

Hr. Grace Notes.

Rev. Mr. Endicott, returned missionary from China, preached in the Methodist Church here yesterday morning.

Mrs. Collis, mother of Mr. A. Collis, of this town, was suddenly stricken with what appeared to be a serious illness on Sunday morning.

Mr. Thomas Makinson's house at the Gouds was destroyed on Saturday night by fire with all its contents.

Some industrious men are now making a nice bit of money selling muscels, which are always plentiful in the upper part of the harbor.

The court news this week promises to be interesting. Head Constable Sheppard has a case or two for she-bearing that cannot fail to be interesting.

Cruelty to animals seems to be taken little notice of here. Our attention has been drawn to another case of a horse, a look at which will convince any person it has not been stall-fed during the winter.

Harbor Grace, Feb. 24, 1913.

Feel Bully? Take Cascarets Tonight.

A 10 cent box will keep your liver, stomach and bowels clean, pure and fresh for months.

Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath - always trace them to torpid liver, delayed fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Salts, cathartic pills, oil and purgative waters force a passageway for a day or two - yes - but they don't take the poisons out and have no effect upon the liver or stomach.

Cascarets immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep - a 10-cent box from your druggist means your liver clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels clean and regular for months.

Snow Storm West

Last evening and night the snow storm which had been threatening all yesterday forenoon broke on the West Coast and East as far as as Clar-ville there was a bad night of weather. The wind blew with hurricane force from the N. W. with heavy snow and drift and most of the cuts were filled. Sunday's express was held at Millertown Junction until the abatement of the storm.

Special to Evening Telegram.

ROME, Feb. 24. Pope Pius X. learned this morning of the murder of Madero and Suarez, the deposed President and Vice-President. His Holiness was greatly affected and expressed concern in regard to the unruly state of Mexico.

NO NEW CASES. - As far as can be heard there are no more new cases of smallpox at Barron Island and the hope is now expressed that no further cases will occur.

Washburn's Disinfectant Cures Diphtheria.

A BAKING SUCCESS WHICH YOU CAN DUPLICATE IN YOUR HOME WITH BEAVER FLOUR. BEAVER FLOUR T.H. TAYLOR CO. All this talk about Western wheat flours being "pastry" flours, is just plain talk.

R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Who could it have been?" Yorke asked, suddenly.

"I haven't a notion, beyond that it must have been a person, whoever it was, who overheard you that night when I did. Who that was, goodness knows!"

"Why, I'll tell you," he said, deliberately - "Fraser Froude!"

"That it was not, for I asked her, and she said 'No.'"

"She did?"

"Yes, and seemed astonished at the notion. It wasn't he."

"I wish I knew who it was - I wish I knew!" Yorke said, musingly and gloomily, clenching the hand he had laid upon my shoulder.

"A sudden thought came into my head which startled me, but I asked first -"

"What put Froude into your head?"

"Because I hate the fellow, I suppose," he returned, with the same moody face.

"Look here, Yorke," I went on, speaking out my thought. "I suppose that, if what you said to mademoiselle was overheard, there was no tanger in it?"

"Danger?" he echoed, staring at me. "What do you mean?"

"Well, to you?"

"Not to me, most decidedly."

"Not to her - mademoiselle?"

"Certainly not - so far as I know, at any rate. She stands in no sort of danger to my knowledge, in the sense you mean, and did not then."

"Whoever it was, he or she has done me all the mischief that it was possible to do - you may be sure of that!"

"And, failing Froude, you have no sort of suspicion, I suppose?"

"It must have been somebody that hated you."

"Nor shall I trouble myself to find out," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "Good-night, Ned, and thanks, my boy! If any one is to know of my

trick, it will be you."

"I went into the house in a state of lively curiosity, hoping - although I knew there was no real hope of such luck - that Miss Nat might have come to her senses, and given him his ring back, with her compliments. That there was something wrong I soon found when, after removing my coat and hat, I went into the library. Madame was pacing up and down, a look of such astonished trouble and incredulity upon her fine face that, even knowing all that I did know, I involuntarily asked her what was the matter."

"Edward, did you see that man?" she asked, coming to a stand-still and laying her hand upon my shoulder; and then for the first time did I realize fully what a storm there was brewing. I do not suppose madame had called me "Edward" a dozen times in my life.

"Eh? Do you mean Froude?" I asked, trying to look as innocent as I felt guilty.

"Yes, yes," she rejoined, impatiently. "Fraser Froude. I say, did you see him?"

"I answered that of course I did see him."

"And do you know what he has come here to tell me?" madame put, suddenly, agitatedly. "I can hardly be-

lieve it, Ned - I will not believe it! That man told me that Natalie had accepted him!"

If madame expected me to look as scandalized and astonished as she herself looked, she was mistaken, for I felt that just then there was no particular use in gratuitously playing the hypocrite, and I felt besides that I had about as heavy a burden of concealment weighing upon my conscience as I could comfortably carry. So I only said -

"Oh, I knew that! She told me last night."

"She told you?" madame echoed, with an expression of dismay.

"Yes."

"That she had accepted him?"

"Yes."

"The girl must be mad!" cried my mother, her hand dropping from my shoulder as she sunk into a chair.

"It's enough to make one think so," I allowed, dismally.

"And I thought she cared, or would care, for Raby St. George," madame went on.

"She will never do that, mother."

"But what can have possessed the child to accept this man - a man old enough to be her father, whom neither you nor I like, and whom she has always appeared absolutely to dislike? My dear, I can not credit it - I can not indeed."

"I could have explained easily enough, but of course I was not going to break the double confidence reposed in me by doing anything of the sort; and, although I remembered very plainly just then what madame had said when Fraser Froude's proposal was a new thing, I could not, while her face was thus dark with perplexed trouble, remind her of it. Instead, I asked -

"What did he say?"

"Oh, do not ask me!" madame cried, with irritable impatience. "I scarcely know - I hardly listened. I tell you that I did not believe it. She is only a child after all, and was in high spirits last night - almost excited. Perhaps she said something heedlessly which he misconstrued. It must have been so; she can not have been serious."

I shook my head.

"I'm afraid she was, though, mother - worse luck! Why, she wears his ring!"

"His ring?"

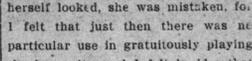
"Yes. She showed it to me on her finger - a big diamond. She wouldn't let me see it, but she had a joke with the old chap, you know."

There was silence for a minute or two, my mother's handsome face clouding more and more as she looked at the fire. Presently she looked round at me.

"I don't understand it, Ned; there is something strange about it. But I tell you this - Natalie Orme shall not marry Fraser Froude if I can prevent it. She is as dear to me as my own

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child - I could not love her more were she really your sister. Her marriage is a matter of as much moment to me as yours will be some day." She paused with a sigh for a few seconds, and then went on, "Ned, she told you - not me - and I fancy that you have more of her confidence than I. I wish you would go and speak to her. I have not seen her to-day. She has refused to be disturbed, and I did not deem that this was the reason."

"The reason?" I echoed.

"Yes; for I believe that, although the silly child has accepted Mr. Froude of her own will, she is still perfectly miserable about it. Did she, I wonder, have any misunderstanding with Mr. St. George?"

"I tell you she doesn't care a fig for St. George, beyond wishing him safe back in Jamaica!" I said, impatiently. "Of course I'll go and talk to her if you like, mother, although I'm sure I don't know what good I can do. I should like to drive the fellow's blessed diamond down his throat, and stop his confounded smiling for a little while! Did he ask for her?"

"Yes; but I refused to let her be disturbed. She does not know he has been here yet."

"Shall I tell her?"

"Certainly - she ought to know it. It will make her realize what a foolish thing she has done."

Taking myself off with that across the hall and up the stairs, I thought inwardly that poor little Nat knew that already. She had got things into a nice knot, certainly! Fraser Froude's ring was on her finger; Raby St. George was coming the next day to propose finally; and, to cap it all, Roger Yorke was off in a week - Heaven knew where!

Tapping softly at her door when I reached it, I quite expected to be answered by Valla, who I knew had kept rigorous guard over her mistress all day; but, to my surprise, the voice that called to me to come in was Nat's own. Pushing open the door, I went in accordingly.

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