

# Danderine

### Stops Falling Hair and Destroys Dandruff

Makes the Hair Grow Long, Heavy and Luxuriant and We Can Quietly Prove It

If You Wish to Double the Beauty of Your Hair at Once, Just Get a 25 Cent Bottle and Try This

Surely try a Danderine Hair Cleanse if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair with little trouble and at a cost not worth mentioning—just moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few moments you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh air is to the lungs, invigorates and strengthens them. It is exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to grow all over the scalp. Use it every day for a short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed.



ceeding, when the memory of her falsity made him despise her for a moment, so that love's flower seemed withering, there would come a revulsion of feeling, and the strong roots would send up again little tender shoots of love.

He got up in the blackness of the dismal night, lighted only by the sullen flare of a dim lamp, and walked up and down the room, seated himself and tried to read himself sleepy.

But there was something the matter with his nerves, or his eyes, or his mind. On the printed pages he could read but one sentence:

"To-morrow is her wedding-day!"

When he turned his eyes away from the reading, the words seemed to glare at him from the walls of his cell:

"To-morrow is her wedding-day!"

"I must be going mad!" he cried wildly. "Oh, this dismal night! I would that I were never born. And yet, and yet its going will usher in the dawn of her wedding-day!"

It came to him with a dull wonder, that it was strange that a strong, intellectual man, capable of such great things, should be pining for the love of a simple girl like Lynette, all unknown in worldly ways, knowing little art save to use her wondrous beauty for the tiring of men's hearts.

"There are many strange things in nature, but love is the strangest of all," he said. "It can subjugate the strongest man's heart. May God forgive the pretty child the harm she wrought, for I do not believe she realized her own power, or that in pretty play she made shipwreck of a heart's happiness."

There was a subdued noise at the door that gave him a start at that midnight hour. As he turned in surprise it opened, and the jailer's kind, sympathetic face appeared.

"You are not asleep, sir. I am glad, for I hated to disturb you. But I was knocked up in the middle of the night by a special messenger who brought a letter to you, begging that it might be delivered at once. So here it is, and I hope it contains good news." Handing Belcourt a square white envelope, the man added: "Good night, Mr. Belcourt, and God bless you!"

"Thank you. I have need of blessing, I assure you. Good night." And as the door was fastened again upon him, he turned to the letter in his hand, noticing that it was superscribed in a graceful, feminine hand, and exhaled a pleasant odor of dried lavender.

Lynette and Myrtle had encountered some opposition in carrying out the plan they had conceived the night before, but they succeeded by a little bit of feminine strategy.

"I must go into town with Myrtle, for I need some more ribbons and fixings," declared the beautiful bride-elect. "Just five dollars more, Uncle Jack," she coaxed; adding: "I'll meet you at the train and come back with you and Edgar, sure."

He willingly gave her the money thinking it was a good sign that she began to show some interest in her trousseau.

"Just two days more and the hull-fuss will be over, thank the Lord!" he exclaimed as he watched the girls drive away in the clear, cold sunlight of the November morning.

At the same time Lynette was saying to her friend:

"Poor old Uncle Jack, I'm sorry I had to deceive him, for I think he loves me in spite of everything; but I suppose the end justifies the means."

"Assuredly," returned Myrtle, with decision.

They drove rapidly over the five miles that lay between Blooming Meadows and Lewisburg, called on Belcourt's lawyers, as they had planned then to visit Myrtle's home for rest and dinner before returning to Ronconville to meet Edgar at the train.

All the while Myrtle's heart was throbbing with rapture at the thought of seeing her old love again. She felt that surely on this visit he must speak the words that would bind them to each other as betrothed lovers. She did not believe her parents would ob-

ject to the engagement, since Edgar was a favorite with them, and was making the way for her in the business world. So her heart was very light as she and Myrtle entered the house and tripped along the hall to the parlor, where they heard the sweet voice of Mrs. Dare talking to some one—a neighbor probably.

Feeling as if the velvet portieres, they entered, hand in hand, and then they saw sitting opposite Mrs. Dare handsome, stately Mrs. Belcourt, with the waves of silvery hair about her head, sweet face.

Lynette caught her breath with a gasp of fear and, forgetful of dignity, turned to fly, but Myrtle held her fast and drew her across the room.

"Mamma, here is Lynette. I have stolen her away from her folks again, and she is furious!" she cried; then going up to the visitor, she kissed her, and whispered entreatingly:

"Be kind to the poor girl this once, for my sake, do, and you will be glad of it some day!"

Mrs. Dare had just greeted Lynette most affectionately, then stood with painful embarrassment, looking at her elder guest. She knew with what resentment the proud Belcourts regarded the little country beauty who had trifled with Stephen's heart.

Lynette had never looked more beautiful than that morning, with her little, white face so patetically pretty since her illness, and her curly gold-brown hair framed in the big black hat and soft dark tulle. Her red mouth quivered, and her big dark eyes wore an appealing glance as she turned them on the proud elder lady whom she both loved and feared.

Mrs. Belcourt looked at her a moment indecisively, then her own eyes softened, and she, showing an impulse of her own, as much as Myrtle's entreaty she held out her hand, saying gently:

"Dear!"

No more was needed, for Lynette was by her side in a moment, clasping the sunken hand in her own, raising it to her lips, and half sobbingly:

"Do not be angry with me! I am not to blame—only you do not understand."

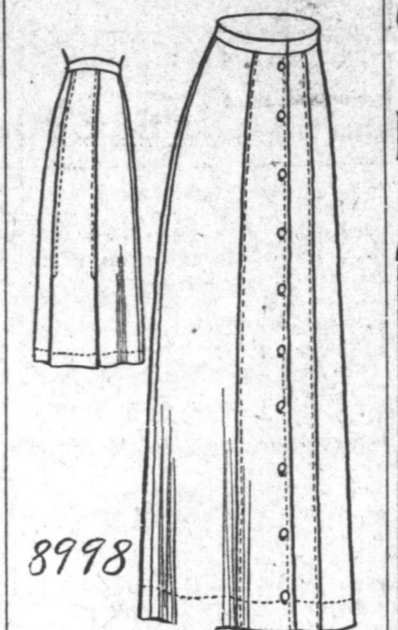


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SOFTENING WATER  
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DISINFECTING SINKS,  
CLOSETS, DRAINS, AND  
FOR MANY OTHER PURPOSES  
THE STANDARD ARTICLE  
SOLD EVERYWHERE

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

8998.—A SMART SKIRT.



Ladies' Seven Gore Skirt. The style of this model lies in its well cut straight lines, and its chief attraction is the centre front closing. The back is cut in the popular box style, and the front shows narrow centre gores, lapped just enough for a closing. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for the 24 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYRE & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

9026.—A VERY DESIRABLE WAIST MODEL.



Ladies' Waist with Yoke Chemisette and Yoke Trimming, and Two Styles of Sleeve. This attractive model may be developed for evening or dinner or as a pretty afternoon waist. The fulness is disposed of in tucks near the waistline. The shaped yoke trimming is very becoming. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for the 36 inch size.

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Name .....  
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Per S.S. "Stephano."  
Bananas, Pears, Plums, Peaches and Apples, Grape Fruit, Cucumbers, Celery, Cauliflower, Water Melons and Tomatoes, Green Tomatoes and Green Peppers, Potatoes, New York Chicken.  
JAS. STOTT  
Job Printing of all kinds.

## Tea Aprons!

Priced for Quick Selling.  
197 ONLY TEA APRONS,  
Made of Fine Quality White Lawn with Deep Frill—worth 30c.;  
OUR PRICE --- 15 CENTS.  
HENDERSON'S - - Theatre Hill.

Special to Ladies!  
THIS WEEK  
We are showing a splendid assortment of  
Ladies' Corsets,  
Manufacturers' Samples.  
G. T. HUDSON,  
367 & 148 Duckworth Street.

## SOME JOB LOTS and BARGAINS

WOMEN'S PLAIN, COLOURED and  
Fancy Coloured Hose,  
MEN'S PLAIN, COLOURED and  
Fancy Coloured Half Hose,  
Very Newest Designs and Colouring:

- Women's Coloured Cashmere Hose, in Mole, Quaker Grey, Vieux Rose, Navy, Greens and Browns: Reg. 60c. pair, for 45c. pair.
- Women's Plain and also Embroidered Mole and Quaker Grey Cashmere Hose, at 50c. pair.
- Women's Fancy Stripe Cashmere Hose in Blacks, Tans, Greens, etc., at 65c. pair.
- Women's Lisle Thread Hose, Lace Ankles, in Black, Tan, Grey, Sage Blue, Pink, Heliotrope, Green, White and Cream, at 40c. pair.
- Women's Plain Lisle Hose in Black and Tan, at 30c. pair.
- Women's Plain Black Cashmere Hose. Reg. 35c. pair, at 25c. pair.
- Men's Coloured Cashmere Half Hose, in plain colours and fancy stripes, at 35c., 30c., 40c. and 45c. pair.

## HENRY BLAIR

The Hoisery House.  
Cabots Creosote Shingle Stains!  
For Shingles and all Rough Wood Work.  
They are 50 per ct. cheaper than paint, and 100 per ct. more artistic, and the Creosote makes the stained shingles impervious to decay.  
Red and Green in Stock.  
MARTIN HARDWARE COMPANY.

## Job Printing Executed.

## At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER XIX.

TOLD IN THE FIRELIGHT.

"You think it is no use confiding our suspicions to his lawyers—Mr. Belcourt's I mean? ventured Lynette timidly.

Myrtle started violently, then exclaimed:

"The very thing. Let us go to-morrow and tell them all you have just told me. Under pledge of secrecy, of course. And who knows but that they may unearth the conspirators who are trying to send Mr. Belcourt to the gallows?"

"Yes, we will go!" cried Lynette, full of feverish hope. "I know Uncle Jack will not want me to go into Lewisburg again, but we must invent some excuse."

"Let me see. To-morrow is Tuesday. Isn't Edgar coming to-morrow afternoon? Yes. Then we can say you want to go with me in the morning, and have me go with you to meet him. They can't object. So now let's say our prayers and hurry into bed."

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE PRISON CELL.

It was Wednesday evening, the third of November, and Stephen Belcourt sat alone in the narrow confines of his prison cell, a prey to the bitterest anguish the human heart can know—the pangs of helpless love.

He had been trying to read, and his narrow cot was littered with newspapers, books, magazines, one after another discarded with a bursting sigh of cruel heart-pain.

Though pale with the prison pallor, his features drawn with pain, his eyes heavy with tears he was too proud to shed, the prisoner still remained the same splendid handsome type of manhood that had lured away the heart of the little country maiden, when she first beheld him that golden August day beneath the apple trees in her uncle's orchard.

His toilet was as careful as usual, his handsome face a little thinner than of yore, clean-shaven save for the slight black mustache, whose long-curving ends half shaded the sadness of the beautiful mouth, delicate-lipped as a woman's, though with all the firmness of masculinity. His dark, curling locks were worn slightly longer than his former custom, and tossed carelessly back with a nervous hand from his high, white brow, falling to the collar of his velvet smoking jacket.

His name was in every newspaper of his native State, and upon every tongue, either in praise or blame, and in five days more it would be presented to every voter at the polling-booths. The members of the political party that he represented would be asked to make him governor of the proud mountain State—governor, and he in prison on a charge of murder.

As black as night looked his political aspirations, and the pall of death like gloom had fallen over his dream of love.

Before him in the hurrying future lay the horrors of a trial for murder, aye, and who could tell but a conviction also, since jury and jury are not always infallible, and the innocent have sometimes suffered as well as the guilty.

In the blackness of his fate, in the portentous clouds above him gleamed but one ray of hope—the brightness of kindred love. They believed in him, he knew—mother, sisters, and a few more—faithful friends whose trust and love had never turned aside.

He thanked God for them in this his hour of desolation. Their tenderness had saved him from utter despair, had kept alive in his heart the flame of a tiny hope that God had not quite forgotten him, that He would bring forth light out of darkness, joy out of sorrow.

But to-night faith and hope were alike wavering, engulfed in a blackness of a terrible despair. One thought, one feeling, was all he knew: "To-morrow is her wedding day."

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The agony of a true and loving heart rose to floodtide at the thought. His friends had told him to forget Lynette, that she was unworthy his devotion, and he had promised to try; but he had not succeeded yet. It had only been two months since he saw her—long months, but too short to tear up the roots of love that had struck down so deep in his noble heart. When he thought he was suc-

## Psoriasis 'All Over Body'

Most dreaded of skin diseases was cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Psoriasis is a sort of chronic eczema. The itching it causes is almost beyond human endurance, and it is usually considered incurable. But this case proves that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a cure, in spite of the doctor's prediction.

Mrs. Nettie Massey, Conesong, Ont., writes:—"For five years I suffered with what three doctors called psoriasis. They could not help me, and I considered incurable. But this case proves that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a cure, in spite of the doctor's prediction."

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STEAMSHIP LINES arranged under the Ports to which the sail, and indicating the approximate sailings.

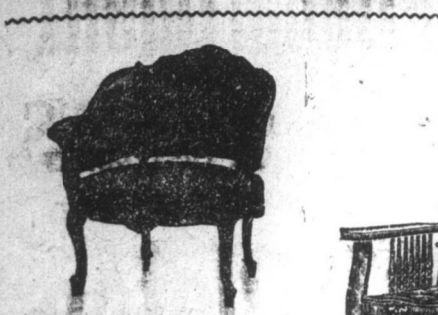
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to fit your home from cellar to attic no matter how cheaply sold, is of no value if it is not in style, is handsomely and splendidly constructed. Among the things found here can be found a complete

## U. S. PICTURE & PHOTO

Complete House Furniture

## Peculiar Joke.

Young Jock was a miner, and while returning home late one night, he found a young owl which had fallen from its nest.

Our hero had a tender heart, and he picked the injured bird up carefully and carried it home, fed it, and placed it in a cosy corner near the kitchen fireplace.

In the early morning, Jock's mother came down into the kitchen to get breakfast ready for the family, and was rather startled by the strange object.

But she soon recovered from her alarm for she was well accustomed to the many tricks of young Jock.

"That's our Jock at 'is pranks again," she smiled. "He's gone an' put a beak on the kitten!"

## FIGS

Are a valuable and nutritious laxative fruit, owing to an active medicinal principle.

FIG PILLS contain the active principle of FIGS, combined with other valuable medicaments, and are guaranteed to cure WEAK BLADDER, LAME BACK and RHEUMATISM, LIVER, STOMACH and BOWEL DISORDERS. At all dealers 25 cents per box, or The Fig Pill Co., St. Thomas, Ont.

Sold in St. John's, Nfld., by T. McMurdo & Co., Wholesale & Retail Druggists.

## The Secret of Happiness.

"For the most part," says the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, the celebrated preacher and social reformer of New York, "we make our own heaven and hell."

The amount of our happiness depends only in small degree on what we call the circumstances of life.

"We are sure that that is so, for we know people who are very comfortably fixed, but who, nevertheless, are exceedingly miserable and complaining; and other people who seem not to have a great deal to enjoy, but who, in spite of that, go through life satisfied and cheery."

"So it is with our comforts; they do not make us comfortable unless we make practical account of them, and deliberate use of them.

The simple fact that we never quite appreciate a blessing till we lose it shows that we gave no particular thought to it while we had it, possessed but untasted.

Then, also, some of our discontent comes from the attention we devote to things that we would like, but that for some reason or other we are not allowed to have.

The sweet mercies we possess are curried by the absence of those that are denied us.

"One blot spoils for us the whiteness of all the rest of the page."  
"Nine comforts in hand are made distasteful by the tenth comfort that is in the bush."

## Any Stomach However Weak

Can digest, and get strength from  
Grape-Nuts  
FOOD  
"There's a Reason."