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Duckworth St. and Queen's Road.

THE WORLD'S GREAT LOVE STORIES.

The Tragedy of George Eliot—The
Story of Her Unconventional Mar-
riage, and the Bitter Remorse that
Followed.

The life of Mary Ann Evans, who,
under the pen-name of George Eliot,
became one of the most famous of the
Victorian novelists, is a remarkable
example of the old, old law that
when a woman breaks the moral code
of the society in which she lives she
has to pay a heavy price, which is
often that of a broken heart.

George Eliot was by nature con-
ventional in her temperament. In
spite of her almost masculine
strength of mind, she had none of the
audacity of such a woman as the
French novelist, George Sand, who
broke moral laws as lightly as though
they were match-sticks, and was not
conscience-stricken.

Almost a Puritan.

Our English novelist lived in a
country and in an age which was
horrified by the slightest disregard of
the proprieties. She had been brought
up in a strictly religious home, among
pious but rather narrow-minded peo-
ple, and although for a time her
intellect revolted from absolute be-
lief in the Christian faith, her mind
was permeated with its teachings,
and she had an ardent belief in the
virtue of its moral lessons. She be-
lieved in the sacred duties of the
marriage contract, she was severe
and rigid in her hatred of loose be-
haviour among men and women, she
was almost puritanical in her dislike
of frivolity and fickleness of charac-
ter, and in all her writings she
preached the divine punishment of sin.

Yet it was this woman, this great
moral teacher, who ran away with a
married man, lived with him without
lawful right, and adopted his wife's
name as Mrs. George Henry Lewes.

What is the mystery of George
Eliot's inconsistency?

Studying her life and understand-
ing something of the gravity and au-
sterity of this great woman's mind, one
cannot accuse her either of hypocrisy
or of weakness. She who was a lover
of truth, a hater of lies, had no con-
scious hypocrisy in her heart. And
this woman who had studied the an-
cient and modern philosophers, who
was a blue-stocking of learning, and
whose brain was more powerful than
that of many great thinkers of her
time, did not fall into sin by the
mere weakness of womanhood beguiled
by false promises or by feminine
passion. She was strong in intellect,

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blocks, ex Numidian.

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THE WORLD'S GREAT LOVE STORIES.

strong in character, and she broke the
moral code after deliberate thought
and a careful decision. She stretched
out her hands to George Lewes and
said: "My dear, our love shall make
our union more sacred than if it had
been blessed by the Church and
sanctioned by the law." It seemed to
her then that there was no sin in this
act, because there was no riot of pas-
sion in her heart, and because she was
so confident of her own purity. It was
only afterwards, when what had been
done could never be undone, when
she had betrayed the wife of the man
who lived with her, and when she
was known to the world by that
wife's name that she was filled with re-
morse and melancholy.

The Novelist's Girlhood.

As a girl Mary Ann Evans lived a
quiet, studious life in Warwickshire
among people of old-fashioned charac-
ter, whose portraits she afterwards
described with such lifelike fidelity in
"Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the
Floss." Her father was a hard, hon-
est, God-fearing man, her maiden
aunts were pious and pious, her neigh-
bors were quiet types of provincial
character at a time when the Midland
Counties were remote from London
life. During those years of her young
womanhood "George Eliot," as she
was afterwards known, revealed none
of that genius which startled the
world in her later life. After the
death of her mother she took charge
of her father's household, and devoted
her spare time to the study of
German, Italian, music, and the an-
cient philosophers. Then she became
acquainted with a Mr. and Mrs. Bray,
who were advanced rationalists and
writers of books on Free Thought.
These people had a profound influ-
ence upon this serious young woman,
and disturbed her religious beliefs so
that she revolted against the narrow
evangelicalism of her own relatives.
It was under their encouragement
that she became a translator of Ger-
man works written in a spirit of de-
structive criticism against the Gospel
story, and when her father died it
was to the Brays that she owed her
introduction to the literary circles of
London.

In the year of the Great Exhibition
she became the assistant editor of
"The Westminster Review," lodging
at its headquarters in the Strand, and
at the age of thirty-two she became
known to a group of philosophers and
critics, of whom Herbert Spencer was
the leading spirit, as a woman of
great learning and of great mental
power.

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"As Ugly as a Monkey."

Most of these friends of hers were
to tell the truth, dry as dust types.
They were men absorbed in abstract
problems of philosophy, or engaged in
criticizing the art and literature and
religious opinions of the age. They
were for the most part pedants with-
out good red blood in their veins, and
without any instincts of romantic ad-
venture. It seemed as though Mary
Ann Evans, the blue-stocking, with
her powerful, massive face, ugly but
for the beauty of her eyes and the
spirituality of her expression, was
doomed to become an old maid, full
of learning but untouched by love.

Suddenly, however, there came into
her life a man of emotional tempera-
ment and eccentric character, who
desired to have her as his mate, and
would not be denied. It was George
Henry Lewes. He, too, was a philo-
sopher. Most of us owe our knowledge
of old philosophies to his fascinating
masterpiece of biographical history.
But he was not a pedant like the oth-
er people who came to tea with Mary
Ann Evans. He was a whimsical lit-
tle man, "as ugly as a monkey," but
with the gift of laughter. There was
something Puck-like about him. He
had tried his hand at almost every
kind of work. He had been an actor,
a novelist, a journalist, a lecturer,
and a traveller. He had even played
the part of harlequin in a company of
strolling players. Thackeray was
once heard to say that he would not
be surprised to meet Lewes in Picca-
dilly riding on a white elephant. An-
other friend compared him to the
Wandering Jew, as you could never
tell where he was going to turn up
next.

He came to George Eliot's rooms in
the company of Herbert Spencer, and
for some time the learned young lady
was shocked by the queer little man's
gaiety, recklessness, and wild conver-
sation.

She confessed to her friends that
the frivolity of this remarkable man
repelled her. She rebuked him for
his lighthearted jests upon the most
serious subjects. But a little later
she made another confession. "He
has quite won my liking in spite of
myself," she wrote. Again, after some
of his visits, she acknowledged that
"like a few other people in the world
he is much better than he seems—a
man of heart and conscience wearing
a mask of flippancy."

Love and Conscience.

The truth is that George Henry
Lewes was breaking down the won-
derful pedestal, that his laughter was
finding a hiding-place in her heart,
and that his ardent, joyous, brilliant
nature was like the sunshine of life
to one who had been living in rather
grey surroundings. Mary Ann Evans
began to realize that womanhood had
greater needs than scholarship.

This discovery led to another one—
of a tragic kind. When George Lewes
could no longer hide the worship in
his eyes for his intellectual lady whose
genius was so much greater than his
own, when one day they stood face
to face, looking into each other's
souls, scared by the revelation that
they loved each other, Lewes shock-
ed her by blurring out a secret.

"Oh, my dear! I am a married
man!"

He had been married for eleven
years, and was the father of two
children. He had separated from his
wife, who was utterly out of sym-
pathy with his character and ideals,
and he had no moral right to claim
the love of any other woman.

Here was a great problem of life
for a woman like George Eliot, who
had been a critic of life's moralities.
How could she reconcile her love for
George Lewes, with her conscience?

Curiously enough her intellect was
at warfare with her conscience. For
some time her intellect had revolted
against the absolute indissolubility of
marriage. She thought that the sys-
tem worked badly because wives were
less anxious to please their husbands
when their position was "invulner-
able." "All self-sacrifice is good," she
said, upon reading "Jane Eyre."

"But one would like it to be in a
somewhat nobler cause than that of
a diabolical law which chains a man
body and soul to a putrefying car-
case." So spoke her intellect. But
another voice spoke out of her con-
science. "Marriage is a sacred tie
which should not be broken lightly or
easily." "Those who yield to tempta-
tion shall be punished by remorse."

The two voices argued in George
Eliot's soul; sometimes she listened
to one, sometimes the other seemed
to shout to her. In the end, after a
terrible conflict, she yielded to the ar-
guments of her intellect, and turned
a deaf ear to her conscience.

Her Great False Step.

"George," she said, to the whim-
sical little man who pleaded with her
passionately, "I am ready to give my
life into your keeping. Our love is
greater and more holy than the con-
ventional code." In 1854 she took
her great false step and formed an
alliance with George Henry Lewes,
which lasted until his death in 1878.

The knowledge that Mary Ann Ev-
ans was living with Lewes was a
profound shock to many of her
friends and to all her relatives. It
seemed incredible that this serious
and noble-minded woman among all

others should be guilty of trans-
gressing the moral code in such a
way. The censure of the world—of
that little world in which she had
been revered—fell heavily upon the
woman who had violated its social
code. Being sensitive to an acute de-
gree, she suffered inwardly, though
preserving an outward calm. Only
once or twice did she take the trouble
to defend her position. Writing a few
months after the union she says that
she cannot understand how any un-
superstitious person who is suffi-
ciently acquainted with the realities of
life, can pronounce her relations to
Lewes as "immoral." Afterwards
she adopted the attitude of a legally-
wedded wife, called herself "Mrs.
Lewes," and spoke of "my husband,"
as though there were no other wo-
man who could claim him by that
name.

On the whole there is no doubt
that this irregular union was produc-
tive of an intellectual happiness both
to Lewes and to George Eliot. The
man had an enthusiastic devotion to
her, and it was owing to his recogni-
tion of her genius and to his intuition
that George Eliot became a novelist
and reached the heights of fame.

"My dear," he said, one day, "I
think you could write a great novel."
It was those words which inspired
the production of some of the great-
est masterpieces in English litera-
ture.

Her inscription on the title page of
"Romola" sums up her gratitude to
the man who watched over her and
tended her with a noble fidelity:—

"To the Husband whose perfect
love has been the best source of her
weight and strength, this manuscript
is given by his devoted wife, the
writer."

"Bitter Herbs and no Bread."

Yet George Eliot's conscience was
always haunted by a sense of guilt,
her mind always brooded with a deep
and pervading melancholy over the
knowledge that in her own life she
had fallen short of the ideal of self-
sacrifice, resistance to temptation,
and obedience to the sanctity of the
marriage bond which she upheld in
her books.

"Consequences," she wrote, "are
unpleasant. Our deeds carry their
terrible consequences—consequences
that are hardly ever confined to our-
selves. And it is best to fix our
minds on that certainty, instead of
considering what may be the elements
of excuse for us."

She sternly upheld the doctrine of
obedience to the ordinary duties of
life. The words which she put into
the mouth of Savonarola came from
her own heart:—

"I say again, a man cannot forsake
his duties. You may choose to for-
sake your duties and choose not to
have the sorrow they bring. But you
will go forth, and what will you find?
Sorrow without duty; bitter herbs
and no bread with them."

The tragedy of George Eliot was
that she was always haunted by the
thought that she had broken the stern
code of virtue in which her soul be-
lieved, and that, in spite of her love
for George Lewes, she was conscious
of its guilt.

"Cascarets" Always Straighten You Up

If Costive, Headache, Bilious, Stom-
ach Sour, Breathe Bad—Clean your
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Get a 10-cent box now.

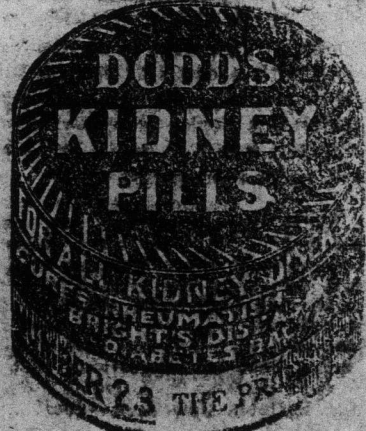
You men and women who can't get
feeling right—who have headache,
coated tongue, foul taste and foul
breath, dizziness, can't sleep, are
bilious, nervous and upset, bothered
with a sick, gassy, disordered stom-
ach, or have backache and feel worn
out.

Are you keeping your bowels clean
with Cascarets, or merely forcing a
passageway every few days with salts,
cathartic pills or castor oil?

Cascarets work while you sleep;
cleanse the stomach, remove the sour,
undigested, fermenting food and foul
gases; take the excess bile from the
liver and carry out of the system all
the constipated waste matter and
poison in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will straighten
you out by morning—a 10-cent box
from any drug store will keep your
stomach sweet; liver and bowels regu-
lar, and head clear for months.
Don't forget the children. They love
Cascarets because they taste good—
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give due importance to the molasses
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Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Dewey's Own of Battle

No naval officer of any time
ever rewarded with more exten-
sive praise than was Admiral Dewey
after he sailed into Manila Harbor
May 1st, 1898, and sank the
dozen old tubs that constituted
the Pacific Ocean division of the Span-
ish fleet. He was hailed as the great
naval commander of history by
ambivalent American press, and
been trying ever since to live up to
the foolish talk of his compatriots.
Now he has published his auto-
graphy, and it reveals that the
himself was not as anxious for
praise as his fellow-Americans
to give it.

It was not until the third day
of the battle that he despatched a
cable to Hong Kong to get the
good news home, nor until he
turned to Manila on May 11 that
the victorious commander began to
receive the plaudits of his country-
men for winning the battle that
fought May 1. He had prudently
cabled to prevent the Spaniards
from communicating with the "ma-
jor," and incidentally isolated
squadrons not only from "orders"
from news. The officers and
of the squadron were unaware of
the naval battle had already been fought
in Cuban waters. Although they
were entirely confident of the ex-
cess such a battle had been fought
they could not help being appre-
sive that the result of it might
en in the public mind the historic
achievements of their own
squadron in the Far East. But
had really been the first blow of
war, it must be appreciated
home.

The last moments of the battle
when the attacking force already
the victory, but did not know it.

Nine Hundred Dividend

Two million sterling is the esti-
mated value of the fox farming indus-
try of Canada—an industry which of
years has increased in importance
and wealth to such an extent that
people to-day are as anxious to in-
vest their money in fox farms as
were to speculate in rubber shares
two or three years ago. And the
eagerness to do so will be readily
understood when mention is made
of the extraordinary dividends which
have been paid this year by the
leading companies.

The latter have been chiefly es-
tablished in Prince Edward Island,
among the principal companies,
the Bumbury, with a capital of \$2,
000, whose last declared dividend
320 per cent.; Spring Park, with

Daily Investment News
St. John's, Dec. 11, 1913

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