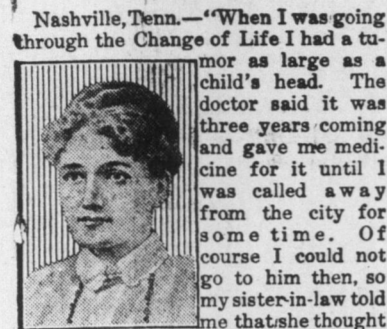


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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

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A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XL.

Mr. Spinner looked on in a discontented and uncomfortable fashion. "You seem to think it is a joke, Miss Carrie," he said; "but I assure you that I am in sober earnest. I am—er—a well-to-do man. My wife will be a rich woman. I shall not stint her—there shall be a proper settlement."

Carrie leant back in her chair and wiped the tears from her eyes, but a laugh gurgled in her speech, as she said:

"Don't be silly, Mr. Spinner! You are old enough to be my father—oh, I didn't mean that! But, of course, it is absurd. Why, I am too old to be married—I mean too young, of course. Besides, it's too absurd. Oh, I don't want to laugh. But the idea! Why, I've only just put my hair up."

"And very charming you look," said Mr. Spinner, whose face was the colour of beetroot. "Come, be serious, Miss Carrie. I am making you a proposal of marriage. I am what is called in the city 'a warm' man; I don't think you can do better. Now that your sister has broken with Lord Heroncourt, you are alone in the

world; you won't be so foolish as to refuse a good offer—"

Carrie pushed her work from her and stood upright. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Spinner," she said. "It was difficult to realise that you were serious; but I see now that you are. I am very much obliged to you; I am very grateful; but I couldn't do it—I couldn't marry you. I don't care for you. As you say, Maida and I are alone in the world; I couldn't leave her. But that is not the only reason," she hurried on, as Mr. Spinner displayed his teeth in a smile. "I don't want to marry anybody, least of all you. Oh, why on earth did you ask me? It's too absurd. Let's treat it as a joke."

Mr. Spinner rose and turned his immaculate hat in his hand, brushing it carefully but mechanically, his eyes, small and foxy, fixed angrily on the girl's face.

"You may treat it as a joke if you please," he said; "but it is no joke to me. The pleasure part of my visit appears to have been a failure; but the business part remains. I came to enquire the whereabouts of your friend, Lord Heroncourt. As I said, he is deeply indebted to me. If he appears, I shall serve him with a writ; unpleasant results will ensue. If you had accepted me, I should have been inclined to have been more considerate, for your sake and your sister's; but as it is, I shall know no mercy. You are sure you won't change your mind?"

"Quite sure," said Carrie, almost as pale as she had been when she had found Maida in the hut. "You must do your worst, Mr. Spinner. I could not marry you, even to save Lord Heroncourt."

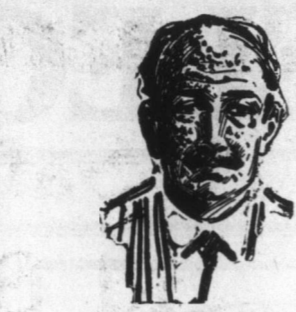
"Very well," Miss Carrie; you and your sister and Lord Heroncourt will find my worst very bad indeed. I wish you good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon," faltered Carrie. When the door had slammed behind him, Carrie tried to laugh; but the laugh died on her lips and her head sank on to her arm, her tears besprinkling Maida's dress. It was too absurd, of course—the idea of Mr. Spinner wanting to marry her! And where was Ricky?"

Maida returned with the lining, and saw by Carrie's expressive face that something had occurred to upset her. "What is the matter, dear?" she said.

"Oh, nothing," said Carrie. "Only that Mr. Spinner has proposed to me. Think of it, Maida! Old enough to be my father, or my uncle, at least. And he says that if Byrne returns, if he sees Byrne, that he will sue him! Oh, where is Ricky?"

"They talked it over, as women will, late into the night; they talked it over through the next day. Ricky's absence was the pivot upon which the



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A great skin specialist who has compounded for his patients a marvellously effective cure for Eczema, Bad Leg and all other forms of Itch, has recently given his valuable preparation to the world. It is known as D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema, a simple external wash, easy to apply, a reliable home remedy.

D. D. D. gives instant relief from skin distress the moment it is applied. It penetrates the pores and kills the germs which are the root of skin disease. Nauseating stomach drugs are worthless, for the disease is in the skin, not in the blood. Greasy salves are dangerous for they clog the pores and aid the growth of germs. D. D. D. washes out disease, cleanses the pores, then soothes and heals the skin.

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conversation turned. Where had he gone?

The house at which Maida was to rectify was a well-known one—no less a one, indeed, than the Countess of Crownbrilliant's. So much—one might say everything—depended on her success, that Maida was more nervous than usual. Your true artist is always nervous, even though he may be an old hand. She drove with Carrie in a hansom to the big house; the rooms were crowded; her appearance had been announced in the society papers, and the Countess of Crownbrilliant was all smiles, for Maida was the principal item on the programme. The two sisters were received in an antechamber leading to the principal room, and the countess, who was young and somewhat inexperienced, was filled with misgivings as she looked at Maida's slight form and somewhat pale face.

But her misgivings vanished as Maida gave her first recitation, for Maida's voice had gained a fulness and strength from the wonderful Australian air; and perhaps the ordeal she had gone through in the hut had lent her art that touch of tragic force which is generally lacking in women of her age. Her heart bounded with satisfaction as she realised, from the emphatic but well-bred applause and the subdued cries of encore, that she had not lost her power, and that she would be able to support Carrie and herself.

Lady Crownbrilliant, all in a flutter with the success, came up smiling graciously and asked Maida to rectify again; and when she had done so accompanied her to the anteroom and pressed a cheque for a substantial amount into Maida's hand. Carrie was helping her on with her cloak when a lady, pushing the portiere curtains, called upon them by name. It was Lady Glassbury.

"You wicked, heartless girls!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Maida, you never wrote to me!" she caught both Maida's hands and drew her towards her and kissed her. "I have been so anxious—Glassbury's had the gout—where are you staying? At the old place? Really? I came back only last night; it was by mere chance that I came on here this evening. How well you are both looking; and Carrie is quite a woman now!"

There was a pause, but Maida read Lady Glassbury's question in her eyes before she uttered it.

"Is there any news—have you heard—"

"No," said Maida, in a low voice. "I cannot tell what has become of him. I—we are all getting anxious. He has never written; no one has the least idea where he has gone. Something may have happened to him; he may be—"

She did not speak the word, but Maida knew what it was, and her face grew white and she turned aside.

The anteroom began to fill.

"I will come to you to-morrow," said Lady Glassbury, in a whisper, as she pressed Maida's hand.

She left the house soon after the girls had done so, and on her reaching home she was going straight to her room, for the sight of Maida had awakened all her anxiety as to Heroncourt's fate, when a tall figure came out of the drawing-room to meet her. She uttered a faint cry, half of pleasure, half of alarm, and caught the balustrade with her hand.

"Byrne!"

CHAPTER XLI.

"I am sorry; I did not mean to frighten you, Ethel," he said. "I have only just got back to England, a few hours ago, and I came on here at once. They said they thought you would not be late, so I waited." She drew him into the drawing-room and sank into a chair and looked at him with anxious scrutiny.

"Oh, Byrne, where have you been? How ill and thin and worn you look! Have you been ill? But I can see you have."

"I am all right now," he said. "I've had some kind of a fever and it has pulled me down a little!"

"A little! But where have you been? I am dying to hear everything—everything! Sit down, sit down, beside me here." She put her hand upon his arm, as if to convince herself, by touching him, that it was really he. "Why, your arm is quite thin!" He moved it away, with a man's impatience of his own weakness. "But, tell me all, begin at once!"

"I have been to Australia," he said; "at a station of Dartford's—you remember Dartford?—I am his partner."

She started slightly at the word Australia.

"Why, that is where Maida and Carrie have been—Australia."

"I know," he said, quietly. "And they have come back. I saw them this evening; she was reciting; she looked the picture of health, and more beautiful than ever. Oh, Byrne! I hope you have come back to put it all straight between you; surely, if you and she still cling to your scruples, some way may be found, something can be done—!"

He rose and leant against the mantel-shelf and looked at the fire. Should he tell her of Maida's marriage? It was evident that Maida herself had not told her. Perhaps Maida wished it, for some reason or other, to remain a secret; if so, he must respect her wish; his lips must remain sealed.

"The scruples still remain, Ethel," he said; "and there is another barrier between us. No; I cannot tell you what it is; you must not ask me."

She regarded him anxiously.

(To be Continued.)

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A POPULAR STYLE.



1919—Ladies' Shirtwaist. Flannel, madras, lawn, batiste, chambray, taffeta, linen, drill, satin, faille and other seasonable materials may be used for this style. The fronts are trimmed with smart pockets. The collar is deep and cut on sailor lines, over the back. This Pattern is made in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches best measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL



2160—Dimitry, organdy, lawn, batiste, voile, crepe, tub silk and challis are nice for this style. The gumpie may be finished with a sleeve in bishop style or, as in the large view, with a double puff. This pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. It requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the gumpie and 4 3/4 yards for the dress for a 10-year size.

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The Evening Telegram is the People's Paper.

Our Baseball PLAGIARISED

LAST NIGHT'S GAME.

Thrills—and yet more thrills—the outstanding feature of last night's ball game when the B.I.S. Wanderers game had to be called at the end of the seventh inning with the score tied 13 to 13. The uncertainty of a baseball game until the last man is out was fully demonstrated when the B.I.S. went to bat in their last inning with a lead of 5 runs on them. The Wanderers, which they just made in the darkness. Both pitchers—Fowles and Carey—were in excellent form, allowing only one walk each. Striker both were hit very freely, and it was easily the best hitting game of the season. In addition the fans were thrilled with fast basestealing and action all through, and at times with throwing and unexpected plays. The game were Britt's three bages and Brazle's hit for two sacks, both of which were threatened. James were it not for the high wind, prevailed. French, the first baseman of the B.I.S. in addition to playing his usual consistent game on the sack was responsible for 4 of the Wanderers' runs.

The box scores were:—

Wanderers..... 13

B. I. S. 13

Herewith we give the game in brief:

1st.

WANDERERS—Britt opened hostilities by taking his three bases. McLeod hit but was laid low on second when Hartnett fielded. Ford's single was gathered up by French. No runs.

B.I.S.—French binged. Williams walked. Channing struck out. C. Grace's feeble tap was not effective though it scored French. 2. Grace was hit by a pitched ball. Doyle's line grounder was a beauty's scream. Williams, P. Grace got in on a base. Striker ball. Brazle fanned. 3 runs.

2nd.

W.—Brown singled but was forced at second when McCrindle hit. Dobbins biffed the ozone but Bertie's hit safely. He was left on second when Jerrett failed to reach first. No runs.

B.I.S.—Carew's weak tap was unavailing but McGrath had some success. Before French was retired, however, McGrath died stealing home. No runs.

3rd.

W.—Britt lined one out, as did McLeod. Hartnett was out at first on a close play but scored. Britt, Ford struck out but Brown's single scored McLeod. He was left on second when McCrindle failed to reach the initial sack and safety. 2 runs.

B.I.S.—Brown found Williams number quite easily. Channing's hit was a beauty, but the Grace Bros. both died before Punky's onslaught. No runs.

4th.

W.—Dobbins could not find Carey's offerings but the Irish circle gave Berteau free transportation. First, Jerrett lined out a Texas league scoring. Britt hit but in a smothering keystone was caught between the bases and pitched. McLeod fanned. 2 runs.

B.I.S.—Doyle was hit by a pitched ball from Brown. Brazle's hit was a nice one. Carey sacrificed, coring Doyle. Hartnett pulled the hidden ball trick on McGrath at first but in the meantime Brazle stole home. French lammed out another of his hot ones and Williams scored. Channing failed to reach first. 3 runs.

5th.

W.—Things now began to look very healthy for the Irishmen. Manager Hartnett however ordered a batting rally, and some rally it was. Hartnett, Ford, Brown, McCrindle and Carey to come over the plate. Berteau however made a hole by hitting thirder Jerrett hit, and Britt's three bages cleaned up the bases, he getting home himself on Carey's tumble of the throw-in. McLeod's air one was nabbed in centrefield. 3 runs.

B. I. S.—The big score rather shattered the Irishmen's hopes as the Wanderers. At this period the managerial decisions began to get both ears "battered" and disputes were very frequent. C. Grace hit and stole second promptly. Here he was found to be asleep at the switch by McCrindle. Carey also hit and on Doyle's left one scored, but Doyle went to his room at the keystone. Brazle fanned. Carey fanned first but was laid low when McGrath fanned. 1 run.

6th.

W.—Not satisfied with the success in the previous inning, the Wanderers found safety. Brown struck out but McCrindle's hot liner scored Ford. Dobbins fied. Berteau was batted at second. 2 runs.