

# WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXII.

That was so? It was. The chorus easily affirmed that too. Just so. And might the inspector ask if it was not a fact that the brother had been seen lurking about Whitesford a week or two back, and that the young woman had stolen out secretly to meet him? Could Miss Chavasse oblige him with any information upon that little point? It was at this link of the inspector's chain that Virtue dropped her apron and raised her face, all streaming with tears, to my mother.

"That's all true, madame," she sobbed. "Ben did come back to Whitesford a week or two ago, and I did steal out to meet him. Why should I tell any one? They're always sneering at me now because he doesn't do well, poor fellow, and is fond of his glass at times; but Ben's as honest as any of their brothers, or sweet-hearts either, for the matter of that, let 'em say what they like about him! He didn't like to be seen about here—and not likely he should—and he was afraid of getting me into trouble besides. That's why he wrote to me to meet him when there was nobody about; and so I did, and so I would again. But there was no harm in it; any one might have heard what we had to say to one another, and welcome for me, I'm sure. He was in dreadful trouble, for he was out of work and his wife was ill, and of course I gave him what I could, just like I have always done when he wanted. That was more than a fortnight ago, and he went back to London the next day, where he came from." She put her apron to her eyes and sobbed again before dropping it and turning to me abruptly—"You must have seen him, Mr. Ned, for he saw you. It was the night that the foreign gentleman, Mr. St. George, came here first, and you walked home with him, you remember, sir? It was down by the river Ben saw you. He was waiting by that big group of pollard willows to meet you; and he heard you coming and knew your voice. He told me about it, and said that he didn't think you knew him, although he brushed against you. And you nearly saw him afterward too, for Mrs. Batterbin kept me in to finish a cap for her, and it was later than I meant when I got out. He was hardly out of sight, going toward Market Waxford, when you came round the curve, and I hid behind the clump of bushes by the gate for fear you should see me; and you found me—don't you remember sir? And it was to meet him that I went out yesterday; he'd got a job of work at Bridgely Norton, but he was short of money until they paid him, and want-

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Healthy Mothers and Children Make Happy Homes

Motherhood is woman's highest sphere in life. It is the fruition of her dearest hopes and greatest desires; yet thousands of noble women through some derangement have been denied this blessing. In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong. This is evidenced by the following letters which are genuine and truthful:

London, Ont.—"I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking your famous medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before my baby was born I was so ill I could not stand long or walk any distance. I had to lie down nearly all the time. After I took your medicine I felt like a new woman. I could work from morning till night and was happy and well. I certainly think it relieves pain at childbirth and recommend it to every woman who is pregnant. You may use this testimonial if you like. It may help some other woman."—Mrs. FRANK CORRIE, 132 Adelaide St., London, Ont.

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## Exhausted Nerves Sleepless Nights

Continually Grow Worse Until Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restored Vigor and Strength.



Mrs. Campbell.

What misery to lie awake nights and think of all sorts of things without being able to get the rest and sleep which is necessary to restore the nervous energy wasted in the tasks of the day. This symptom of sleeplessness is one of the surest indications of an exhausted nervous system. You must have sleep or a breakdown is certain. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food feeds the feeble, wasted nerves back to health and strength. In a few days you obtain the natural, restful sleep which helps so materially in restoring vitality to the nerves and strength to the whole body.

Mrs. Sarah Campbell, 108 Alma Street, St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "For months I was so bothered with nervousness that I could not sleep nights. There were other symptoms of exhausted nerves, but none caused so much misery, and I found myself continually getting worse. I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and it was not long before I noticed great improvement in my health. I built up the nervous system wonderfully, strengthened the nerves and enabled me to rest and sleep well."

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ed sick to send home, and so I took him some. He'll tell you the same if you'll send for him. And I never touched Miss Natalie's diamonds, or even saw 'em after that night you found me looking at them, and brought Miss Natalie the key like you told me to. I never touched them, Mr. Ned. Indeed I didn't, madame. I wouldn't willingly steal the value of so much as a pin from you, Miss Natalie. You must remember it, sir. And I never took the diamonds." Thus Virtue, appealing passionately to each of us in turn, and finally burying her tear-stained face in her apron again.

Of course I remembered. It all came back to me in a flash—the walk back to the Station Hotel, with St. George, his raptures over the river, the great clump of pollard willows, and the rough shabby figure brushing hastily past us. Of course I recollected. St. George had said that the man knew me too, and I had been put out at his saying so. I eagerly corroborated that part of Virtue's statement, glad that I could do so; and the inspector listened with a contemptuous sort of respect which told me that he did not care a rap for it. Then he spoke aside to my mother.

"I am sorry to say it, madame, but I'm afraid there's no mistake about this."

"Impossible!" said madame, decidedly. "You are mistaken, Mr. Blake. I have always found Virtue Dent both honest and truthful. I am confident that the robbery has not been committed by any one in my household."

But here the inspector differed point-blank, and gave his reasons for doing so. If one thing about the whole affair was certain, it was that the robbery had not taken place from outside. His examination of the premises had told him that beyond doubt the thief, whoever he or she might be, was inside Chavasse; and falling Virtue Dent, to whom could suspicion point? The butler and housekeeper, servants of more than five-and-twenty years' standing, both bearing spotless characters, were not likely to take the jewels, and none of the other maids had access to the young lady's rooms at all times and seasons, and certainly would not have much chance of purloining the key of the cabinet. Nor was it easy to implicate any of the men-servants, whose presence in that part of the house was almost certain to have been detected. Very well. Who else was there to suspect? Not the foreigner, who was so devoted to her mistress and knew not a single person in England—and here the inspector cast a dubious glance at Valla, still standing in the background with arms folded and eyes downcast—and not the French

lady who was—ah, yes, to be sure!—Miss Orme's governess. Most respectable—quite impossible to suspect her, of course. Just so—the inspector's own opinion. An expression of opinion, by the way, which mademoiselle acknowledged with so venomous a glance and so many swift nods and mutterings that, despite the gravity of the situation, I nearly laughed outright. Well, then, the inspector would put it to madame, what was to be done next?

What I should have done I knew pretty well, for notwithstanding the evidence against her, I did not believe that Virtue, poor girl, was guilty. But that my mother was impressed with the man's confounded logic was plain enough, and she hesitated doubtfully. She and the inspector had drawn away to the window, Nat, who had not spoken a sentence so far, following me.

"I still believe that you are mistaken, Mr. Blake," madame said; "I can not think that Virtue Dent is guilty. It is most repugnant to me to even suspect the girl."

"I'm sure she never did it," I struck in impulsively. "Just so, sir," returned the inspector, blandly. "But may I ask into what channel you would turn suspicion, falling her?"

"Why, somebody from outside," I was beginning, when he cut me short, shaking his head at me.

"Don't you make any mistake about that, Mr. Chavasse, sir. It isn't anybody from outside that has done this." He turned to madame, apparently not considering it worth his while to waste any more time with me. "I don't think, madame, as I said a while ago, that there can be any mistake about this. I'm sorry, of course, but so it is. I don't really remember a stronger case of presumptive evidence, I assure you. Still I wouldn't, if it can be avoided, recommend your being too hard with the girl."

"What do you mean?" madame asked.

"Why," returned the inspector, confidentially, "I mean that I'd try the policy of a little coaxing at first. Persuade her to make a clean breast of it, so as to give us a chance of recovering the jewels. I presume that it is not your wish, nor the young lady's, to be too hard on her?"

"Certainly not," said my mother, hastily.

"Just so," responded the inspector, complacently—"and very kind, madame, I am sure. Then in those circumstances that is what I should recommend. Otherwise I should of course say, give her in charge at once."

"That shall not be done!" Natalie said the words so suddenly and sharply, moving forward a step, that her voice startled me, and even Virtue stopped her sobbing and mademoiselle her ejaculatory mutterings to look at her. In fact, the interruption had been so entirely unexpected that for some moments no one said anything, not even Blake himself.

"It shall not be done!" she repeated, rapidly. "I say that it shall not!"

"My dear," my mother remonstrated.

## A MAN WHO KNOWS

Says GIN PILLS Are Good For Pain In The Back

WHEN your grocer tells you he uses a certain tea in his own home, you feel pretty sure it's good tea. And when a prominent druggist takes GIN PILLS for his own back-ache, you can feel quite sure there is nothing else quite so good.

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Why should you go on suffering when there is a remedy so easily obtained and so reliable? GIN PILLS cost but 50c a box for \$2.50. Money back if they do not help you. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 150

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Telling how Douglas' Egyptian Liniment Cures Chillsains.

Mr. Wm. Boulter, of West Caledonia, N.S., tells how he learned from an advertisement the way to cure chillsains:

"For some winters past I suffered from chillsains, but last winter they were so bad I was unable to wear my boots. After seeing the letter from Mr. McParlane, that Douglas' Egyptian Liniment had cured him of chillsains, I decided to try a bottle of it. I wrote at once for sample bottle which I received by return mail and before I had used half of the sample I found relief, and was soon able to put on my shoes. I have great faith in Egyptian Liniment and honestly believe it will cure my feet."

If you or any of your friends suffer from chillsains, see to it that this advertisement brings about the same happy result as did the one-Mr. Boulter read.

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment can be had at any dealer's for 25c. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napusca, Ont.

"I do know what I am saying, and I have a right to say it!" cried Nat, impulsively, cutting her short, and clinging with one hand to my arm, as she trembled violently with the vehemence of her speech. "I say that Virtue Dent shall never be arrested for this robbery. She is innocent!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, miss!" cried Virtue, raising her tear-wet face to say it, and then burying it in her apron again in a fresh outbreak. Mademoiselle, standing at a little distance with white face and astonished eyes, was a picture of amazement, as indeed was madame too. The inspector stared, then coughed.

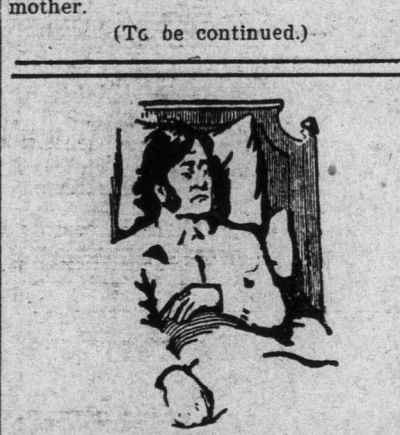
"Just so, miss," he observed. "If you say the young woman is innocent, you of course have some reason for saying it. Might I ask how you know it?"

"I don't know it," Nat answered, with a frown; "but I am sure of it." The inspector was a polite man, and he did not forget either his manners or his official dignity sufficiently to laugh, but there was a suspicious quiver about his lips as he spoke again.

"Then may I ask, miss, what reason—"

Nat cut him short too; she interrupted him as sharply and unceremoniously as she had interrupted my mother.

(To be continued.)



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## A Teacher's Complaint.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—Much is being and has been said re retaining experienced teachers in the profession, but, it seems to go off in wind. A few days ago I read an article from the able pen of R. R. Wood, Head Master of Bishop Field College, and the principal thing mentioned in his letter, as in others, is the increasing of teachers' salaries. No doubt this is a thing to be desired, but there are several other things besides this that should be looked after and which are about as important. What about the difficulties and inconveniences a teacher has to contend with while trying to do his best although at times apparently very meagre. How much could be done by the local school Board nd Superintendent to remove some of his obstacles? And yet what do they do? If the teacher doesn't please every Tom, Dick and Harry of the place, the first thing he knows is he gets a note from the Board demanding his resignation without even a chance to defend himself against the calumniation. And more often than not the demand comes from the Chairman alone, without even a meeting of the Board, and all because he is not strong kneed enough to stand up for justice, but is so prone to a love of popularity, that even his principles are set aside to gain the desired end. This is not by any means an exaggeration, but is, as I have experienced in my six years of teaching. And, moreover, if the Superintendent is appealed to for his support in any matter his answer is "If you are not satisfied with your conditions, the only thing to do is to seek a situation in which things will be more congenial." Very encouraging to the teacher to retain his profession! There are more things than salary that would make a teacher more comfortable in his surroundings.

Perhaps the following extract taken from the 'Canadian Teacher' with a few alterations would not be amiss:

"The one thing that School Boards can do that would be most effective in making the school better, after employing a good teacher, and putting the school in order, is to hold regular meetings and transact all business in open Board. This is the only way business can be done legally. That done in any other way is without the sanction of law and would be declared void if tested in the courts. One member has equal rights and powers with other members. It takes all to constitute the Board. While it is right for the majority to rule, yet the other has a right to be present and be heard. The Board should know how the school is progressing by consulting with the teacher. Too often they depend on hearsay, and that from children whose judgment would not be regarded as the height of folly. To employ one to care for the highest interest of children of the district and then depend entirely on what children say as to how well their interests are cared for is worse than folly."

"The teacher has a most difficult task and needs the advice and support of the Board. This he can get only at a meeting of the Board. Misunderstandings will arise. The teacher sincerely tries to do what is best. The parents want the best for their children and look to the teacher for it. The children themselves would rather have a good school than a poor one. All should and would co-operate did not misunderstandings arise. The Board often hears of dissatisfaction before the teacher does. At a meeting of the Board and teacher the matter could be set right. If parents have serious complaints they should be asked to attend the meeting and state their case. In most instances all could be explained and right relations established. No member as an individual should give the teacher orders as to what to do. Such orders should be given by direction of the Board."

Hoping I have not trespassed too far on your valuable space. I remain, Yours truly, A TEACHER.

WITH THE ADVENTISTS.—The subject to-morrow evening in the Cookstown Road Church will be "The Seven Churches," being the second study on the Book of Revelation. The Pastor, Elder Wm. C. Young will occupy the pulpit (D.V.) All seats free.

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HAS RECOVERED.—Mr. P. Garland, who underwent an operation at the General Hospital, is doing well. His many friends will be glad to hear, and able to be about again.

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