

ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

On the Ocean.

Mrs. Grant also gave to her brother the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, and the young lawyer and his wife removed from the humble house of four rooms to a stylish, well-furnished one up town.

Major Grant was immensely rich, and there was enough left for his wife and the boy. May also was remembered, and a large sum of money left in Lawyer Mellen's hands for her.

After all these matters were arranged, Mrs. Grant said to her husband:

"We have made no mention of Frank. He will feel as though you have forgotten him."

Major Grant answered gravely: "I have made provision for my favorite nephew. In my pocketbook you will find a letter for him. In that letter he will find my bequest; but you are not to give it to him until I have been dead a year."

The tears came to Mrs. Grant's eyes. It seemed heartless to discuss the event of his death and the disposal of his wealth while he was yet living; but he would have it so.

This brings us to the day when the invalid, with his wife and Frankie, started upon their journey. For several days out, Major Grant's health seemed to improve.

The weather was fine, and the steamer bore herself proudly through the blue waters. Then came a season of storm, and from apparently gaining health, Major Grant sank quickly into the arms of death. The angel of death found him sleeping.

They buried him at sea, amid the beating of the storm and the howling of the winds. Utter loneliness attended the sorrowful widow to her state-room, where she threw herself beside her boy, and moaned:

"Oh, Frankie! they have buried him in the deep sea, and we are going swiftly away from him!"

The child put his arms about his mother's neck, and said soothingly:

"Don't cry, mamma! I will be Major Grant now, and you shall love me as you did him."

Days of sunshine followed the storm, and when the steamer entered the harbor, the water and sky gave no trace of their recent fury.

As the steamer entered the harbor, Jane, who had accompanied her mistress, stood leaning over the rail looking into the water. Those who were near her said she suddenly sprang over the side of the steamer into the blue waters below.

Whether the fascination of the swiftly gliding foam-capped waves tempted her to throw herself into them can never be known, for her body was never recovered. This accident cast a gloom over the otherwise gay spirits of those assembled upon the deck, and Mrs. Grant came out a few moments after the occurrence to learn of the loss of one who had been a faithful attendant for several years. Thus she was left with only her boy to be her companion and friend.

The passengers on board the steamer had been very kind and attentive to the young widow, whose unprotected situation claimed their warmest sympathy, and several ladies with whom she had become acquainted during the voyage urged her to accompany them to their various destinations. But she had determined to go back to her native land upon the returning steamer, and kindly declined all their invitations.

Among the passengers on board the steamer was a lady whom Mrs. Grant had met when traveling with her husband soon after their marriage.

Willing To Pay Four Times The Regular Price

For Dr. Bovel's Herb and Gum Salve.

The following letter shows the highest esteem Dr. Bovel's Salve is held by those who have once used it.

Mrs. Ont.

Dear Sirs:—

"I have used your Dr. Bovel's Herb and Gum Salve for various uses around my family, and now would not be without it in the house, if it cost One Dollar per Box."

It will do all it is claimed to do, and I can highly recommend to every one with a family."

Yours sincerely,

MRS. DANNY.

For eczema and skin diseases Dr. Bovel's Salve is unparalleled.

Dr. Bovel's Home Remedies are sold by all dealers. Ask for them. If not obtainable through your dealer within a reasonable time, send 25c (in stamps) to us for any article you require.

Bovel Mfg. Co., St. John's, Nfld.

This lady, Mrs. Liscome, insisted upon Mrs. Grant accompanying her to her home in Germany.

"We live in a grand old mansion, half of which is in picturesque ruins, the other half having been fitted up with exquisite taste. You will come, I know. We live near the famous German Institute where so many young Americans come to finish their education. We shall probably meet a great many of our countrymen next year, as my son will enter the university then."

Was it the mention of the attractive home in staid old Germany that decided Mrs. Grant?

Or was it a thought of one who had studied within the walls of the university, whose name must not pass her lips, though it dwelt in her heart continually? We may not say, but Mrs. Grant went slowly onward with her friend, Mrs. Liscome, until they were met by the son, who had been apprised of their coming.

Herbert Liscome was a young man of fine personal appearance and engaging manners. He met his mother with great warmth, and greeted her companion politely.

They journeyed rapidly over the country until they arrived at their destination, which proved to be far more attractive than Mrs. Liscome painted it.

Six months of quiet home life followed, and at the end of that time Herbert Liscome entered the university. Here he became acquainted with Frank Whitney, who was about leaving the university when Herbert Liscome entered it. Having no particular interest in hastening his return, he determined to remain a while in Germany.

He had heard from home three times since his abrupt departure. The first letter he received was from Lawyer Mellen who wrote to inform him of the death of his uncle, and his share of the fortune of Major Grant.

He at once answered the letter, resigning all claim to any part of Major Grant's fortune, transferring all such claim to Mrs. Grant.

The second letter was from the same source, and announcing the strange incidents connected with the death and burial of Major Grant. The third letter was from Major Grant's own hand, and informed him that he would start for Europe, in company with his wife and Frankie Whitney, as soon as his health would permit.

This was the last news that had come from home to him, and he had watched patiently for something more. Sometimes he thought that his uncle might be traveling with his wife somewhere in Europe, and a dim presentiment that he should meet them if he remained where he had been for so long a time kept him there, and at the time of Herbert Liscome's entering the university, Frank Whitney had about determined upon returning to his native land.

It was by chance that he became acquainted with Herbert Liscome, but the acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the friendship into intimacy, before the first vacation arrived.

"You will go home with me, Whitney," said young Liscome confidently, as he was busily engaged in packing his valise.

"I think not, Liscome. I am going to America."

"The deuce you are! Not a bit of it, old boy. I have a little romance laid for you." Liscome cried, springing from his position upon the floor and standing beside his friend.

Frank Whitney smiled sadly, as he answered:

"Give us the story, Frank. I always knew that you must have met with something unusual in your life. I delight in romance. What was the hero like?" replied the light-hearted young man.

Frank Whitney arose and walked away to the window, but presently returned, saying:

"It is hard probing old wounds, Bert. Let the romance rest."

"But this new romance, Frank. The heroine is magnificently beautiful, and wears her glittering golden curls under a neat little 'widow's cap.' She can't be more than twenty, and is just the handsomest bit of American beauty that my eyes ever rested on."

"An American widow, young and lovely? I begin to be interested. Where did you meet her?"

"Oh, that's telling. Come down to the abbey and I'll show her to you," replied the young man.

"Why didn't you play the hero in this romance?" asked Frank Whitney.

"Just like you, to find out all my secrets. Look at that, will you?" and as Herbert spoke he opened an oval velvet-covered case, disclosing the picture of a beautiful German girl with sleepy blue eyes, red cheeks, and wavy, yellow hair.

"That is very fine," remarked Frank returning the case.

"Fine? It's splendid! Gretchen is the most bewitching little lady—she's rich, too," replied his friend.

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Spain's Finest Wine. Fine, dry, restful, of exquisite flavor. Stays decanted indefinitely without deterioration.

In bottles only—of all good dealers.

D. O. ROBLIN, Canadian Agent, Toronto. JOHN JACKSON, Resident Agent.

"Ah!"

"Yes, rich. If she belonged to the lower class of German girls, my proud mother would never receive her as a daughter. Heigh-ho! I wish this dull course of languages well over with. I could take lessons in the language of love with a relish just now. Come down to our place and pay court to the widow."

"I fear to trust my heart near a widow. They are proverbially bewitching," laughed Frank.

"Well, there is one drawback to my romance: my little heroine has one child, a fine little boy. His name is Frank. Quite a coincidence," returned Herbert, who went on with packing his valise.

"Young and handsome; American; and a widow; one child, named Frank. I would follow this up, only the sweet charm of singular coincidence would fade were I to learn anything more," soliloquized Frank.

"What are you thinking about, Frank?" called Herbert, from his task.

"I was wondering if the name of your little widow was Grant," returned Frank carelessly.

Herbert sprang to his feet. "The deuce is in you for guessing!" he cried. "It is Grant. Major Grant's widow, and Major Grant's son is with her!"

Frank Whitney's heart stood still for one instant. The room grew dark; the objects in the room seemed sailing away into the darkness.

Then all grew suddenly light again, and he quietly remarked:

"All right, my boy. Drag out your dry goods. I'll off by the next train. Hurrah! We'll have a wedding at the abbey before vacation's out!" shouted the gay young fellow.

And three hours later Frank Whitney was whirling along towards his destiny.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE UNEXPECTED LETTER.

Among the first package of letters from home, Rev. Ned Cameron found one bearing the New York postmark, and superscribed in a delicate feminine hand. He felt that this letter contained something of great importance and hesitated about breaking the seal.

"I am as nervous as a woman. Let me read this letter and see what it contains."

While he spoke, the letter was unfolded, and his eyes fell upon the signature.

Rapidly did his eyes trace every word of that letter to the end; then read it over and over again, and for the fifth time, until every line was imprinted upon his heart.

"May God forgive me the wrong I have heaped upon that trusting heart," he murmured; and leaning his head upon his clasped hands, he tried to remember every word of reproach he had ever uttered to May. His cheeks burned hotly as he remembered that he had exposed her to the elders of the church, and a tide of remorse flooded his soul at the thought of her standing before those men, trying in vain to convince them that she had

done nothing worthy of being set aside from her church.

"If I could fly to her, and at her feet beg for forgiveness, I might rest after it was given," he exclaimed.

Following this thought came the sweet assurance that May was pure and innocent of guile, and his glad heart bounded within his bosom as he thought, "She is free to be won again. We will be happy yet."

"But will she forgive you?" asked conscience.

"Will she forgive?" echoed the repentant minister of the Gospel; and drawing a chair to the writing desk, he wrote a long, thrilling letter to May, in which he explained all that the reader knows. He ended by asking her forgiveness for the wrong done her, and begging her to write at once if she could forgive him after his cruel treatment of her. This letter he took to the post office himself.

We will follow it to its destination by and by. For the present we must go with Frank Whitney to the home of the Liscomes.

It was nearly dark as they reached the abbey, and the western sky had taken on the gray shadows of the twilight to cover the lingering flush of the summer sunset.

To be continued.

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.

9083.—A POPULAR SHIRT WAIST MODEL.

Ladies' Shirt Waist.

This model has deep tucks over the shoulders, which may be stitched to yoke or waistline depth. The front is finished with a box plait. The sleeve is the regulation style of shirt sleeve, finished with a straight cuff. All shirtings, silk, velvet, corduroy, serge and flannel may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 44 inch material for the 36 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 A.Y.R. & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:—

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G.P. to Nov. 25th, 1911

A. Allen, Miss Hattie, Monksdown Road	Allen, Nellie (card), late Bonnie Bay	Andrews, Master W. C., Hamilton Street	Baggs, Mrs. Richard, late Ontario	Barnes, Alex., late Allandale Road	Brown, Mrs. John, card	Brazil, John, card	Byrne, Miss Alice, card	Wellwood, C., card	Breen, Aust., card	Breen, Vincent, card	Beddcombe, R. H., card	Bennett, Thomas, card	Bennett, Mrs. H. P., card	Bishop, Miss Mary, card	Brown, De. S., card	Bonnaville, J., card	Boone, Robert D., card	Blunden, Miss Sarah, card	Butler, Esau, card	Burden, Miss Carrie, card	Bailey, Eugene, card	Beddlescombe, R., card	Chancey, A., card	Chancey, W. K., card	Cranford, R. A., card	Cantwell, John, card	Carbay, Mrs. L. P., card	Campbell, Mrs. Wm., card	Caldwell, J., card	Chislett, Miss Jane, card	Collins, Mrs. P., card	Cook, Harvey, card	Collymore, Walter, card	Coleburn, Geo. H., card	Connelly, Mrs. R., card	Cole, E. J., card	Curtis, Jane, card	Carew, Miss Mary, card	Connell, Rose, card	Davis, John C., card	Drover, Herbert, card	Edwards, Miss Jennie, card	Eddy, George, card	Earl, Mrs. George, card	Edwards, Margaret W., card	Ennis, W., card	Fane, Mrs. Jas., card	Francis, R., card	Faucy, Miss Mary, card	Kirby Stanley, card	Rogers, Beskley, card	Anstey, Richard, card	Lodge, Capt. H., card	Buckland, John, card	Jacobs, James, card	Russell, Baxter, card	Hegdon, Charles H., card	Benson, R. G., card	Rendell, Wm. C., card	Power, Patrick, card	Hearne, George, card	Young, Michael, card	Rogers, George, card	Mills, Albert, card	Perry, Master John, card	Ogan, Joseph, card	Pane, Clara, card	Moulton, Herbert, card	Marshall, S. C., card	McCarthy, Michael, card	Simmonds, W., card	Garland, Albert, card	Currie, Emanuel, card	Martin, D., card	Piercey, Jacob, card	Powers, Miss M. J., card	Power, Edward, card	Keats, Stephen, card	N. schr. Maggie, card	Moulton, Herbert, card	Bennett, Walter, card	Evans, Henry, card	Lowen, Wm., card	Darcy, Capt. Wm., card	Baggs, John, card	Barrett, John, card	Francis, Benjamin, card	White, John, card	Wells, Capt. Philip, card	Yerman, Michael, card	Yerman, May, card	Yerman, Young, S. J., card
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SEAMEN'S LIST.

A. Kirby Stanley, schr. Fannie Freema	G. Sanson, Wm., schr. George Wheatley	L. Moulton, Herbert, schr. Little Jewel	M. McCarthy, Michael, schr. Mistral Rose	P. Power, Patrick, schr. E. J. Reddy	R. Russell, Baxter, schr. Dione	S. Simmonds, W., schr. Mildred	T. Garland, Albert, schr. Mary G. Francis	V. Currie, Emanuel, schr. M. Francis	W. Martin, D., schr. J. A. Silver	X. Piercey, Jacob, schr. Queen's St.	Y. Powers, Miss M. J., schr. Colonial Street	Z. Power, Edward, schr. Gower Street
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MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS!

We are now showing a big stock of Men's Negligee Shirts in very neat patterns, and light and dark colors. Prices range from 75c. to \$1.50.

Also a full line of the Celebrated Stanfield Underwear.

Special and prompt attention given to outport orders.

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Women's Cream Rib

Buttoned Fronts, Pearl Buttons, First Sewed-up Garments. PRICE ONLY

Boys' Jaegar Fleeced

FIRST QUALITY, FROM Size 24 inch, 26 inch, 28 inch, 30 inch, Price 30c. 32c. 34c. 36c.

Small Boys' Jaegar Fleeced Shirts at 24 inch, 26 inch, 28 inch, 30 inch, Price 16c. 18c. 20c. 22c.

Girls' Cream Ribbed F

FIRST QUALITY FROM Size 16 inch, 18 inch, 20 inch, 22 inch, Price 16c. 18c. 20c. 22c.

Men's Jaegar Fleeced

ALL SIZES in a superior quality of seconds, every

Women's Cream Ribbed Fleeced Vests

Women's White Ribbed Fleeced Vests

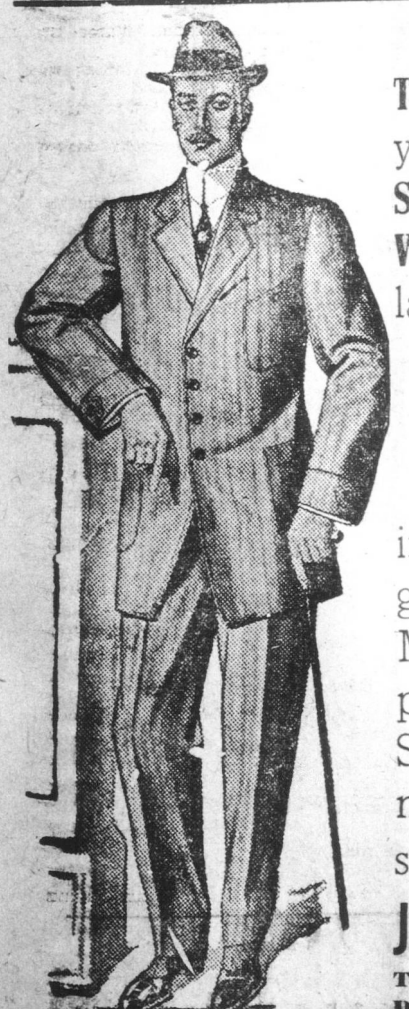
Very Large Women's White Ribbed P and 75c. Garment.

Very Large Women's Cream Ribbed Garment.

Women's Heavy Grey Fleeced Dividing Value at 50c. 60c. 75c. 90c. 100c.

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Edwin I