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Burns, cuts and scalds are soothed and quickly healed with "Vaseline" Jelly. It soothes and softens the skin after exposure to sunburn and windburn. "Vaseline" Jelly taken internally for coughs, colds and sore throats, gives great relief and is odorless and tasteless.

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CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY (CONSOLIDATED)  
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All "Vaseline" Products can be obtained in Drug Stores and General Stores throughout Newfoundland.

## At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Who are you?" she cried, "that you treat my pretty child as though she were the dust under your feet?"

She had placed herself so completely before the haughty lady that she could not take another step forward.

"Your child is nothing to me, let me pass," madame said haughtily, and the mother almost forgot the injured little one in her anger.

"Who are you?" she repeated, in a shrill, angry voice, "who have a woman's shape and not a woman's heart?"

The dark face, lowered slightly now, flashed defiance at her.

"A woman's heart!" she replied, with bitterest scorn. "A woman's heart should always be made of stone! Mine is, thank Heaven!"

The fierce words and fierce look so completely startled the woman that she stepped aside and picked up her injured child without saying another word; but all day long she could not forget what madame had said—"A woman's heart should always be made of stone! Mine is, thank Heaven!"

"Pain!" laughed Mme. St. Ange to herself. "She calls that pain—a broken limb, a wounded arm, a few bruises! Ah, Heaven, what do they know of pain! I would endure the most terrible physical suffering if it would but raise me from my living death."

After that people hated her; they had heard the story of how she had passed the injured child without even deigning to look at it.

One morning some books of poetry lay upon the reading-tables, and she took up one. As a rule, she never read poetry or romance; but the page opened at words so beautiful that she read them again and again—

"Nothing is better, I well think, Than love; the hidden well-water Is not so delicate to drink."

She closed the volume quickly, as though an arrow had suddenly pierced her heart.

"The hidden well-water is not so delicate to drink."

"Am I mad," she cried to herself, "that I should seek to pain myself?" Why can I not be like other women, she thought—"love for a year, a month, a day, love and grow old, as they do? Of all fates, a life-long love is surely the hardest."

Alas for the love that lives always! She wished with all heart that she had never opened the book. Of what avail to read anything of the sweetness of life or love?

"No hidden well-water for me," she said, "no amber in cold seas, no gathered berries in snow. Ah, Heaven, if I could but live my life over again!" She walked up and down the long empty room. "How foolish I am!" she muttered. "Why should I do this? I will never look into a book of poems again while I live—never again."

"I have suffered enough for one day," she thought. "Who knows what may be in those papers?" Yet she took up the "Times"; it was lying there in piles, every num-

ber for some weeks past. The first thing she saw was the advertisement alluding to herself. One hundred pounds reward was offered to any one who could give certain information as to Lola de Ferras' death; or, if it could be proved that she was still living, the amount would be doubled. The color of her face changed as she read.

"Living or dead—what can they want with me in either case?" she said to herself. "It is, it must be Dolores!" she cried.

Then she looked eagerly at the address—Lord Feilden, or Mr. Shaw, Waterloo Road, London.

"What can it mean? What can have happened?" she asked herself. "What can Lord Feilden have to do with me. And who is Mr. Shaw?"

She looked through the files of the "Times" and saw that every copy contained the same advertisement; then she examined the other English newspapers, and found to her surprise that there was a similar announcement in each. She put her hand to her head with a bewildered air. "It's a ruse of Dolores," she thought. And yet she knew that Lady Allamore had left England long years before.

The first idea that occurred to her was that some one who had known her in the olden days had died and left her some money.

"I do not want it," she murmured; "all the money in the world would not be of the least use to me."

Yet, she reflected, it could hardly be that. "Living or dead?" What could it mean? If Dolores had had anything to say to her she would have sought her long since. Perhaps she was dead. Dolores dead! Her face flushed hotly and her eyes gleamed fiercely.

"But the dead," she said to herself, "suffer no longer."

She looked carefully through the list of "Deaths," but she did not find

Dolores' name there.

"I must have learned it in some way had she died," she thought. She took out her note-book and copied the advertisement. The tumult in her mind was so great that she determined to go home at once and think over the matter at her leisure. Curiously had never been a falling of hers; but now the very fever of wonder seemed to have taken hold of her. Why was search being made for her after more than sixteen years had elapsed?

## CHAPTER XXX.

Mme. St. Ange decided rapidly, and she lost no time in carrying out her plans. It was many years since she had left England, and one would have imagined there would be but little danger of her being recognized. Yet, when she stood before a glass that more than sixteen years before had reflected her superb beauty, it seemed to her that she was but little changed. It was true that the bloom of her youth was dimmed, and that sorrow had left its traces on her face and somewhat marred its loveliness. The light, too, of the dark eyes had grown fierce, and the lines round the lips were cold and cruel; indeed the whole expression was one of bitterness, defiance, pride and sullen gloom. But nothing could rob her of her distinguished bearing, of the proud, graceful carriage of the head, the beautiful curves of the neck, shoulders and figure; and her magnificent hair had lost none of its dusky beauty. Those who had known her in her youth would know her now.

There was nothing for it but disguise. She could see that, although her proud heart revolted against it, she hated the very thought of going back to her old home, the place over which she had reigned as queen, in an assumed character. "I shall have to sacrifice my beauty," she thought; "but that need not alarm me. It has not done much for me."

Having come to this decision, Mme. St. Ange made the necessary purchases to effect a disguise; and when after two hours' seclusion, she emerged from her room, the transformation was complete. In her place stood a white-haired old woman, whose face was lined and pale. It had been no small sacrifice to Madame to cut off some of her luxuriant, shining locks, but in no other way could she conceal her dark tresses beneath the white wig that she now wore.

She had been somewhat scared and bewildered at her own reflection in the glass. Of what use was beauty after all? There was no trace of it left with her white hair and eyebrows. The shape of the forehead was hidden by the low, white front, the expression of her face totally altered by the pallid, gray coloring with skillful lines upon it.

"Shall I ever look like that really, I wonder?" she said. "Shall I grow ugly, white and withered as I appear to be now? What will it matter? I have lived but for one object, and that object I have gained."

She dressed herself quite plainly in black, and drew a deep, black veil over her face; then she called the surly Belgian to her. Be what he might to others, he was a devoted slave to her.

"I am going on a visit," she said. "I cannot tell how long I may be away. You will remain here, and keep the house exactly as it is until I return. I may be absent weeks or months. I do not know the precise limit."

The man was aware that there was some mystery connected with her. He saw plainly that she was disguised. Even through the thick veil he detected that face, but he said never a word.

"The most beautiful woman in the wide world," he muttered to himself—"the most mysterious and the most stubborn, too. Still, I will remain here as she has told me, and think no more harm than I can help."

Meanwhile Mme. St. Ange leaned back in the comfortable compartment of a first-class carriage and closed her eyes. She would not look at the beautiful country through which she was passing—the vineyards, the hills crowned with myrtles, the laughing streams, the quaint old towns with gray church-towers. No beauty of land or sky should touch her heart. She hardened herself against it. What if the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the golden sunlight flashed upon green meadows and silver streams? It was all less than nothing to her—a woman whose heart was hardened.

## PARKER'S SHOE SHOPS MID-SUMMER Footwear Specials



Now is the time to get your Vacation Footwear. Our varieties are unlimited, White Canvas Footwear for the "balmy days," in all the latest styles, of strapped and lace shoes. NOVELTY footwear in Patent and Suede leather.



Folks who appreciate Good Footwear—Better Footwear—the Best of Footwear—come here to be shod.

## Men's Boots

Men's Dark Brown Boots, blucher style, "good fitters," all sizes \$4.50

Special price . . . . . \$4.50

Same style in Black Kid.

Men's Mahogany Colored Boots, blucher style, rubber heels attached; sizes 6 to 10. Special price . . . \$5.00

Same style in Black Kid.

## BOYS' AND YOUTHS' BOOTS.

Youths' Brown Boots, blucher style, rubber heels; 10 to 13½ . . . \$2.50

Youths' Black Kid Boots, rubber heels attached; sizes 6 to 10 . . . \$2.75

Same style in Brown . . . \$2.85

Boys' Brown Boots, blucher style, rubber heels; sizes 1 to 5½ . . . \$2.80

Boys' Box Calf Boots, blucher style, rubber heels; 1 to 5 . . . \$3.75

## Men's Low Shoes

Men's Black Oxfords, medium pointed toes, rubber heels; sizes 6 to 10. Price . . . . . \$5.00

Men's "Brogue" Shoes, in Black and Brown, rubber heels, extension sole. Price . . . . . \$6.00

Men's Black Kid Low Shoes, blucher style, wide fitting, rubber heels, all sizes . . . \$4.25

Men's Ventilated Shoes, Tan color, nicely perforated, rubber heels . . . \$3.75 \$4.50

## CHILDREN'S SANDALS

In Lace and Barefoot style.

Child's Barefoot Sandals, 5 to 8 . . . \$1.25

Child's Barefoot Sandals, 9 to 11 . . . \$1.40

Child's Barefoot Sandals, 12 to 2 . . . \$1.60

Child's Lace Sandals, 5 to 8 . . . \$1.35

Child's Lace Sandals, 9 to 11 . . . \$1.50

Child's Lace Sandals, 12 to 2 . . . \$1.60

Children's Canvas Skufflers

Canvas Skufflers, leather soles

Sizes 5 to 8 . . . \$1.25

Sizes 9 to 11 . . . \$1.50

Sizes 12 to 2 . . . \$1.70

CHILDREN'S SNEAKERS—Brown and White, 6 to 10 . . . 95c.

MINSES' SNEAKERS—11 to 2 . . . \$1.10

YOUTHS' SNEAKERS—11 to 2 . . . \$1.10

BOYS' SNEAKERS—3 to 6 . . . \$1.25

## LADIES' WHITE CANVAS FOOTWEAR.

Ladies' White Sneakers, rubber soles; all sizes . . . \$1.20

Ladies' White Lace Shoes, rubber heels attached, medium and low heels; sizes 3 to 6. Special . . . \$2.00 \$2.30

Prices . . . . . \$2.30

Ladies' White, 1 Strap Shoes, medium heels and toes, rubber heels. . . \$2.30

Special price . . . . . \$2.00

Ladies' White, 2 Strap Shoes, medium rubber heels, all sizes

LADIES' BLACK KID SHOES.

Rubber heels attached, all sizes, medium toes. Special prices

\$2.25 \$2.50 \$2.75 \$3.00

Ladies' Brown Oxfords, all sizes. Special prices at . . . \$2.75 \$3.00 \$3.25 \$3.50

## LADIES' PATENT DRESS FOOTWEAR.

Ladies' Patent, 1 Strap Shoes, medium heels, rubber heels . . . \$3.00 \$3.50

Ladies' Patent Dress Shoes, fancy sandal toes, low heels, 3 to 6 . . . \$4.00

Ladies' Pat. and Grey Sport Shoes, medium rubber heels, sizes 3 to 6. Special prices at . . . \$3.50 \$4.25 \$5.00

Ladies' Patent Lace Shoes, medium rubber heels, all sizes, "real value" at . . . \$3.00 the pair

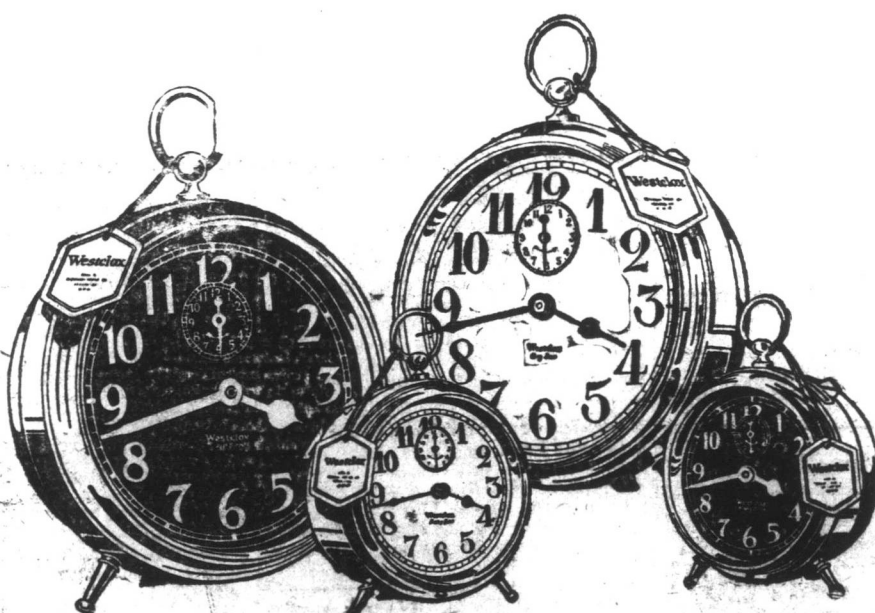
## LADIES' SUEDE FOOTWEAR

Grey and Fawn, in all the newest styles and models.

SUEDE DRESSING to 20c. per Stick. Match any color shoe.

195 Water Street East PARKER & MONROE Ltd. 363 & 365 Water Street WEST.

## Westclox



They glow the time at night

**BIG BEN and Baby Ben**  
Equipped with black dials show the time at night. The numerals and hands are coated with a radium-luminous compound that makes them glow in the dark and makes

time telling quite easy. With one of these clocks it is possible to see the time even on the darkest night. The glow lasts for the full life of the clock. Westclox on the dial and tag.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.  
Makers of Westclox Big Ben, Baby Ben, Sleep-Master, America, Good Morning, Jack & Lantier, Blue Bird, Black Bird, Glo-Ben, Pocket Ben.

## SPEED.



WALT MATON

Now and then I meet disaster as I drive my choo-choo, and I have a surgeon's sticking plaster may be seen upon my brow—the result of going faster than the traffic laws allow. Now and then my speed increases as I scorch along the lanes, and the laws are shot to pieces, with their

penalties and pains, and my loving aunts and nieces gather up my torn remains. Nothing happens when I saunterly travel at a lawful gait, when my chugmobile is plainly keeping the commandments straight, but there's trouble when I vainly bust the statutes of the state. When I send the old bus rolling fifty-seven miles an hour, I can hear the deathbells tolling in the ivy-mantled tower, and the pharmacist, condoling, rubs me with his ointment oint. I go spitting in the ditches when so merrily I spin, and the surgeon sews some stitches in my forehead and my chin, and the undertaker fitches for a chance to copy some tin. If we all would drive sedately, where the stream of traffic flows, going forward, slow and stately, as the truly wise man does, it would surely lessen greatly heavy tasks the sexton knows. But the long white road's before us, we have gasoline galore, and the speed laws only bore us, weary us and make us sore; and the mourners sing in chorus: "They're not lost, but gone before."

"Sheik" Hero of the Screen

GIVES WAY TO AMERICAN TYPE.

LOS ANGELES, July 23.—(A.P.)—The day of the "sheik" in motion pictures is gone, killed by the "American type," according to leading stars and directors of Hollywood.

The foreign-looking heroes have lost their vogue, and fall styles in

leading men for the films demand plain Americans.

The women who have to play opposite the male stars of the screen are said to have had a great deal to do with the passing of the sheik.

Said one, "See America first, is my slogan, and that goes for leading men as well as for the Grand Canyon."

"Patent leather hair and passionate black eyes—worn half closed—are all right in their places, but they are not part of the make-up of a real American," declared another star.

Office oil may be substituted for butter when deviling eggs. A little finely-chopped parsley is attractive in the stuffing.

Dr. Chases K & L Pills

At all Dealers.

GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

## St. JOHN'S Grocery Stores

Pickled Meats at Lowest Prices.

Bologna, lb. . . . . 20c.

Sliced Tongue, lb. . . . 50c.

Sliced Corned Beef, lb. . . 24c.

Choice Ham Butt Pork, lb. . . . 15c.

Choice Fat Back Pork, lb. . . . 12c.

New Family Beef, lb. . . . 12c.

New Spare Ribs, superior quality, lb. . . . . 13c.

Staple Strong Pickles & Chow, bottle . . . . . 24c.

Best Grade Canadian Butter, lb. . . . . 50c.

Turnips. Selected Fresh Eggs.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR HEAD-ACHE.