Dropping der blk bombs from varships on high;  
Killing der mothers and babes at dair knees,  
Ach! it is beautiful der goot Gott to pleeze.

We are dein cultured sons, dein chosen race,  
Circling dein stary throne—dat is our place—  
Doing dein high commands, by Luna's pale ray,  
Gott guide der Zepplins dat sail forth to slay,  
Higher dhan eagle's flight, over der brine—  
Danks of der All-Highest Var Lord be dein.

Send us der gentle breeze, noiseless to glide,  
Over der list'n'ng posts, dat hark on der tide;  
Strewing swift death from der cloud-dappled dome,  
Den let der morning shtar pilot us home.  
Blindfold our enemies, never may dey Rise like der "hornets"—Gott strafe dem alway!

Gott bless Count Zepplin, der Herod of air,  
Frightful his fleets proud old England to scare.  
Venn his good works are o'er, der Count seeks his rest;  
May he shine effermore, der pride of der best.  
Grand him in Paradise to hear dein "Vell done!"  
But save him, mein Gott, from der wrath of dein Son.

—C. Foster.

**Early Shackletons.**

Former Dashes for the South Pole. The unfortunate news about Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic expedition has lost a good deal of its gloom owing to the fact that the leading explorers are of the opinion that Sir Ernest's brilliant qualities will enable him to win through.

Although it is only in recent years that really scientific steps have been taken to explore the Antarctic regions, attempts to reach the South Pole were made as far back as the Middle Ages. It was believed at that period that a vast continent existed in the Antarctic, and in 1567, Alvaro Mendana, nephew of the Governor of Peru, sailed from the port of Callao in search of it. About thirty years later another determined expedition, under Pedro de Quiros, set out for the Pole, and in the following year discovered land which is now known as part of the New Hebrides.

What Other Explorers Have Done. The most famous expeditions of early times, however, were those made by the celebrated Captain Cook, in January and December, 1773. He discovered a good deal of hitherto unknown land and met with unexampled difficulties.

In 1830, Cook's record for getting farthest South was beaten by a Russian expedition, under Bellingshausen, which discovered two new islands, which were named Petra and Alexandra. Nineteen years later, Dumont d'Urville, a Frenchman, t ravelled south from Tasmania, but beyond discovering two islands, he accomplished little. It was left to British enterprise to get nearest the Pole before it was finally reached by Roald Amundsen, in 1911. From 1839 to 1843, Captain James Ross undertook the most scientific and elaborate explorations with two vessels, the Terror and the Erebus. Ross discovered vast tracts of land, and in February, 1842, the expedition reached a latitude of 78 deg. 11 S, being nearer the South Pole than any previous explorer had been.

Accompanied Captain Scott. Coming to more recent times, the ill-fated Captain Scott advanced southwards over the ice in 1902, when the British flag was planted on ground nearer to the Pole than had ever been trodden by the foot of man. With Captain Scott on this momentous journey was Sir Ernest, then plain Lieutenant Shackleton, and the wonderful success of the enterprise determined him not to rest contented until he had beaten Scott's record.

Nineteen hundred and seven saw him with his own expedition, and in 1909 came the news that he had reached the Southern Magnetic Pole, only 111 miles from the South Pole itself.

As mentioned above, the South Pole was actually reached by Amundsen in 1911, and it was again "discovered" by Captain Scott on January 18th, 1912. The tragic return journey of Scott's little party will go down to history as one of the few really moving stories in the world.

**Science Deals With Corns**

**Let Us Convince You**

Let us prove to you tonight that every corn is needless. Get Blue-jay at your drug store. Apply it in a jiffy. The pain will stop forever. And in 48 hours there will be no corn.

That is due to a chemist who has studied corns for 25 years. He has found a gentle, certain way to end them. No soreness, no inconvenience. Blue-jay is a wax set in a protecting plaster. Millions of people never have corns, simply because they know Blue-jay. They stop them as soon as they start. Blue substitutes won't do that.

**Blue-jay Ends Corns**

15c and 25c at Druggists  
DAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Carbolized Dressings, etc.

**Here and There.**

**Corned Ayrshire Bacon and Fresh Sausages at ELLIS'.**

**SALMON PLENTIFUL**—Salmon are reported to be abnormally plentiful on the South West Coast and big catches have been taken in traps lately.

**Fresh Salmon, Fresh Halibut, at ELLIS'.**

**LEFT FOR NEW YORK.**—The barq. Alembic left here this morning for New York with a cargo of oil shipped by Job Bros. & Co.

**DR. A. F. PERKINS** has resumed practice at his Dental Parlor, 216 Water St.—jun6,31

**BROUGHT GENERAL CARGO.**—The schr. Annie L. Warren, 7 days from Halifax, reached this port yesterday afternoon with a general cargo.

**Turkeys, Ducks, Chicken, at ELLIS'—apr19,1f**

**SHOOTING INTERRUPTED.**—The volunteers were unable to have rifle practice at the Southside range yesterday owing to the high wind and fog.

**"MEASLES."**—Keep a bottle of Stafford's Lotion on hand for bathing the eyes. Price 20c.

**TEMPORARY REPAIRS.**—The damaged Norwegian steamer Lyngfjord will go into dry dock with the grain cargo in her and get only temporary repairs.

**Stafford's Liniment is sold in over 500 stores. Ask for Stafford's.—may3,1f**

**VOLUNTEERS IN BARRACKS.**—A squad of 250 volunteers, members of A. Co., moved into barracks at the Prince's Rink yesterday afternoon, many of whom slept for the first time in the limited space of a soldier's bed. Others will be quartered there during to-day.

**"St. Ivel" Lactic Cheese, small tins, at ELLIS'.**

**COOPERS' WAGES.**—The meeting of the Journeymen Coopers' Union, which took place last night, was largely attended. A large amount of important business was gone through, including a discussion on an advance in wages. The decision of the Union will be communicated to the employers at an early date.

**The more you know about coffee**



**The better you like - SEAL BRAND**

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 171

**Our Volunteers.**

Nine young men presented themselves for enlistment yesterday as follows:—  
Patk. Parrell, Thorburn Line, Jas. Leonard, British Hr., T.R. Nicholas Coleman, Bay Bulla, Jas. Bennett, Bell Island, Kenneth Sheppard, Hr. Grace, Thos. G. Slade, Hr. Grace, Donald S. Stevenson, Hr. Grace, Wm. Martin, Hr. Grace, Wm. Hy. Swift, Swift Current, T.R.

**How Pneumonia Starts, and How Often Prevented**

You catch a little cold to-day, and by to-morrow it has reached a throat, next day the lungs are affected and you wish you had used "Iarrhozone" which kills colds in ten minutes. In the first place Catarrh soothes the irritated membranes and relieves congestion—it cuts out the phlegm and destroys the germs. It enables the blood to retain a natural supply of oxygen, lung-food, and vitality. In any case bronchitis or Catarrh, it's guaranteed to positively cure. Beware of the gerosus substitutes offered under misleading names for genuine Catarrh, some which is sold everywhere, but size containing two months treatment costs \$1.00, small size, 50c; tin size, 25c.

**Empire Day Red Cross Fund.**

Amount acknowledged	\$15,812.35
Proceeds of Lecture at Upper Island Cove, by Pte. Phil Jensen, per Rev. E. E. Bursos	22.00
Proceeds of a Volunteer Dance at Holyrood, per Miss Nellie Flynn	15.00
Subscription Lists Police and Fire Department	26.00
H. K. Wheeler, Minneapolis Wm. O'Toole, East End Fire Hall	1.75
Staff Commercial Cable Co. Special Jurist's Fees, A. E. Hickman case	30.00
Hon. James Angel	25.00
Addl. subscriptions from Bursos, per J. P. Small, Esq.	21.75
Subscriptions from Trinity, per F. Somerton, Esq.	5.00
Ireland's Eye	433.00
Delby's Cove	5.00
Little Harbor	4.00
New Bonaventure	2.00
Old Bonaventure	18.70
British Harbor	20.80
Dunfield	7.75
Lockstone	3.70
Proceeds at Fire at Trinity	31.40
Collections St. Paul's Church	40.00
Collected by members of W. P. A. on Tag Day	163.65
Proceeds Dance and Tag Day at Bishop's Falls, per Rita M. Flynn	77.55
Botwood Branch Nfld. Patriotic Association, per Jas. Arlie	184.80
Women's Patriotic Association, Humbermouth, per Mrs. M. C. Meaney	60.00
	\$15,880.44
F. H. STEEG, Treasurer.	

**Here and There.**

**HEAVY SEA RAGING.**—Yesterday and again this morning fishermen were prevented from getting on the local grounds by the N. E. wind and heavy sea raging.

**RESUMED DUTY.**—Lieutenant Gerald Harvey, a Dardanelles hero, who was invalided home recently, has resumed drill with the volunteers now in training, though he is yet feeling the effects of the wound to his arm.

**CITY COLLECTIONS.**—Last week's Municipal collections were \$5,705.55 as compared with \$3,949.38 for the corresponding week last year. The expenditure this week was \$2,264.85 against \$2,329.53 for 1915.

**PIANOS AND ORGANS.**—CHESLEY WOODS, 282, Duckworth St.—ap26,1f  
MINARD'S LINIMENT, LUMBER-MAN'S FRIEND.

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GERMANS CAP

The desperate Commander Rayn... contingent left... substitutes one of... cidents in the... food in the gar... up two fresh... them forward... od attacks, wh... loss, caused b... finally result... ing the inner d... sweeping over... ers. No word b... General Rayna... was cut, and n... fate or of that... the prolonged... ed the usefule... tification, yet

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