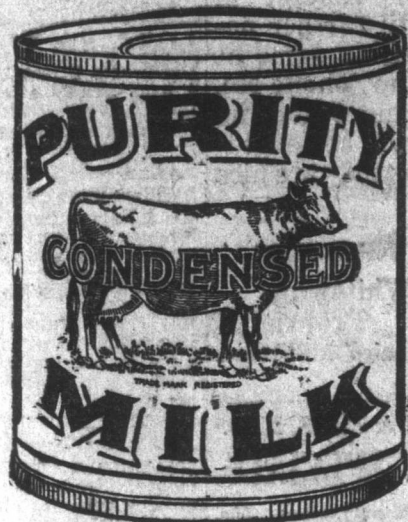


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N7-23

An Indispensable Favorite

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXXI.

"You needn't look altogether at the black side of things, mother," remonstrates Wilmot. "Uncle Silas will get about again, please goodness; and I hope things are not quite so bad with him as they seem just now. Uncle Silas has had heavy losses in the city, cousin," he explains, hurriedly to Yolande, who is looking from one to the other, breathlessly, wild-eyed, cold with apprehension of some unknown, fresh misfortune. "Things have been going wrong with him for some time; some speculation—"

"Which no one with an ounce of sense ought ever to have looked at!" interposes Mrs. Sarjent, sharply.

"Well, we hadn't an ounce of sense—neither Uncle Silas nor I," her son says, patiently; "for we did look at it, and dabbled in it—worse luck!—only he'd a great deal more than I—and we both lost!"

"Yes; and you may thank your mother you didn't lose ten times what you did!" Mrs. Sarjent says, with stern satisfaction.

"Has uncle lost much?" Yolande asks, almost prepared to be angry with them for the terror they have made her feel during these few moments. It is only a money loss, after all—only an unlucky city speculation—some thousands of pounds perhaps. "Has uncle lost much?" she asks, sighing.

"All!" Mrs. Sarjent answers, emphatically. "No, Wilmot—there's no use in trying to gloss and smooth it over!"—as her son looks at her with a reproachful glance. "When a thing has to be faced, let it be faced, I say, and no shilly-shally about it! Your uncle's lost a frightful lot of money, Yolande, and that's the plain truth; and you'd best know it at once, and be sure of it. Nigh forty thousand—"

pounds with one thing or another; and goodness knows what other liabilities he has! Every half-penny of the money he had from your Uncle Michael is gone," Mrs. Sarjent continues, bringing out with valuable precision one crushing piece of news after another, "and a good deal of your poor Aunt Karen's money gone with it. Them pensional speculations of his in the Pacific Salvage Company—Pacific Salvage, indeed! They shouldn't have a crooked sixpence of my money, as I always said from the first! Then he speculated in Welsh colliery shares and a Welsh railroad; and goodness knows what else he was led into by his grand acquaintances and grand connections—poor, foolish old man! He paid dear for all your grand, titled people, sure enough—all the earls and viscounts, the duchesses and the countesses he was acquainted with—he's paid dearly for the honor of their company! Ah, it was a bad day for you—one and all—you ever saw one of them or heard their names!"

She stops to draw breath, fanning herself violently, hot and red and excited, but gratified at having "said her say."

And Yolande sits stunned, speechless, bewildered, scarcely comprehending her even yet.

"But uncle is no worse off than before Uncle Michael left us all his money, is he, cousin?" Yolande asks, dazedly, shrinking involuntarily from Mrs. Sarjent, and meeting Wilmot's good-natured face.

"He's very deeply involved, I'm afraid, Yolande," Mr. Sarjent answers, reluctantly. "Things have been going wrong with him for a good while; and there was a heavy failure reported in the city this morning—a joint stock company—Australian and Polynesian Land Mortgage; and that was the finishing stroke—poor old uncle! He held a good deal of their stock. I stayed with him most of the day, and I thought he was taking it quietly, and I coaxed him to come out to Regent's Park to dine with mother and me. And then after dinner he went off in a sort of faint; and mother said we had better take him home; and just as we got him inside the door here, he dropped in the hall quite insensible—poor old man!"

"And is uncle quite ruined?" Yolande asked, faintly, in low, frightened tones.

"It won't be bankruptcy—you're not to think that," her cousin says, soothingly. "There will be twenty shillings in the pound for every one; but there will be very little left when uncle's clear again."

"Very little, Wilmot?" his mother questions in a high key. "There'll be none! There won't be one half-penny of your uncle's own money left, and there won't be above a thousand or two of Aunt Karen's!"

"Oh, yes, there will, I hope, mother!" urges Wilmot, uneasily. "Don't let us—"

"I tell you, Wilmot—Sargent," his

mother interrupts, determinedly—"and I generally know what I'm talking about—that when everything is paid off there won't be more than two or three thousand—well, say four—left; and it's a mercy Fair View is safe, or they wouldn't have a house to put their heads in!"

"Well, they have Fair View, mother, and a nice place it is, even with a small income," Wilmot says, trying hard to see light in the darkness in spite of his mother. "And of course there's Yolande's money all safe and sound—that's a blessing!"

"Oh, there's no fear of their coming to want, if that's what you mean!" Mrs. Sarjent says, gloomily.

"I should think not!" Wilmot says, gloomily.

"I should think not!" Wilmot retorts, sharply, with a quick look at his young cousin's face, which is ghastly pale.

"No, no—of course not!" his mother says, angrily. "You needn't take me up so short, Wilmot! Of course we would never let our own kith and kin want! But what I was going to say was that Yolande will find she must go on another tack altogether if she is going to keep house for her poor uncle and aunt, and keep up Fair View respectably, on fifteen hundred a year. Her first duty is to them, of course!" Mrs. Sarjent asserts, with emphasis and a nod of her head at Yolande. "And you will have to make that fine lady mother-in-law of yours understand that, Yolande; she's not going to live on you any longer, I should hope! 'Ladyships' and 'lordships,'" Mrs. Sarjent says, scornfully, "won't pay butchers' and bakers' bills!"

The extravagance that's been going on in this house since she came into it was enough to bring down a judgment on you, what with dresses and parties and masked balls, and all manner of worldly follies!"

"Oh, come now, mother—that's enough!" her son interrupts, impatiently. "This is no time, as you said yourself, for fault-finding; and Lady Nora is a very nice woman, and a very sensible lady, I feel sure, and she will be willing to do whatever is best for all parties."

"She'll have to do it—that's one comfort!" Mrs. Sarjent retorts, grimly. "There will be no more money now to fling away on fine ladies or too gentlemen—and a good thing, too!"

At this point Yolande gets up quickly and goes toward the door.

"Now, Yolande, you're not to take my words in bad part, or to think that because I'm plain and outspoken I don't feel for you!" Mrs. Sarjent exclaims, reproachfully.

But Yolande does not seem to heed her. She clinches her hands in her dress to help her to control herself until she can escape and get up to her own room, and lock the door, and stare dazedly at her own agonised face and burning eyes in her toilet mirror, and try to realize this new calamity that has fallen on her.

"For this means," she whispers, talking to the pale, forlorn face in the glass, "that Dallas and I are to be parted still—parted for an indefinite time—perhaps forever now! Unless I could make him rich—give him money and luxury—why should I ask him to give up his situation to come back to me? He doesn't care for me as men do who share poverty with a woman—I know that! I am proud, too. I won't ask Dallas to come back to me when I can give him nothing but myself. Oh, my darling, I have only seen you to lose you again," the girl cries miserably—"only had those few happy minutes with you to make me hungry and thirsty for more; but I won't ask you to come back to me now, Dallas. If you come back, it must be of your own free will and for love of me; and that you will never do!"

(to be continued.)

WOMEN FROM FORTY TO FIFTY

Will Be Interested in Mrs. Thompson's Recovery by Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winnipeg, Man.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me good in every way. I was very weak and run-down and had certain troubles that women of my age are likely to have. I did not like to go to the doctor so I took the Vegetable Compound and am still taking it right along. I recommend it to my friends and to any one I know who is not feeling well." Mrs. THOMPSON, 303 Lisias St., Winnipeg, Man.

When women who are between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five are beset with such annoying symptoms as nervousness, irritability, melancholia and heat flashes, which produce headaches, dizziness, or a sense of suffocation, they should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It is prepared from roots and herbs and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics. This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from roots and herbs, has for forty years proved its value in such cases. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lowell, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Aliments Peculiar to Women." C

Beating the Crooks.

POLICE AS QUICK WITH THEIR GUNS AS THE THIEVES.

Within a week two alleged criminals have been killed by police bullets, in each instance while the men were escaping in automobiles. The first turning the tables, for up to recently it has been the policeman who was shot to death by desperadoes. The most recent case of shooting was by Constable Breton, of the Notre Dame de Grace Police Station. Out in that growing district the criminals have been very active of late and the police have been very busy watching them. There has been robberies of shops and citizens have been held up and beaten. A common offence has been the stealing of motor cars and the three from the backs of cars left on the streets at night. The police have been watchful and active and Constable Breton, a new man, has been keenly on the alert at night. Consequently when he saw two men in an auto going up and down different streets early in the morning, he watched, and when he saw the men get from their auto and go behind a parked car and begin fiddling with the spare tire, he stepped up to question them, a courageous act for a policeman nowadays. The men jumped into the car and tried to run him down, and then he shot. In the circumstances that was the reasonable thing for him to do. He then reported to the station, not knowing that he had hit anybody. The sequel was in Lafontaine Park, where a man with an automobile with bloodstains in it notified the Lafontaine Park Station that there was a man lying in the park. The police went and found a dead man, and held the informer. The police system began to work and the incident of Notre Dame de Grace was connected with that of Lafontaine Park. After that the story came out. The policeman will not be blamed by the public for use against criminals, who go about in automobiles now and carry arms and use them. The police have been the targets long enough, and now that things have changed in the right direction there should be a lessening of automobile banditry in Montreal and its neighbourhood.—The Review, Montreal.

Chuckles in Court.

Battlefield or Station?

Man with bruised eye at Cardiff: "He told me that all my family were war slackers. My grandfather was killed at Waterloo."

Defendant (sarcastically): "Which platform?"

Intuition.

"Anything to say?" asked the Willesden magistrate of a prisoner. "No, thank you," was the reply. "I can see you've made up your mind, so I'll waste no more time."

Fame and Clean Collars.

"One of the ablest men I ever knew was a failure in life because he did not wear a clean collar," Judge Paritt, at Clerkenwell County Court.

Only Joking.

Solicitor in an Essex police-court: "Did he insult your wife?" Husband: "No; he put his fish-supper down her back."

The Test.

Solicitor at Clerkenwell: "I do not know whether the woman understands English."

Judge Paritt: "Try to borrow money from her. That will be a good test of how far she understands English."

Explained.

Policeman at Willesden: "The

prisoner struck me and also the last witness."

Magistrate: "But you are the first witness in the case."

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Now on Sale 300 beautiful All Wool Sweater Coats in the popular Tuxedo style, in all the latest shades.

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Ladies' Pure Wool Slip-on or Pull-over style with fancy scalloped edge of contrasting colors

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Also Balkham Jacquard and Tie Back styles in all the new shades.

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A few Tuxedo and Slip-over Sweaters of pure wool, some slightly soiled. Regular \$6.49

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White Voile Blouses, Peter Pan collars. Each \$1.49

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White Jean Middy Blouses, straight and Balkham styles, colored collars.

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RAGLANS

Ladies', Children's & Misses' Raglans, startling values, in Light and Dark Fawns, easily worth \$10.00, each \$3.98, \$4.98 and \$6.98.

Children's Fall Dresses.

Of heavy weight cloth, nicely trimmed with colored silk stitching, in shades of Fawn, Navy, Saxe and Brown. Each \$1.98 to \$2.49

Underskirts.

Ladies' Pink Nainsook Underskirts, insertion and lace trimmed flounces. Each 98c. to \$1.25

White Underskirts, 10 inch embroidery flounces. Each 98c. to \$1.79

Black and Colored Moirette Underskirts, large sizes. Each \$1.49 to \$2.49

Children's Sox.

Children's Mercerized Fancy Sox with colored tops. Per Pair 29c.

Children's Brown Cotton Hose. Per Pair 29c.

Children's Wool Cashmere Hose. Per Pair 59c. to 75c.

Pound Goods.

Quilt Cotton, floral design. Per Pound 49c.

Damaged Cotton, large pieces, 1 to 6 yards in piece. Per Pound 55c.

Grey and Khaki Flette, large pieces. Per Pound 98c.

White Shirting, good quality, large pieces. Per Pound \$1.00

Children's Wool Middies.

In shades of Fawn, Saxe, Nile Green and Turquoise, sizes to fit up to 10 years. Each \$2.49 to \$2.98

Marcel Wavers.

Heat Waver in boiling water (so as not to injure the hair) and in a few minutes you will have a perfect wave. Each 19c.

Corticelli Wools.

All shades. Per 1 oz. Ball 19c.

Red Rose Wool.

All shades. Per 1 oz. Ball 19c.

Ladies Nightgowns.

With short sleeves, made of beautiful long-cloth, splendidly trimmed with a good quality embroidery. Each 98c. to \$1.49

Flette Nightgowns.

Of good quality Flette, long sleeves, with full gathered skirt, silk worked yoke, in plain white and stripe effects. Each \$1.98 to \$2.49



School Supplies

Pure Leather School Bags, each 98c. to \$1.25

School Slates, each 12c. to 22c.

Scribblers, each 6c. to 8c.

Filled Pencil Cases, each 49c.

Wooden Pencil Boxes, each 15c.

Pencils, Pens, etc., each 4c. to 6c.

Alarm Clocks.

Lord Baltimore 30 hour nickel Alarm Clocks. Each \$1.98

Accurate timekeepers. Each \$1.98



Men's Suits

You can save money by taking advantage of this Sale where prices have been lowered and values are extraordinary. You'll surely buy when you see how much real value you can get for little money. Prices range from

\$12.98 to \$24.98

Yard Goods.

English Melton Cloth, 40 inches wide, in shades of Saxe, Fawn, Brown and French Grey. Per Yard 90c. to \$1.20

Dress Cashmere.

36 inches wide, in assorted shades. Per Yard 69c.

Caps.

Boys' Blue Serge Caps, all sizes. Each 25c.

Stair Oil Cloth.

15 and 18 inch widths, pretty patterns. Per Yd. 19c.-29c.

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Boys' Shirts.

Of strong stripe percale, long sleeves, soft cuff, collar attached. Each 49c. to 69c.

Men's Pants.

Genuine All Wool Tweed Work Pants, sizes up to 8. Each \$2.98 to \$3.25

MAIL ORDERS.

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Artificial flowers.

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Boys' Pure Wool Pull-over Sweaters with buttoned shoulder, some with roll collar, buttoned in front, colors Navy, Brown and Cardinal. Each \$1.49 to \$1.98

Wool Nap Blankets.

Plaid Wool Nap Blankets, sizes 70 x 90, well made. Per Pair \$4.98

Dress Girdles.

Of Chain and Celluloid, assorted colors. Each 29c. to 49c.

Dressing Combs.

Hair Rubber Dressing Combs, both coarse and fine teeth. Each 19c. to 59c.

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Bound corners, strong lock and grip. Each \$1.98 to \$3.98

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Hand Mirrors, black back. Each 49c.

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In any wardrobe there are three essentials for fall, one very straight and one like; another with a flare, and a third of a bouffant character.

An evening gown of wide-mesh rose net is flecked with metal and embroidered in rose crystals. Rose-colored tulle makes the girdle.

A coat dress of red velvet balances its left side closing with a side pocket on the right hip. A choker of monkey fur completes the costume.

The very latest comb is a fastened affair, crystal-colored, and lined with jewels.

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