

ERASMIC



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Agent: T. B. CLIFT, Water St., St. John's.

The Broken Circle!

The week that passed before Sunday came again was a long one to Sir Basil. He did not the least intention of ever being, even in thought, untrue to Leah. If he had dreamed that there was any danger in seeing the beautiful singer again, he would have avoided her. He was engaged to marry Leah Hutton—how could he know that he was in danger. In Italy he had loved to listen to such voices; here in England he never missed good music when he had a chance of hearing it. What harm could there be in going to Southwood Church to hear a grand old anthem beautifully sung? He did not speak to Leah about it. He had one definite motive for silence, and he had twenty reasons that were not quite definite.

Sunday came—a beautiful day, bright, warm, full of fragrance, the sky serenely blue, the green earth all smiling and fair. Sir Basil was more than content to sit at the breakfast table, and the girl who loved him, looking at his thoughtful face, wondering if he were thinking of her or of the future before them.

On that bright Sunday morning as warbling came to Sir Basil that he had better not see the young singer again. He went. She sang more sweetly than ever, and looked to his enchanted eyes fairer than before. With her dress of pale blue, her hair, flower-like face and golden hair, she reminded him of the beautiful figures he had seen in the churches in Italy. He must find out who she was; he would much like to know what name went with that face. He would like to speak to her; it would be pleasant to know if her voice sounded as sweet as speaking as in singing.

This time, when the people went out of church he contrived to be among the first, and then he saw the blue dress trailing over the grass; he noticed that every movement and action of the girl was as full of grace as her singing was full of tonic. The sun was shining on the tall elm-trees and the green-graves where the dead slept so well; on the old Norman church, on the groups of worshippers; and something stole into his heart that had never been there



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SLOAN'S Liniment is proclaimed the world over as being Pain's greatest enemy. Multitudes of people use and recommend it. Rheumatic aches and pains instantly obey its command and disappear. It penetrates right to the sore spot. No need of rubbing. It does its work thoroughly. Give it a trial. One bottle will convince you. At all druggists and dealers.

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GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

and rebellion. He never did them any good, and if my memory serves me rightly he was once imprisoned for treason."

"Rather a stormy career," said Sir Basil.

"He wrote one or two good things in their way," said the duke, "but based on a wrong principle. The best pamphlet was called 'An appeal to the People, by One who Serves Them.' It made some little sensation at the time. As you seem interested, I will make some inquiries and tell you the result."

Sir Basil dreamed of Hettie all that night—a fact which he explained to himself by saying that he thought a good deal about her singing. When he woke from his sleep, he was murmuring to himself the name of "Hettie Ray." There was a strange charm in it for him. He liked to think of her as a politician's daughter, even though the father had been a notorious Radical.

"I have made inquiries about this Ray, Sir Basil," the duke said a few days later. "I find that he is an ill-conditioned, miserable kind of man."

"I expected so," returned Sir Basil.

"He is a dangerous dog with his teeth drawn. He is an old lion; he will never do any more mischief in this world. I hear that through ill-health and failure in means he has come to Southwood to live the remainder of his days in peace."

"An aged lion," said Sir Basil.

"Exactly so. They tell me that he has a good and beautiful daughter who keeps him by her own exertions; but no one seems to think much of him or take any notice of him. If it is the same thing to you," added the duke, "I would rather that you did not mention to any one the fact that Ray, the once famous 'Voice of the People,' lives near here."

"Why," asked Sir Basil, more sullenly than politely.

But the duke did not seem at all disturbed by the question.

"The man is, and always has been, mad with morbid vanity and a desire for publicity. I should not like my visitors to know anything about him. He would get up some kind of sensation—a paper war of some kind. If he had the chance, I am glad the hill shuts us off from Southwood."

It was in consequence of this that Sir Basil never mentioned the name of Ray in the presence of the guests at Dene Abbey. He would not do anything against the duke's wish; nor had he the least desire to draw any attention to this man. He never spoke of the music at Southwood Church again, but the less he said the more deeply he thought on the subject.

Upon one thing he was quite determined—he would go and see Martin Ray. He was, in some measure, a public man, and he would not resent the visit. He succeeded in convincing himself that his intended visit had nothing whatever to do with Hettie.

He wanted to see a man who had been a popular celebrity. He would not in any way compromise the duke. He need not announce his name or say where he was staying. He was simply about to call upon a man who had once been famous, but who was now forgotten; and Sir Basil persuaded himself it was a kindly thing to do, to pay respect to fallen greatness.

(To be continued)

CHAPTER XXVIII.
It was a fortunate thing for many reasons that the Duke of Rosedene was alone when Sir Basil met him, for he led up gradually to the subject which occupied his thoughts. Did the duke come more than once a year to Dene? Did he know the people at Southwood? Was it true that a political writer lived at Southwood? The duke shrugged his shoulders good-naturedly.

"I really don't know," he said. "Who is he?"

Sir Basil did not know; he was asking for information. Some one had told him that a political writer lived at Southwood.

"Politics have not been much in my line lately," said the duke—"not for some years. I am glad they are in yours. I like to see the young men of the country coming forward; it is a healthy sign. What about this man? What is his name?"

"Ray," answered Sir Basil.

"Ray," repeated the Duke slowly.

"Ah, yes! I remember the name very well, but I know nothing of the man. Ray? He was a great Radical; I believe they called him 'the Voice of the People' years ago. I have heard nothing of him for a long time; nor do I take the least interest in him."

"I have been so long away from England that I am often ashamed to find how ignorant I am about men and things."

"My dear Sir Basil, you have no reasons whatever to regret your ignorance with regard to Ray. He was one of those who lived on the people and mistreated them—fastened them to riot

FACTS OF THE CASE ARE TOLD BY MERCHANT

In Misery For Six Years From Stomach Trouble Until Tanlac Brought Him Perfect Health, Says Halifax Business Man.

"I want to recommend Tanlac for it is the direct cause of my being in better health to-day than for years," said Elijah B. Thomas, merchandise dealer for eighteen years or more in Lower Sackville, Halifax, N.S. "For six years I had a bad form of stomach trouble. My appetite was so poor that many times I got up from the table without eating. When I did eat anything I had awful cramping pains and gas formed which caused my heart to palpitate so I could hardly breathe. I lost weight gradually, lost much sleep, and my condition was so bad I can hardly describe it."

"The first bottle of Tanlac didn't seem to help me, but Mrs. Thomas reminded me my case was of long standing, and I tried a second bottle and began to get better. Now all my troubles are gone. I think Tanlac is a grand medicine."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Around the May Pole.

THE CHEQUERED HISTORY OF AN ANCIENT FESTIVAL.

What's not destroyed by Time's relentless hand? Where's Troy? and where's the maypole in the Strand?—Amos.

The festival of May Day, like the cheerfulness of Dr. Johnson's would be philosopher, is always breaking in. Forbidden in one century, neglected in another, it has proved as insurmountable as Spring itself.

In Merrie England the May Day of our ancestors bore traces of the Roman Floralia (perhaps not the earliest form of the fete of flowers) and of the Celtic-Beltein, with its hill-top fires for the burning up of winter.

From before Chaucer till after Shakespeare everybody, from the king and queen to the peasant of the remotest hamlet, observed the day. Henry VIII. and his first queen went a-maying from Greenwich Palace, and met on Shooter's Hill the Corporation of London, who had come out to the like performance to the morn of May, at Eton College, we learn from a manuscript of 1560, "if it be fair weather and the master grants them leave, those boys who choose it may rise at four o'clock, to gather May branches, if they can do it without wetting their feet."

Each Street a Park.

As for the common people, we have it from Shakespeare that 'twas impossible to make 'em sleep on May Day morning." Herrick marked how the boys and girls, going out of town, while older folks were still abed, made each field a street, and, coming back, made each street a park:—

Devotion gives each house a bough. Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this.

An ark, a tabernacle is, Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove.

Then followed the setting up of the maypoles, the merriment of the Morris dancers, the enthroning of the Queen of May in her bower beside the pole.

Long Parliament and the Maypoles.

But Puritanism frowned on these pretty revels. Under Edward VI., the citizens of Leadenhall Street, inflamed by a sermon at Paul's Cross, (or hankering after cheap firework), sawed the great maypole that hung from May Day to May Day along their house-fronts. The Long Parliament in 1644, had all the maypoles taken down. They were restored with the monarchy—it was in 1661 that the famous maypole in the Strand was set up—but the eighteenth century saw them decayed, and not replaced.

Washington Irving, a hundred years ago, noted that "little is heard of May Day at present, except from the idle jests of authors who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city."

The destruction that Puritanism had begun was finished by the industrial revolution. International Socialism, reared by establishing the new May Day. This dates from a Marxist Congress held in Paris in 1889. For 90 years the First of May, or the nearest Sunday, has seen trade union banners in place of maypoles, Socialist orators instead of May Queens, and the passing of resolutions as a substitute for the Morris dances. The modern celebrators demand a new world. Our happier ancestors were content to rejoice together in the beauty of the old one.—John O'London's Weekly.

Minnard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Sirs,—I have used your Minnard's Liniment for the past 15 years and whilst I have occasionally used other liniments I can safely say that I have never used any to equal yours.

If rubbed between the hands and inhaled frequently, it will never fail to relieve cold in the head in 24 hours. It is also the best for bruises, sprains, etc.

Yours truly,
J. G. Leslie,
Dartmouth.

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Hundreds of men and women have already found freedom from laxatives by eating Fleischmann's fresh yeast.

Doctors are now agreed that proper elimination of waste matter should be brought about by food. One doctor comes right out and states plainly that the indigestible use of cathartics is one of the causes of constipation.

Physicians all over the country are recommending Fleischmann's fresh yeast because it is a fresh food, rich in those elements which keep the intestines healthy. In our series of tested cases, normal functions were restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Try it out for yourself. Begin today by adding 3 cakes of Fleischmann's yeast to your everyday diet. Keep it up and see how naturally and regularly your intestines act. Be sure it's Fleischmann's Yeast—the familiar lip-roll package with the yellow label. Trace a standing order with your grocer.

Stafford's Phorone will cure Coughs and Colds. For sale everywhere.—m.a.t.

Special Preliminary Notice!

The U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.

Be glad to announce that owing to the expiry in July of the lease they hold on the eastern portion of their premises, situated in the Delgado Building, they are holding a "MAKE-ROOM" Sale of GENERAL FURNITURE of all grades, in an endeavor to reduce their stock sufficiently to allow of its being stored in the western part of their establishment until other arrangements can be made.

This Sale is NOT an offering of "special lines," in every department and on every article genuine reductions up to 50 per cent. will be made. A further announcement quoting regular and sale prices will follow shortly.

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