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WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

Though years of honored peace and happiness have come and gone since that memorable night, I cannot yet bear to think, much less to write, of the things she then said to me.

I made no resistance whatsoever, did not attempt to utter a word of retort, protest, or appeal, but stood for a few moments, inert and quivering, under the stinging lash; then, with my hand to my ears, I fled from the room into the hall, which I found already half filled with wondering, terrified servants, attracted by the sudden uproar. The infuriated woman pursued me hence, and, barring my passage to the stairs, denounced me to them all as a consummate hypocrite, a base, abandoned wretch, whose black ingratitude and heartless villainy had actually disturbed the holy rest of the dead.

She heaped the foulest abuse upon me, made the wildest accusations, her voice getting louder and more piercing at each sentence, until at last it reached a choking shriek that died away in a fit of violent hysterics.

Mrs. Massey and her mother rushed to her assistance with sympathetic effusiveness. The servants, in obedience to their directions, hurried off for brandy, hairshorn and sal volatile; but all these remedies proved of no avail; the shrieks and sobs continued with increased violence until little Miss Johnson came suddenly upon the scene, and promptly dashed a cup of water in her sister-in-law's face, whispering a few words in her ear that acted like magic and brought her at once to her senses.

'Miss Bernard,' said Mrs. Massey, addressing me with a shudder of aversion, 'will you excuse my suggesting that you should retire to your room for the present? The effect of your presence on this most unfortunate and afflicted lady just now—'

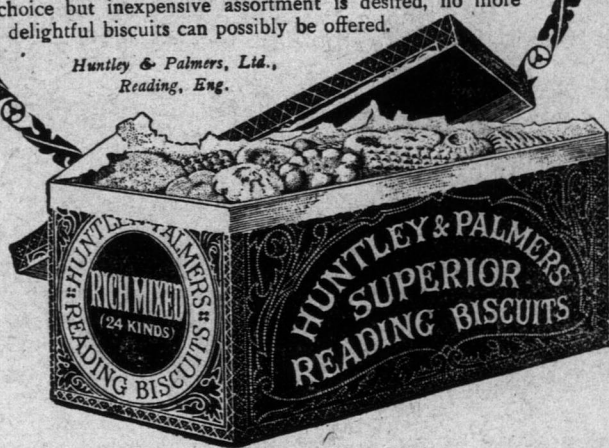
'I am going,' I interrupted, suddenly recovering my power of speech. 'Open the door for me—quick, please. The hall door I mean—I am going that way.'

One of the servants turned the big key, drew back the heavy bolts, and I stepped out into the chilly, blustering dawn, and into the arms of Sir Richard Nesbitt, who was

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For social gatherings, for afternoon teas, and whenever a choice but inexpensive assortment is desired, no more delightful biscuits can possibly be offered.

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coming up the terrace steps, cigar in hand.

'What is the matter? Where are you going? Marie, something has happened; you—you—'

'Let me pass! How dare you touch me, speak to me? I have been insulted in your house, Sir Richard, and I will never cross its doorstep again. Let me pass, I say!'

'Insulted in my house! You? Before I had time or power to resist him, scarcely knowing what was happening to me, I found myself in the house again, confronting them all, with my strong arm around me with my dazed head resting against his shoulder.

'Who has dared to insult this lady in my house?' I heard him ask in a thunderous tone. 'Answer me—who, who?'

I could hear no answer. Utter stillness prevailed for a few moments, and then by degrees I saw the servants disappear in shuffling groups, until no one remained but his mother-in-law and his two guests.

'Marie,' he asked, gently, 'tell me, my dear, who has hurt you so?'

'She,' I answered, pointing to Mrs. Johnson. 'But I cannot tell you what she said, so do not ask me.'

He led me across to the couch, where she still lay, supported by the widow and her mother. 'Is it a true—true?' he asked, in a low, tremulous voice, bending over her. 'Even on the strength of her word I find it hard to believe that you have willfully hurt, insulted this girl—your dead daughter's truest, best, only friend; this girl, who, as you know well, fought with heroic devotion to save that frail, reckless little soul from shame and misery in this life, and who nursed her and her children through a foul infectious disease, with the love and care no sister could have rivaled, when you, her mother, fled from her bed with craven fear; this girl whose brave, true lips, with mine, bear the breath of her last kiss on earth—'

'You loved this woman—you loved this woman before my daughter died! You murdered my Jessie between you—you two!' cried Mrs. Johnson, springing to her feet. 'Take me out, I cannot breathe in this house!' I whispered in his ear.

He carried me to the seat under the big beech on the lawn, and then dropped upon his knees by my side.

'I may speak to you now at last. You cannot any longer freeze the words on my lips as you have been doing for the past six months. I may speak at last.'

To be continued.

STELLA MARIS.—The Stella Maris got down to Bonavista at 6.40 a.m. yesterday and left again at 10.10 a.m. going north.

The Bread and Butter Miss.

PART I.

He was spoilt—deplorably, absurdly spoilt. But, so far, that was perhaps the worst that could fairly be said against him. There was genuine manliness still, some chivalry even, yet struggling spasmodically to make itself felt, and what was practically, perhaps, of more account as a preservative—some small amount of originality in his character. He had still a good deal to learn, and something too to unlearn before he could take rank as pastmaster in the stupid worldliness of his class and time. For he was neither so base nor so cynical as he flattered himself, but young enough to affect being both, to the extent of believing his own affectations real.

He was popular; his position and income were fair enough to have secured this to a considerable extent in these, socially speaking, easy-going days, even had he been without the further advantages of good looks and a certain arrogance, not to say insolence of bearing, which, though nothing can be acquired with greater facility and at less expenditure of brain tissue, appears to be the one not-to-be-disputed hall-mark of the period.

Why he went to Mrs. Englewood's reception that evening he could scarcely have told, or perhaps he would have vaguely shrunk from owning even to himself the real motives—of sincere though feeble loyalty to old associations, of faintly sterling gratitude for much kindness in the past—which had prompted the effort. For Mrs. Englewood was neither very rich, nor very beautiful, nor—worst of

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norms—very fashionable indeed—to reckon as of note monde in any very exclusive sense of the words, though kindly, and fairly refined, irreproachable as wife and mother, and so satisfied with her lot as to be uninterestingly free from social ambition.

But her house was commonplace, she herself not specially amusing. 'If she'd be content to ask me there when they're alone—I like talking to her herself well enough,' thought Despard, as he dressed. In his heart, however, he knew that would not do. He was more or less of a lion from Mrs. Englewood's point of view; she was not above a certain pride in knowing that for 'old sake's sake' she could count upon him for her one party of the season. And, for this, as she retained a real affection for the man she had known as that delightful thing—a bright, intelligent, and unspoiled boy, and as she thought of him still more highly than he deserved to be thought of, her conscience left her unrebuked.

Year after year, it is true, her husband wetblanketed her innocent pleasure in seeing the young man's name on her invitation list.

'That fellow! In your place, my dear Gertrude! and an expressive raising of the eyebrows said the rest.

'But, Harry,' she would mildly expostulate, 'you forget I knew him when he was—'

'So high—as Whipmore. Oh, yes; I know all about it. Well, well, take your way of it; it doesn't hurt me if you invite people who don't want to come.'

'But who always do come, you must allow,' she would reply triumphantly.

'And think themselves mighty condescending for doing so, Mr. Englewood put in.

'You don't do Despard justice. It's always the way with men, I suppose.'

Asthma Catarrh WHOOPING COUGH CROUP BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS Vapo-Cresolena. A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the system with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.

'Come now, don't be down upon me about it,' he would say good-naturedly. 'I don't stop your asking him. It isn't as if we had daughters. In that case—' but the rest was left to the imagination. And this particular year Mrs. Englewood had smiled to herself at this point of the discussion.

'One can make plans even though one hasn't daughters,' she reflected. 'If Harry would let me ask him to dinner now—but I know there's no chance of that. And, after all, a good deal may be done at an evening party. I should like to do Despard a good turn, and give him a start before any other. If I could give him a hint! But then there's my promise to her father—and Despard is sure to be sensitive on these points. I might spoil it all. No; I shall appeal to his kindness; that's the best. How tender he used to mount her upon his shoulders when she couldn't see the fireworks! I will tell Maisie that story! It is the sort of thing she will appreciate.'

It was a hot, close evening. Though only May, there was thunder in the air, people said. Despard's inward dissatisfaction increased.

'Upon my soul it's too bad,' he ejaculated while examining the flowers in his button-hole. 'Why, when one's made up one's mind to do a disagreeable thing, should everything conspire to make it more odious than it need be, I wonder? I have really—more than half a n'—'

To be continued.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep this Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time. 1912.—A NEAT AND BECOMING HOUSE DRESS.



Ladies' House Dress with Three Pieces and Skirt.

Chambrey, gingham, percale, flannellette, lawn and other wash fabrics are very appropriate for this design. The skirt and waist are joined under the belt. The waist has Gibson tucks and the popular coat closing. The model is easily made and very becomingly finished with a flat round collar. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the 38 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.

9141.—A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR A NEGLIGEE.



Ladies' Dressing or House Sack.

Dotted Chalfin in pink and white is shown. The fronts are slightly full and finished with a box plait over the centre. The sleeve may be cut long or short, and are finished with a rolling cuff. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the 38 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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The



vent the abuse of several letter, I mended this, but me for wasting pathy on the del there are so m children in the v more important mals.

Madame, your attitude which I and which always contain. Does the so many poor, the world need of from pitying the animals? To be of suffering most other forms? I know a wealth almost all of his vards various so the sufferings of Is often criticize letter friend's vie of all the human who are suffering gives all his mor and hors. It's Now I can't se It seems to me a universe that so sensitive to one some to another people who will love the conditi low beings, who unfeelingly drive starving, lost do them, or see not that saint skelet to a load the horse might tu and on a by m dies in the tr

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