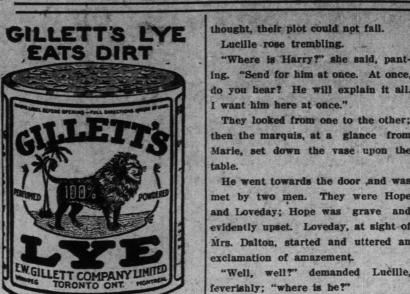
THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, SEPTEMBER 22, 1914-2





____OE, THE____

Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XXI. "My lord, my lord!" she cried, agitatedly, and the marquis exchanging

a glance with Marie, hurried inside "Oh, my lord, look!" exclaimed Mrs

Dalton, and she pointed to the vase. He stooped and picked it up, and

held it with a grave, pained look upon his face, his eyes watching Lucille's

"Oh, Lucille, Lucille!" murmured Marie Verner, clasping her hands. "What is to be done?" Lucille sat as if carved in stone.

her eyes fixed on the vase, her lins Mrs. Dalton was almost guilty of a anart her breath coming in short scream. "You saw me, my good man!" she pants.

"It is the Queen Anne vase," said exclaimed. the marquis, solemnly; "I could "Yes, I did!" he repeated, doggedly. swear to every figure upon it. Miss "Leastways, if it waren't you-and Darracourt, I-I am most deeply how could it a' been if you be stand grieved." ing here?-it was your ghost, ma'am,

turned to him. "What is to be done?" repeated I seed you with your bonnet and Lord Merl, this-this is shawl on, as plain as plain could be,

ing his head.

and these were too full of triumph

"I don't know anything of it, miss,

ne said, meekly, sorrowfully; "but

Master Harry's gone. Loveday here

Lucille turned to him almost fierce-

"What do you know?" she demand-

ed. "Why do you stand gaping there"

The man opened his mouth like

"I don't know nothin', miss; but]

seed that lady at Silverdale Station

fish, and pointed at Mrs. Dalton.

-why do you not speak?"

this morning."

for pity to find any room.

Hope hung his head.

"But-" he said, gently. **Every Stiff Joint Limbered** "Ah, be patient with me!" she mur-**Abenmatism** Cure ured, brokenly, pushing the hair from her forehead as if the weight of That Old Family Remedy "Nerviline its heavy golden curls pressed too

is Guaranteed for the Worst heavily upon her. "Be patient with Cases. me, my lord. You-you do not know all! I cannot tell you. The telling CURES NEURALGIA, BACKACHE, would kill me!" and she covered

LUMBAGO. matism to-day is unnecessary t is so well understood and so read-"Do not ask me to tell you why] ily curable that every day we have relead for him, but I do plead." and nd Loveday; Hope was grave and ports of old chronics being freed o vidently upset. Loveday, at sight of their tormentor. she stretched out her hands.

"I can speak confidently of the Ner Irs. Dalton, started and uttered an "You plead for him!-for a man iline treatment, for the simple reason deceived you, ruined an inthat it cured me," writes Albert B "Well, well?" demanded Lucille girl, descended to a low, com-Cornelius, from Kingston, "You can' theft!" he said, slowly; "you sagine how stiff and lame and sore "Gone, miss." replied Hope, hang-Miss Darracourt!"

was. Nights at a time I couldn' sleep well. I followed the Nervilin She shuddered and shrank back directions carefully-had it rubbed in-"It is false!" cried Lucille, "False rom the intentionally galling words.

to the sore regions four or five times You are all deceiving me! Hope, look "Yes, I!" she said: "I do plead for every day. Every rubbing helped to reduce the pain. The swelling went You know Harry Herne. You know why. Lord Merle, he is in your powdown I got a fair measure of reas well as I that he is innocent. Tell lief in a week. I also took two Ferer: be-be merciful!"

went into the house.

his soft, stealthy step.

He will explain it all.

them that he is innocent!" rozone Tablets with my meals. They "Why should I?" he said, firmly, increased my appetite and spirits, It was piteous, heartrending, and but gently. "He has robbed me, he purified my blood and toned up my every heart was wrung, excepting two has deceived you, he should be pun-

system generally. ished; duty to society demands that "I am as well to-day as a man could be-in perfect good health. I give he should be handed over to justice." Nerviline all the credit." "I ask it as a favor. Spare him, let

A large family size bottle of Nervihim go free, and I will-oh, my lord. line costs only 50c., or the trial size you cannot know how grateful I will 25c., and is useful in a hundred ills in

the family. Whether it's tootache "And if I do," he said, in a low earache, headache, neuralgia, lame

back or a cold, Nerviline will cure just oice, "you will be-'grateful' you as readily as it will cure rheumatism. say. Miss Darracourt-Lucille, grate-

For family use nothing equals Nerviful is a cold word. A cold word to ne who pines for a warmer one! If let this man go, will you remember

enraged that Harry Herne should de you have said-will you rehis track. That will mak spared him?

her send for you sharp enough," and "Yes-yes!" she murmured, hoarsewith a sneer curling her thin lips sh ly. "Only let him go!" "Is it a compact?" he breathed, in-

The marquis paced to and fro with siduously, drawing nearer to her. "Only spare him!" she said, hoarse What was the price he would have

to pay this she-fiend who had con-"And you will speak no more of cocted the plot and carried it out? While he was pondering over this Darracourt-Lucille, you know, you mportant question, Marie Verner re-

my heart-" "She has sent me for you," she "Hush!" she

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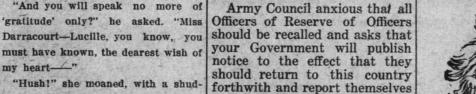
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and on all sales, from now till October 31st, we will give Five per cent. to The Newfoundland

ies' Patriotic Fund.

The following cable despatch, received by His Excellency the Governor from the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies under date 19th September, is published for the information of those concerned. JOHN R. BENNETT, **Colonial Secretary.**

Deptartment of the Colonial Secretary, September 19th, 1914



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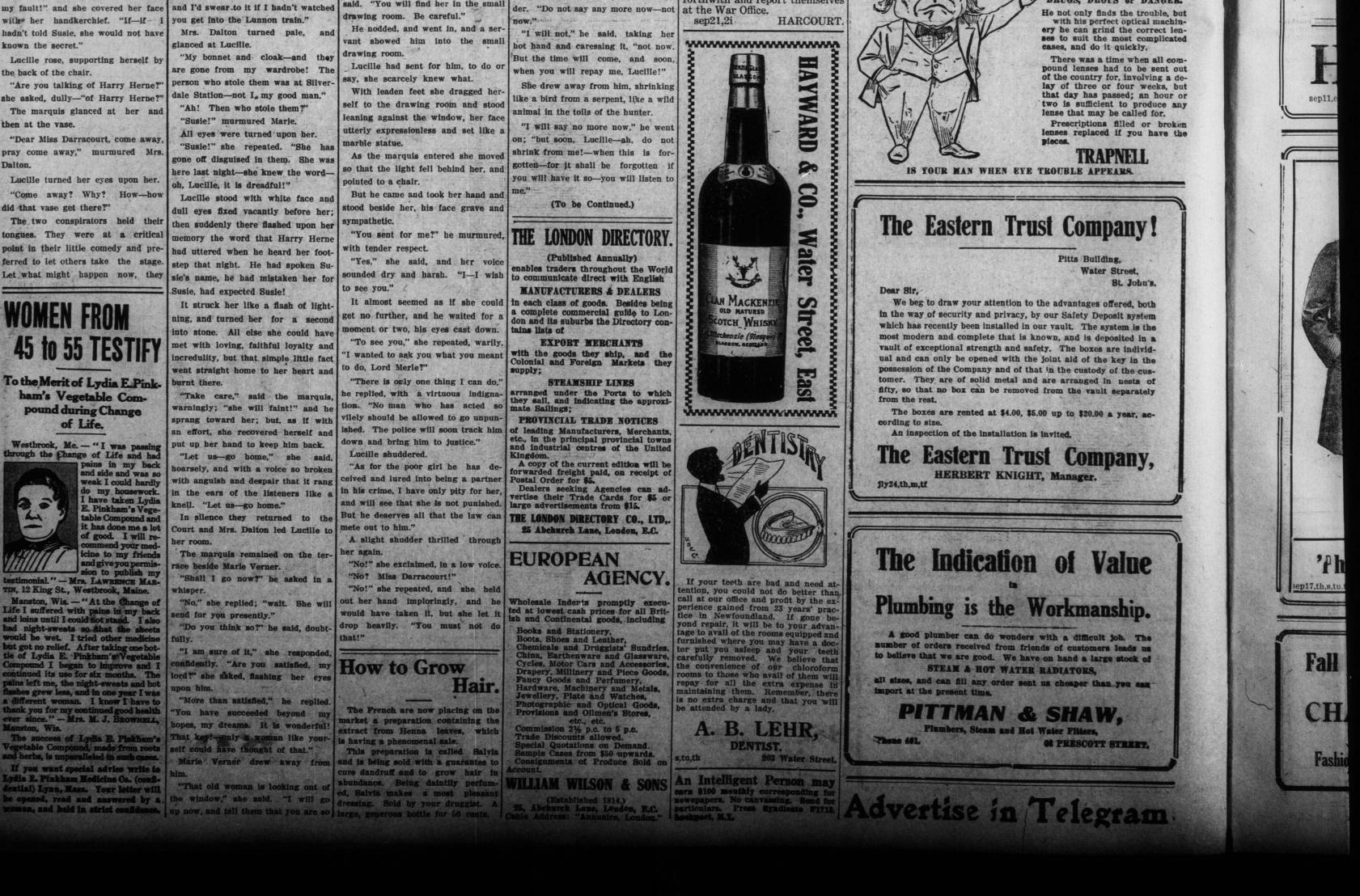
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TIN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine. Manaton, Wis. — "At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats an that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bot-tle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and bot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since " — Mra M I Becompare.

