

Ten Years After!

By HAROLD CARTER.



EVERYBODY on board the ship thought that Lord Alwyn and Signora Pasquale would be engaged before the vessel sighted Sandy Hook. Their acquaintance began at the captain's table on the first day;

on the second, since the intermediate passengers were all seafick, Lord Alwyn took the hair next to the opera singer; thereafter they seemed to be inseparable.

"A good match it will be, too," the gossip said, as they plied their knitting needles. "He's the head of one of the oldest families in England, and they say his income is a quarter of a million dollars. Isn't it strange he hasn't been snapped up yet! Why he must be thirty-five."

"And she's eight and twenty, if she's a day. They say all London was crazy over her last season. Such a talented young woman, and perfectly irreproachable! You can't say as much about all those singers. Why, the Duchess of Eastbourne took her under her wing and introduced her everywhere. I was reading an account of her life; it reads like a romance. Her father was just an ordinary American, and she saved up and went to Italy, and there she was adopted by a rich count, or something of the sort, who made her his ward and left her his fortune on condition that she would change her name."

"What was her name?"

"O, Smith or Jones or Robinson—something very ordinary. I wonder when he's going to propose."

But neither of the lovers dreamed that they were the subject of universal gossip, aboard. Absorbed in one another they leaned over the ship's rail and watched the long streak of



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

The only well-known medium-priced baking powder made in Canada that does not contain alum (or other aluminum sulphate, or sulphate of alumina) and which has all its ingredients plainly stated on the label.

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

foam glistening in the moonlight in the wake of the Albanis.

They had not much to say on that evening, for the realisation of his love for the beautiful singer had come to the Englishman quite suddenly, and when it was too late to withdraw. He felt that he must tell her now, because it would be easier for her and for himself, too; things had gone too far for that merely friendly farewell and hand-clasp which means so much and hides so much more.

"Alice," he began—they had called each other by their given names almost since the beginning of their acquaintance, so intimately did they feel the sense of spiritual union between them—"Alice, I've behaved like a cur toward you."

"Why?" she asked looking at him with a glance of infinite tenderness which he did not see; as he raised his eyes she veiled hers with her heavy lids. "Why?" she asked again feigning that she did not understand.

"Because," he answered slowly,

when a man tells a woman what I have told you, it means more something more than words. And, yet—well, Alice, dear, I couldn't tell you of what should have kept my tongue in "You'd better tell me, dear," she answered, slipping her arm through his. "Come let us walk up and down the deck, and you shall tell me everything and I will listen and not say one word until you have ended."

"You know I love you," he began, as they walked slowly under the stars. "Yes, there was never any pretence between us. And our love should naturally end in marriage. Well—I am already married."

Again she glanced at him in that compassionate way, but though he waited for her to shrink back from him she showed no gesture that she felt the blow; she did not even withdraw her arm, but they continued pacing the deck together.

"Let me tell you briefly the story of my life," he said. When I was ten years younger I quarrelled with my father. My elder brother was alive then; I had no hope or thought of succeeding to the title. I was sent to Colorado to a ranch. I was twenty-three, impressionable, hopeless for the future, and very lonely. Old Aaron Hopper the ranchman who had undertaken my education in return, for seven hundred dollars, had a daughter, a mere slip of a girl, good, sweet, pretty, and charming, but hopelessly illiterate. She was entirely ignorant of civilized ways; ate peas with a knife, as she had always seen her father do, and sang sentimental ballads to his accompaniment on his concertina.

"Eva had refused me for a long time. In spite of her ignorance, she had an unusual refinement of mind and soul. She knew that I could never introduce her to my folks at home, if ever I went back. It was



GILLETT'S LYE

FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, CLEANING AND DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, AND FOR MANY OTHER PURPOSES.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE SOLD EVERYWHERE. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

not that I would have been ashamed of her, but it would have been impossible for her.

"The day before our marriage I received a letter from England. My father and brother were dead; both had been instantly killed in a train wreck. I was heir to the title and the family estates and fortune. In my elation I told Eva."

"I shall never forget the scene that occurred. How she refused to marry me, how her old father discovered the cause and threatened her, pleaded with her, implored her. He was not avaricious, he would never have left his ranch; but he felt that his girl was good enough for any man. In the end we overcame her opposition. We were married the next morning, and Eva cried all through the ceremony.

"There was to be no honeymoon. It was haying time, and after the marriage I went off to work as usual, leaving Eva to keep house in the little cottage old Aaron had built at the head of the valley. That night, when I came home, Aaron stood at the door, waving a letter, frantic with rage and humiliation. Eva had run away. She would never come back she said, and would never acknowledge the marriage; I was to be free. She had time her movements so as to catch the night train east. It was just the foolish act of

an ignorant girl. She may have had a hundred dollars saved. I don't know what became of her. Detectives failed to find her. Old Aaron died cursing her and asking my forgiveness for having ruined my life."

"You did not want a divorce?" asked the woman softly.

"No. How could I? I knew that the brave little spirit that had given itself into my keeping was mine always; that I was morally responsible for her; if ever she appeared I should have taken her home and asked no questions. I kept the detectives at work for years. And lately I have felt that I must do something more to find Eva. So I am going out to Colorado, to the old ranch, if it is still there, and I shall try to discover whether she has not come back. Perhaps—I have hoped it—the early memories will draw her home again."

He ceased and the woman withdrew her hand and placed it on Lord Alwyn's shoulder.

"Stop dear!" she said. "Now look at me. I want to ask you a question. Do you love her as much as you love me?"

Lord Alwyn laughed rather bitterly.

"I don't love her at all," he said. "And how much I love you you know. But, my dear, because I do not love her I feel my duty the more strongly



OUR POLICY

is to ask small premiums and to pay prompt, generous reimbursements. Why not have Santa Claus leave one of our

INSURANCE POLICIES

as a gift of real value and practical use?

Come in and talk the matter over with us to-day. We have some Christmas suggestions to make to you.

PERCIE JOHNSON,

Insurance Agent.

So I am going to try to find her—and so—

"Good-bye," she whispered, and raised her lips to his. For a moment they clung to each other with all the strength and passion of two who

know that thence forward their lives must be sundered forever. Then she was gone and he was alone in the Lord Alwyn spent three days in New York. He called on his detective agency, but they had learned nothing. Then he took the train for Colorado.

It has changed hardly at all during ten years, that wild, mountainous country. When he stepped out at the depot he found the same little station and the same station master, though the man did not recognize in him the boy whom he had spied on his way home a decade previously. Lord Alwyn hired a rig and drove the ten miles to old Aaron's ranch. The road was still deserted, still bordered by barren plains whereon no crops grew. It was not until he reached the ranch that he came upon signs of cultivation. Then his heart leaped. The little house still stood in its location, and smoke was issuing from the chimney.

But it could not be she! No doubt the whole place was leased. That accounted for the cultivated fields—for the girl would never have come back to manage the farm alone. Alwyn drew rein at the door, hitched his horse to the old post, and knocked. A woman opened it. It was Eva, dressed as a rancher's daughter, a rake over her shoulder, her hands dusty with hay, but Eva matured—No, it was not Eva. It was not Eva. It was Alice Pasquale!

Lord Alwyn staggered against the door and his hands, groping feebly, found hers and held them.

"Do you know me now, dearest?" she whispered. "Have you found her again, this Eva, this ignorant girl?"

"Alice!" he said, chokingly. "It is you? You are Eva?"

She placed her arms round his neck and drew his head down to her breast. "You couldn't have known, dearest," she whispered. "It was cruel of me to try you so long. How could you have recognized the ignorant farmer's girl in Alice Pasquale, the singer, the Italian nobleman's adopted daughter? But I have waited for you so long, my dear!"

An Ideal Christmas Gift!

Nothing would bring more pleasure to the recipient than a good pair of

Riverside Blankets

A Gift that would keep your memory green for a lifetime.

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

Anderson's Great Removal Sale.

SOME Bargains here that will make thoughtful Women sit up and reason, and tell their friends that our Removal Sale is in full swing.

It started last week with great vigor and thousands have already made their purchase, and are thoroughly pleased with our splendid offerings.

We mentioned last week that we would soon be going to our

Removal Sale 2000 Women's Stylish Blouses

\$1.25 for \$2 values.

handsome, White Silk Blouses, richly, embroidered fronts, long sleeves, good values—truly a wonderful bargain.

\$1.55 for \$2.40 values, perfectly made, White Silk Blouses, high and low necks, Peter Pan and other style collars, trimmed lace and padded silk-worked embroidery, like hand-work, latest style—genuine gift bargains.

We have hundreds of fashionable Blouses, various fabrics, suitable for any occasion, all manufacturers' samples.

See them and lay in a stock at Sale Prices.



Removal Sale Colored Blouses.

55c. for \$1.00 values.

\$1.15 for \$1.80 values.

\$1.70 for \$2.50 values.

These few examples of genuine reductions in Blouses—truthfully stated, is what will make thoughtful buyers ponder, and then act quickly to secure these splendid bargains.

Some of the daintiest Blouses that you have ever seen, are amongst our manufacturers' latest style Samples.

You will surely aim to buy three, or four, because it is not every day that we remove to a New Modern Store and cut the prices like now. Come now.

NEW MODERN STORE in the WEST—can you wonder then, why we are giving—not a few cents off, but liberally cut prices, can you wonder why we are offering such excellent Bargains—before that great Removal day comes.

We invite you to come, write, or send a friend, and derive the Full benefits of this great Removal Sale.

REMOVAL SALE FASHIONABLE FURS

HERE you will find we can save money for you on Furs. We can give you a rich, well-furred, stylish, Brown Mar mot real Fur Stole, trimmed with eight tails, and superbly lined with sunny brown satin. Length when folded as worn 35 inches—exact copy of a nine-dollar Fur. Sale price \$1.45. Remember all Furs go at Removal Sale prices. See them.

Removal Sale Wee Tots Knobby Coats

made of various fabrics such as Serge, Velvet, Corduroy, etc., prices about half the original. Length 20 and 24 inches. Also White Serge Pelisses. Original \$2.00. Sale price \$1.00.

Removal Sale Women's Coats

WOMEN'S Colored Coats, manufacturers' Samples no two alike, all the leading colors, some with straps, belts, pockets. Newest Styles, neatly trimmed. Worth from five to six dollars each—Wonderful bargains.

Removal Sale Price \$3.25.

Another lot of manufacturers' Samples, worth from ten to fourteen dollars each: Colors—Tan, Saxe, Royal, Helio, Reds, Navy, etc., with belts, straps and pockets. All imported this season.

Removal Sale Price \$6.25.

All our Black Coats for Women are at Sale Prices. We have Handsome Fur like Coats at greatly reduced prices. You'll find Coats here to suit every figure and every purse.

Come and see them to-day. Electric Seal Fur Coats \$25.00 and \$30.00 each.

Removal Sale Women's and Children's Hats

THIS year's imported, high-class Millinery and Ready-to-wear Hats are marked at prices to remove them quickly—no better styles, nor richer fabrics, can be found at the price anywhere.

Each are trimmed by expert foreign milliners that know how to twist, turn, bend, and shape the fabrics to give an artistic appearance.

For Women we have Silk Velvet, Colored Felts, etc. For Children we have similar fabrics, including Teddy Bear and Plush.

Here are a few prices: Regular prices, \$1.20. Sale price, 95c. Regular price, \$2.30. Sale price, \$1.75. And many at HALF PRICE.

The variety will not allow us to give all prices. Come and judge for yourself.



Things of Interest to You

| Men | Women | Children |
|-----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Eastern Brand Caps | Handkerchiefs | Wool Bonnets |
| Maritime Brand Caps | Rubber Sandals | Warm Gloves |
| Scotch Wool Gloves | Woven Knickers | Dolls of all kinds |
| French Kid Gloves | Tea Aprons | Pinafores |
| English Knit Mufflers | Lace Collars | Jersey Suits |
| Canadian Rubbers | White Blouses | Boys' Jerseys |
| American Ties | Bargains in Coats | Children's Coats |
| Woolen Sweaters | Fancy Glassware | Mechanical Toys |

A Special Line of Christmas Calendars

Only 7 cents Each.

Robt. Templeton.

Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's, N. F.