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The Best Preservative of Undressed Wood

Anchor Shingle Stains indefinitely postpone, if not absolutely prevent wet rot or dry rot. They show up the grain of the wood, giving delicately artistic finish, not only to the surface coated, but to the entire building.

We have used infinite pains in the selection of pigments best suited to combine with our specially treated COAL TAR CREOSOTE, and our success has been proportionate with our care.

Anchor Shingle Stains are being very largely used on the roofs, and in many instances also on the bodies, of the most attractive houses in our midst; they are also employed with excellent results from an economic standpoint on sheds and other outbuildings.

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BRANDRAM-HENDERSON LIMITED
MONTREAL HALIFAX ST. JOHN'S
TORONTO WINNIPEG SO

A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXI.
The Sisters.

"Not despised her," cried Rose, in great distress, as she saw a dark expression stealing over the face of Maggie, in whose heart a chord of sympathy had been struck, when she thought of her mother banished from her father's side. "Grandma could not despise her," continued Rose, "she was so good, so beautiful."

"Yes, she was beautiful," murmured Maggie, gazing earnestly upon the fair, round face, the soft black eyes and raven hair of her who for years had slept beneath the shadow of the Hillside woods. "Oh, I wish I was dead, like her," she exclaimed at last, closing the amblyope and laying it upon the table. "I wish I was lying in that little grave in the place of her who should have borne my name, and been what I once was; and bowing her face upon her hands, she wept bitterly, while Rose tried in vain to comfort her. "I am not sorry you are my sister," sobbed Margaret through her tears. "That's the only comfort I have left me now; but Rose I love Arthur Carrollton so much—oh, so much, and how can I give him up?"

"If he is the noble, true-hearted man he looks to be, he will not give you up," answered Rose, and then for the first time since this meeting she questioned Margaret concerning Mr. Carrollton, and the relations existing between them. "He will not cast you off," she said, when Margaret had

MOTHERHOOD SUGGESTIONS

Advice to Expectant Mothers

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.



told her all she had to tell. "He may be proud, but he will cling to you still. He will follow you, too—not to-day, perhaps, nor to-morrow, but ere long he will surely come; and listening to her sister's cheerful words, Maggie herself grew hopeful, and that evening talked animatedly with Henry and Rose of a trip to the sea-side where they were intending to make. "You will go, too, Maggie," said Rose, caressing her sister's pale cheek, and whispering in her ear. "Aunt Susan will be here to tell Mr. Carrollton where you are, if he does not come before we go, which I am sure he will."

Maggie tried to think so, too, and her sleep that night was sweeter than it had been before for many weeks—but the next day came, and the next, and Maggie's eyes grew dim with watching and with tears, for up and down the road, as far as she could see, there came no trace of him for whom she waited.

"I might have known it; it was foolish for me to think otherwise," she sighed, and turning sadly from the window where all the afternoon she had been sitting, she laid her head wearily upon the lap of Rose.

"Maggie," said Henry, "I am going to Worcester to-morrow, and perhaps George can tell me something of Mr. Carrollton."

For a moment Maggie's heart throbbed with delight at the thought of hearing from him, even though she heard that he would leave her. But anon her pride rose strong within her. She had told Hagar twice of her destination, Hagar had told him, and if he chose he would have followed her ere this; so somewhat bitterly she said, "Don't speak to George of me. Don't tell him I am here. Promise me, will you?"

The promise was given, and the next morning, which was Saturday, Henry started for Worcester on the early train. The day seemed long to Maggie, and when at nightfall he came to them again, it was difficult to tell which was the more pleased at his return, Margaret or Rose.

"Did you see Theo?" asked the former; and Henry replied, "George told me she had gone to Hillside. Madam Conway is very sick."

"For me! for me! She's sick with mourning for me," cried Maggie. "Darling grandma! she does love me still, and I will go home to her at once."

Then the painful thought rushed over her. "If she wished for me, she would send. It's the humiliation, not the love, that makes her sick. They have cast me off—grandma, Theo, all, all, and sinking upon the lounge, she wept aloud.

on her pillow, and when the morning came she was too weak to rise; so she kept her room, listening to the music of the Sabbath bells, which to her seemed sadly saying, "Home, home." "Alas, I have no home," she said, turning away to weep, for in the tolling of those bells there came to her no voice, whispering of the darkness, the desolation, and the sorrow there was in the home for which she so much mourned.

Thus the day wore on, and ere another week was gone Rose insisted upon a speedy removal to the seashore, notwithstanding it was so early in the season, for by this means she hoped that Maggie's health would be improved. Accordingly, Henry went once more to Worcester, ostensibly for money, but really to see if George Douglas would speak to him of Margaret. But George was in New York, they said; and somewhat disappointed, Henry went back to Leominster, where every thing was in readiness for their journey. Monday was fixed upon for their departure, and at an early hour Margaret looked back on what had been to her a second home, smiling faintly as Rose whispered to her cheerily, "I have a strong presentiment that somewhere in our travels we shall meet with Arthur Carrollton."

CHAPTER XXII. The House of Mourning.

Come now over the hills to the westward. Come to the Hillside woods, to the stone house by the mill, where all the day long there is heard but one name, the servants breathing it softly and low, as if she who had borne it were dead, the sister, dim-eyed now, and paler faced, whispering it oft to herself, while the lady, so haughty and proud, repeats it again and again, shuddering as naught but the echoing walls reply to the heart-broken cry of "Margaret, Margaret, where are you now?"

Yes, there was mourning in that household—mourning for the lost one, the darling, the pet of them all. Brightly had the sun risen on that June morning which brought to them their sorrow, while the birds in the tall forest trees caroled as gaily as if no storm cloud were hovering near. At an early hour Mr. Carrollton had arisen, thinking, as he looked forth from his window, "She will tell me all to-day," and smiling as he thought how easy and pleasant would be the task of winning her back to her olden gayety. Madam Conway, too, was unusually excited and very anxiously she listened for the first sound of Maggie's footsteps on the stairs.

"She sleeps late," she thought, when breakfast was announced, and taking her accustomed seat, she heard a servant "see if Margaret were ill."

"She is not there," was the report the girl brought back.

"Not there?" cried Mr. Carrollton. "Not there?" repeated Madam Conway, a shadowy foreboding of evil stealing over her. She seldom walks at this early hour," she continued, and rising, she went herself to Margaret's room.

Everything was in perfect order, the bed was undisturbed, the chamber empty, Margaret was gone, and on the dressing-table lay the fatal letter, telling why she went. At first Madam Conway did not see it; but it soon caught her eye, and tremblingly she opened it, reading but the first line, "I am going away forever."

Then a loud shriek rang through the silent room, penetrating at once to her side. With the letter still in her hand, and her face of a deathly hue, and her eyes flashing with fear, Madam Conway turned to him as he entered, saying: "Margaret has gone, left us forever, killed herself it may be—read; and she handed him the letter, herself bending eagerly forward to hear what he might say.


But she listened in vain. With lightning rapidity, Arthur Carrollton read what Mag had written—read that she, his idol, the chosen bride of his bosom, was the daughter of a servant, and the grandchild of old Hagar! And for this she had fled from his presence, fled because she knew of the mighty pride which now, in the first bitter

"What did you say?" asked Maggie, holding her breath to catch the answer, which was: "I told him you had not written to me since my return from Cuba, and then he looked as if he would say more, but a customer called him away, and our conversation was not resumed."

For a moment Maggie was silent. The she said, "I am glad you did not intrude me upon him. If Theo has been frequent at Hillside she knows that I am here, and does not care to follow me. It is the disgrace which troubles them, not the losing me!" and again burying her head in the cushions of the lounge, she wept bitterly. It was useless for Henry and Rose to try and comfort her, telling her it was possible that Hagar had told nothing. "And if so," said Henry, "you will know that I am the last one to whom you would be expected to flee for protection." Margaret would not listen. She was resolved upon being unhappy, and during the long hours of that night she tossed wakefully up

Simply say H.P. to your grocer—he will hand you a bottle of the most appetising sauce in the world.

But be sure you DO say H.P., because you want



H.P. SAUCE

moment of his agony, did indeed rise up a barrier between himself and the beautiful girl he loved so well. Had she lain dead before him, dead in all her youthful beauty, he could have folded her in his arms, and then buried her from his sight, with a feeling of perfect happiness compared to that which he now felt.

"Oh, Maggie, my lost one, can it be?" he whispered to himself, and pressing his hand upon his chest, which heaved with a strong emotion, he staggered to a seat, while the perspiration stood in beaded drops upon his forehead, and around his lips.

"What is it, Mr. Carrollton?" "The something dreadful, sure," said Mrs. Jeffrey, appearing in the door, but Madam Conway motioned her away and tottering to his side, "Read it aloud to me—read."

The sound of her voice recalled his wandering mind, and covering his face with his hands, he moaned in anguish; then, growing suddenly calm, he snatched up the letter, which had fallen to the floor, and read it aloud, while Madam Conway, stupefied with horror, sank at his feet, and clasping her hands above her head, rocked to and fro, but made no word of comment. Far down the long aisle thoughts were straying, and gathering up many by-gone scenes, which told her that what she heard was true.

"Yes, 'tis true," she groaned; and then, powerless to speak another word she laid her head upon a chair, while Mr. Carrollton, preferring to be alone sought the solitude of his own room where, unobserved, he could wrestle with his sorrow, and conquer his in-born pride, which whispered to him that a Carrollton must not wed a bride so far beneath him.

Only a moment, though, and then the love he bore for Maggie Miller rolled back upon him with an overwhelming power, while his better judgment with that love, came hand in hand pleading for the fair young girl, who now that he had lost her, seemed a thousand fold dearer than before. But he had not lost her; he would find her. She was Maggie Miller still to him, and though old Hagar's blood were in her veins, he would not give her up. This resolution once made, it could not be shaken, and when half an hour or more was passed, he walked with firm, unflinching footsteps back to the apartment where Madam Conway still sat upon the floor, her head resting upon the chair, and her frame convulsed with grief.

Prescription 'A.'

Is the one and only genuine preparation for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia in all its forms. Occurrence to bear a person say: "Oh, what a feeling of distress I have after meals, fullness of the stomach, heaviness and headache. I feel too tired to do anything. I have no heart to exert myself, and at times I care for nothing."

I often have a pain in the pit of the stomach after eating, that is (if I am able to eat). My heart beats rapidly on the slightest exertion, and I am just as tired when rising in the morning (even worse) than when retiring at night. I often awake in my sleep and imagine that I am going to suffocate, and very often afraid to go to sleep again. I have to take particular good care of what food I eat. All these symptoms make my life not worth living."

So, why do you insist on suffering from all these unnecessary symptoms when STAFFORD'S "Prescription 'A.'" will do the work.

This genuine preparation is manufactured by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Nfld. Price, small size, 25 cents, postage 5 cents extra. Large size, 50 cents, postage 10 cents extra.

Which Was Successful?



BY RUTH CAMERON.
Molly, the little stenographer lady, was much stirred up. So was the last open fire of the season, before which we were sitting. "That woman" had stirred up Molly, and Molly stirred up the fire, a perfectly good fire, too—till he wants-to-be-cynic built it.

Molly had been hunting, not for herself—Molly's employer is still in his right mind—but for another girl. "You know, big sister," related Molly, "this girl has only had high school stenography, but she's the kind of a girl who will work her head off if you give her a chance, and she just had to have a position right off, and a friend of mine sent her to me, so, of course, I had to find her something. I thought of Miss Ellis right away. She's tremendously successful—she works for a big firm that employs ever so many girls, and they say she has great influence, so I knew a word from her would get my girl a chance. And then I remembered that Miss Ellis had only high school stenography when she started, and had a terrible time getting a place, so I felt sure she'd understand."

"Well, big sister,"—Molly drew a long, sighing breath and poked the fire fiercely—"well, I hated to ask it because I never could abide the looks of her, but I remembered what a time I'd had getting my first position, so of course I went to her. And what DO you think she said?"

Molly paused dramatically, but no one seemed inclined to hazard a guess.

Fads and Fashions.

An essential note in millinery is the lightness of its trimming. One rich feather of a garland of flowers suffices.

With the tailor-made suits and dresses, short mannish gloves with stitched backs are worn almost exclusively.

Cleverly arranged panniers produce a quaint, graceful effect upon the party frocks fashioned of sheer materials.

Another recent development in the world of fashion is the wearing of black patent leather slippers with white hosiery.

Paris advocates metal brocade slippers for evening wear. Black and gold and black and silver are the favorite combinations.

Housework Drudgery!

Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy and feeling, "Sometimes rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nerves do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and as Mrs. Briggs and others testify:

"It makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well. This 'Prescription' removes the cause of women's weaknesses, cleanses the system, regulates the bowels, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep."

Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any druggist persuade you that his unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit.

Mrs. BRAZILL BRIGGS, of 530 N. Washington St., Delphos, Ohio, writes: "Having taken your 'Favorite Prescription' for a bad case of intestinal disease and constipation with which I was almost unable to do anything, I think I am safe in saying that there are no remedies 'purifying Lotion Tablets.' I am now enjoying the best of health, and thank Dr. Pierce for his wonderful medicines which have done me a world of good."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels.

red blue and violet combined with gold and silver were worn with gowns introducing those tones.

The cut-away buckles, richly beaded or embroidered or jeweled, is very popular for formal wear.

A parasol of dark navy blue taffeta has a border of carise and is ornamented with small roses made of blue and cerise taffeta.

The smartest hat models are adorned only with an ornament of some variety, catching up the brim or fastened at the side.

New waist drapery is almost as deep as blouse and thickens the figure, while the new skirts in double layers cut off the height.

Frocks made of the fascinating border materials have top skirts rather close fitting, while the lower half is pleated or gathered.

Flowers, large and small, of silk, satin and gauze, set in prim little nosegays or forming garlands, trim the daintiest frocks.

Soft taffeta with a white or cream background strewn with small roses or other floral designs is one of the popular fabrics for the summer gown.

A very prim and early Victorian style marks the latest floral arrangements, especially those intended to be worn tucked into the front of the dress.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES

Mothers who are wanting Overalls, Aprons and Cotton Dresses for their GIRLS attending to this very important part of their school lessons, would do well to remember our Bargain Sale of these goods.

BLOUSES

WHITE LAWN BLOUSES in all Newest Effects.
75c 80c \$1.00 \$1.25 \$1.50
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57c 62c 70c 95c \$1.12

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laces; strong washable cotton braid and crocheted buttons in silk or cotton.

Who Runs May Read, "Australia."

Writing in the "Book Monthly" for March on "Reading in Australia," Katharine S. Prichard says it is easier to get a classic of English literature in the backwoods of Australia than in many a rural district of England. Almost every township in Australia, we are told, has its free library, mechanics' institute, or book exchange of some sort. The capital of each State has its public library, and the State Parliaments make annual grants to trustees who manage these libraries. A reference library is the main feature, and it is open to all comers, while lending libraries have been established as adjuncts, permitting readers to take away books. The travelling library is said to have originated in Australia, the trustees of the Melbourne Public Library being the authors of it. Cases of books containing 300 volumes are sent to remote townships, and are changed at the end of each year. Notwithstanding the difficulties of distance, which make frequent access to books almost impossible, it is seldom that a hut in the bush or in the most desolate part of the back-country is without its store of books and means of exchanging them. The schoolhouses run rural libraries to which the country folk subscribe, and these are helped by loans from the cities and near townships. In addition to the State, municipal and co-operative libraries, there are all manner of smaller circulating libraries and book clubs, and the appetite for books, thus fostered, is in the end appeased by the bookshops. Cole's Book Arcade at Melbourne is said to be the most wonderful bookshop in the world. All day long people linger among the books, turning them over and over reading them. No one is asked to buy, and other bookshoppers have followed the example of Mr. Cole by allowing people to browse among their books at will.

Getting Ready

The Sagona before being taken over the Reid Nfd. Co. is being put on a trim for the Labrador service at Coakley & Co.'s wharf.

Not Specials—But "Everydays" at Dicks!

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- 3 Lead Pencils for 2c
- 3 Lead Pencils (with rubber top) for 1c
- 8 Slate Pencils for 1c
- 1 Block Rubber for 1c
- 25 Envelopes for 2c
- 24 sheets Notepaper for 2c
- 3 bots. Ink for 2c
- 3 Jackson's Copy Books for 2c
- 1 Good Scribbler for 2c
- 1 Writing Tablet (letter size) for 5c
- 1 Writing Tablet (note size) for 5c
- 1 box containing 12 sheets Notepaper, 12 Envelopes, Penholder, Lead Pencil and Blotter for 7c
- 6 sheets Carbon Paper for 10c
- 24 sheets Typewriting Paper for 4c
- 6 sheets Blotting Paper for 10c

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May we to prove to are just w

Ladies' Fifteen on To-Do

Ladies' In White To-Do

The pr tive becau

S. I

LAY PR By W

Ah, my weary heart is ready many men are preaching that I can determine some fat novel, and my soul contracts the binding to the show I go and find the disturber of my mind. And the nation's crimes, and the master time; all the doctors are discussing and the scientists are fussing, bent on teaching, teaching us on preaching till the last lone do solemn, make our journey far more that contains no good advice; it wouldn't nag the folks and bore with a string of helpful hints.

Getting Ready

The Sagona before being taken over the Reid Nfd. Co. is being put on a trim for the Labrador service at Coakley & Co.'s wharf.

GENTLE

CORP SHO

Here is a "Straight Low Shoes will be worn Tan and Patent Leather Styles will be certainly in exhibition. See our G \$3.00 Equal to any \$3.50 of F. SMALLWOOD,