

Eczema Covered Arms of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucedale, Ont., writes—



When my little son was three months old he broke out in sores on his chest and arms. We did all we could to heal these terrible sores, but nothing did him much good. Finally I ventured on a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and kept on using it. At last we were rewarded by the steady healing of the sores, and finally he was completely relieved of them. He is now three years old, and has had no return of the trouble since.

Baby Marshall.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXI.

One morning, when the Squire opened the letter-bag, he found it contained just such another thin, square envelope as the one which Sir Karl had received on that fatal day when he had disappeared. On this occasion the letter was addressed to Lady Allammore. If he had followed his first impulse, he would have burned it on the spot, but he reflected that it might have some reference to the matter which was engrossing all their thoughts; so he took it up to Dolores, whose pale face grew paler as she recognized the handwriting.

"This is from Lola!" she cried. "Oh, papa, come to me while I read it!"

He sat by her side while she opened it, and all the light faded from her eyes as they traced the cruel words.

"I told you," the letter began, "that I should have my revenge—and I have had it. You won my lover from me, and I swore to you the time would come when you should suffer as you had made me suffer. I have kept my word; my revenge is complete, great as was the injury I received. I knew the time would come when Sir Karl would tire of you. Women of your type, Dolores, but seldom retain love. The time for which I waited has arrived. You have looked your last on the man you stole from me. It is my revenge, Dolores. What do you think of it?"

Lady Allammore's face grew deathly pale, and her lips trembled as she gave the letter back to the Squire.

"Let us keep that, papa," she said slowly, "with the other. They may be useful some day."

"He is with her then; there is no mistake."

"There can be no mistake; this is proof conclusive," she replied. "I wish," she continued sadly, "that he had written to me, even had it been only to say good-by."

"It appears to me," said the Squire gravely, "that you are entitled to a divorce."

"No," she replied, with a shudder, "there is no need of a divorce. He is dead to me, he whom I loved so well; but I shall be true to him. My last faint hope is dead, papa, quite dead."

MRS. DAVIS NERVOUS WRECK

Tells Women How She Was Restored to Perfect Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winnipeg, Man.—"I cannot speak too highly of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was a nervous wreck and I just had to force myself to do my work. Even the sound of my own children playing made me feel as if I must scream if they did not get away from me. I could not even speak right to my husband. The doctor said he could do nothing for me. My husband's mother advised me to take the Vegetable Compound and I started it at once. I was able to do my work once more and it was a pleasure, not a burden. Now I have a fine bouncing baby and am able to nurse her and enjoy my work. I cannot help recommending such a medicine, and any one who now can see what it does for me, I am only too pleased for you to use my testimonial."—Mrs. EMILY DAVIS, 722 McLeod Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Allments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to Lydia E. Pinkham, Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ont. This book contains valuable information.

ture was English. There were Chippendale chairs and tables, superb marquetry work and the old china. Italian art and English ideas of taste and comfort combined could scarcely fail to have a pleasing effect.

On this fair evening a lady stepped from the open drawing-room window, and slowly and thoughtfully wended her way through the gardens skirting the avenue of beech and chestnut trees. She passed down the long, vine-shaded path till she reached a spot where the river rippled over the grass, which was studded with violets.

She looked slowly up and down the Arno, flushing red beneath the last kiss of the sun. Time had dealt gently with Dolores. Sixteen years had passed since her father had died so suddenly, leaving her alone in the wide world. It had been a terrible shock to her. For many weeks she had feared for her reason as well as for her life. Lady Fielden had come to the rescue; she had gone over to Scardale and, as it were, taken possession of it. She had sent the two little children, Kathleen and Gertrude, to her own nursery, and attended to Dolores with her own kind, motherly hands.

The Squire's death had been all the more unexpected from the fact that for some time previously he had seemed in such excellent health. His daughter always believed that the shock of finding her husband guilty of a great wickedness had killed him, although she wondered if it brought back to his memory some long-past sorrow of his own. From that day, now sixteen years ago, Dolores became an altered woman. She accepted the fact that her husband had deserted her for Lola. There was no other solution of the mystery; no news came from him. He was, of course, ashamed to write; he could have nothing to say to his deserted wife. A certain hardness and coldness that had been foreign to Lady Allammore's nature gradually crept into it. Her father was dead, and she made up her mind to go away from the place where she had suffered the most cruel indignity that could fall to a woman's lot. Every one in the neighborhood of Scardale knew that she had loved Sir Karl—every one knew that he had deserted her, and for whom. She would go where none of her old friends would be able to find her. She would leave Scardale, never to re-enter it. Sir Karl would come back when he was tired wandering. She would not touch one farthing of his income—she was rich enough without that—and, furthermore, she would renounce his name. She would drop her title, and call herself Mrs. Chieffelin.

Dolores had not intended to have one familiar face near her which could recall the unhappy past; but she could not refuse Frodscham, so she took him with her. She bade no farewell; she was tired of condolences, tired of sympathy, tired even of kindness. She longed to be away. She bore the brand—so shameful to all good and pure women—of a deserted wife, and she loathed it; she shrunk from the sympathetic looks she saw on the kindly faces of old friends. If they would but leave her alone, let her suffer in silence, let her bear her own griefs undisturbed! She longed with an unutterable longing to be free, to go where no one knew her, to take her children where their sweet lips should never learn even to pronounce the names that had been of such evil omen to her.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XXII.

The city of Florence lay smiling in the golden light of the setting sun. Never perhaps had the home of the poets looked more lovely. The sunbeams fell upon its domes and palaces, upon its magnificent churches and bridges, upon its countless works of art. On the banks of the Arno, not far from the city, stood a house known as the Villa Baira, surrounded by tall trees and brilliant flowers. No spot could be more favored. On one side of the villa rose purple hills—hills that were covered with vines and olives, and groves of orange and lemon trees, round the stems of which scarlet creepers hung in rich abundance, and masses of passion flowers of every hue, from deep crimson to creamy white. Red poppies peeped from among the grass, lilies grew in wild luxuriance, and the air was filled with a delicious perfume. The grounds of the villa sloped down to the river. There was no wall or railing at the brink, and some persons said it was not safe; but the mistress of the house had an artist's soul, and loved to see the water lave the bank. The trees by the river echoed with the liquid notes of nightingales, and birds of sweetest song haunted the orange groves. A long, sheltered walk led from the villa to the edge of the river, the trelliswork of which was covered with an enormous vine, which branched out on all sides, and just now was laden with hundreds of bunches of rich, dark purple grapes. Oddly enough, not a rose was to be found in the garden, neither white nor red. The mistress of the place was English, and had a strong repugnance to the odor of roses. If the surroundings of the house were attractive, the interior was a marvel of comfort and luxury. The rooms were large and lofty, the windows were framed in passion-flowers. The ceilings were painted, and the walls either paneled or harmoniously tinted. The furni-

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is an old Axiom.

We advise the use of a Good Tonic and we know of no better than

BRICK'S TASTELESS.

Brick's Tasteless is a wonderful nerve tonic and blood builder that we gladly recommend. If you have no appetite, and feel tired, no energy for anything, try a bottle of BRICK'S and see how quickly it will help and improve your condition.

You can purchase a bottle of this excellent tonic at nearly every store in the country.

Price \$1.20 per bottle.

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New Shipment
Three or Four Stops
\$4.50, \$6, \$7, \$8

CHAS. HUTTON

Home of Music

Forty-Five Years in the Service of the Public—The Evening Telegram.

A Social Problem

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH HABITUAL CRIMINALS?

Like the poor, the habitual criminal is always with us. Addressing the grand jury at Halifax, Justice the Recorder, Mr. A. M. Langton, observed that to magistrates and recorders all over the country the habitual criminal was a source of great trouble. He was a man who committed smaller or greater offences—stealing from people who could ill afford to lose anything; sometimes venturing upon premises where the loss would be less felt, but always engaged in crime from the moment he left prison until he returned again to gaol. The habitual criminal was one of a class—not a large class he was happy to say—but that existed all over the country, and the difficulty that faced those who administered justice was how to deal with these men. "If you give them a long sentence," the Recorder went on, "the country is burdened with the charges of their keep; if you give them a short sentence they leave prison and repeat the same or similar offences against those who can ill afford to suffer by their depredation. Many years ago Sir John Anderson, who was at the head of the Prison Board, and devoted a great deal of attention to this subject, came to the conclusion that a system of preventive detention was the wisest course to adopt in England, and as a modification of the system which he proposed has been introduced. What I desire you to think about is whether that system should not be extended as far as possible. If by some system men of that class—an incurable, unemployable, and hopeless class—could be separated from the rest of the community, two advantages would result. In the first case, he explained, those who suffered—they were scattered about and generally poor people who could hardly voice their complaint—would be protected from further inroads upon their property and, in the second place, he was inclined to think that the expense in which the various communities were involved would probably be reduced, for the reason that if they could get rid of the habitual criminal class the likelihood was that so large a police force would not be required for the maintenance of order in a borough or county. "They are a class," the Recorder concluded, "who require constant watching, constant supervision, and, of course, they involve the whole country in expense. I make these observations for your consideration, and suggest that, at your leisure and when you discuss political matters, you should introduce the social element as well, and consider whether some measures cannot be taken to secure an extension of the system I have referred to, so that the peace may be maintained."—News of the World.

Peculiar Facts and Figures

In the manufacture of adrenalin crystals, used to rouse the blood pressure in cases of collapse and so on, 500 oxen are required to supply the crude material for a single pound. This material is made from a small gland which surmounts the kidney, and was discovered by a Japanese doctor named Takamina.

A Hungarian engineer has invented a gramophone no larger than a watch. There is room inside for ten plates, giving a repertoire of twenty selections. By placing the instrument on a champagne glass the sound is amplified sufficiently for an ordinary-sized room.

The population of London equals that of Belgium, and exceeds by two million that of the whole of Australia. London's streets, if placed end to end, would reach to Constantinople; its telephone wires similarly treated, would suffice to circle the equator 56 times; its rateable value is nearly £500,000,000; and it is patrolled by 21,000 policemen.

An earthquake travels at the rate of between 470ft. and 830ft. per second.

Thirty thousand cubic feet of air weighs roughly one ton.

The capital employed in the British gas industry is £100,000,000. It employs over 100,000 men, and last year used 10,000,000 tons of coal and 46,000,000 gallons of oil in making 170,000 million cubic feet of gas.

This is the jubilee year of polo, for the first match at Hurlingham was played in 1874. The game, at first quaintly described as "hokey on horseback," was introduced here by a retired Anglo-Indian officer.

The lightning of the 1,325 miles of streets in London costs £311,000 a year.

Winnipeg, Man.—The attractive outlook in Manitoba for unmarried women, as brought out so clearly and with such accuracy in a survey recently issued by the statistical branch of the Dominion Government, has aroused the women of many states, and varied duties to the advertisement offered by single males of this province.

Evening up the Sexes

The immigration commissioner has had his attention directed to this condition through conversation as well as by mail. A few days ago he received a letter from a young lady who resides in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, who wrote as follows:—"I see that there are more men than women in the province of Manitoba. Now here it is just the other way; there are more women than men. Now if you know of a good honest man that wants a wife tell him to write or come here to Newcastle and he can get as fine a woman as ever walked on a pair of legs."

"There is a great opportunity for further increasing the reputation of the province," commented the Immigration Commissioner, "hoop Manitoba as the old maid's paradise."

LIPTON'S GROCERIES

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Lipton's Superior English Biscuits

These Biscuits are a great favorite! Good quality at a Lower Price!

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with their beautiful fresh, fruity flavourings. A Lipton Jelly Tablet will make a Dessert in which you can always take pride. Quality always tells. Once you have used Lipton's Jellies, you will always use them. We have all the leading flavours.

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The Coffee Essence that most closely approaches Freshly Ground Coffee. Made with boiling milk, it is delicious.

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in two sizes of Bottles. All cooks like to have a bottle of this handy.

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Made by a Firm of World-wide Reputation for Excellence & Uniformity of Quality.

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*Agents.

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Pearline for easy washing—July 17, 1924.

Household Notes.

After Shaving
Rub the face with Mynard's mixed with sweet oil. Very soothing to the skin.

MINARD'S ROSE OF SHIRAZ TOILET

Rub aspic molds with a very thin salad oil.

A small piece of rubber is handy for scraping soiled dishes.

Serve toasted bacon sandwiches to tempt the breakfast appetite.

Booster for the baby can be made from the tops of long egg shells.

Pats of seasoned cold slaw makes a delightful garnish for cold meat.

Prunes are nice stewed, pitted, and boiled, and served with cream.