

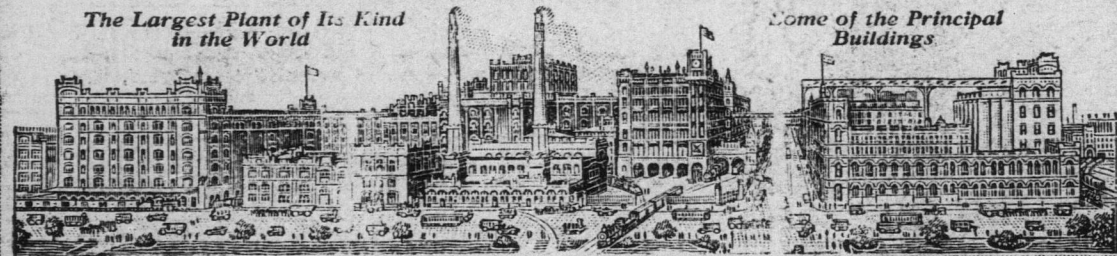
For the Household
Delivered to your kitchen
door, like groceries

Budweiser

175,000,000 Bottles Yearly

That was the demand for Budweiser last year. Every process every room, is immaculate. This Quality-Pure, started nearly 50 years ago, is a model of modern facilities. The hundreds of visitors who go through every day know that nothing of its kind could be made any better than Budweiser.

Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis



A Millionaire; Countess Westerleigh

(To be continued.)
CHAPTER XXVII.
"I hope she isn't ill," said Vane, anxiously. "I will just run up." Mrs. Burns crossed the passage with the chops and so on. "Have you seen" he paused, then with a faint color went on—"Mrs. Tempest this morning, Mrs. Burns?"
The woman dropped him a courtesy.
"Not yet, sir," she said, with a smile, and with a remnant of last night's excitement and surprise still on her face and in her manner. "I thought I'd better not disturb her."
"Quite right," he said. He fidgeted in and out of the room while the things were being put on the table, then as his patience were exhausted, he said:
"One moment, Sen; I'll just run up and see," and he went up the stairs two steps at a time. He knocked at the door twice, thrice, and called her, but got no answer, and came slowly down again.
"She must have gone out," he said,

trying not to look disappointed. Senley Tyers warmed his hands at the fire.
"Yes. She will be back directly, I expect." Then he looked over his shoulder with a sudden gravity in his eyes. "You don't think—you don't suspect—?"
"Suspect? Suspect what?" demanded Vane, with surprise.
"Nothing—nothing," said Tyers. "What a sunny room this is! One would think it was early autumn." But Vane, apparently, did not hear his remarks about the brightness of the morning. He went to the door and looked out at the wild prospect.
Ten minutes elapsed, Senley Tyers glanced at his watch, and took up a piece of toast and sauntered with it in his hand to the door, as a gentle hint that he had now reached starvation point.
"Oh! I beg your pardon, Sen," said Vane. "We may as well begin breakfast; Nora will be sure to be back before we've poured out the coffee."
"You are sure you called her loudly enough?" suggested Senley Tyers.
"Oh? Oh, yes; I—I think so. Here, I'll go up and see," again; and he thumped down the coffee pot and sprang up the stairs.
His summons at the door met with no response, and the thin end of the wedge of dread and apprehension entered his mind—and his heart.

He knocked again, then gently tried the handle of the door. The door was locked. At that moment Mrs. Burns's girl passed.
"Has Mrs. Tempest gone out?" he asked in as careless a tone as he could assume.
"No, sir," replied the girl, in her broad Scotch; "she has na left her room."
"Oh, but the door's locked!" said Vane.
"She has na left her room," persisted the girl, eying him with curiosity and interest.
Vane's heart beat quickly.
"Do—do you think she's ill?" he asked, almost stupidly.
"I dinna ken," said the girl. "She was greetin' an' moanin' last night," she added.
Vane knew that "greeting" meant crying. The fear grew in his heart. Without a moment's hesitation he put his knee to the door, and open it flew. He hesitated a moment before looking in, as if the room—her room—were sacred to him; then he looked. The room was empty. But it was not its emptiness that sent a sharp stab of fear through him; it was the fact that the bed was as it had been made in the morning—that it had not been slept in. Her clothes—Ernest Mortimer's—lay on the floor where she had cast them. For all its neatness, the room smote him

with a sense of its desolation.
His face went white as he looked round.
"She's ganged awa!" exclaimed the girl, all agog.
Vane turned upon her. If she had been a man he would have struck her.
"What do you mean?" he demanded, sternly.
The girl stared at him with open eyes and mouth, then fled down the passage.
"Mither," Vane heard her cry, "the lassie's flit!"
Senley Tyers must have heard her, also, for he came slowly up the stairs. Vane closed the door and stood before it, as if guarding it, and confronted him with white face and troubled eyes.
"What's the matter?" demanded Senley Tyers.
Vane could not find his voice for a moment; then he said:
"She—Nora—is not here. She has gone."
"Gone?" echoed Senley Tyers; but even in that moment Vane noticed that though his voice was grave there was no surprise in it.
"Yes; she has not slept there. The bed—" He could not go on. The sweat stood in big drops on his forehead, his lips trembled.
"Are you sure—" began Senley Tyers.
Vane strode past him and down the stairs as if he had not heard him and caught his hat from the peg in the little hall.
Senley Tyers followed and caught him by the arm.
"Where are you going?" he asked, quietly and still gravely.
"Going," echoed Vane, "to find her. Senley Tyers held him tightly.
"Come in here," he said; and drawing him into the room, shut the door and stood with his back to it.
"Wait, my dear fellow; listen to me. You say she is gone?"
Vane made a movement as if to pass him.
"No, no, wait! You are sure she is gone?"
"I tell you—" responded Vane hoarsely. "Stand aside, Sen. Let me go. I must follow her and find her at once."
"Senley Tyers leaned against the door.
"Why should you follow her?" he said, slowly, calmly. "It would be no use."
"No use?"
"No; she would not come back—not of her own free will. You—even you—could not drag her back."
"Not come back? My God! what do you mean?" broke from Vane's white lips, and he glared fiercely at the sallow face.
"My poor Vane, don't you see? Oh, blind, blind!" murmured Senley Tyers, pityingly.
Vane put his hand to his head and shuddered.
"Do you mean—Sen, you you can't mean that—that she has—that anything has happened to her? Why should she—what could have happened to her? Why should she go—leave me like this? She was happy—happy enough last night."
"Do you think so? Are you sure?" said Senley Tyers in a low voice.
"Sure?" Vane echoed, agitated at the mere suggestion of a doubt.
"Sure?"
"Yes. Listen to me; keep cool. Vane, I am your friend. I must—I say I must—tell you the truth, though you kill me for doing so."
"The truth? What truth? What is it if you have to tell me. Why can't you speak out?"
He swore at him with the ferocity of a man half mad with anxiety and a nameless dread growing with each moment.
"I will," said Senley Tyers, as if with an effort. "Here is the truth. Vane, I tried to tell you last night. I wish to Heaven that had plucked up courage to do so. She has gone to escape this marriage."
Vane stared at him as if he suspected that Senley Tyers had gone mad—raving mad.
"Escape? It's a lie! You must be mad or drunk!" he said, hoarsely.
"It's the truth," said Senley Tyers in an impassive voice. "My poor Vane, don't you see? Are you still blind? Can you remember what I said—what I hinted last night?"
(To be Continued.)

Bishopric Wall Board.
BEATS LATHS AND PLASTER.
MADE TO LAST.
Bishopric Wall Board is made by imbedding kiln-dried dressed lath in hot Asphalt-Mastic, under a pressure of 500 lbs. to the square inch. The other side of the Asphalt-Mastic is surfaced with smooth, heavy sized cardboard.
COSTS LESS.
Bishopric Wall Board saves 75 per cent. of the labor cost and about a month's time in finishing walls and ceilings. With it there is none of that expense for repairs and re-decorating that you incur so often when plaster cracks or falls.
DRYER AND WARMER.
The layer of Asphalt-Mastic in which the laths are embedded is absolutely air-tight and damp-proof. It blocks all drafts, and keeps the inside of the house dry, warm and cosy.
RAT AND VERMIN PROOF.
These pests find it impossible to gnaw or bore through the tough, gummy Asphalt-Mastic.
EASILY DECORATED.
Bishopric Wall Board is surfaced with heavy sized cardboard, which forms the ideal surface for Wall Paper or Burlap. Artistic panneling adds to its attractiveness.
THE ONLY WALL BOARD MADE WITH LATH
Laths are positively necessary to back up wall board and Bishopric is the only Wall Board that has them. They make it rigid and substantial and prevent it from working, cracking or pulling away at the joints.
INVESTIGATE.
Whether you intend to build or remodel, don't overlook this opportunity to get a better house—at lower cost—in less time—by using Bishopric Wall Board. Ask your dealer for information. Write or phone for sample and descriptive circulars to
C. I. ANDERSON,
AGENT.

Bishopric Wall Board.

BEATS LATHS AND PLASTER.
MADE TO LAST.

Bishopric Wall Board is made by imbedding kiln-dried dressed lath in hot Asphalt-Mastic, under a pressure of 500 lbs. to the square inch. The other side of the Asphalt-Mastic is surfaced with smooth, heavy sized cardboard.

COSTS LESS.
Bishopric Wall Board saves 75 per cent. of the labor cost and about a month's time in finishing walls and ceilings. With it there is none of that expense for repairs and re-decorating that you incur so often when plaster cracks or falls.

DRYER AND WARMER.
The layer of Asphalt-Mastic in which the laths are embedded is absolutely air-tight and damp-proof. It blocks all drafts, and keeps the inside of the house dry, warm and cosy.

RAT AND VERMIN PROOF.
These pests find it impossible to gnaw or bore through the tough, gummy Asphalt-Mastic.

EASILY DECORATED.
Bishopric Wall Board is surfaced with heavy sized cardboard, which forms the ideal surface for Wall Paper or Burlap. Artistic panneling adds to its attractiveness.

THE ONLY WALL BOARD MADE WITH LATH
Laths are positively necessary to back up wall board and Bishopric is the only Wall Board that has them. They make it rigid and substantial and prevent it from working, cracking or pulling away at the joints.

INVESTIGATE.
Whether you intend to build or remodel, don't overlook this opportunity to get a better house—at lower cost—in less time—by using Bishopric Wall Board. Ask your dealer for information. Write or phone for sample and descriptive circulars to
C. I. ANDERSON,
AGENT.

Cut Down Building Expense
BY USING
Bishopric Wall Board!

The no-warping, no-swelling, no-cracking Wall Board. Get Better Walls and Ceilings in less time, and cheaper than plastering. Bishopric Wall Board is the only wall board with Lath reinforcing. It is the Lath that keeps wall board stiff. Kiln dried Laths are imbedded in toughened Asphalt Mastic (non-hydrable) and pressed with a surface of heavy sized fibre board, is water proof, moisture proof, sound proof and fire resisting; will not crack, shrink, warp or pull loose. Comes in sheets 4 ft. x 4 ft., ready to apply. A carload just received.

SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.
W. & G. RENDELL.

THE BIG FURNITURE STORE

Superb Display
of
Carpet, Rugs, Blankets,
Canvas, Mats, Quilts,
Linoleum, Oil Cloth,
Cushion Covers.

Select your Carpet Square now. Hearth Rugs in endless variety. Make any size and price.
The above stock just opened and we would advise you to select yours now.
Delays are dangerous. Inspect and be convinced.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & Co., Duckworth & Gower Streets.

CHEAP BEEF,
STARLIGHT BRAND.
\$16.00 per barrel.
This is an opportunity to get Value for Your Money.
A. H. MURRAY,
O'DWYER'S COVE.

To the Free and Independent Electors of Newfoundland!

It will pay you to call at our store, corner Prince & George's Sts., and Get our prices on Provisions, Groceries, Hay, Oats, Bran, Hominy, Corn Meal, Gluten Meal and other feeds before buying elsewhere.

We are large importers and our prices are right.

P. J. SHEA,
Provision, Grocery and Feed Store.
Corner Prince & George Streets.

ARRIVING EX MORWENNA
POTATOES, OATS, BUTTER, EGGS.
JAS. R. KNIGHT,
211 Water Street

Can't be Beaten

The Best Twelve Whiskies on the market.

Premier.
Roderick Dhu.
Gaelic Old Smuggler.
White Seal.
Johnnie Walker.
White & Mackay's Special.
Stewart Royal.
Teachers' Highland Cream.
Black & White.
House of Commons.
Clan Alpine.
Jameson's 3 Star Irish.

Goods shipped on the same day as order received.

P. J. SHEA,
Grocer & Wine Merchant,
Phone 342. 314 Water St.

LADIES!

Have you seen the New Manicure Requisite,
The ROLLER POLISHER
for the Finger Nails? Makes Pretty Hands.

The Roller Polisher just naturally fits the hand, making it easier to use. It polishes all the nails, without rubbing the cuticle; it has eight times more polishing surface than the old style buffer; it fits the nail perfectly; it polishes the nail up close to the cuticle without rubbing or inflaming the latter; it is made of the best materials that money can buy; it comes to you in a sanitary container, which is, at all times, desirable, but particularly so when travelling—and, quality for quality, Roller Polishers under the old style, oval-shaped, finger nail buffers. From 25c. to \$1.10 each, at our Showroom. Only one or two of each. See them.

DICKS & CO., Limited.
Biggest, Brightest and Best Book Stationery and Fancy Goods Store in the City.

EVERY OFFICE MAN
Should enquire about my handy, labor saving, filing devices, at the earliest opportunity. Details gladly supplied. An absolutely new line
PERCIE JOHNSON

Office: Corner Duckworth & Prescott Streets.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT

The Popular London Dry Gin is VICKERS' GIN

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT

TO H.M. THE KING
D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto
Canadian Agent

J. JACKSON, St. John's,
Resident Agent.

TO H.M. THE KING
THE PRINCE OF WALES

BOND CAN'T LOSE. Advertise in THE EVENING TELEGRAM

L...
Lar...

H...
Sole, A...

Proven...
able...

The...
FRED. V...
Stocked

NEW B...
H...

Fur Mu...

We can now offer
Also special barg...

WIL...
COA...

We buy no
landing to-day a
COAL, ex McElwa
W. H. HYN...
DINNA' F...

that fire prot
your welfare
ery year. W
policy with o
very low rate