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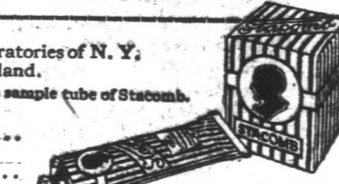
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At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXIII.

She stopped abruptly, for with a little cry her mother had suddenly buried her face in her hands.

"Mamma—" began Gertrude.

"Go on, my dear," said a faint, low voice that she hardly recognized.

"You have—you have indeed," she said. "You have Karl Allanmore's face. What is your name? Harry, come here! My name is Gertrude Cliefden." "I said 'Cliefden!'" she repeated.

"Oh, Harry, we have found them at last! Harry, come to me—I have found them at last! The young Englishman came up and stood looking with the utmost bewilderment at us. 'Harry,' she cried, 'is it not marvelous? I have found them! Is it possible that you do not recognize them? Mamma, listen. He went up to Kathleen and looked at her—a long steady gaze; then he said, 'I believe this is my old friend and play-fellow, Kathleen Rhysworth.' Kathleen shook her head. 'I am Kathleen Cliefden,' she replied—not Rhysworth. He looked with a puzzled air at the lady, and then again at my sister. 'You are certainly my little playfellow Kathleen,' he said. I remember your face. Your eyes were always sad, and you had dark curls on your forehead.' 'A Rhysworth face,' said the lady—'she always had it. You know, Harry, the dear lady gave up everything, even her name. Cliefden was her maiden name. Then she seemed to think that perhaps she had spoken imprudently, for she looked at me with her quick eyes. 'It may be,' she said, 'that you know nothing of your own or your mother's history.' 'I know nothing whatever,' I replied, 'except that my mother is living and my father is dead.' She repeated the word after me. 'Dead! Oh, then he is really dead, is he?' she asked. 'Yes,' I said. He has been dead ever since I remember. My mother is a widow." "I understand," she said, with a deep sigh. Then the young Englishman came round to me. He has such clear, honest eyes. I liked his face so much. He held out his hand to me and said, 'Is it possible that this can be baby Gertrude? Imagine—baby Gertrude! I tried to show him that I was no baby, and to look over his head; but I could not.

a childlike trust and faith in One who had never failed her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The moon was shining on the Arno when the two girls returned; all the towers and cupolas of the city had caught the silver light, the river was like a silver stream, the nightingales began to sing in the olive grove. It was a night full of rest and peace. The bells of many a tall church spire were ringing, for it was a festa day, and the music came chiming softly over the water; but to the beautiful, fair haired woman, whose tears fell upon the grass, it seemed as though all peace, all hope, all tranquillity were of the past. She who had been sailing on a smooth sea was now being tossed upon a stormy ocean; the terrible tragedy of her life was beginning again after all these years of rest and sweet repose. She trembled at the prospect; she turned toward and would fain have died.

With the song of the nightingale and the music of the bells around her she turned from the river to her daughters who were standing beside her—Kathleen with her sweet, sad eyes fixed anxiously on her mother's face, Gertrude with every nerve quivering.

"Come away from the river," said Dolores; "there is something I do not like about it to-night."

They seated themselves on the bamboo chairs in the vine-shaded walk. But Gertrude found it impossible to rest on a chair, and she slipped upon her knees among the violets at her mother's feet, her arms clasped round her graceful figure, her head on her breast.

"I must be close to you where I can kiss you every time that you want comfort," she said; and a fair smile crossed the pale face of Dolores. Gertrude's loving, coaxing ways were very sweet, yet they always gave her pain; they were so like the ways of her lost Karl.

"I have a story to tell you, my children," she began, "and it pleases me to tell it to you out here in the sweet air under the light of heaven. But, before I begin, I want you to remember that we know only the half of people's lives; we judge of what we see, while there is one to whom all things are known. You said the other day, Gertrude, that you had never seen me angry but once, and then it was because, knowing how I hate roses, you brought me some. Do you remember that, when you gave them to me, I flung them into the river, and that my action made you cry?"

"I remember, mamma," said Gertrude.

Her delicate features quivered with emotion, while Kathleen sat perfectly still, her fair face bent over her folded hands.

"I will tell you," said Dolores, "why I hate roses. When I was quite young, I had a friend. I believed her to be a friend, but I found her to be a rival and a foe. She was very beautiful, graceful, accomplished, but not good. I fear. She thought chiefly of gaiety, of balls and fetes and picnics and parties; she thought the only thing in life to be lived for was the making—oh, children, I hate to say the words to you!—the making of a good match. That gives you but a faint idea of her. She was unlike other girls; she impressed every one with her own vitality. No one ever forgot her who had once seen her. She was beautiful, after the fashion of Titian's women—with a splendid color, richly-fringed, dark eyes, white eyelids, masses of rich, dark hair. Some one named us the 'rival roses.' She was the red rose, I was the white. We knew our friends and admirers by the color of the roses that they wore at the different balls which we attended; we had the red-rose quadrille and the white-rose quadrille. It was only friendly, pleasant harmony then, friendly rivalry, and our war of the roses caused great amusement. It is sixteen years since her name has crossed my lips, but I do not think she has ever been one moment out of my mind. Her name was Lola de Ferras, and she lived with her mother at a place called Beauville, near our home. They were French exiles, and Madame was highly contented. I want to make my story short. I married Lory Rhysworth—the girls both started, and Kathleen looked with pious eyes into her mother's face—"a nobleman who was greatly esteemed in the county, and we lived at a beautiful mansion—call-

The thrifty shopper says

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Shoe Polish

Nothing else will do

You get more and better shines for your money.

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Oxblood Shoes

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Beggars Who Live in Luxury

WILES OF "DOWN AND OUT" LETTER-WRITERS.

Almost yearly the London Mendicity Society exposes the means of livelihood adopted by a cunning class of swindler, and yet the trusting and credulous and generous are the public that these parasites continue to flourish in opulence and luxury.

Mr. Robert Pierpoint of the Society mentioned, has just related how begging letters are on the increase. The London Mendicity Society investigated no fewer than 1,173 cases during the past year, with the result that some sensational discoveries were made.

One of the most incredible was of a jingle harp who solicited aid from the public by means of cleverly-written begging letters, which told how her brother, an omnibus conductor, was too ill to follow his employment. Inquiries showed that the brother, far from being ill, was actually the owner of an omnibus, which he ran at a good profit to himself. The woman herself had an income of at least ten pounds a week; and, as the result of baiting on the public, had recently been enabled to purchase a nine-roomed house for \$2,000.

Turks Expelling Christians

BEIRUT, July 18 (A.P.)—Parties of Christians are still expelled from Turkey. Since February 15th, 2,568 Christians have arrived in Syria from the district of Urfa, all of whom were destitute. These expulsions have been gradually growing since 1919, and to-day the total number is estimated to be about 110,000.

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to make? We make a speciality of making up customers own goods at prices that are absolutely the lowest for first class work.

FARRELL THE TAILOR, 310 Water Street.—nov17.14

Poison in Summer Foods

Every summer thousands of people suffer from "food poisoning," and in the opinion of many medical men this is due to harmful so-called chemical preservatives which are used freely in many forms of food.

Made-up foods do not keep sweet for long in hot weather, but if they are tampered with by the addition of chemicals, putrefaction can be put off for a considerable time. Boric acid is a favourite preservative, and borax is also used. These substances are both dangerous, and their use should not be permitted.

Salicylic acid and sodium salicylate are often to be found in sausages. In hot weather it is wise to avoid this kind of food; also brawn, which is another food which does not keep well.

Sauces are often adulterated to make them keep in hot weather. Benzoic acid and the benzoates are chemicals used for this purpose.

In the past various kinds of deleterious and poisonous chemicals were used as colouring matters, but this is not done so much nowadays. Sulphate of iron and green vitriol were used until recently, as well as several dangerous arsenical salts.

Copper salts are probably the most dangerous chemicals used at the present day. These are employed to give vegetables a bright green colour before they are sold or served.

Learning the Business.

Some even more remarkable cases have been investigated by the Society in the course of its many years of existence. It investigates cases for the King and for the Prince of Wales, the Prince, especially, countless begging letters are directed in the course of the year. Many of these are from genuine "down and outs."

One never finds the real begging-letter writer—the one who makes a speciality and a profession of inditing moving appeals to people's generosity—among those who write to Royalty. They know that in this way lies exposure.

Once however, one of the professional "screwers," as these parasites are called, made the mistake of applying to a member of the Royal Family with a story that read like a genuine one. She claimed to be the nurse of a member of the Royal Family and had fallen on bad times. All the facts were correct in the letter—only the nurse in question had died some years before and the fraud was discovered.

This woman was found to be unable to read or write herself. She employed a young girl, whom she was apparently training in the same despicable trade as herself, to pen the appeals for her. She received a stiff sentence of imprisonment at the Old Bailey a year ago.

Many of these impostors have been found to be illiterate people. That being so, there was a mystery as to how they could pen the letters which so often elicited monetary response.

Then it was found that there was a man living and working in the same grimy office in the City who was the real author of the letters. He, however, could not be prosecuted, since his defence was that he was only doing work at the request of others.

It was this man who, in disguised calligraphy, composed and wrote letters for others who were themselves unable to write. He charged a commission "on results."

Caterpillars Endanger Trains

EDMONTON, Alta., July 18.—(A.P.)—Two steam pipes have been attached to every locomotive on the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway to clear the tracks of caterpillars, which had become so thick that the rails were made slippery and trains could often make no headway. The steam pipes, carried down to the front of the wheels, exert a pressure that blows the insects from the rails. At certain places incessant swarms of caterpillars continue to cross the tracks.

Train That Never Stops

A "never-stop" railway has been built at the British Empire Exhibition.

There are one and a half miles of single-track and three-quarters of a

GRAND HOSIERY SPECIAL

500 Pairs Ladies' HOSE

BLACK ONLY

Regular 35 cents pair

FOR THIS WEEK

20c pair

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CONCEPTION BAY SERVICE S. Y. "PAWNEE"

Carbonear	Harbor Grace	Bell Island	Portugal Cove
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Tue. Thur. Sat.	Daily	Daily
Leave 7.20 a.m. Arrive 6.30 p.m.	Leave 7.20 a.m. Arrive 6.30 p.m.	Leave 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. Arrive 9.45 a.m. and 5 p.m.	Arrive 9.15 a.m. and 2.15 p.m. Leave 9.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.

Above Schedule Daily except Sunday.

J. B. MARTIN, Agent, Bell Island.
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RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES

are the Best Value Your Money Can Buy

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."

(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

FACE AFFECTED WITH ECZEMA

Also Behind Ears and On Limbs. Cuticura Heals.

"I was afflicted with eczema which broke out in a rash. I had it on my face, behind my ears and on my limbs. My skin was sore and red and my clothing aggravated it. It itched and burned causing me to scratch, and sometimes I could not sleep at night. My face was disfigured."

"I finally read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I got relief so purchased more, and after using one box of Cuticura Ointment, with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed." (Emma) Miss Arvilla C. Copple, 2899 Taylor St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. Send for a free sample. I got relief so purchased more, and after using one box of Cuticura Ointment, with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed." (Emma) Miss Arvilla C. Copple, 2899 Taylor St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

After Shaving

Rub the face with Minard's mixed with sweet oil. Very soothing to the skin.

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There are one and a half miles of single-track and three-quarters of a

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Baird & Co., Ltd., Agents.

Blue Bird Tea

Brings Happiness

For evening, very pale pink, white and flowered chiffons are especially good.