

A SPECIAL Opportunity of getting acquainted with SEAL BRAND COFFEE is offered you in our booklet, "Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made". Your request will bring it by return mail. CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL

Deceived AND Disowned BUT True as Steel!

CHAPTER XVI. RECEIVED AND DISOWNED.

Just then a young carter came past who had evidently heard the news.

"I see Mr. Reuben, squire," he said respectfully. "I seen him late last night."

"Where?" asked his master. "At the crossroads, sir," was the reply.

All the men, who had still lingered, and Farmer Styles as well, drew near. "A mistake, surely," said old Griley. "It isn't likely he'd be so far from home after his adventures in the mill stream."

"No, I bean't mistaken, sir," said the man, firmly though respectfully. "An' what's more, he warn't alone. Polly Styles was with him, and she'll say the same."

"My Polly!" gasped Farmer Styles, his face now almost purple. "Yes, sir," said the man. "I seed 'em both standing near a hedge—quite lover-like, they was—an' I wouldn't even call 'em a good night, 'cos I says to myself, 'two's company, three's none, and so—'"

He was interrupted by a sharp cry from the farmer. "My Polly!" he cried. "It's false! I won't believe it! She's the best girl as ever was born. Don't you dare tell me she's gone wrong. She—she—" but here words failed him, and he fell gasping and unconscious to the ground.

Gently they raised the stricken man, and Sir Edwin bade the carter drive him up to his own farm. Griley, who had been most assiduous in his offers of help, hobbled alongside of Sir Edwin, who seemed lost in melancholy thoughts.

"This is very painful, Sir Edwin," he croaked. "Such vile ingratitude to poor old Farmer Styles. I don't wonder you feel it, after being so kind to him, too. I only hope you haven't been deceived by him in the money matters."

"No, no," said Sir Edwin, "the accounts are all right." Then he remembered that several large payments for stock had been made only yesterday morning, and that Reuben had not handed him the money. "If you'll excuse me," he said courteously, and he left Griley bowing respectfully and rubbing his hands, while a malignant smile lit up the old steward's face.

Sir Edwin, with heart full of dread, made his way to the library, and hurried to the drawer in which Reuben's accounts were kept. For a minute he hesitated, as if he feared to open it, then, with an effort, he pulled out the drawer. It was quite empty; there

KEEPING SOLDIERS STRONG

Early in the world-war cod liver oil was selected to fortify the health of soldiers against the rigors and exposure of camp life and to help build up enduring strength.

SCOTT'S IS THE EMULSION ONE

that actually guarantees the richest quality of pure Cod Liver Oil, and is skillfully emulsified to promote prompt assimilation which is always difficult with the raw oil. Scott's Emulsion is famous for putting power in the blood to thwart colds, grippe, pneumonia and lung trouble. It is free from harmful drugs.

"Why didn't you rest a bit?"

"Why should I?" was the almost fierce reply. "Do you think I'm to be knocked silly, just for a bit of an ungrateful girl?"

"Poor Polly—don't be too hard on her," said Sir Edwin. "I will go to London and search for her."

"Save 'erself the trouble, squire," said Farmer Styles sternly. "Polly'll never eat bite nor sup 'neath my roof-tree ag'in. It's allus bin an honest house and I'll have no finger of scorn pointed at it. Don't let her name be heard by my ears ag'in—I've said my say, and I've done with 'er. But the man as has done this: his reckonin's to come, an' it shall be a heavy one."

He relapsed into silence, and Sir Edwin deemed it best to leave him alone. He had his own troubles to face; for he knew that Olive's gratitude to Reuben who had saved her life would be turned almost to bitterness when she heard of his downfall, as he saw she must in time.

Slowly he retraced his steps and went up to Olive's room. As he had expected, her first thought was for Reuben.

"Did you see him, father?" she asked.

"No, dear," he replied. "I find he has gone up to London. You will be able to thank him for yourself—when he comes back."

He turned away as he spoke, so he did not see how the tears of disappointment welled up into Olive's eyes. In her present weakness the shock was great; and her father, thinking from her silence that she wished to sleep, tipped out of the room, and prepared to depart for London.

He was sad at heart, for no man likes to be deceived, and Sir Edwin had taken a sincere liking to the young horse rider of the downs.

CHAPTER XVII. RUINED.

JOHN VERNER, Esquire, of the Grange, director of half a dozen companies and a dozen charitable institutions, owner of the grand carriage and horses which filled the hearts of the city clerks with admiration and envy, sat in the library of his town house, with his account books and prospectuses before him, and that day's Times in his hand.

The hand trembled a little as it held the crisp newspaper; but the face was harder and colder than ever, and in the steely eyes was a cruel glint which told of a purpose dark, sinister, unchangeable.

While he read, a smile unlocked his lips, and at one paragraph of the money article he laid the paper down and leaned back in his chair.

"The time was ripe," he mused. "Quite ripe. Panics everywhere—everywhere; it was only natural that we should fall with the rest."

A small electric bell placed near him tinkled melodiously, and interrupted his reverie. He rose and opened the door, and Mr. Normanby sauntered in.

"Good morning," he said, in his careless tone. "I'm late."

"It does not matter," said John Verner. "There is plenty of time."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Normanby. "Well—he glanced at the Times—'how is the city?'"

"Very unsettled," said John Verner, eyeing him with a cunning air. "Very unsettled. Quite a panic—ahem!"

"You expect him up to-day, I see," said Normanby.

"Yes, I am afraid my dear friend will be alarmed by the news in this day's city article, and will come up to town."

"Your 'dear friend' will, no doubt. What a lucky thing that you should have put him on his guard three days ago, eh?"

"Yes, very lucky," said John Verner, turning pale. "Hush! here is some one."

"How do you know?" asked Normanby.

"By this bell," said John Verner. "It is an electric one, and communicates with a knob in the passage leading to this room. When a foot treads upon that mat outside I know it."

"Excellent," said Mr. Normanby. "Hush! get in here and go around. If it is he, you can come in ten minutes."

"Is all prepared?" asked Normanby, with a smile.

"Yes, yes!" said John Verner craftily. "Go! Here he is!"

In another minute, as Normanby stepped through a doorway into a passage which led back to the front hall, the door of the room opened, and a servant ushered in Sir Edwin.

Pape's Diapepsin for Indigestion Or Sour, Acid Stomach

In five minutes! No dyspepsia, heartburn or any stomach misery.

Sour, gassy, upset stomach, indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia; when the food you eat ferments into gases and stubborn lumps; your head aches and you feel sick and miserable, that's when you realize the magic in Pape's Diapepsin. It makes all stomach misery vanish in five minutes.

If your stomach is in a continuous revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Pape's Diapepsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapepsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapepsin "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it its millions of sales annually.

Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and pleasant stomach preparation which truly belongs in every home.

"My dear Sir Edwin, how are you?" exclaimed John Verner, clasping his hand and shaking it.

"Not very well—worried and harassed," replied Sir Edwin.

"Oh, of course; how could it be otherwise?" rejoined John Verner, drawing a chair for Sir Edwin near the fire, and sinking into his own. "It has been a dreadful time—dreadful! What an escape!"

"Yes, thank Heaven! It was a deadly one," said Sir Edwin, thinking that the allusion was to Olive's accident.

"Yes, everything is dark and very gloomy now, and I don't know when we shall right ourselves. You have seen the paper, of course?"

"I cannot say I have," said Sir Edwin; "for I came to town quite suddenly, and read my letters in the train."

"Bad news everywhere," said John Verner, shaking his head and raising his hands, to drop them again with a grave earnestness. "Ruin everywhere. Yes, it was a lucky escape for both of us."

"Are things wrong in the city?" he asked.

"Wrong is not the word," said John Verner, trying to meet the anxious eye of his dupe, but failing in courage, and glancing nervously at the fire. "Panic upon panic; bank after bank! There are three gone this morning, and not a thousand pounds to be had. Oh, there never was such a time! I am so glad that I was in town. If I had been at the Grange when the Great Eastern Bank failed, I should not have known it in time, and we should have both been ruined—or nearly so."

"The Great Eastern Bank failed!" exclaimed Sir Edwin, turning pale.

"Yes, I wrote you three days ago," said John Verner, staring at him.

"Wrote to me!" exclaimed Sir Edwin.

"Yes, of course. Why, good heavens! You don't mean to say that you haven't got the letter?"

(To be Continued.)

A Child's Tongue Shows if Liver or Bowels Are Active

If cross, feverish, sick, bilious, give fruit laxative at once.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue. Mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here, so don't be fooled. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A GOOD DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2269—Brilliantine, plaid or checked suiting, gabardine, poplin, voile or serge, are nice for this style. The waist is made with Norfolk plaits, and is lengthened by a gathered skirt, in moynage effect. The closing is effected with a shield, under the front. The sleeve, as one-piece model, is finished with a smart cuff.

This Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A NEAT HOUSE DRESS.



2281—Now that housework has been promoted to domestic science, women are taking more interest in the style and kind of garments for home work. The model here portrayed has reversible fronts, good lines, ample fullness, and may be made with the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Linen, khaki, drill, percale, lawn, dimity, cashmere and flannelote may be employed, but the wash fabrics are most satisfactory for service and laundering.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt portions measure about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Extensive Timber Limit, together with Freeholds, on the waterside of South and West Rivers, Hall's Bay; apply early to

JAMES R. KNIGHT

MARRIAGE'S LINIAXEN CURE FOR DYPHTHERIA.

APPLES---Rosy---APPLES! Received to-day a shipment of the favorite RED KING APPLES—Large and Small; also RED WAGNERS, BALDWIN'S. Good keeping stock. Get your supply NOW while the mild weather lasts. EDWIN MURRAY.

We are showing for Xmas Trade a nice assortment of Silverware & Carvers. Marmalade Dishes, Cream & Sugar Dishes, Cake Baskets, Sugar Spoons, Pepper and Salts, Napkin Rings, Epurnes, Jam Spoons, Pie Servers, Breakfast Cruets, Etc. Sugar Basins, Teapots, Coffee Pots, Pickle Forks, Salvers, Butter Dishes, Pickle Jars, Butter Knives, Fruit Knives, Biscuit Jars. On the above goods we are giving a Discount of 10 per cent. for Xmas week only. Briar Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar Holders, Cigarette Holders, Shaving Sets, Razors, Bill Cases, Needle Cases, Etc. BOWRING BROTHERS, Limited, Hardware Department.

Kerosene Stationary ENGINES. ALSO Agents for the American Saw Mill Machinery Co., Manufacturers of Saw Mill and Cooperage Machinery of all kinds. ALSO Complete Electric Lighting Plants, with Storage Battery. A. H. MURRAY, St. John's

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets. A Work-a-Day Corset as well as for Dress. Warner's Corsets are made to wear, not to rust, break or tear. You may pay all kinds of money for a Corset but you will never have a better fitting, a better wearing, or a more comfortable Corset than a Warner's. We can give you any Warner's style that is correct for fashion and your figure, and we confidently expect to fill every Corset requirement with a Warner's Rust-Proof, so remarkable are they in shape, comfort and wear. Price: \$1.50 per pair up. Marshall Bros

Thoughts Upon the Times

(By PATRIOT.)

What a "tempest in a teapot" worthy politicians have served us the past few days! In the mean while which are now served us every day. The principal part of the drama is not worth the ink of the newspapers have wasted. Briefly the story is as follows: Sir Edward Morris was re-elected Premier in 1913. In 1914 the present Great World broke out, and in common with the Premiers in the Colonies and Nations of the Empire, the responsibilities of the Premier increased dreadfully. Being an astute politician, Sir Edward Morris cleverly discharged his public duties by delegating to a body of private citizens, the Patriotic Committee—who were responsible to the Legislature in the same sense as he, the Premier, his election, over four years ago. Edward has spent a great deal of time in England, where he has interviewed with the newspaper reporters. Last May, however, he returned to Newfoundland, the House of Assembly met on 30th and although it was opened in the summer, practically nothing was done, owing to the act put up by Dr. Lloyd and Mr. Morris for a general election to take last fall. This agitation was about a coalition of parties, equal representation in the Government. All arrangements for the coalition seems to have been left by the Government in the hands of the Premier, who, it now appears, promised Messrs. Lloyd and Morris that he would resign the Premier at the end of the year, and not Dr. Lloyd as his successor. Apologies to Charles Wesley led to say:

"How easy now are Premiers made. By man's or woman's whim, Morris his hands on Lyb'd had, But who laid hands on him?"

Though absent from the Colonies past four months, and practically no part in the Government, has been able to have his name, Dr. Lloyd made Premier. To the faith which his party must have had in him as a Leader, it is they did not even enquire from upon what terms the coalition brought about. It would appear, however, that he broke faith with them, yet that he does not expect out his wishes, viz., to have Lloyd made Premier.

The position at present is this: Coaker and his followers, though weaker party numerically, find themselves in possession of the Government. In the battle of wits Mr. Coaker, Dr. Lloyd have won out, and the name of the so-called People's Party has no one to blame but themselves for the position in which they find themselves. Like faith in their leader, when experience should have taught otherwise.

Truly when one comes to think about it seriously, it is not considering. It is only one of the Premier's old, stale tricks, which would not be able to pull off experienced politicians. The resignation from the cabinet of Messrs. Squires and Gibbs is the thing left for them to do.

Meantime the Hun is marching on the Western Front, preparing to striking another blow at Allies. Our own war-worn and scarred boys are there doing duty like men whilst the local politicians are wasting time in senseless squabbles at home.

All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds, That have their roots in thought, Whate'er hinders or impedes, The action of the nobler world.

All these must first be trampled Beneath our feet, if we would In the bright fields of fair rest, The right of eminent domain.

Llewellyn Club. At the regular weekly meeting of the Llewellyn Club held last night at Wood Hall the comedy "The Arrival" was reproduced. The principal characters were represented by Messrs. F. M. Stirling, R. W. Reg. Bowden, R. Clarke, W. E. King, P. E. Rendell and G. C. O'Connell. Before commencing the comedy an orchestra rendered several songs following which a musical duet, given by Hon. A. W. and Mrs. Rendell, attracted the performance.

Concert at the Aula Maxima

A large audience, including Grace the Archbishop and representatives of the concert held in the Aula Maxima, St. Bon's College, last night in aid of the Presentation of the All the performers had to respond to the encores, though special mention should be made of Misses Ryan, Deane, Shea and Mrs. (Capt.) Martin, Misses Hutton, Sullivan and Bradshaw. The band of H. M. S. Briton was also present in no small degree for the success of the concert.