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The Long Blue Chimney provides a clean, intense heat. Its long draft consumes all the fuel—without heating you or the room in the process. No odor—no smoke. It bakes, roasts, broils, toasts—gives every cooking service at the low cost of coal oil.

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NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKSTOVE

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A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER X ONLY A GOOD FOR NOTHING.

"Better stay where you are, Kendrick. The change of air is doing you much good," is the brave reply. "It won't hurt you to be away from the studios and picture galleries for a time. Don't be in too great a hurry to desert the camps of Philistia for the tents of Bohemia, my dear fellow."

Somewhat, time seems to drag very heavily with me after the doctor's departure. Not that so much of his company has fallen to my share, however; for ever since the occurrence of that mysterious little incident in the garden, which has made so deep an impression on my mind, he has seemed to avoid me, and yet I am missing him more than I can express.

In other respects, things are going on very quietly at Desdèpene—too quietly, I think, a little discontentedly, at times. Len, who spends much less time in his studio than formerly, is not just now the most entertaining companion one could desire. He works or idles at the suggestion of a whim, rather than with the old, firm-set purpose so characteristic of him a few weeks back, and he has fallen into the habit of strolling away almost every day, with his sketchbook under his arm, for long excursions among the beautiful Devonshire woods.

These excursions, I am aware, from more sources than one, generally lead to the rectory parlor, at Forton, and end with an afternoon's flirtation with Miss Clitheroe, whose reputation as a beauty and coquette does not tend to set my mind much at ease about my brother.

As to Addie, engrossed by her writing and Ernest Warden—who, although no positive engagement as yet exists between them, has quite taken the tone of a lover, and seems jealous of her every word and thought—she leaves me so much to my own devices that I am beginning to consider the advisability of getting up some little counter excitement of my own, just to prevent me from becoming melancholy.

My housekeeping duties are not very onerous, either. Mrs. Martin, who, together with the unknown inmate of Ivy Cottage, is a greater mystery to me than ever, still continues to pay us periodical visits of assistance. As a visitor, though a few people

besides the Clitheroes have called upon us, they are not sufficiently numerous or interesting to take up much of my time and thoughts, which I am vainly casting about in my mind for some means of turning to profitable account.

If I could only hit upon some means of earning money! I am willing and able to work; but the question is, what can I do?

I know what I should like to do, if I could only have my own way about it. Deep down in my heart of hearts lies a secret ambition—a burning desire to go on the stage and storm the world as a second Bernhardt.

This inspiration in an unfortunate moment of confidence I one day communicate to Len, who, wheeling sharply round from the easel at which he is at work, lays down his palette and brushes, and looks me over from head to foot, with a comical twinkle in his eyes that inspires me with an intense longing to box his ears.

"Is there nothing else, in a reasonable way, that you would like?" he asks. "Come, now, Lesley, don't be modest. Couldn't you fancy the crown of England, or any other trifle of that sort, while you are about? Never be backward in announcing your desires. Believe in yourself, and other people will come to believe in you, also. Depend upon it, the world is much more apt to take us upon our own valuation than some folks are disposed to suspect. Only blow your trumpet loud enough and long enough, or get some one else to blow it for you, and people will come to the conclusion that there must be something in you, or you would never make so much noise in the world."

I am disgusted with Len! Why will he persist in always laughing at all my ambitions and pet aspirations? If it were Addie, now, who had said what I had said, how differently he would have taken it!

That Addie is to make her mark in the world, and become a famous and successful woman some day, he never seems to doubt; but I—

I wonder what Len does consider me good for! Tears of vexation start to my eyes, and, half offended, I turn away, without a word.

"Little simpleton!" my brother exclaims, as, catching me by the arm, he draws me back to his side in the otel, petting way that would make me forgive him anything. "Don't you know, dear, that I should be sorry, indeed, did I not think there was a happier fate than that in store for you? Ah, Lesley, it is a long and weary road that leads to fame, and every step of it uphill, no matter how you travel it—a road that I am glad to think one of my sisters will never

tread! You will find some one to love and care for you, as you deserve, some day, dear; and, believe me, that will be infinitely better than all the fame and fortune ever woman won, whether by the pencil, the pen, or the stage. You will be falling in love, and marrying like other women some day, I hope, Lesley."

I laugh a soft little laugh as he says it—a laugh that is full of scorn and discontent—while my cheeks turn crimson at the mere suggestion.

I marry, indeed! Where, in the name of all that is wonderful, should a husband for me ever come from, unless he could drop from the skies? And as to falling in love with any one that I already know—

Why should the suggestion make me think at once of Doctor Fuller? It is strange how my fancy seems to cling to him of late. A man, who, in all human probability, has never so much as given me a thought in return; who is old and grave enough to be my father; whom stupid people call ugly and uninteresting—of whom I once thought the same thing myself; and yet for a sight of whose face, a sound of whose voice, my heart is hungering as it never hungered for anything in all my life before.

Oh, Heaven help me! Has it come to this—that I have fallen in love with Doctor Fuller? If not, what is the meaning of this ceaseless pain—this aching void in my heart—which frightens and terrifies me, and yet from which I cannot get free?

CHAPTER XI WHEN LOVE ENTERS.

I feel that a change—a terrible change—is approaching in our life. There is a strange, new, aching pain at my heart, and I have a premonition of coming disaster.

Whenever I think of Len and Addie, I am tempted to wish that we had never come to Desdèpene.

Perhaps that is a very selfish wish, but for the last few months we three have been as one; and now, if I am any judge of symptoms, our happy little trio is soon to be broken up.

And what is to become of me when Addie and Len have married, I cannot conceive.

That Adelaide and Ernest Warden are in love with each other I guessed from the first, and now I am of affairs between my brother and Gwendolen Clitheroe is scarcely less apparent.

Poor Len has changed remarkably. All his former careless freedom has vanished. Love has done this, for it is easy to see that he is hopelessly, irrevocably in love with the rector's beautiful daughter.

Had she been a different woman than the shallow, worthless creature that she is, I could have borne it better; but deep down in my soul I feel that Gwendolen Clitheroe is quite unworthy of the love of a man like my brother Leonard, in spite of the fact that most people would have regarded the sacrifice as all on the other side.

With her beauty, her ambition, and many advantages, Miss Clitheroe might certainly have done better, in a worldly point of view, than accept the attentions of a poor artist, with nothing but his own efforts to trust to in the future, I admit, as I stand passively, by, day by day, watching the growth of the mad passion with which she is exerting every wile and fascination in her power to inspire him; and yet the thought that she is unworthy of him still remains.

In her beautiful face and graceful manners, I can read her as only a woman can read another.

My eyes are not blinded by the glamour of love if Len's are; and from a hundred little indications, too small in themselves to be defined, I have arrived at the conclusion that Gwendolen Clitheroe is as destitute of heart and soul as it is possible for a woman to be. That she will ever really marry

The Man With the Hoe

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If you have a weak back you cannot stand much hoeing unless you use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to set the kidneys right and remove the cause of weakness and lameness of the back. Just try one pill a dose at bed time and see how much better you will feel.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them.—Mrs. MARRS BOYD, 1441 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years' experience is at your service.

ry him, I can hardly believe; and, even if she does, I can scarcely see that poor Len's chances of happiness are much improved. Men do not gather grapes from thorns; and a fashionable, heartless flirt is not the girl to make any man happy.

I would give my right hand to save him from the fate I fear for him. But as the days go past, and I find myself thrown more and more on my own resources, my thoughts come oftener back to myself and my own prospects.

Somehow the future looks very cheerless to me just now, as I look into the very slender condition of my finances.

If only I could do something to earn money—something to place me in a position of independency—the constant burden of my thoughts.

Story writing seems easy, and I sit down and rack my brains for an hour in a vain attempt to evolve a romance.

I have thought and thought until my eyes ache and my temples throb, and all at once a bright idea occurs to me.

Suppose I go outdoors and try what the fresh air and sunlight will do toward inspiring me with a suggestion? Putting on my garden hat, I gather up my pencil and papers, and make my escape from the house, with a sense of relief.

Just beyond the garden there is a gentle slope of meadowland yellow with buttercups, and in one corner is a pleasant little spot, shaded by a clump of spreading beech, and a huge straggling hawthorn hedge that screens it from the road, and that, white with blossoms, is just now filling the air with perfume.

It is a cool, shady retreat, in which Len very often comes to smoke his beloved pipe and indulge in day-dreams; and, on reaching the spot, I find him already there before me, busy at work making a sketch of the distant Priory ruins, of which the spot affords an excellent view.

He gives me a nod and a smile as I take my seat a few yards off; and, with rather a puzzled glance at my formidable packet of manuscript papers, goes on with his sketching in silence.

It is a lovely way and a lovely spot, with nothing save the buzz of insects and the song of birds to disturb its quiet; but I am not thinking of my surroundings just now, my mind is too full of "Dark Deeds," as I have decided upon calling my unwritten romance, and in a few minutes I am scribbling away, as if for dear life, at a graphic description of my hero, who is to be handsome, brave, and noble, as no man ever was before, and desperately in love with the fair and faultless Lady Gladys Carew, who despises him on account of his lowly birth.

By and by Len gets up and strolls away, for a better view of the ruin, probably. But I am too much engrossed in literature to pay much attention to Len's movements; and, as he does not come back very quickly, I become so deeply absorbed in my work that I forget him entirely, until the small of tobacco smoke and the sound of a step on the soft grass behind me informs me at last that he has returned.

(To be Continued.)
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Waist—2500. Skirt—3504. Comprising Waist Pattern 2500 and Skirt Pattern 2504. Foulard, taffeta, batiste, dimity, dotted Swiss, organdy, slanting, crepe and satin are desirable for its development. The skirt may be made without the trimming. The waist is finished with shaped vest, portions. The sleeves may be made to wrist or elbow length. The Skirt Pattern 2504 is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The Waist 2500 in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 6 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for the entire dress in a 38-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

FOR AFTERNOON OR CALLING.



2502—Here is a smart and pretty model, easy to develop, nice for soft batiste, crepe or foulard, and just as good for satin, gabardine, serge or linen. As here shown, white voile was combined with cluny insertion. The skirt is of pale blue satin. The tunic is finished separate from the skirt, and could be made of contrasting material. White serge with braiding or embroidery would be nice for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor refuses to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.

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We can give you MEN'S BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR, special values, at 50c. and 85c. garment.

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Cable News.

WAR REVIEW.

The Germans have materially stiffened their defence against the British, American and French troops on the Picardy battlefield, but they have been unable to stem the tide of advance against them. Although the forward push of the Allies has been slowed down somewhat they have made further important progress from the north of the Somme where the Americans and British are fighting together, and on the northern bank of the Oise River where the French troops are engaging the enemy. The Americans and their British brothers in arms at last accounts were pressing closely upon Bray-Sur-Somme and their line was across the Roye-Campigne Road and at Cambonne had reached the road leading from Campigne to Noyon. Since the capture of Mont Didier, the French have penetrated eastward to Tilloy, a distance of about seven miles and to Camp Sur-Matz, more than eight and a half miles, and through the hilly region southward to the Oise have averaged gains exceeding six miles over a front of twenty miles. The stiffening of the German defence does not, in the minds of observers on the battlefield, indicate that the retreat of the enemy has ended, rather it is assumed that these manoeuvres are similar to those carried out over the Marne front where strong rearwards covered the retirement of the Crown Prince's army northward. The smoke of large scale fighting to be seen far behind the enemy's lines, and the movement of transport columns eastward are considered evidence that it is the intention of the enemy ultimately to retire to new lines of defence. Aviation have destroyed all the bridges across the Somme from the region of Peronne southward, and with the exception of communicating lines here in the hands of the Allies or dominated by their guns, the resumption of movement of rearward actions are required to engage numbers of men and guns in enormous quantities of stores for capture by the Allied troops. The Allies are gradually encircling Peronne and its capture which seems imminent, will greatly heighten the difficulties of the Germans in falling back. Intensive air fighting is proceeding over the battle lines. On Friday, thirty-nine German machines were destroyed and twenty-two driven down out of control. The British war office acknowledges that twenty-three British machines are missing. Unofficial estimates bring the number of guns captured to more than 500. On the Ver front the Germans on the northern side of the stream are reported to be entrenching and stretching barbed wire over the territory, where they are facing the French and Americans.

MONT DIDIER FALLEN.

LONDON, Aug. 10. Mont Didier fell to the French army, which had been operating south of that place, according to the British announcement to-night. Many prisoners and great quantities of material were taken by the French. The statement follows: The attack launched yesterday evening in accordance



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