



Pure, Sweet, Full-Cream Cow's Milk, nothing added, nothing removed but part of the natural water. It is sterilized and sealed to preserve its purity. In this form it comes to you as sweet and fresh as spring flowers.

If you are particular about the Quality and Purity of the Milk you use in your home, you will appreciate PET MILK. Send for book of 101 Pet Recipes, free.

You can get PET MILK at your Grocers. Order to-day and be independent of the milk-man.



F. M. O'Leary, Muir Bldg., St. John's.
July 26, 1922, m.t.f.

Lord Cecil's Dilemma

OR
The Picnic

Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"My dear, I think that this is the happiest moment I have known for years!"

There were tears in Lady Hastings' eyes—tears in her voice—but they were tears of gladness. It did not take much at any time to raise my lady's spirits to the seventh heaven of delight, or to plunge them leagues below the bottomless pit of despair. She did not allow her heart to be played with—her emotions were at all times superior to that. But now it seemed that she was touched to the core. She kissed Ada Craythorne in a way that surprised that young lady. It was a kiss of real feeling, and betrayed a depth of character that was rarely permitted to show itself. Lady Hastings' heart was really touched, for the news that Ada had brought her most particularly affected her own future comfort! No horrible wife looming in the future, and her son engaged to Miss Craythorne—It was almost too delightful to be true!

"I have known for a long time how fond he was of you," she said, complacently. "And I do not think that you will object to an early marriage, my dear."

Ada did not care to discuss this question at present, and while Lady Hastings rejoiced that her son would soon be on the highway to health and matrimony, she retired to the privacy of her own room to write to her mother.

Dearest Mamma—I have great news for you. I am betrothed to Sir Charles Hastings, the one man in the whole world that I can ever care for. He proposed to me to-day, and, of course, I accepted him. You will understand how judiciously I spread the news. I know that I can rely upon your tact for that. I do not think it will be a long engagement, for Sir Charles already evinces much impatience, being attached to me in a most devoted way. I am genuinely and thoroughly happy. (She winced a little at this.) I was not at all surprised to hear that the match be-

tween Lady Gladys Howard and Lord Cecil Stanhope was broken off and would advise you not to encourage Flossie to wear her heart away thinking of Lord Cecil. It is disgraceful for a girl to throw herself at any man's head, and there are other reasons which I dare not mention yet. Within a few weeks Lord Cecil will be quite a different personage! Be sure to keep me well posted with the news in our own set, as I quite miss your pleasant little chats.

Your loving daughter,

ADA.

Miss Craythorne posted this letter with her own hands next morning and as the dull weather had changed to crisp brightness and beauty, she took a long walk through the glittering fields and echoing woods. Winter had at length set in with a keen, healthgiving wind, that bound the earth in iron bands, and cast a million diamonds of frost work over her face, to sparkle in the sun.

Since Sir Charles had promised to marry her, Ada had not spoken to him again, beyond kissing him good-night. After the long conversation he had seemed tired, and relapsed into a heavy sleep. He was still sleeping when she left to post her letter, and she almost dreaded that the doctor would find him decidedly worse when he paid his daily visit.

"He cannot give me his love," she thought, with much bitterness. "His heart is with Lady Gladys. He cannot give it to me yet, but I will impell it by force of my own passion! Had she never crossed my path, how different it all might have been!"

She had wandered a mile beyond the village, and was standing within a thick belt of fire trees, that seemed like hoary sentinels guarding the forest beyond. She was listening to the chirp, chirp of the robins as they sang with their happy little songs and sparkling black eyes, and thinking of the changes wrought in a few short months in the lives of all whom she knew! How silent was the world about her, the only sound of life being the far-away shout of some village urchin.

How lovely must the woods have been in summer, when the thick carpet of brown leaves that lay at her feet clothed the gaunt branches above, as lovely as the woods of Swinford, the earth as green as the sweet meadows of Swinford, where she had first met the love that was her fate. The music of that day was still in her ears, its perfume in her nostrils. She remembered the tiny flower that Sir

Charles had given to her, and the pleasure of that moment thrilled her yet.

It might be that she felt a sharp twinge of remorse, of sorrowful regret for the wickedness that had overtaken her, but she had no thought of faltering in her purpose. She would be Lady Hastings—she would be the wife of Sir Charles. To see him belong to another would be death. She had no thought, no ambition, beyond this. Now that she had gone so far, nothing should stand in her way.

She passed the belt of firs, and walked on into the thick wood, her steps making no sound among the dying and dead leaves that littered every way. So great and profound was the silence about her that she likened the forest to a deserted city—a city in ruin and decay. The cracking of a dried twig under her feet seemed to echo like a pistol shot, and the happy songs of the robins appeared to change to a mournful cadence.

Ada Craythorne was not superstitious, but she could not resist an icy shudder. This was strange, for her cheeks glowed with the hue of health and vigorous exercise. Her eyes were filled with the fire of splendid youth—the fire of self-will, of passion, and indomitable courage.

She shook off the feeling of chill depression, and turned to retrace her steps, but had not proceeded far when she found that she had no bearing to follow.

To the right and to the left, before and behind, everything looked the same—nothing but myriads of brown tree-trunks, that ended in darkness beyond. Above, patches of cold, gray sky, of illusory sunshine—below, an unbroken mass of decaying leaves.

Ada's first sensation was one of annoyance, not unmingled with fear, for the woods of Emden were thousands of acres in extent.

Fortunately the day was young, and she stood still for a few minutes, straining every sense to catch one faint sound of life beyond, which she might follow.

She now upbraided herself for her folly. She had wandered much farther than she had any idea of, and many ugly stories of tramps, of foxes, and wild dogs recurred to her—recurred to her with such vividness that she shivered with fear.

She had read that the Emden woods were the resort of these creatures, and sometimes the local newspapers gave thrilling descriptions of the personal encounters between good citizens and these wicked foragers of the forest.

While indulging in such fancies as these, a peal of demoniac laughter stilled her heart. It echoed from tree to tree, and was succeeded by the crashing of dried sticks, as a wild-looking creature advanced from a black, cavernous looking hole in the side of a piece of hilly ground. It was a man, with flaming eyeballs, a hideous distorted face, and Ada immediately recognized Spira, the would-be-murderer of Sir Charles.

His beard was unkempt, his hair straggling, and his clothes were mud-spattered and hung about him in rags. There was no doubt that he was mad—driven mad by fear, by rage, and disappointment—and for a few minutes the girl's heart seemed to stop beating.

The madman paused a dozen paces away, and repeated his savage howl. "So I have caught you, my sweet Lucy, at last. Ha! ha! I have killed him—shot him dead—Oh! it was joy to see him writhing at my feet. Joy! Then I came here, with the bloodhounds after me; I ran for days and days, until they were off the scent, but I will not betray you again, Lucy, never again. You have deceived and deserted me once, and now I must kill you! Ha! ha! kill you!"

Ada turned sick and faint at the thought of the terrible danger she was in. This maniac evidently believed that she was his wife, and that he would make an effort to take her life, she did not for an instant doubt. Realizing how desperate was her situation, her natural courage returned. She remembered that she was lithe and strong, and must use every effort to protect herself.

"You have made a mistake," she replied. "I am not Lucy."

He only repeated his wicked laugh, his fingers working convulsively the while, and crouching low, prepared to spring with the action of a wild beast. He ground his teeth, and his beard was secked with foam.

(To be continued.)

Corns Go

Just say **Blue-jay** to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plaster. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

NO PEDIGREE.



While chugging down a country track, I killed a farmer's rooster, an ancient and a battered swine, with long jug nose and bumped up spine. The farmer, sitting in a tree, beheld the grim catastrophe. "Pair—husband-man," I cried, "alack. I own I've killed your rooster; and I'm prepared to hear you tell how that it's pedigree is swell; I shall not doubt you if you swear it took the premium at the fair; I'm willing to believe this hog is named in royal catalogue, and that its sire was called the best of all the hench shows, east and west. But still I ask you, man to man, to treat me softly as you can, for I am poor and have no roll to pay a great, oppressive toll." "I'm glad the measly beast is dead," with smiling face the farmer said: "now that he's dead I'll have some peace; he killed my chickens and my geese; come to the house and have a swig of cider, since you've croaked the pig." I shed no blushes when I say I slumped right down and swooned away. Man learns to meet Fate's fiercest stunt with lofty and undaunted front, but when he's all wound up to face the foulest swat that Fate can place, and gets instead a large bouquet, it is "Too Much—he faints away."

HEMORRHOIDS
Do not suffer another day of itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles or Hemorrhoids. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 50c. & 1.00. All dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co. Limited, Toronto. Sample box free.

A novel way to serve cucumbers is to pare, quarter and cut them into eighths, and serve on a bed of crushed ice. They are then dipped into salt and eaten like celery.

Fresh N. Y. Turkeys.
Fresh N. Y. Chicken.
Fresh Canadian Ducks.
Fresh Canadian Geese.

ELLIS & CO'Y.

LIMITED,
203 WATER STREET.

Holiday & Summer Goods.

Paysandu Ox Tongue.
Chicken & Tongue in Glass.
Ox Tongue in Glass.
Boars' Head in Glass.
Chicken Breasts in Glass.
Sandwich Pastes in Glass.
Pate De Foie Gras.

Paris Pate.
Deville Tongue.
Army Rations.
Galantines Pheasant.
Galantines Turkey.
Galantines Chicken and Tongue.
Galantines Turkey and Tongue.
Galantines Veal and Ham.
Lamb and Green Peas.
Veal Cutlets.
Veal and Green Peas.
Steak and Kidney Pudding.
Veal and Ham Pudding.
Apple Pudding.
Game Pies.

Junket Tablets.
Junket Powder.
Essence of Rennett.
Jell-O- I. C. Powders.

Montserrat Limetta.
Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice.
Rose's Lime Juice Cordial.
Rose's Lime Juice.
Lemon Squash.
Welch's Grape Juice.
Schweppes Ginger Beer.
Schweppes Dry Ginger Ale.
Schweppes Sweet Ginger Ale.
Schweppes Lemonade.
Schweppes Soda.

Corner Prescott and Water Sts.
J. J. STRANG,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR.

BARGAIN!

Three for the Price of One.
3 for \$1.25.

We are now selling the Colonial paper edition of the best fiction by all the leading authors at the above bargain price.

To our export customers we shall be pleased to make a selection on receipt of price post-paid.

SEE OUR WINDOW FOR TITLES.

GARLAND'S BOOKSTORE,

177-9 WATER STREET.

aug12,ed.t

FRENCH IVORY

Toilet & Manicure Pieces

We have just received a nice assortment and are showing some new pieces in this very popular line. Those wishing to add to their collection will profit by giving us a call.

R. H. TRAPNELL, Ltd.,
Jewellers and Opticians.

ed.t



You know how you feel on a sweltering day with an overweight suit on. You have also experienced the annoyance when your dark suit is covered with dust. We are now showing summer shades in light and tropical weights, also a few lines in flannels.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

TAILORING OF QUALITY

WORKMANSHIP EXCEPTIONALLY FINE

CORNER PRESCOTT AND WATER STS.

J. J. STRANG,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR.

A REMARKABLE WATCH AT A REMARKABLE PRICE.

Here is a watch that makes a distinct forward step in producing a practical timepiece at a popular price. Full 16 size Bridge Model, 7 Jewels, closely timed and adjusted, screw back and bezel, solid nickel case. A watch of absolutely new design. Oval pendant. A type of bow usually found only in high priced watches. Low crown with clean-cut knurls.

Neat, Strong, Durable—and the most remarkable value we have ever offered.

PRICE \$12.00.

T. J. DULEY & Co., Ltd.,
The Reliable Jewellers and Opticians.

COAL!

SCOTCH SCREENED—\$13.50.
No Slack; every load weighed.

SALT!

S.S. Dampen now on passage from Cadiz due about August 22nd.

CEMENT!

Best WHITE'S just in—Lowest Prices.

A. H. MURRAY & COMPANY, Ltd.,
BECK'S COVE.

aug11,ed

Salad Dressing, Libby's 7-1-2oz., 25c. bottle.

Afternoon Tea Cake Mixture, contains all the ingredients required 30c. pk.

DRAKE'S SPONGE CAKES, 25c.
G. WASHINGTON COFFEE. No trouble, made in the cup at the table.

Corn on Cob (Tins)	Moonlight Mellows. Plain & Toasted.	Cherries (Tins), 60c.
Knox Gelatine Queen Olives.	Chiver's Marmalade.	Sliced Peaches 2 1/2 tins, 60c.
Arline Honey.	Swansdown Cake Flour.	
Guava Jelly.		

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd. GROCERY.

m.w.t.f

Now in Stock:

50 Cases VALENCIA ONIONS, SILVERPEEL—fives.
BANANAS—Ripe and Green.
20 Barrels NEW POTATOES.
50 Cases CALIFORNIA ORANGES.
50 Barrels CHOICE GREEN CABBAGE.

BURT & LAWRENCE,
14 NEW GOWER STREET.

Specials for This Week!

New arrivals of Misses' and Children's DUVETYN CLOTH COATS. Latest styles, colors mostly Fawns, running from \$6.50 up.

Also a new shipment of Children's Skuffer Shoes, sizes 5 to 11, at \$1.45 pair.

I. LEVITZ, 252 Water St.,
Opp. Dicks' & Co.

m.t.f

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Ex S

30 sacks P.
20 brls. LO
20 cases CA
10 boxes RI
10 cases GE
FRESH
AMERIC
CANAD
LOCAL
CANAD

Libby's Sal
Corn on the

C.

Duckwo

Pumpme

Strike Settle
U. S. S
Plant near

COAL STRIKERS
WOLK
SYDNEY

All pump employees
ence employees in
on mines who stoppe
Monday, will return
and wage negotiatio
company and the strik
ended Tuesday. The
ere reached at a meet
Dominion No. 1, 10
remin.

PAGE NEGOTIATIONS
SYDNEY

All pumpmen, engine
ence employees in
South Cape Breton reu
last night. It was in
planning water sup
ing of the Nova Scoti
midnight on Monday.
relations between the D
company and the strik
ended Tuesday. The
ere made at a meetin
The Workers at Dorin
Saturday afternoon
hundred delegates
page was only one wit
ation. The pumpmen
back to work after Bre
ay, and Hon. D. A. a
Nova Scotia governm
rage negotiations, whi
ould be resumed o
in the understanding
ment would be bring
otations continued
made the offer of the
negotiations at a cor
light, and the miners
and they would put

Cam Roll Equ

Every h
vance
requir
chase
Camer
of all
perfor
in to k
Dort
some
days
quere

TO

The Kodak