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GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent for Nfld.

## At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

### CHAPTER XXXVIII

Forty-eight hours later Dolores, with her eldest daughter, Kathleen, reached the Manor House.

"Let me see Gertrude," she said, when they came forward to welcome her. "Gertrude, come to me!"

The girl hastened to her mother and clasped her arms round her. She felt the tall, slender figure, clad in heavy black, tremble in her arms; she saw a look on the fair face such as she had never seen before.

"Gertrude," whispered Dolores—"I do not wish any one to hear me—tell me—is he living or dead?"

Oh, what an agony of hope and fear was there in the sweet, sad, violet eyes! In what a wistful way she seemed to hang on the words that came from Gertrude's lips!

"Dead, mamma," was the reply—"dead, my dearest. He died on that very night when people said he had left you."

Well might she shrink away in bitter wonder and sorrow. All this time while the world had judged him guilty, while people had sneered at him, while his nearest friends, and even his own wife, had believed the accusations against him, he had been perfectly innocent and lying dead.

"Le us retire somewhere, Gertrude," she moaned, "where you can tell me all, and no one can witness my remorse."

So Gertrude led her mother into Lady Fielden's boudoir. She made her lie down to rest and take some refreshment before she told her the story. Dolores listened with dazed senses until Gertrude clearly proved her father's innocence. It seemed almost incredible that Sir Karl had been lying dead all these years—lying so near his old home—while she had believed him to be guilty and alive.

It was some hours before Dolores recovered herself, or was able to calm her quivering nerves and fairly realize the truth. Then, when she fully grasped and had grown accustomed to it, her thoughts reverted to Lola. She asked innumerable questions concerning her, and by turns pitied and blamed her.

"What a revenge to take upon me," she said, wonderingly, "when I had never injured her! But she, I am sure, has suffered most. How wretched she must have been!"

When Gertrude described how Miss de Ferras had knelt on the ground to

ask her forgiveness, and how she had craved for a kiss and a kindly good-bye, Dolores wept; yet, at the same time, she felt slightly jealous. Why should this woman who had wrought such terrible mischief love Sir Karl's daughter?

"You do not know then where she has gone?" asked Dolores.

"No, mamma, dearest. She has gone out of our lives forever. Let her rest in peace."

"Dead all the time," murmured Dolores—"dead—and I believed him happy with her! Oh, my true and faithful love, how I have misjudged you! How foolish I was not to think of that old shaft! Oh, Gertrude, if I could undo the past, if I could live my life over again, I would act very differently! I was too quick in my judgment, I allowed my jealousy, and not my reason, to influence me. Oh, Karl, forgive me—forgive me, my dear lost love, for I shall never forgive myself!"

Presently she grew calmer. Kathleen, Lady Fielden, and Harry, came to see her, and they talked until midnight of what had happened.

"Gertrude," said Lady Allamore, "I shall always call you 'Golden Heart'; but for you, your father's memory would never have been cleared."

It was a day full of emotion for Lady Allamore. It became known, although they tried hard to keep it secret, that she had returned, and old friends flocked to see her. They would see her; they crowded round her with warm and glad greeting. At Deeping the church bells pealed merrily. Everybody rejoiced that Lady Allamore had returned; but as yet the terrible story concerning Sir Karl was unknown. There was no sleep that night either for Dolores or her daughters; over and over again the young girl had to repeat every detail, and Lady Allamore never wearied of asking about the treacherous pit.

She had an eager desire to see it, but Gertrude said she must not. It would haunt her in her dreams for evermore. The whole place was to undergo alteration, Lady Fielden would attend to it, and then she might visit the spot, but not until then.

(To be continued.)

## Columbia Dry Batteries

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## A QUEEN UNCROWNED

### THE STORY IN THE LONE INN

#### CHAPTER I

The time—late in the afternoon of a raw April day, many a year, most probably, before you were born, my dear sir or madam. The scene a long bleak strip of coast on the Jersey shore, washed by the bright waters of the flowing Hudson.

A low, black, rakish-looking schooner, with a sort of suspicious look about it, strikingly suggestive of nautical individuals skilled in reading the expressive countenances of schooners in general, had just come to anchor, out in the river, a short distance from the shore, and a boat, a few minutes after, had put off from her, and landed two persons, who sprang lightly out; while two more, who had rowed them, leaned on their dripping oars, and waited, as if for further directions.

"You can go back, now. I don't want you to wait for me. I'll stop at the Mermaid to-night. If I want you, you know the signal, and tell Sharp Bill to keep an uncommon sharp look-out. Come, my little Spanish Jockey o' Norfolk; put your best leg foremost, hoist all sail, and let's bear down on that full-blown craft, Bob Rowlie, of the Mermaid Inn."

The speaker gave his companion a blow on the back at this passage in his discourse, that sent him reeling, as well it might; and then, with a coarse laugh, sprang, with more agility than might have been expected from his looks, over the wet, shingly, slippery beach, toward the high road.

He was a man of some forty-five or fifty years of age, short, brawny and muscular, though not stout, with an extremely large head, set on an extremely short neck, which made up in thickness what was wanted in length. A complexion like unvarnished mahogany, with a low, retreating forehead; a pair of sharp, keen, glittering, hawklike eyes, gleaming from under thick, scowling brows; a grim, resolute mouth, expressive of the most unflinching determination, made up a face that would hardly be associated, in female minds, with the idea of love at first sight. This elegant frontispiece was rendered still further attractive by a perfect forest of underbrush and red hair generally; indeed, there was more hair about his countenance than there seemed any real necessity for; and his tarponin hat crowned a head adorned with a violent mat of hair of the same striking color. The gentleman was dressed in an easy, off-hand style, that completely set a defiance all established civilized modes, with nothing about him, save his sailor's hat, to betoken he was a seaman. Yet such he was, and a captain, too; Captain Nicholas Tempest, commander of the Fly-By-Night, at your service, reader.

A greater contrast to the gentleman just described than his companion, could hardly have been found, search the wide world over. He was a slender lad, of not more than sixteen or seventeen apparently, with a face that would have been feminine in its exquisite beauty, but for the extreme darkness of the complexion. Every feature was perfect, as faultlessly chiseled as if modeled after some antique statue. His eyes were large, black and lustrous as diamonds; his short, crisp, curling hair, of jetty blackness; while his complexion was darker than that of a Creole. His form was slight, graceful and elegant, his dress odd, picturesque, and foreign-looking, and strikingly becoming to the dark, rich style of his beauty. A crimson sash was knotted carelessly around his waist; and a cap of the same color, with a gold band and tassel, and a single black plume, was set jauntily on his dark curls, and gave him altogether the look of a handsome little brigand, just dressed for the stage.

The burly commander of the Fly-By-Night sprang fleetly up the rocks, followed by the boy, until they left the beach, and struck out on the straggling, unfrequented, lonely-looking road, with only one house in sight, as far as the eye could reach, and that one a low, dingy-looking place, with a black, smoky chimney leaning pensively to one side.

(To be continued.)

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### Before Train Time

When Most of the Travelling Was Done On Horse-Back, "Upping-Blocks" Were Used To The Starry Seas Of England.

"Yes," you may say; "but what are 'upping-blocks'?"

They were, and are—for a good many of them survive—blocks of stone, by means of which horsemen not of the most youthful and agile kind could get into the saddle.

Old England, of any time up to a hundred years ago, could not have got on (in both senses of that phrase) very well without plenty of upping-blocks; for then not only every gentleman was a horseman, but middle-class men as well. The commercial travellers of those days rode on horse-back on their journeys, before ever they took to travelling by coach.

The oldest upping-block to be found beside the roads of rural England stands on the wide grass verge on the right-hand side of the highway, as you go from Banbury to Daventry, just past Aston-le-Walls. It consists of two flat stones of unequal length, one upon the other, forming two steps. On the side is the inscription:

"Thomas Kight (or 'Hight'), of Warden, set up this, 17th July 1659."

By "Warden" is meant Clipping Warden, the next village.

There is beside the old deserted road to Oxford, on the lofty height of Shooter Common, an old upping-block. It was here on an October day of 1789 that Charles Wesley, brother of the famous John, was held up and robbed by highwaymen. He meekly handed over his purse containing 20 shillings, and when the highwayman, who had cherished greater expectations, asked: "Have you no more?" Wesley answered: "Search me!"

Staggered by this reply, the highwayman did not venture to do so, and thus Charles Wesley, who would not tell an untruth and say "No!" went off safely, rejoicing in keeping the further sum of thirty guineas he had in another pocket.

The stone beside the Great North Road at Wansford, near Stamford, marking the eighty-first mile from London, and bearing the date 1708 and the initials "E. B.," is an upping-block of a curious history. It also serves as a milestone, and was one of a series set up by Edmund Boulter, who proposed to continue them on to London. Whether he carried out his idea or not is uncertain, nor is it recorded why he embarked upon this fancy. This is the sole surviving stone of the projected series.

Of Edmund Boulter we learn that he was the son of a wealthy retired grocer who had purchased Gawthrop Hall, near Leeds. That property was, not much later, sold to Henry Lascelles, father of the first Lord Harewood. Another well-disposed person of this kind, whose name it has been found impossible to trace, in 1776 set up a very tall upping-block, with five steps, outside a wayside inn on the

main road between Cirencester and Tetbury, at a place called "Jackments Bottom," just where the long deserted Fosse Way branches off from the high road.

The odd name of "Jackments Bottom" comes, no doubt, as to its first part, from the personal name, Jackman, one still fairly well known in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire. It stands in a slight hollow—hence, bottom.

This upping-block, some three feet and a half high, is of an unusual kind. It was, in fact, intended, not so much for horsemen, as for the use of coach-passengers. The old stage and mail coaches passed this way, and some of them not only halted, but changed horses here as well. The stone is of a height convenient for the coach-passenger to step up and find a place on the coach-roof.

"E. B.," who provided this stone, can hardly be identified with the "E. B." who set up the upping-block along the Great North Road in 1708; for the difference of fifty-eight years renders that improbable. Besides, they are in far-removed parts of the country.

His Latin inscription, "Astu placere gratis E. B.," means "Be pleased to mount, by grace of E. B."

When the old coaching days came to an end the inn here fell upon evil days, and, instead of being the resort of folk of good repute, it became the meeting place of the poachers and all the rascals of that countryside. Here met the "Black-eye Club." Only those who had a black-eye were eligible for membership, and the president was chosen from a member who had two. But in the course of their rowdy meetings there were usually several members so adorned, so the office of president was frequently challenged.

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### Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

#### MAN AND THE TREE.

The tree no boasting makes of grace  
But does its best to be,  
Wherever God has willed its place,  
A truly noble tree.

Silent and humble there it stands,  
From rage and envy free,  
Resenting never God's commands  
Which fashioned it a tree.

Great of its kind, asks no voice  
Its richer wealth to tell,  
But seems its secret to rejoice  
To do God's will so well.

Why then should man o'er duty done  
Grow arrogant and proud;  
And seek to have his splendor run  
To an admiring crowd?

Why should he want his glory told  
Who does the best he can?  
For he must die when he grows old  
As must the poorer man.

The same God which creates the tree  
Creates man's spirit, too,  
Gives him the power a man to be,  
His will on earth to do.

What more from life or fame should man  
Require his worth to tell?  
Thrice blest is he, indeed, who can  
Perform God's will so well.

One flaming rose at the waist-line  
gives interest to a frock of black lace  
and satin, with flat silk roses sewn  
to the satin bodice.

Embossed bands of self material,  
often the reverse side, if the sides are  
of contrasting texture, are much in  
evidence as trimming.

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Colored beads are used in great profusion on velvets, metal brocades, and satins.

A fall trimming note of interest is the use of a feminine tinted in soft beige tones.

There is an unusual formality about fall lingerie, much of it having a fitted effect.

Printed and lace-trimmed chiffons are particularly good in black and white effects.

The rather full tunic of an afternoon frock is shorter in front than at the back, or sides.

The Parisian wears a small, colorful nosegay on the left shoulder of her dark dress.

A novel trimming feature is the use of white and colored buttons in embroidered designs.

A tight-fitting, square-crowned hat of satin has a tiny up-turned brim faced with velvet.

Silver lace and twisted silver ribbon is used on an airy dance frock of shaded green tulle plisse.

The tube-silhouette is generally broken by a flare tapering either at the hip, or below the knee.

"In quoting books, quote such authors as are usually read; others you may read for your own satisfaction, but not name them."—J. Selden.

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