

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XXX.
PAVING THE WAY.
"He spoke of you nearly every day," said Olive. "He will be very glad you have come home."
"I am sorry I did not come home in time for the fete," said Lady Florence. "It must have been worth traveling many miles to see; but we read an account of it. How happy you must be!"

Olive suppressed a sigh.
"I am very happy," she said.
"Yes, I am sure of it," assented Lady Florence, with a smile. "Your face tells me that. And we have met at last! Do you know I have heard so much about you that I seem to have known you for a long time—"

Olive looked up quickly; but there was nothing but a placid, amiable smile on the handsome face.

"Heard so much of me?" she said.
"Yes," nodded Lady Florence; "every one I have seen has had something to tell me of the general favorite, Lady Heatherdene—and, are you going to stay long in town?"

And so, with a running fire of questions and comments, she played her part, Olive having occasion to say very little, but listening, with downcast eyes and pale face. Presently Hastley Derrick, who had been talking to Charlie, crossed over to her assistance.

"I'll say adieu, marchioness. By the way, can any one give me a seat at the opera to-night? I have left my ivory."

"Come in my box," said Charlie. "We will go to-night, eh, Adrienne? Florence, if you are not engaged, come with us. I'll go down to the club and tell Ellinton."

"I shall be delighted," said Lady Florence, at once. "We must see a great deal of each other, dear," she added, turning to Olive. "We must be great friends. I am so very glad to get back again, and find you in town. Must you go?"

For Olive had risen and looked across at Lord Heatherdene.

"Good-by, then, until to-night," and once more she took Olive by both hands and kissed her.
Derrick accompanied them to the



ROYAL YEAST
brougham, and kept Lord Heatherdene occupied until Olive had entered.

"Let me see," said Charlie; "if you don't mind going on alone, Addy, I will go down with Derrick to the club."
Olive smiled affirmatively, and the brougham drove off with her alone—alone, coiled in a corner, her whole face hidden in her hands, and the low, measured voice of Hastley Derrick ringing in her ears, together with the false, mocking voice of Lady Florence, making a threatening discord.

"Was she safe?—had the threatened cloud blown over? Would they leave her in peace, these two—the resolute, inflexible man, the proud, injured woman? These were the questions which haunted her and caused her to cry out:

"Oh, my husband, my love! Don't let them turn you from me."
Lord Charles was delighted at the way in which Lady Florence had received them. Innocent of the slightest taint of guile himself, he had rejoiced at the prospect of another friend, and a close friend, for his darling wife. He went down to the club in the most genial of humors, and was greeted with the usual welcome.

"Florence is the right kind of woman," he said to Hastley Derrick. "I fancied and feared that there might have been a sort of coolness—you understand?"
Derrick smiled.
"But I did Florence an injustice. How could there have been anything nicer than the way in which she made up to Adrienne?"

Her maid had chosen a costly and magnificent costume for her, but she had set it aside, and selected a quieter one of black lace. Upon this, here and there, a diamond gleamed brightly, and in her hair she wore one white camelia. She could not have chosen a toilet more effective, or in greater harmony with her beauty, and, as Lord Heatherdene looked at her, admiration found vent in a few whispered words, that brought the hot blood to her face, and the moisture to her eyes.
"My darling, you grow more beautiful every day!"
That was all, but Lady Florence heard them, and the quick frown flew to her face.
She was magnificently dressed, and there were diamonds enough and to spare upon her white dress and on her bosom; but the peculiar charm about Olive's beauty asserted itself, and vanquished the cold beauty of her rival.
"There is a picture for a painter," said a great artist in the stalls. "What other country could show such beauty, and of two such distinct types! Which do you admire most?"
"I know which I could love best," answered his friend, a poet.
And in those few words, poetlike, he had hit the great distinction and difference.
Charlie, behind his wife's chair, nodded greetings all over the stalls and boxes. Hastley Derrick stood at the back of the box, listening to the chatter of the marquis, but dissecting the house from gallery to stalls as he listened, and every now and then looking down at the two women with a curious, watchful glance.
For Olive there was no greater delight than the opera; divine music wedded to acting. She was no mean proficient in the former, and in the latter her skill and knowledge always occasioned her delight.
Before the first act—it was the "Huguenots"—was half over, she had lost herself, and over her face stole that sweet, absorbed, wistful expres-

sion which added so much to its charm. At the close of the first act, Charlie went to pay a visit to Lord Hamilton, who was in an opposite box, and Hastley Derrick naturally took his seat.

"Titbits is in fine form to-night," he said, and, at the sound of his voice, Olive came back, with a start, to real life.
"It is a full house," she said; "it is a grand incentive."
"So I should think," he said.
Then he talked on in his quiet, impressive way, not demanding an answer, but keeping her amused in spite of herself, until Lord Charles came back, when he rose to give him the chair, but Lord Heatherdene would not take it.
"Keep your seat, Derrick," he said. "I shall be in and out. They don't give you a better opera at Vienna, do they, Florence?"
So Hastley Derrick kept at Olive's elbow watchfully attentive with the bouquet, opera glass, fan—no movement of her escaped him, and Lady Florence watched them both.

With a burst of applause, the opera ended, and Hastley Derrick was ready with Olive's cloak. As they passed out of the box and down the corridor, he found an opportunity to whisper in her ear:
"Was I not right?"
Olive did not answer, but her face paled, and she glanced involuntarily at Lady Florence, who was in front.
"Do not fear," he said, "it's the same low voice; 'you have nothing to dread while I am by your side to help you."
"I am very grateful," she murmured. "But—"
Olive shuddered, and looked round for Heatherdene.
"Do not fear," he said, in the same low voice; "you have nothing to dread while I am by your side to help you."
There was a great crush in the lobby; the night had grown chill and wet.

CHAPTER XXXI.
A READY TOOL.
IT was a favorite opera that night, and the house was crowded.

"Town was full, the season at its height, and stalls and boxes were filled with the representatives of rank and fashion. As the occupants of the various boxes entered, opera glasses were leveled, and nods and smiles of recognition went round.
Just as the orchestra was finishing the overture, the attendants drew back the curtains of the Livermore box, and a volley of glasses was turned upon it.
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"Lady Heatherdene is to be here to-night," was the whisper that went round, and those who were fortunate enough to possess her acquaintance were eager to secure a recognition, while the less fortunate were all curiosity to see her. There were many of higher rank, and greater beauty in the brilliant house, but, as Hastley Derrick said, none more popular. To those outside the circle in which she moved, she was still Adrienne Haldine, the famous actress, and but for the respect for her rank there were many among the humble portion of the audience who would have greeted her appearance with a burst of applause.

As it was, when she entered the box, there was a distinct hum and buzz of attention.
To many, she had never looked more beautiful than she did that night. Her perfectly oval face, made more striking in its impressiveness by the slight paleness which showed up the deep, thoughtful eyes, and the dark, clearly defined brows.
Her maid had chosen a costly and magnificent costume for her, but she had set it aside, and selected a quieter one of black lace. Upon this, here and there, a diamond gleamed brightly, and in her hair she wore one white camelia. She could not have chosen a toilet more effective, or in greater harmony with her beauty, and, as Lord Heatherdene looked at her, admiration found vent in a few whispered words, that brought the hot blood to her face, and the moisture to her eyes.
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Fashion Plates.

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

A SMART STYLE FOR AFTERNOON OR HOME WEAR.



2188—This model is good for cloth, serge, voile, linen, batiste and other reasonable materials. The fronts of the waist are full and gathered to make extensions of the back. The skirt is made with a heading at the top, which may be omitted, if not desired. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Party Dress.



2373—White voile, with a belt of embroidery and "Val" lace edging is here shown. The model is simple and may be finished without the jacket. It is nice for all wash fabrics, for combinations of silk and cloth, or gingham and organdie, crepe and silk. It is a smart style for velvet or serge.
The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for dress with jacket. The jacket alone will require 1 1/2 yards.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full:—
Name

Now Landing
Anthracite Coal,
All Sizes.
M. MOREY & CO.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GALT IN COWS.

The 'Forizel' Inquiry.

YESTERDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Alexander Campbell, physician, sworn and examined by Mr. Dunfield, said: I had to identify the bodies of the victims of the Forizel. There were two bodies at Bay Bulls I did not see. I gave Miss Bowden authority to go out and identify the body of Miss Betty Munn. I have here the list of identified bodies also the list of unrecognised bodies. (The list is submitted by Dr. Campbell.) There are six bodies still in the water, two boys and four men. The body of a man buried at Argentia in mistake for Power is, we think, a Spanish friend. There was a record kept of every survivor and we concluded that the remainder lost their lives. We are leaving the body of the unidentified man at Placentia until such time as the other bodies are recovered. I was at the wreck myself. My first duty was to look after the survivors and see if they were properly clothed and housed. Constable Lynch would know in what position the bodies were found at Capahayden.
Marcus C. Simonsen, captain of the whaler Hawk, further examined by Mr. Dunfield.—When steering for the Forizel I was in a Spanish friend. I was going unless I had a chart in front of me. (A chart being produced he gave his course west 1/4 north.) I was proceeding at slow speed, about 2 or 3 knots an hour. The wind was light, west. The current was running to the north. This I can prove by judging my position from the Horns. Light slob ice would stop a ship much quicker than sheet ice. I think in slob ice the ship could jam tight. She has to put slob ice under her. Hard ice she would break.
To Mr. Gibbs.—The slob ice was packed tight as far as we could see. I have seen slob ice 3 inches thick. I met some slob ice on the way down to the wreck. The wind had been blowing off the shore. The heaviest body of ice had been blown off the shore. The string of ice extended 3 or 4 miles. There was clear water between the strings. It did not interfere much with the Hawk's speed. Leaving the Narrows I steered S. by E. 1/2 E. till I cleared the Harry's Cleared Cape Spear S. by W. and then hauled S. W. 1/4 S. was 2 1/2 miles off Bay Bulls' Head. It was a clear fine evening when I left to go to the wreck, so I made as short a course as was possible. After leaving the Horns I steered at 1/4 speed towards the light on the land but found I was carried to the north for some distance. When told by Pilot Malone that I was near the breakers, I steamed up again within a line of the ice on the shore and the Home, where I again picked up my bearings. The Hawk is about 50 h.p. and steams 11 knots; is 111 tons net. Going on six years I have been on that coast and have been in every second cove on that shore. The best part of the summer you are running in a fog. I was at the wreck of the Kristianafjord in the Hawk. I experienced unusual currents one trip when I had two schooners in tow. I found my dead reckoning a long way out. The currents were very strong near the Kristianafjord. The current always sets more from the north to northeast on this side of Cape Race. On the other side to the N. W. to W. When I ran my distance down I hauled her in N. W. I expected to make Cape Spear. I found I was ten miles off the Cape. Instead of two, I made Petty Hr. Motion and at that time the current was running to the south very strong. Others times I saw the current at Cape Race running in the same direction east and west of the Cape. Lots of times it has taken me close to the land. I have reckoned to be 2 1/2 miles off Petty Hr. Motion and have found myself in Shoal Bay. I have seen the fishing boats tailed south in Petty Hr. Bay by the current, while further off the current was in the opposite direction. Mr. Tessier phoned Commander MacDermott for Naval Reservists. Commander MacDermott said you can have them whenever you want them. He asked how many I require. I said four. There was no delay on the part of the Naval Reservists.
To Mr. Winter.—I had steam up ready to go to Hr. Grace at 6 o'clock. I telephoned Cape St. Francis to see about the sea outside. While telephoning at Bowring's Southside, Mr. Kennedy told me about the Forizel. I went back to the ship and a short time after I saw the same man with Mr. Cyril Tessier. He wanted to know if everything was ready to proceed to the wreck. That was about nine o'clock. I understood I was getting ready to go to sea. While we were at Bowring's Southside, Mr. Crosbie and Capt. A. Keen came down. Mr. Crosbie said we were taking the Hawk and was putting Capt. A. Keen in charge, also his son West. I don't remember getting any orders from Mr. Stone, Minister of Marine and Fisheries. I hailed to Bowring's North Side about 10 o'clock where I took on board rockets, ropes, etc., and all things necessary. I had two sailors and a mate. The mate was not feeling well so I left him on shore at the time. The engineers were on board coming from the South Side. I took an extra engineer and a fireman from the Cabot on board. I thought by taking a double engine that I would be prepared for standing by at the wreck. Mr. Crosbie came down and took Capt. Keen away about 12 o'clock as it was feared the Forizel had been submerged. Mr. Crosbie said it was quite understood that Capt. Keen is to have full charge of the Hawk. The earliest hour we could proceed to the wreck was nine o'clock had we been notified in time. Capt. Keen said she was not so worthy in her present condition. We were stopped discharging coal for a couple of hours when we were informed that the Hawk was not so worthy. I would have gone to the wreck as the ship stood to save life. I had two lifeboats on my deck at 6 o'clock. A tank boat and a pram. I got a dory from Bowring's wharf and all other supplies. It would take me an hour to get the necessary supplies from Bowring's. I left a few minutes after four o'clock for the wreck. William F. Carter, Shipping Master, sworn and examined by Mr. Dunfield, said: I am Shipping Master of this port. (Mr. Carter submitted list of the Forizel's crew.)
David M. McFarlane, Assistant Boiler Inspector, sworn and examined by Mr. Dunfield, said: I was born in Glasgow. I hold a first-class English Board of Trade certificate.

BRITISH REINFOR

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BRITISH OFFICIAL (LAST NIGHT).
LONDON, March 27. (Official.)
The battle was resumed this morning with great violence south and north of the Somme. Intense fighting has taken place during the day from the south of Rosieres to the north of Abbeville. An unsuccessful attempt made by the enemy last night to drive in our line south of the Somme, was followed this morning by a series of heavy attacks in the neighborhood of Rosieres and south of that place. At Rosieres all the enemy's assaults have been beaten off by our troops, who inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy. Further north our line was maintained through the early part of the day, despite great pressure from large hostile forces. Later in the day a fresh German attack developed in this area with the result that our line was taken back a short distance to the west. Later reports show that our counter attacks have again completely restored the situation. During the day the enemy made a number of determined attacks against our positions between the Somme and the Ancre and north and south of Albert. Fierce fighting has taken place in this sector also. A part of our position to the south of Albert, into which the enemy at one time forced his way, was regained by counter attack, and a further heavy attack delivered by the enemy at this point during the afternoon was completely repulsed. Attempts made by the enemy in the course of the day to debouch westward from the town of Albert were driven back in each instance with heavy casualties.

Had Piles for Ten Years

And Tried Nearly Everything Except a Surgical Operation Without Obtaining Relief. Tell How Complete Cure Was Effected.
There are reported here three cases of chronic cases of piles. In all three cases many treatments were tried before it was found that Dr. Chase's Ointment is about the only real cure for this distressing ailment. Mrs. A. Oates, 22 Gilkinson street, Bradford, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment as a household remedy for ever so long, and am particularly indebted to it for a cure from Piles. I had suffered from this annoying trouble for ten years, and tried nearly everything I heard of. After using Dr. Chase's Ointment a short while I was completely cured." Mrs. Wm. Shantz, 155 Albert street, Kitchener, Ont., writes: "For several years I was troubled with bleeding piles. I tried different remedies but relief without success. I read in Dr. Chase's Almanac of the benefits other people were receiving from Dr. Chase's Ointment, so I sent to your office for a sample box. I found it gave me such relief that I went to a drug store and purchased a full-sized box. I have used several boxes since, and have derived more benefit from its use than any remedy I have ever used." Mrs. F. Cassons, Victoria street, Ingersoll, Ont., writes: "About two years ago I got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I had tried many different remedies for this distressing trouble, but nothing helped me. Finally I got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and after using it for some time I was completely cured and have not been bothered in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to anyone suffering as I did." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers. Edman, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. There are no rivals to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a treatment for Piles.

Here and There.

When you want Steaks, Chop, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS.
IMPROVING.—Third officer Jackman, of the ill-fated Forizel, is slowly improving at the hospital.
When you want Sausages, why—get ELLIS; they're the best.
GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE.—A special service will be given at the Congregational Church to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock. Special music will be rendered by the choir.
Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill, is open every night till 9.30.—Feb 23, if

C.C.C. BOAT CLUB DANCE.—The C.C.C. Boat Club intend holding a dance next Monday night at the C.C.C. Hall. The music will be furnished by the Corps band.
When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS.
WILL GIVE ADDRESS.—Rev. Gordon Dickie, M.A., of the Presbyterian Church, will give the address at the service which will be held in the Lecture room of Cochrane St. Congregational Church, this evening.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR



On Lar... or Sea
The AutoStrop answers the call efficiently—it is the only razor in the world that automatically sharpens its own blades, therefore, it is always ready for service.
The AutoStrop will give you a clean, comfortable shave, no matter where you are, so long as you have it with you. Give him an AutoStrop—it's the gift he needs.
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Limited
100 St. John St. Toronto, Ont.

Open every night till 9.30.
Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill.—Feb 23, if
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KINDS OF KIDNEY TROUBLE
BRUISED KIDNEY
GRAVEL
DIABETES
NUMBER 23 THE PRINCE

WRIGLEYS

With the land forces and with the fleet

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gives solace in the long watch; it freshens and refreshes, steadies nerves, allays thirst, helps appetite and digestion.

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WRIGLEYS DOUBLE MINT CHAMBERLAIN'S MINT
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Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

POSITIVE SALE!

Extensive Timber Limit, together with Freeholds, on the waterside of South and West Rivers, Hall's Bay; apply early to

JAMES R. KNIGHT

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA