

**NO ALUM.**

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
CONTAINS NO ALUM  
MADE IN CANADA

**THE HEIR OF Lancewood**

CHAPTER XX.

Five years had passed since Sir Arthur's marriage. The little heir was growing a strong healthy boy. Vivien was now in her twenty-third year. Time had changed her. She was wonderfully beautiful, but with the matured loveliness of womanhood, not the undeveloped beauty of girlhood. The peculiar life she had led had left its traces on her. She had lost all the impulsive frankness that had once distinguished her. She was always calm—always self-possessed. Prouder than ever she seemed to Lady Valerie, now that she had nothing to be proud of. Vivien had learned some of the noblest lessons that life teaches—self-discipline and self-control. She had learned to bear daily, almost hourly, humiliations, and to bear them in proud, dignified silence. Of all things that annoyed Lady Valerie, the worst was that she could never make Vivien complain, nor win from her one word of reproach.

"I might as well wage war with a statue," she said to herself. "I shall never rest until that proud girl has humbled herself to me. She seems to live in a sphere where I cannot reach her."

Many girls would have sought refuge from such a home in marriage; no such thought ever occurred to Vivien. Disheartened, deprived of all authority, humiliated with a thousand humiliations, as she was, still it seemed to her that she had never been more wanted at Lancewood than now. Whatever of good was effected in that household was done by her. Lady Neslie had no method with her, everything gave way to the caprice of the moment—she took no heed of rules. She never studied the convenience of any living creature, she had no consideration—she was kind if the whim seized her or fancy prompted her. She was angry and impatient without cause—she was the very reverse of a kind and just mistress—her servants had no respect for her. They feared her anger because it was in her power to dismiss them, but esteem for her they had none.

The little Oswald was one of the worst managed children in England. Miladi studied only one thing, and that was his health. His morals, manners, habits, were all as nothing compared to his health. She had an idea that contradiction was bad for him, so she would not allow him to be contradicted. He was indulged in every possible way. No matter what he wanted, he had it if it was possible to procure it. She would not allow him to be corrected or punished; and,

young as he was, the child was already a little tyrant.

Far from being horrified if he told an untruth to hide a fault or to further his own little ends, she applauded him and called him clever. She encouraged him in insolence to his nurses. Any little exhibition of naughtiness pleased instead of shocking her.

Vivien remonstrated over and over again. When she found that it was useless speaking to Lady Valerie, she appealed to Sir Arthur—she spoke forcibly to him.

"He will grow up a wicked man, papa, unless he is checked; and he will be the first black sheep of our family. Do try and prevent it."

Sir Arthur looked uneasy.

"He is too young for me to interfere with, Vivien," he replied. "I will see to him in a few years' time."

If Vivien attempted any kind of teaching herself, miladi was vehement in her opposition. Once she found the boy on Vivien's knee while she was teaching him a short prayer. Valerie took him away.

"You shall not make a Methodist of my child," she exclaimed.

"Let me make him a Christian, Valerie," said Miss Neslie quietly—"let me try to make him a good man."

The mother laughed contemptuously.

"I prefer to bring up my child in my own fashion," she replied, "and I will not allow any interference."

"Your sister is jealous of you," she would say to the boy almost before he was old enough to understand. "When you grow to be a man, all this house will be yours, and she wants it."

"She sha'n't have it, mamma!" the little one would cry, clapping his hands in glee.

"No, she shall not have it, Oswald—it shall be yours," this judicious mother would conclude.

The chances were that the next time Vivien reproved him for a childish fault he would say, "Mamma says this is my house; you shall not have it."

It was hard to bear. When Sir Arthur heard these little speeches he was very much annoyed, very angry; but he had long since given up speaking to his wife on the subject—indeed Sir Arthur had found the more he objected to anything the more it was done. If Vivien pointed out any defect which might be remedied by a few words, Lady Neslie would say—

"Of course you find fault with Oswald; it would be wonderful if you did not. You are sure not to like him; he is to be master of Lancewood."

"Let him be worthy of his position," Vivien would return gravely.

"He will be worthy enough," miladi would aver.

In fact, all attempts at interference were useless. The boy was on the high road to ruin. His mother seemed to foster his faults and curb his virtues. She called untruth cleverness; she called passion and insolence spirit; she called cruelty bravery.

One morning Vivien was going through the galleries with Sir Arthur, and she found the door leading to the nursery open.

"Let us go and see the boy," said Sir Arthur; "he is very silent this morning."

The cause of his silence was soon explained; the nurse was engaged with some sewing, and he had caught a fly, and was busily engaged in pulling off its wings. Vivien gave a cry of horror.

"You cruel boy," she said, "you must never do that again."

"I shall," returned little Oswald. "Mamma told me I might kill as many flies as I liked. See what a lot I've killed this morning!"

**Why People Feel Depressed in the Cold Weather.**

Why is tiredness and languor so prevalent just now? A physician explained that the cold of winter drives blood from the surface of the body to the liver. Normally one-fourth of the whole blood supply is in the liver, and when more blood is accumulated in that organ everything goes wrong.

No better remedy exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are composed of such vegetable extracts as Mandrake and Butterbur, and possess wonderful liver stimulating powers. It's a marvel the way Hamilton's Pills clear the blood of the poisonous humors. They put new life into worn out bodies, build up the appetite, bring back a reserve of nerve energy, tide folks over the cold days of winter and the depressing days of spring. For your health and body comfort get a 25c. box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills to-day.

"Have you nothing to say to him, papa?" asked Vivien, turning her indignant face to Sir Arthur.

"Are words of any use?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders.

"Of course they are," said Vivien. "Is he to grow up with the spirit of cruelty unchecked, papa? Heed my words. If he grows up as he is now, it will be an evil day for Lancewood when it falls into his hands."

"What am I to do?" asked Sir Arthur, helplessly.

"Do?" she repeated, her beautiful face flushed with eagerness. "Insist upon having him better trained. Let him be told of his faults, and corrected for them. How can he grow up a good man if he is allowed to be a naughty boy?"

She did not hear the low muttered words of Sir Arthur, who hastened from the scene of combat. Vivien remained to tell the boy that he was cruel, and a coward—that only a coward would hurt a weak, feeble, little insect that could not defend itself.

The whole occurrence was reported to miladi by the nurse, perhaps with some little additions of her own. Lady Neslie was very angry, though pleased to have tangible ground for quarreling with Vivien. She went at once in search of her, and found her in her own room. There was always something slightly vulgar about Valerie when she was not pleased.

"I want to speak to you, Vivien," she said. "Once and for all, understand that I will not allow you to interfere with my boy. Do you understand?"

"Unless some one interferes," returned Vivien, with calm dignity. "he will grow up a wicked man."

"That is my affair, not yours."

"It is my affair also, Lady Neslie, because he is to succeed to Lancewood. The honor of four houses will be in his hands. Let them be pure and loyal hands."

"Ah, that is the point! He is to have Lancewood—that is why you dislike him. But, Miss Neslie, I am mistress of this house, and mistress I intend to remain for many long years. Understand me—if you do not cease to interfere with Oswald, you must make your home elsewhere. I shall tell Sir Arthur so."

Vivien's face grew white at the insult, and "miladi" saw with great satisfaction that she had touched her at last. She continued—

"There are many young wives who would have objected altogether to have a girl of your age in the same house. I consider that I have been very patient and indulgent, but I shall not be so much longer if you interfere with Oswald."

No reply came from the girl's pale lips; the proud calmness of her face was unbroken, but the keen sword of insult had pierced her heart. To be threatened with dismissal from the home she had loved so well!

"You know," continued her ladyship with malicious satisfaction, "that in this matter I have full power in my own hands; if I say firmly to Sir Arthur that you must go, you will go. If you were wise, you would rather conciliate than make an enemy of me."

Still there was no reply. Her ladyship began to feel annoyed that she could not, with all her better words, make any impression on her victim.

"Think over what I have said, and do not let me have to complain again," were her parting words; and Vivien, hearing them, stood silent and motionless like one in a dream.

Had it come to this—that she who

had been heiress of Lancewood, she who had been its mistress, was threatened with dismissal? And like the shock of some terrible blow came the conviction that Lady Neslie was right. If she chose to complain of her presence, Sir Arthur, for the sake of peace, would probably insist on his daughter's departure.

"Heaven help me," thought Vivien—"I have not a friend."

She was dazed and bewildered. She left her room and went to the library, where Gerald Dorman was busy as usual with his papers. Her white face, with its strange expression, struck him.

"Miss Neslie, you are troubled," he said.

"Troubled?" she repeated, dreamily. "It seems to me that I am bewildered. You are a good man, and you said once that you were my friend."

All the passionate love the man's heart shone in his face, but no sign of it passed his lips. He would have given his life for the power of offering her some consolation.

"I am your friend, Miss Neslie," he replied—"faithful unto death. I would lay down my life this moment to serve you."

The same dreamy, half-dazed expression was in her beautiful dark eyes as she raised them to his face.

"Say something to me—some words that I may remember—for I am sorely tried."

"What can I say?" he cried. Then the wise counsel occurred to him—"Possess your soul with patience."

It seemed to calm her; she looked more natural, more herself; the dreamy expression left her eyes—they shone brightly as she looked at him again.

"Thank you, Mr. Dorman," she said. "Do not think I was complaining; but just at that moment I seemed to have lost what I seldom lose—my self-control. I was bewildered."

He looked earnestly at her—this noble, beautiful girl, who bore her reverse of fortune so bravely, whose noble soul shone in her face.

"If I could but do something," he said. "My life seems useless to me because I cannot devote it to your service."

She felt some little surprise at the words, but made no comment on them.

"May I ask what has grieved you, Miss Neslie?" he said.

"No, it is past—I shall forget it; but just at that moment I had lost my self-control."

He would have given the world to tell her how he sympathized with her—how he detested those who had triumphed over her—how every word that hurt her was like iron entering into his soul; but not one word dared he utter. And she, with a kind glance and a kind smile, left him with his passionate love unspoken.

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(To be Continued.)

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A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER

Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance inimitable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Lizell's Famous Specialties, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters, superb Creams, and Powders of unquestionable excellence.

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New Potatoes.  
Oranges and Bananas.  
Peaches and Cherries.  
Red and Blue Plums.  
Lemons and Grape Fruit.  
N. Y. Corned Beef.  
Tomatoes and Celery.  
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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYPHTHERIA.

**Great Skin Cure Stirs Country.**

A new scientific discovery for skin diseases is attracting the attention of all doctors in Newfoundland and Canada. This discovery gives instant relief to the most aggravated cases of Eczema and allied diseases and brings about permanent cures in a fortnight. It is called the D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema.

Apparently no case of eczema can stand against this simple remedy. D. D. D. Prescription. As soon as the first few drops of this cleansing, soothing liquid are applied, the itch is gone.

D. D. D. cures because it penetrates the skin and washes away impurities, unlike greasy salves which merely clog the pores and aggravate disease. D. D. D. penetrates to the disease germs, kills them and then soothes and heals the skin.

D. D. D. is being used with great success for all forms of Eczema, Bad Leg, Pimples, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Barber's Itch and in fact all skin diseases.

Test this great cure; don't delay. Get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere.

**Sloan-Duployan Shorthand Competitions.**

Two Newfoundland Successes.

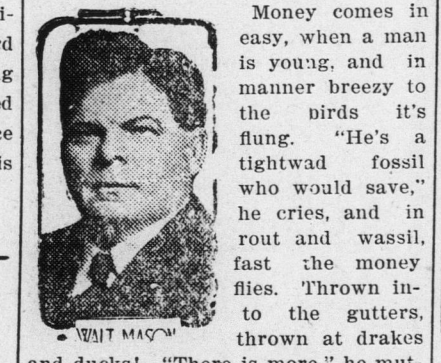
In the last Semi-Annual International Shorthand Competition of the Sloan-Duployan Shorthand Society, two Newfoundland competitors were successful. Miss Ida Golden, 38 Freshwater Road, St. John's, has won a silver medal in Class II, for accuracy in reporting style, and Miss Kitty Alcock, of 49 Parade Street, St. John's, the gold medal for the best paper at 100 words per minute.

Both these candidates are pupils of the Convent of Mercy, Military Road, this educational establishment having many previous successes to its record.

The other four medals awarded go to candidates in England, Trinidad, and America. The highest award, the gold medal in Class IV., was won by Mr. M. J. Dunne, of Chicago, with the remarkable speed of 207 words per minute.

**Vigorol A SPRING TONIC.**

The latest medicine on the market is the Great French Tonic VIGOROL. Every home should have it. VIGOROL tones the whole system. Run-down men and women can be made strong and healthy. It tones you at once. That tired, dragging, sleepy feeling is removed, and you become bright and cheerful. The blood is purified, pimples and blotches are removed and a clear skin is the result, and life becomes worth while. Do you need toning up? Well, then get a bottle of VIGOROL at all drug stores.



Money comes in easy, when a man is young, and in manner breezy to the birds it's flung. "He's a tightwad fossil who would save," he cries, and in rout and wash, fast the money flies. Thrown into the gutters, thrown at drakes and ducks! "There is more," he mutters, "where I got these bucks." Youth alas, is fleeting, as a pair of steers, and there's no repeating of the sunny years. You don't duly prize it, boys so blithe and gay! You don't realize it, till you're growing gray! Youth is swiftly speeding, years that won't return, and you'll soon be needing all this coin you burn. There is nothing sadder in this vale of tears, than a worn-out gadder, crippled by the years, toiling, poor and lonely, up and down the street, sighing, "If I only had some grub to eat!" There is nothing tougher than to see a gent starve and weep and suffer, when with age he's bent. All the battered relics who for handouts crave, once were giddy adecks who refused to save. Don't be too disgusted, when you see their rags; some day you'll be busted, herding with the vags!

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRILLIANT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, DIABETES, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

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**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS ROOF AND BRIDGE PAINT**

is an economical paint for use on roofs, bridges, barns, fences, etc.

It is durable and works freely and easily under the brush. Has good covering capacity. Made in strong red and brown colors.

English Paints, B. S. Co. Blue Label, in 1 lbs. pts., qrts., ½ gals. and galls.  
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Stains, Varnishes, Enamels, Cabot Shingle Stain, Roof and Bridge Paints, Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, Turpentine and Lityne.  
A large assortment of Sash, Paint, Wall and Kalsomine Brushes to select from. Color cards and prices on application.

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July 20, 1915.

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**We have**

**THE HOLLO**

**366th Day of the War**

**LATEST**

**From the Front.**

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, August 3.

The Governor, Newfoundland:

The Admiralty report a German destroyer sunk by a British submarine near the German coast on July 26th.

In the Sea of Marmora a British submarine sank two steamers, and bombarded the railway, blowing up ammunition trucks and doing other damage.

General Hamilton reports several sections of the Turkish trenches occupied by an attack on the Australian and New Zealand right. At least several Turks were killed round the works. The ridge on the crest was gained, and the position in that section materially improved.

The French Government reports German trenches captured in Artois and Vosges, and a trench lost at two points in Argonne.

The Russian Government reports 500 prisoners and six machine guns captured in the Baltic provinces, North of Warsaw, very desperate fighting continues. The enemy made some progress towards the right bank of the Narva. West and south of Warsaw fighting is favourable to the Russians.

A German transport was sunk by a British submarine in the Baltic.

The Italian Government reports the capture of Mount Moleto in Carnia. On Carso a violent enemy attack was thrown back in complete disorder, and about 150 prisoners taken. A regiment of the Emperor's Jaeger was almost annihilated.

LONDON, August 4.—The French Government reports enemy attacks repulsed in Argonne and the Vosges.

The Russian Government reports Russian retreat in Baltic provinces, and desperate fighting on the Narva, where every step costs the enemy enormous losses. Further enemy progress, after extremely sanguinary fighting northwest of Vangorod. Enemy repulsed between the Vistula and the Bug.

The Italian Government reports Austrian counter-attacks in Carnia repulsed with heavy loss. On Carso plateau renewed enemy attacks were defeated and appreciable progress made in the centre.

BONAR LAW.

COAL EMBARGO.

LONDON, August 5.

After August 30th British coal cannot be shipped anywhere except to British possessions and protectorates, according to an Order in Council issued to-day. The export of coal heretofore was reserved to British ports.

**T. J. EDENS,**

**By S. S. Stephano,**  
August 5, 1915.

N. Y. Turkeys.  
N. Y. Chicken.  
N. Y. Corned Beef.  
10 lbs. New Potatoes.  
10 lbs. New Turnips.  
20 lbs. New Cabbage.

Tomatoes.  
Celery.  
Cucumbers.  
Table Plums.  
Apples.  
Grape Fruit.  
California Lemons.

PURITY BUTTER,  
2 lb. prints,  
Fresh Every Week.

By S. S. Durango:  
20 cases Valencia Onions.  
50 sides Irish Bacon.  
10 Irish Hams.  
English Cheddar Cheese.  
cases Gold Dish Ox Tongues in Glass.  
Blue Bell's Metal Polish.

Dannawalla Tea . . . . . 50c. lb.  
Bulldog Tea . . . . . 40c. lb.  
No advance in price.  
Fresh Country Eggs.  
New Local Cabbage.  
New Turnips.

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