

**"I Avoided an Operation
Appendicitis Disappeared"**

Mrs. James Wells, Udon, Ont., writes—



"I took a severe pain in my right side. It was very bad at times. I tried oils and tablets without gaining any relief. The doctor pronounced it chronic appendicitis. I dreaded an operation and a friend advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I used them and not only obtained relief from pain, but I believe it has completely freed me of appendicitis, as it is now over a year since I have had any of the old symptoms."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

**At the Mouth of
the Treacherous Pit**

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The keeper looked bewildered when he opened the door. There stood Lord Fielden, and by his side, held fast by him, was a lady, with a face every beautiful and proud, yet white and weird, with great, black eyes that seemed to blaze with liquid fire, and a mass of black hair. She had neither bonnet nor shawl; her dress was of plainest black; yet in some vague way, the man felt that she was a lady. "Walk in, madam," said Lord Fielden. "Mrs. Turnbull will find you all needed accommodation. You will like tea, or coffee, or some refreshment, perhaps?"

He closed the door behind him as she spoke, and then turned with a stern face to the keeper and his wife. "I have brought this lady here," he said; "and here she is to remain in close custody until to-morrow morning. Let her have every care, every attention—all that she requires; but she must not be left alone, so that she can escape."

Lola looked at him defiantly. "You may do all that, yet you cannot make me speak," she replied. "I tell you frankly that, if I can get a chance to kill myself, I will do it; if I can find the least opportunity to escape, I shall take it."

"Will you excuse me, my lord?" said the keeper, after a steady look at the flashing black eyes. "I am afraid to undertake the charge of this lady. I am not used to such a task. Poxes, pheasants, and partridges, and such like I understand, but not ladies. I should not be able to detain her, my lord, if she made up her mind to go."

"Then I will stay myself," said Lord Fielden. "You have a room upstairs, Mrs. Turnbull; the lady will prefer it to this, and you can take her some tea there. I shall sit up here. Madam," he continued, turning to where Lola stood with a white, defiant look on her face, "I shall be on the alert. I can hear the slightest of footsteps, the slightest creak of a board or uprising of a window. Remember, if you make any desperate attempt to escape, I will give you in custody for a crime you would not like to hear me name."

"Merci, monsieur," she said, with a mocking smile—"merci, you will have to prove every charge you bring against me."

She went up the narrow staircase more with the air of an injured queen than of a prisoner. It was a plain, pretty room into which she was shown. For a few moments she stood like some caged tigress in the middle of it, and then hastily closed the door.

"Are you open to a bribe?" she asked, turning to the keeper's wife. "I will make you a rich woman for life if you will do one of two things. Either bring me the poison that I may destroy myself, or give me the chance of escape through the window here. I swear to you that I will make you rich for life."

"I cannot," said the woman. "I dare not; we have always served my lord faithfully."

"If he said you, but knew what was best for the whole family, you would beg of me on your knees to go," she said.

But the woman shook her head; she could never come what may, betray her trust.

The night passed in pleading and useless prayers. Once or twice the keeper's wife nodded, and awoke suddenly to find the dark, beautiful face bent over her with murderous gaze. "I warn you," said Lola; "I am a desperate woman. I should set little value upon your life. If you wish well to yourself, do not expose me to temptation."

This she effectually scared the keeper's wife that she checked all further inclination to slumber, and watched every movement of her companion.

It was pitiful to see the way in which Lola de Ferras paced up and down the room, at times wringing her hands and crying out that she was trapped and lost, at others that they should never make her speak—never, no one could do that.

When morning came and the watch was ended, when the dark head, tired and wearied, was laid to rest, Lord Fielden wrote a little note to his mother to say that she was to come to the cottage at once, and bring Ger-

trude with her—that there was immediate need for their presence. He cautioned the keeper to keep silent as to what had happened—indeed, he had told to reveal—Lord Fielden had told him nothing.

In less than an hour the two ladies were on their way, Lady Fielden deeply anxious and agitated, Gertrude full of wonder.

"I am sure," said she, as they drove along, "that it is something about the advertisements; Lady Fielden, I feel quite certain of it."

Lady Fielden's first words to her son were of reproach that he had been out all night, and that she had been greatly alarmed about him.

He went up to the side of the low pony-carriage, and in a few words told them what had happened. Gertrude's face flushed and her eyes flashed.

"Lola de Ferras!" she cried. "Is it possible? Has Heaven granted our prayer at last?"

But Lady Fielden grew deadly pale. "Lola de Ferras! Oh, Harry, I cannot see that woman—that wicked woman!"

"You must see her for my sake!" cried Gertrude. "Oh, Lady Lady Fielden, my dearest and truest friend, you must forget everything else except that you have to help me, and that my father's name must be cleared!"

They spent some few minutes discussing what had happened. "She will never speak," said Lady Fielden; "she is still, as she says, 'queen of the position.'"

"She will speak," declared Gertrude. "For I shall implore her to do in my father's name."

Then Lord Fielden asked if they could go upstairs; and Mrs. Turnbull answered, "Yes."

They found Lola sitting in a chair by the window, and in her eye was the look of a hunted animal driven to bay. She never glanced at the ladies, but spoke to Lord Fielden at once.

"Have you any further indignities to offer me?" she demanded. "Am I to be kept here in prison, a show for you and your friends?"

"Lola de Ferras," said Lady Fielden, in a solemn voice, "do not use such words to my son. Wicked and weak as you have been, make the best atonement you can."

"I have no atonement to make," she answered. "I shall die as I have lived—mute; you may be sure of that."

"Tell us one thing," said Lord Fielden—"you and you alone can tell us. Is Sir Karl living or dead?"

A curious smile curled her lips. "I shall tell you nothing," she replied.

"Do not be obstinate, madam. Think of the lives that you have ruined already."

"Have I?" she cried. "I am right well pleased; that is just what I intended to do. I tell you candidly that you are all right in your supposition. I, and I only, so far as I know, can solve the mystery of Sir Karl's fate. You want to know, of course, if he went away with me or not—if he asked me or I asked him—if he thought the world well lost for love of me—if it was he who placed this wedding-ring upon my finger—if he is living or dead. All these things you want to know; but you never shall. I am the only one who can tell you, and I never will—never!"

"You shall be compelled!" cried Lord Fielden.

"I do not think so. No human power can compel me. I would rather—Ah, well, never mind what! Let me remind you of one thing, my young lord," she said. "Be pleased to bear in mind that you are laying yourself open to a heavy penalty, if not imprisonment, by the course you are pursuing."

Harry knew that what she said was perfectly true.

"Justice before men and justice before Heaven are very different things," he said. "Before Heaven, you know your own crimes; you know the lives that have been ruined by your sin; and, whatever man may say, Heaven at least will not misjudge."

The smile she gave them was most insistent.

"You will find out your mistake," she said. "I am queen of the position."

"Will you tell us one thing at least? Is Sir Karl living or dead?" asked Lady Fielden.

(To be continued.)



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CARNATION makes richer, more delicious cakes, pastry, puddings, and other dishes. It is just pure fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. No waste with Carnation—it keeps indefinitely until the can is opened, and for several days after opening if placed in a cool, clean place. With your groceries, order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans.

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ONE EGG CAKE—1 egg, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup butter or substitute, ½ tsp. water, 1½ cups flour, 2 tsp. Carnation Milk, 2 tsp. baking powder. Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar gradually, and well beaten egg. Mix and sift flour, and baking powder, add alternately with milk, diluted with water to first mixture. Bake in a greased shallow pan. Spread with Chocolate Icing.

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Bunions as Barometers

FORETELLING WEATHER BY TOES AND HAIR.

"Some people are prepared to place unbounded faith in the barometer as a means of forecasting the weather," said the successful commercial traveller to the writer recently.

"But I, for one, am inclined to place greater faith in a bunion on my big toe than in any barometer ever made. I always know what the weather is going to be, and I am regarded by my friends as rather a prophet."

"When my bunion aches I know that there is rain in the air. When it stops aching I always look for a change of conditions, and am very seldom disappointed. To tell you the truth, despite the fact that I have suffered somewhat at times, I would not have that bunion interfered with for anything. It is absolutely invaluable!"

When the Sparks Fly.

Curious as this "barometer" is, it is, after all, only one of a number of curious means of foretelling the

Dead in Garage

ASSISTANT BANK MANAGER POISONED BY MOTOR-CAR FUMES.

Poisoned by gas fumes from the exhaust pipe of his motor-car, Mr. Charles E. Streetfield, 35, assistant manager at Lloyds Bank Guildford, and borough treasurer, was found dead in his garage. After having breakfast he went into the garage and started the engine of the car. His wife, sometimes afterwards, attracted by the smell of fumes, proceeded to the garage and found her husband on the floor close to the rear of the car. The engine was still running, but he had apparently been dead for two hours. At the inquest Dr. Slater explained that a postmortem examination showed that the cause of death was carbonic oxide poisoning. Death came on without any warning, and was absolutely peaceful. People who had been gassed and recovered had no recollection of any feeling of discomfort.—A verdict of "Death by misadventure" was returned.

Perhaps you never know before that your morning cup of coffee constitutes a barometer. It does—at least, so an old City man declares. Recently I was given the benefit of his observations.

"I drop a piece of lump sugar into the coffee," he explained, "and await developments. If the rising bubbles collect in the centre of the surface I prophesy mild weather. But if the bubbles adhere to the sides of the cup, then I am certain it will rain."

A man who has lived half his life in the country plus his faith to mountains, valleys, and mists for his weather lore. When the mists usually enshroud hills in the morning rise quickly up their sides towards the sky, he is of opinion that inclement weather will follow, whilst fine weather is heralded by the mists floating down into the valleys and seeming to disappear into the earth.

Tunnel Tests.

Another observant commercial traveller whose business takes him a great deal in trains maintains that the sounds produced by a train in a tunnel speak more eloquently to him of approaching weather than any barometer.

If a passing train goes by with only a faint rumble, he expects weather that is entirely congenial, but if it passes with that deafening, reverberating roar one no often hears, then he knows rain is not far away.

Stringed musical instruments are held to be treated with unique powers as barometers. A violin tuned up on a wet day inevitably goes sharp if dry weather is at hand, whilst if tuned on a crisp day it will sound flat if a change of conditions is imminent.

WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Caused by Troubles Women Often Have—Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Medina, N. Y.—"I had a great deal of trouble such as women often have, and this affected my nerves. For over two years I suffered this way, then I read of the 'Buffalo Times' about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and have taken it with very good results. I am very much better and feel justified in praising the Vegetable Compound to my friends and neighbors who suffer from anything of the kind."—Mrs. Wm. H. Adams, 511 Erin Road, Medina, N. Y.

Female-Like Girl Stricken

Rochester, N. Y.—"After my two girls were born I was all run-down. My neighbors thought I was going to die. I saw your advertisement in the paper and bought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle helped me and I kept on taking it. Only weighed sixty pounds when I began taking it, and I have gained in weight and feel like a girl of sixteen. I never saw any enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Nazaria Donay, 16 Sussex Park, Rochester, N. Y.

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- Alexander, Miss Grace, c/o G. Delivery, Andrews, Mrs. Wm., 303 East, St. John's.
- Barrett, Mrs. Arthur W., Prospect St.
- Barnes, Wm., Nagle's Hill.
- Blanford, Miss G., Military Road.
- Chanter, James J., St. John's.
- Barnes Miss Florance M., St. John's.
- Barrett, Miss Bessie, King's B. Road.
- Byrne, Mr. Jos., Water Street.
- Bears, Mrs. Samuel, Newtown Road.
- Brooking, Miss L., Water St. West.
- Brooks, Mr. Herbert, St. John's.
- Brown, Mrs. John, Long Pond Road.
- Burke, Capt. Edgar, Pennywell Road.
- Burry, Miss Annie, Queen's Road.
- Bugden, Miss A., Queen's Road.
- Bugden, Miss A., (late) Southcott Hospital.
- Bugden, Mr. John, Freshwater Road.
- Butt, Mr. W., George's Street.
- Butler, Miss O. B., Patrick Street.
- Hungry, Miss Lydia, Patrick Street.
- Caines, Mr. Wm., St. John's.
- Cahill, George, St. John's.
- Carroll, Miss A., Cochrane Street.
- Chanter, James J., St. John's.
- Cramm, Mrs. J. A., Pennywell Road.
- Crane, Miss Susie M., 13½ St. John's.
- Cahill, Miss L., Queen's Road.
- Clark, Masters S., Water Street.
- Charlewood, H. A., St. John's.
- Condon, Mrs. D., Hamilton Street.
- Collins, Ada M., Water St. West.
- Connelly, Mr. P., Water St. West.
- Curran, Mrs. Thos., Pleasant Street.
- Day, Mr. C., Water Street West.
- Dawe, Mrs. Thos., Long Pond.
- DeChaplain, Jos., Balsam Place.
- Drew, Mrs. Franklin Avenue.
- Dwyer, Mr. T., Casey Street.
- Dove, Frank J., St. John's.
- Dodge, Master C., G.P.O.
- Dunbar, Mr. Boyd, St. John's.
- Devine, Mr. D., c/o G.P.O. W.S.W.
- Elliot, Ruben, c/o G.P.O.
- French, D. W., City.
- French, Mrs. M., Gower Street.
- Finn, Thos., (late) Deer Lake.
- Frost, W., Allandale Road.
- Grant, Mr. Edgar, St. John's.
- Garland, J. A., Barnes Road.
- Garland, Miss F., Allandale Road.
- Grant, Mrs. Christy E., St. John's.
- Galway, Mr. Thos., Allandale Road.
- Greene, Miss P., George's Street.
- Gillespie, Miss E., Cabot Hotel.
- Guiden, Miss J., South Side.
- Harter, Mrs. Wm., c/o Mrs. Taylor.
- Hartery, Mrs. Wm., Water St. West.
- Harnum, Miss J. E., Monkstown Rd.
- Halsey, Miss D., c/o Mrs. J. W. Thomas.
- Hallam, Miss E., LeMarchant Road.
- Hart, Mrs. Jos., Duckworth Street.
- Higginson, Miss E., St. John's.
- Hogan, Mr. P., St. John's.
- Hosley, Mrs. J. C., Queen's Road.
- Hickey, Mrs. L., LeMarchant Road.
- Hiplich, Miss M., Springdale Hotel.
- Huy, Miss Elsie, George's Street.
- Hudson, Miss J., (late) W. P. Shortall's.
- James, Miss Alma, Theatre Hill.
- Johnson, George, (late) Bermuda.
- Johnson, Wm. (Card), (late) Bermuda.
- Johns, Mrs., c/o Post Office.
- Kelley, Miss A. M., Circular Road.
- Keane, Miss Mary, Allandale Road.
- Kearney, Mr. J., St. John's.
- Kelley, J. A. & Co., St. John's.
- Keat, Mrs. H., c/o Mrs. Lewis Murphy.
- Leach, Mrs. R., Prescott Street.
- McDonald, Miss M., Water Street.
- McDonald, Miss Mary, Pleasant Street.
- McGrath, Miss Frances, St. John's.
- McGrath, W. S., c/o G.P.O.
- Martin, A. C., St. John's.
- Martin, Jas., Newtown Road.
- Maddon, Miss S., Merrymount Rd.
- Malley, Wm., Nagle's Hill.
- Mentions, R. M., General Delivery.
- Mercer, Mr. Jack, Gilbert Street.
- Miller, Miss Sarah, St. John's.
- Muller, Miss G., Circular Road.
- Morris, Bertha, St. John's.
- Molloy, Mr. P., Convent Square.
- Morris, Miss A. (Nurse), Lemarchant Road.
- Morris, Miss K., Duckworth Street.
- Murphy, Miss V., Gower Street.
- Morrissey, J. P., Carpsian Road.
- Napier, Mr. J., (late) General Hospital.
- Nicholls, John W., Allandale Road.
- Morthy, R. A., (c/o General Post Office).
- O'Brien, Mr. A. J., Williams Street.
- Parsons, Miss Mary, Forest Road.
- Parsons, Mr. Alwin, St. John's.
- Parsons, Samuel, P.O. Box 5108.
- Payne, Miss Mildred, P.O. Box 2164.
- Perrin, Mr. John, (late) L.P. Manuaia.
- Pelley, Donald M., Mullock Street.
- Peddie, Mr. Abram, Lime Street.
- Pittman, Miss V., Chapel's Street.
- Power, Mrs. G. H., St. John's.
- Pomery, Miss Ethel, 6 H. Street.
- Purcell, Mrs. Jas., Long Pond Road.
- Pumber, Miss Mary, St. John's.
- Ralph, Miss A., Gower Street.
- Ryall, Anthony, 102 Gower Street.
- Ryall, Anthony, 204 Hamilton Street.
- Reid, Mr. E. T., Water Street.
- Rice, Mr. P., Seaman's Institute.
- Roberts, Capt., Pennywell Road.
- Rodgers, Mrs. Jos., George's Street.
- Royce, Mr. P. (Card), St. John's.
- Rogers, Mr. John, Queen's Hotel.
- Robinson, Mrs. M. J., c/o G. Delivery.
- Russell, Miss Janie, Victoria Street.
- Russell, Miss Lydia, Dick's Square.
- Sharp, Miss F., Sanatorium.
- Stapleton, Mr. c/o G.P.O.
- Skaneay, Mrs. G., Wickford Street.
- Smith, Mr. J. H., c/o G.P.O.
- Smith, R. B., St. John's.
- Smith, Mr. W. G., c/o G.P.O.
- Scott, Mrs. Jessie, (late) Halifax.
- Spruce, Mrs. G., Brasill's Field.
- Squires, Mr. John, 3 C. Street.
- Taylor, Miss A., Hamilton Street.
- Taylor, Miss M., Freshwater Road.
- Taylor, Mrs. P. C., Green Gables.
- Taylor, Miss Winifred.
- Travers, Miss Sarah, Winter Avenue.
- Tippet, Miss Elsie, Chapel's Street.
- Tobin, Miss S., Military Road.
- Viscount, Mr. N., Cabot Street.
- Walsh, Mr. B. J., 2 Perome Road.
- Walsh, Mrs. Jas., Coronation Farm.
- Walker, Frank W., St. John's.
- Watts, F. J., St. John's.
- Winters, W. J., Sanatorium.
- Wilkins, Mr. R., Duckworth Street.
- Whittle, Peter J., Hamilton Street.
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