

Remington UMC
.22 Shooting

Plenty of healthy sport either at the targets or for small game. Remington UMC .22 Rifles are made with the same fine, unhurried care as our big game rifles—they are beautiful, hard-hitting, accurate little weapons, durable enough for the boys—fine shooting enough for the expert.

Three Remington UMC .22's—all are beauties

The Remington .22's are distinguished for clean, graceful lines, safety features, facility of take-down and accuracy of fire. Here they are:

Remington UMC Antelope
The king of all .22's. Gives you 10 fast, accurate shots as quick as you want to press the trigger. Not the slightest disturbance of the aim. Simple, simple and very accurate. Nothing to touch this shooting.

Remington UMC Repeater
A beautiful weapon—operates by a smooth-working slide action; with practice you can empty the 10 shots with lightning speed. Remington's slide action. Highest grade steel—accurate, rugged, perfectly finished.

Remington UMC Single Shot
An inexpensive but strongly built weapon that will give you years of good service. Made as carefully as our high price weapons.

Remington UMC means the best in Arms and Ammunition.

Remington Arms Co., Inc.
Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 233 Broadway, N.Y. City

Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER XXIX.
THE SPORT OF THE GODS.

"She loved Bertie all the time, poor girl," he thought bitterly, as he stopped and looked at the river, leaning on the bridge, all unconsciously, where Floris so often stood. "Poor girl, why did she deceive me? Why did she not come to me and say, 'Bruce, I do not love you; I find that my heart is not given to you; I love Bertie?' Heaven knows I would have let go without a single hard thought. He lit another cigar and turned from the bridge.

Presently he heard the sound of a piano. It would not have attracted his attention—for it was not the first piano he had heard that night—but there was something in the air that seemed familiar.

What was it? A voice now rose, a very soft, pretty voice, and accompanied the piano. He could not catch the words, and yet, almost unconsciously, he found himself supplying them! What were they? Surely he had heard them sung to this tune!

"My sweet girl—love, with frank gray eyes. Though years have passed, I see you still. There where you stood beside the mill, Beneath the bright autumnal skies, Low o'er the marsh the curlew flew, The mavis sang upon the bough, Oh, love, dear love, my heart was true, It beats as truly, fondly, now, Though years have passed, I love you yet; Do you still remember, or do you forget?"

Where had he heard them? They were the verses Floris had sung to Bertie one morning—the morning of the fancy fair! A pang shot through

HER DAUGHTER WAS SAVED FROM OPERATION

Mrs. Wells of Petersburg Tells How.

Petersburg, Va.—"For two years my daughter suffered from a weakness and pain in her right side; at times she was so bad she could not do any work. For two years she was attended by the best physicians here, and both agreed that she would have to be operated on. I suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and at first she refused to take it, but finally consented. From the very beginning it helped her, and now she is entirely well, and telling everybody how much good it has done her."—Mrs. W. D. WELLS, 226 North Adams Street, Petersburg, Va.

If every girl who suffers as Miss Wells did, or from irregularities, painful periods, headache, dizziness, dragging down pains, inflammation or soreness would only give this famous root and herb remedy a trial they would soon find relief from such suffering.

For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years' experience is at your service.

not summon strength enough to leave him. His eyes—so wistful, so sad, so reproachful—held her as by a charm. "Have you been ill?" he asked, suddenly, almost gently. She shook her head. "Why do you wear that black dress?" he asked. "My mother—" she faltered. He hung his head. "I did not know. Why did you not tell—but why should you? And you are not ill?" "No." "And—and you are happy?" he continued, hoarsely. The look of reproach, of angelic sadness that shone from her dark eyes went to his soul. He sighed—it was almost a groan. "Has he tired of you already?" he said, hoarsely. "Great Heaven! Is it possible? Floris, I could almost wish that I had not seen you—and yet—" Two tears gathered in her eyes and fell slowly on her cheek. The sight of them tortured him. "For Heaven's sake, don't cry!" he said, hastily; "the past is over and done with. I—I am sorry you are not happy. Oh, Heaven! to see you standing there and to know the gulf that divides us. Floris—Floris, why did you do it?" She looked at him with troubled, wondering questioning. "Why did you, Floris? Heaven—why did you not tell me—why did you not come to me—and—but to go like that, without a word! Did you want to break my heart—were you quite heartless, Floris?" She looked at him as if she could not believe her senses, and one white hand went to her forehead tremblingly. "I do not understand! Why do you speak to me like this?—why do you ask me these questions? Oh, it is cruel, cruel, knowing how wicked you have been—how hard and heartless yourself!" "If" he said, in amazement; and in his eagerness and excitement he pushed the gate open; but, as she shrank back, he too stepped back and closed it again. "If" he said, in amazement; and in his eagerness and excitement he pushed the gate open; but, as she shrank back, he too stepped back and closed it again. "If" he said, in amazement; and in his eagerness and excitement he pushed the gate open; but, as she shrank back, he too stepped back and closed it again.

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CHAPTER XXX.
THE CURTAIN UPLIFTED.

HER hands dropped from her face, and she shook her head, her great eyes fixed on him with a wistful yearning. "Will you not speak to me?" he said, holding the gate with his hot hands, his heart beating fast. "You are not afraid of me! You have no need to be! Speak to me, Floris!" She opened her lips—the lips he had kissed. "No; I am not afraid," she murmured, and her voice sounded to him like a ghost's. "How—why did you come here?" and she looked around. "I am staying here, in Florence," he said, with a voice that shook from agitation. "I did not know—" "You did not know that I was here," she finished for him, "or you would not have come." "No; I should not have come! No! And yet I am not sorry that I have seen you!" A pause for a moment. She could

not summon strength enough to leave him. His eyes—so wistful, so sad, so reproachful—held her as by a charm. "Have you been ill?" he asked, suddenly, almost gently. She shook her head. "Why do you wear that black dress?" he asked. "My mother—" she faltered. He hung his head. "I did not know. Why did you not tell—but why should you? And you are not ill?" "No." "And—and you are happy?" he continued, hoarsely. The look of reproach, of angelic sadness that shone from her dark eyes went to his soul. He sighed—it was almost a groan. "Has he tired of you already?" he said, hoarsely. "Great Heaven! Is it possible? Floris, I could almost wish that I had not seen you—and yet—" Two tears gathered in her eyes and fell slowly on her cheek. The sight of them tortured him. "For Heaven's sake, don't cry!" he said, hastily; "the past is over and done with. I—I am sorry you are not happy. Oh, Heaven! to see you standing there and to know the gulf that divides us. Floris—Floris, why did you do it?" She looked at him with troubled, wondering questioning. "Why did you, Floris? Heaven—why did you not tell me—why did you not come to me—and—but to go like that, without a word! Did you want to break my heart—were you quite heartless, Floris?" She looked at him as if she could not believe her senses, and one white hand went to her forehead tremblingly. "I do not understand! Why do you speak to me like this?—why do you ask me these questions? Oh, it is cruel, cruel, knowing how wicked you have been—how hard and heartless yourself!" "If" he said, in amazement; and in his eagerness and excitement he pushed the gate open; but, as she shrank back, he too stepped back and closed it again. "If" he said, in amazement; and in his eagerness and excitement he pushed the gate open; but, as she shrank back, he too stepped back and closed it again.

cence beamed from her dark eyes. "I deny! No! It is true, I came with Lord Clifford from Ballydoe—" He made a despairing gesture. "Why should we bandy words? Good-by, Floris, good-by! Tell him he is safe from me, tell him that—" he turned as her voice rang out, clear and commanding: "Stop!" He stood stock-still and waited. "Lord Norman, you have cruelly slandered me—say, more, an absent man! One so honorable and good that his name should not pass your stained and dishonored lips! You accuse me of flying—flying—with Lord Clifford!" She laughed—a terrible, piteous laugh. "What mad story you have heard I know not. The truth is all I know or care of. Lord Clifford met me by accident at Ballydoe station, he accompanied me to London, and then, having done all that a brother could do to comfort and console me under my heavy trouble, he left me. Since that hour I have neither seen nor heard from him! There is my answer to the foul lie you heard and believed!" He glared at her—white, breathless. "You—you received a telegram from him!" "A telegram?" she repeated. "Ah! From him? No, from home. It was to say that my mother was dying—" "Great and merciful Heaven! Floris—Floris!" he cried in a voice of despair, "is this true? Oh, how blind, blind I have been; how mad! Floris, forgive me! Forgive—oh, my poor darling! Why are you here? Why did you not write to me? Why—my brain is reeling. Have pity on me, Floris, and tell me all, this hideous mystery holds me in a net!" She saw the sweat standing in great drops upon his brow, and his hands clinch on the gate until they were white as his face. "I am here—earning my living," she said, simply. "I came here to be away from England, to learn to forget, to—to—I must go now—Lord Norman. Good-by."

"No! No!" she wailed. "You forget—you have forgotten Lady Blanche!" He started and a cold chill fell upon his passion. "Blanche!" he echoed, huskily. Great Heaven! He was to be married to her in a few days, married to her; and Floris— She put out her hand to him. "Oh, Bruce, Bruce, how could you have been so wicked?" He hung his head. "Be just! He murmured. "You left me. I was alone in the world! I had lost you—what did it matter whom I married—" She moaned and hid her face, then she looked up suddenly. "I left you!" she said, in a low, intense tone. "You had lost me! Oh, Bruce, Bruce, you were false to me before I left Ballydoe. You think I do not know—" He started. "I false to you before—I false to you! Floris, what is this? For Heaven's sake, speak plainly! Speak out at once! I am almost frenzied with this torture! I false to you! Am I dreaming?" She looked at him, her eyes full of a sad reproach and despair. "Why do you force me to speak?" she said, in a low voice. "What can it matter now? All is past between us. You are married—" "No!" he thundered. She panted, then her quick eyes read the truth. "Ah, not yet, but going to be. Is it not so, Bruce?" He hung his head, then he looked up. "Never mind Blanche," he said, hoarsely, "tell me what you meant by being false to you. What lies have they told you? Great Heaven, what is this mystery which has wrecked and ruined both our lives? What have they told you?" (To be Continued.)

To remove the stain of iron mould, first drop a little powdered salt on to the mark and then squeeze on a little lemon juice; hold the stained part of the article against the steam of a boiling kettle and the stain will disappear.

Floris came nearer. Truth alone in her face the dignity of injured innocence beamed from her dark eyes. "I deny! No! It is true, I came with Lord Clifford from Ballydoe—" He made a despairing gesture. "Why should we bandy words? Good-by, Floris, good-by! Tell him he is safe from me, tell him that—" he turned as her voice rang out, clear and commanding: "Stop!" He stood stock-still and waited. "Lord Norman, you have cruelly slandered me—say, more, an absent man! One so honorable and good that his name should not pass your stained and dishonored lips! You accuse me of flying—flying—with Lord Clifford!" She laughed—a terrible, piteous laugh. "What mad story you have heard I know not. The truth is all I know or care of. Lord Clifford met me by accident at Ballydoe station, he accompanied me to London, and then, having done all that a brother could do to comfort and console me under my heavy trouble, he left me. Since that hour I have neither seen nor heard from him! There is my answer to the foul lie you heard and believed!" He glared at her—white, breathless. "You—you received a telegram from him!" "A telegram?" she repeated. "Ah! From him? No, from home. It was to say that my mother was dying—" "Great and merciful Heaven! Floris—Floris!" he cried in a voice of despair, "is this true? Oh, how blind, blind I have been; how mad! Floris, forgive me! Forgive—oh, my poor darling! Why are you here? Why did you not write to me? Why—my brain is reeling. Have pity on me, Floris, and tell me all, this hideous mystery holds me in a net!" She saw the sweat standing in great drops upon his brow, and his hands clinch on the gate until they were white as his face. "I am here—earning my living," she said, simply. "I came here to be away from England, to learn to forget, to—to—I must go now—Lord Norman. Good-by."

"Royalo" Port Wine. Creme De Menthe.
Black Cherry Brandy. London Dock Sherry.
Sloe Gin. Ginger Wine Cordial.

266 Water Street,
St. John's, July, 1918.

Dear Sir, or Madam:

I beg to approach you as one whom I am of the opinion appreciates the good things of life with regard to some new drinks I am about to place on the market.

The wines in question, a list of which you will find at the head of this letter, are manufactured by a Toronto concern who, since that Province went "dry," have made a special study of wines that were popular in the "good old days" and have endeavored to imitate these wines as closely as it is possible to do when same have to be made according to the Prohibition law.

The Wines which I am now offering are the result. Nothing like them has ever been on the market since Prohibition days, and they should in no way be confounded with brands of non-alcoholic wines which have previously been on the market and which in the main are syrupy and nauseating.

Special care has been taken to imitate the original flavors as far as it is possible, in fact it is practically impossible to distinguish the two Liqueurs mentioned above from the real thing, while the other wines are very similar in flavor to their namesakes. A not unattractive feature is that the drinks are bottled in quart bottles, absolute counterparts of their real namesakes.

It is my desire to get a sample bottle of each of these wines into your home, for I am of the opinion that once you try them you will become a steady user of one or other of the kinds offered. I am therefore going to ask you to give me an order for One sample bottle each of "Royalo" Port Wine, London Dock Sherry, Creme de Menthe, Sloe Gin, Black Cherry Brandy and Ginger Wine Cordial at One dollar per quart bottle delivered (the same price as in Canada), that is Six Dollars in all.

(These sample orders will be filled through one of the St. John's dealers handling these goods, and delivery will be made as soon as the first shipment is received, probably some time in September.) Orders may be phoned to my office—telephone number 60.

Special prices to the trade upon application.

I am sure you will be pleased with this sample order and I hope to hear from you at your convenience.

With best wishes,
Yours very truly,
P. E. OUTERBRIDGE,
Agent for The Gordon Wine Co., Toronto.
Out of Town Representative:
MR. H. B. THOMSON.

Ladies' Mercerized
SILK Sweater COATS,
With Large Shawl Collar and Girdle.

A Snappy Offering,
\$4.80 each.

Special to Teachers
We are giving a discount of **10 per cent.**

S. MILLEY.

Agents for

The Greatest Mother in the World.

Never has the sign of the cross been more worthily carried than by that army of ministers to suffering who constitute the Red Cross Society. If they would not be insulted by the term, it might be said that they are the ideal pacifists—the bringers of peace. They do everything but fight. That badge of red is supposed to protect them from enemy fire, and it likewise binds them to non-combatant duty. Yet they are everywhere at the point of danger. The sublimest courage is theirs in him who goes into the trenches, and over the top, and through No Man's Land, willing to die, if need be, to save others.

Yet perhaps even greater fortitude is demanded at the stations and hospitals where the sight and sound of pain is ever present to the nurse, without the thrill of the battlefield. And yet the battle—that unjustifiable, one-sided battle—is brought even to the hospital by the enemy airman. But while the bombs are doing their ghastly work, those girl nurses—still their work goes on, the calm, sure, self-sacrificing work of saving life where the lives of boys and the saved and the saviour are the prey.

The Red Cross was born in the time of war, and war has called for its greatest exertions in relief work. The infinite demands of this unprecedented struggle call upon the Red Cross for greater expenditure of money and life than could have been conceived before. Yet, as in times of peace the Red Cross devoted itself to the relief of suffering wherever needed, so even in the midst of the war it continues to do the same.

Besides its care of the wounded, its auxiliary service includes correspondence with relatives, search for missing soldiers, feeding and clothing of prisoners in enemy hands, providing comfort equipment for every soldier in the army, re-educating and training in trades crippled soldiers, the care of refugees—thousands and ten thousands—the feeding, clothing, and care of mothers and children unable to completely care for themselves, the re-establishment of destroyed industries, both manufacturing and agricultural, and so on through an endless list of beneficent work.

In the saving and care of little orphaned children, in the bringing of comfort and help to the sick and wounded, in the restoration of life and joy to the despoiled, is not the Red Cross indeed "the greatest mother in the world?"—The Watchman.

Just received, 25 lbs. Paris Green. STAFFORD'S DRUG STORE.—July 16, 18

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