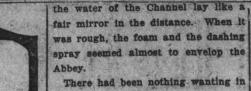
THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, APRIL 15, 1922-



the poetry of Leah's love-story; but if anything could deepen the romance of it, it was certainly the presence of the beautiful, restless, heaving sea. The duchess had but one notion of leasing her guests at Dene, and it was to give them perfect liberty Some ligeed the woods, some the yellow sands,

to see him pass out of it.

She went quietly to the piano

ly over the keys; the beautiful face

grew fairer as the passionate world

Whose nest is in a watered shoot;

Because my love is come to me.

Hang it with hair and purple dyes;

Work it in gold and silver grasses, In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys,

Because the birthday of my life Is come-my love is come to me."

She did not heed who was in the

room. The words sprung as it were

from her heart to her lips. She was

love than of her lover-this golden-

winged love that had taken her captive

Sir Basil came quietly to her side.

"Those are quaint lines, Miss Hat-

ton," he said. "Whose are they?

There was no music on the piano, and

it struck him suddenly that both words

and notes were impromtu. "I believe,"

he added, impulsively, "that they are

The white fingers wandered over the

keys. She made no answer; she was

wondering whether he had guessed

"My love is come to me"-the words

started her when she came to think

and stolen her heart.

your own."

her secret at last.

of their truth.

y heart is like an apple-tree Whose boughs are bent with thick-

fell from her lips. She sang:

lace.

some the ever-changing sea. They went where they liked and did as they liked, which was the great charm of the place. So Sir Basil, who liked the sea, and

Leah, whose passionate soul delighted Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a littl in it, were often on the beach together. 'Freezone" on an aching corn, They enjoyed the firm, yellow sands, that corn stops hurting, then stantly the dancing, crested waves, the tall shortly you lift it right off with finwhite cliffs covered with luxufiant gers. Truly! Your druggigt sells a tiny bottle of vegetation, the briny odor of the sea-"Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient breeze, the pretty shells and pebbles

to remove every hard corn, soft corn, on the beach, the seaweed which or corn between the toes, and the drifted with the waters. They spent callusses, without soreness or irritalong hours together listening to the tion. music of the waves and talking of the

beauty that lay around. And during her fair face the words came back to this time, while the sea-gulls whirled him: "My love is come to me."

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

She was more shy and timid with in the air, while the southern wind kissed the waves, the heart of the girl him after that. She avoided him a who loved Sir Basil became so entirely little, but loved him just as much. his, her life so wholly wrapped in his. She would have gone through fire and that death would have been easier than water for him; she would have made any sacrifice for him. The marvel

The duchess remarked it, and was that the young baronet nevermourned over-it, but did not interfere dreamed of the conquest he had made. -it was too late. But she said to As for Leah, she had not yet begun herself over and over again that it was to doubt; she felt certain that his love ten thousand pities Leah had so much | would be hers in the fulness of time. A little incident happened shortly romance in her nature; she would have been so much happier had she been after this which changed the current

of their lives and hurried on events. more like ordinary girls. Sir Arthur Hatton was a stranger The evenings at Dene were delightful. The drawing-room was an im- to all fair love-dreams and sweet mense apartment, containing five large fancies. Lady Bourgoyne had married windows. From them one stepped on him without giving him any trouble; to a smooth, green lawn; and from his comfortable affection for her had the lawn a short path led through the never caused him a pang. That he woods to the cliffs and the shifting should understand a nature or a love water, the effect was dazzling. Then like Leah's was not to be expected; but he was one day the unwilling witthe duchess liked the lamps to be ness of a little scene that opened his lowered and the windows all thrown eves. open, when the wind, laden with sweet

In the library stood a large Japanese odors from land and sea, came in. screen, and Sir Arthur enjoyed nothing One evening the moon shone unwontedly bright; in the distance the more than placing this round one of sea looked like molten silver-it was a the great bay-windows and intrenchone that hundreds of years before had night to fill all hearts with an unde- ing himself therein with his newsbelonged to an ancient order of friars. fined sense of passionate longing. paper. Every one knew his whim and Bluff King Harry took possession of it, "Let us have some music," said the smiled at it. People went into the and gave it to one of his favorite duchess, as she leaned back in her library to search for books, read the courtiers. In course of time it came chair. "Leah, let us hear you sing." newspapers, and write their letters, Then from out of the soft shadows without paying the least attention to who valued highly the grand old man- appeared Leah's tall graceful figurs him. It was the only room in the sion and magnificent estate. The duch- enveloped in sweeping folds of black house where he was free from the ively chatter and laughter of the girls



of youth itself is reflected in these little Hats; Shapes are unusually becoming to youth ful faces and simple trimming touches are effectively placed moderate pricing.





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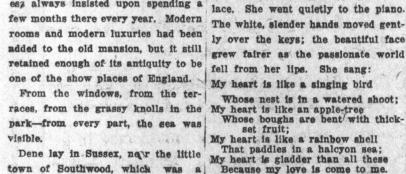
The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XXI. The Duke and Duchess of Rosedene, with their visitors, were at Dene

Abbey, within sight and sound of the ever-murmuring - sea. Miss Hatton had the whole day to herself; she had no great household to manage as at Brentwood, she had no care about the entertainment of visitors; the long, bright hours were hers, to spend as she would.

Lady Maude Trevar had gladly accepted the ducess' invitation; but pretty May Luson had promised to pay a visit elsewhere, and could not break her engagement. The military element had dispersed. Sir Basil Carlton had been delighted with her grace's proposal to join the party at the Abbey. He liked the duchess; her kindly gracious manner pleased him; he was touched by her great kindness to himself, although he did not know the cause. He did not go with the party from Brentwood, but he followed them in a few days. It was a wonderful change from the green, sweet woodlands of Warwickshire, to the country bordering on a sunny southern sea. Dene Abbey was a very old house

into the hands of the Rosedene family,



favorite watering-place. When calm, Raise me a dais of silk and down:



Could Not Eat

Constipation is caused by a torpid condition of the liver. Dos ng with salts, castor oil, etc., to move the bowels, cannot afford more than temporary relief.

If you are to rid yourself of this ailment and the scores of annoying symptoms and diseases which come in its wake, it is necessary to get the liver right by such treatment as is suggested in this letter:

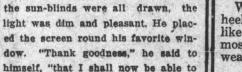
Mrs. Alvin Richards, R. R. No. 1, Seeley's Bay, Ont., writes: No. 1, Seeley's Bay, Ont., writes: "For two years I was afficied with indigestion, and in the morning when I got up my breath was bad. I had a poor appetite, and just felt like eating certain foods. I used many different medicines as a laxative without benefit, and the doctor's medicine did not help me at all. Finally I tried Dr. Chases Kidney-Liver Pills, and found them bet-ter than anything I had ever tried. I can highly recommend them to any-ons troubled with constipation or kid-ney troubles."

GERALD S. DOYLE.

Sir Basil left the plano and went back to his chair, which was placed outside the long French windows. He thought more of Leah than he had ever thought before. He remembered all that the duchess had told him of At All Dealers Distributor:

her fanciful idea that she would be able to recognize her ideal lover the moment she saw him; and now she sung that he had come. Was it really o? He looked round on the men siting apart in little groups; there was not one he considered worthy of her.

He never thought of himself Each | lime that night that his eyes fell on or the gossip of the older women. One morning there was some Indian news in the Times which interested him greatly-letters written by fellowofficers whose opinions he valued highly. He wished to be undisturbed, so he betook himself to his favorite retreat. He found the library cool and empty; the sun-blinds were all drawn, the light was dim and pleasant. He plac-



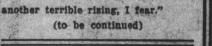
Carve it in doves and pomegranates And peacocks with a hundred eyes; read in peace!" Sir Arthur had hardly settled himself comfortobly, however, before the duchess came in.

She looked over the screen. "I shall not disturb you, general," she said. "A man deep in his mornthinking just at that time more of her ing newspaper is to me as formidable as a lion in his lair. Indian news, I believe?

> "And very bad news," answered Sir Arthur, briefly.

The dutchess read for about half an hour, and then went away.

Presently Lady Maude Trevar entered, and, sitting down, wrote letter after letter without a single thought as to whether any one was in the room. She was not in the least surprised when the general, in turning his newspaper, betrayed his presence. Then came his Grace of Rosedene. "I do not like the Indian news this morning," he said. "If Government is not more on the alert, we shall have



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