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BOWRING BROS. LIMITED, ST. JOHN'S

Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER XIX.

DESSIE'S VISITOR.

Dessie's surprise when she recogshe could not overcome it. When know what I mean.' She paused an looking at the newcomer, while a rush of confused thoughts perplexed and hewildered her.

What did the visit mean? Was the stance Davenport." woman really from Tom? Was there some fresh treachery underneath it? Was it some new trick of the Count's Dessie stopped as in confusion. Bu to catch her in a firther complica- her companion smiled. tion. One after another questions of this kind crossed her thoughts, as she John Davenport first ill-treated and about them. It is very little I found she had been lately in all directions.

She had quickly come to associate the unexpected with danger; and at first her suspicions predominated over all feelings except surprise and she let the feelings show in her looks. sat scanning the elder woman sharply and cautiously

confidence in any stranger.

the tone of her voice

them, but you need not harbour them pered: -I will tell you everything that brings me here to-day.

Dessie said nothing; but hungry impatience lighted her eyes, as she make me trust you." fixed them on her companion's face

good and very fashionable.

close to Dessie; so close that she Lespard. But he called himself to wanted to marry a girl named Dessie could take the girl's hand.

"Will you kiss me. Dessie?" she asked, looking right into her eves. "And try and trust me as much as Tom himself does?" Dessie kissed her readily, partly moved by the mention of that name, and partly yield-

A BROKEN-DOV'N SYSTEM. This s a on too for dis ase) to which do tors give many names, but which few of them really und retand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, as it were of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for they are almost number less), its symatoms are much the same; the more rounnent being sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weatness, depression of spirits and want of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. Now, whit do no is absolutely essential in all such rases is increased withfully—your—

VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY o throw off these moroid feelings, and experience roves that as night succeeds the day this may be note certainly secured by a course of the cele-

THERAPION No. 3

directions accompanying it, will the shatt THE EXPIRING LAMP OF LIFE LIGHTED UP AFRESH, segregatic and antocrous is agreeable to the taste suitable or all constitutions and conditions, in either sex; and it's difficult to imagine a case of disease or di

THERAPION is sold by Chemists throughout the world. Price in Edeland

ing to the interested regard she had

felt when they had met last. "Now, let me tell you something, Tom has sent me to win your confidence, and I'm going to begin by giving you mine-telling you what the same man." nised her visitor was so intense that has never passed my lips before. You instant and then resumed. "Tom's uncle is, as you know, Robert Davenport; and I'm the wife of John Davenport, his brother. I am Con-

> "You, Mrs. Davenport, his uncle John's wife? Why he told me-"

"You may finish. I am the wife recalled how egregiously deceived then left; and it was before he left out afterwards, of course, who the me, years ago, that you and I met that day at Birmingham." The composure with which she re

ferred to this surprised Dessie, who that?" Dessie nodded.

"I expect Tom Cheriton has told what; but her recent experiences truth. It is twelve years since I broken. I threatened to have him made her unwilling to place too much married John Davenport, and after turned out of the house if he ever the first twelve months he never had came near me again, and I would have "It is five years since we met?" she a word for me that was not half a done it. But it was the jewels he said suspiciously, breaking the long curse nor an action that he would silence, and implying a question in not have liked to be a blow. I bore told me the tale about them I did "I have not forgotten the day; I mad time that climaxed that day at he had ever given me the cigar case never shall forget it. If you have got Birmingham Station." In the pause, over your surprise and your suspici- Dessie took the elder woman's hand that he did so in order that if anyons of me-I do not blame you for and held it in hers. Then she whis-thing happened to him they should

That is enough for me-enough to how he came by the jewels. I sup-

"I am going to tell you all the tainly villain enough." "I have had a journey," said the same. We had been abroad, my huslatter, pleasantly, and speaking in a band and I, making one of those dis- said Dessie. composed, reassuring, friendly man- mal pilgrimages that people call "I wrote to you to put you on your ner. "May I take off my wraps?" she ! pleasure tours; and on our return guard should you ever meet him, and threw them aside her cape, and Des- | through London two things happened. | in case the story he told should be sie's quick eyes noted in an instant My husband forced on my acquaint- true. But I little thought there that everything she wore was very since a woman I knew to be his mis- would ever be need. Now I think you When she sat down again it was saw me with at Birmingham, Rolande heard from Tom one day that he

Midlands."

She paused again. "But what you cannot understand is now the man appeared to me in contrast from my brutal husband, who chose that time of all others to heap every indignity upon me in order, as I believe, to drive me from the house, He threw this man in my way, and -well, I forgot all in the living hope of happiness which the man held out to me. I was flying with him that day -we had left home only some three hours before you and I met-and the full scheme would have been carried out but for the arrest of the man and the warning which, by the mercy of

God, you gave me. Now you can see

what you saved me from, Dessie, and

why I did not dare to make myself

known to you, and why I have al-

ways thought of you as a dear sis-She stopped to kiss the girl. "I went back, and then I saw that the whole scheme had been planned by my husband and that villain, and my eyes were open to the infamy of both. My return completely disconcerted him; but I had not been away long enough for him to bring any charge against me, while the arrest of the man Le Caspien, or Lespard, Co., Toronto,

to be carried further. I had been pulled up on the very brink of destruction, and was saved to protect my child and to wonder how I could ever have been so mad and blind as to have been forced by my husband's brutality and cunning into forgetting her even for an instant. Two years later my husband left me and went abroad, having ruined himself in health and pocket by his excesses. He has never returned; but his brother, who has always taken my side, insists that a share of his wealth is mine and my child's by right."

"How you must have suffered," said Dessie, gently, as she pressed the hand she held.

"It is over, thank God," was the reply. "But now you know the secret of that meeting, which no one else on earth knows but you. Do you know I often have the picture of you in my thoughts, as you were that day. You were not so pale as you are today-not half so careworn and hone less looking, and the moment my eyes met yours I seemed to realize making. You looked so strong, selfreliant, quick thinking, that the mere silent contact with you stirred the good in me and scared the evil. But you came back with your quick, imat once. I seemed to see right and life-having you down to stay with your bidding, and I fled almost without a word to you-and yet you were who saved me, Dessie, and I have come now to save you in return. For you are shivering on the brink of an error which may have as terrible consequences for you as mine might have had for me, and, of all strange coincidences in the world, through the same evil man, for I have learnt enough from Tom to know that it is

Dessie trembled a little, and ther said slowly and sadly.

"Yes, it is the same man "The coincidence, of course, is all due to those jewels which the man says he put in my bag. I suppose they have given him his hold ove you. Were they there?"

"Yes. I found them, of said Dessie. "And I---" "Stay a moment before you tell me anything. Let me finish what I know man Le Caspien was, and follower his trial as Rolande Lespard for the

murder of an old man. Did you see "Well, some three years afterwards just when I wrote to you he came to you very much, but nothing that he me. What he thought to do I can can have told you can equal the not tell, but his power over me was wanted not me although it for the sake of my child until-the | not believe him. I did not remember to take care of; but I have no doubt be found on me instead of on him. I "You need not tell me any more if suppose he went in actual fear of the it fains you. You come from Tom. arrest, but I have even now no idea

pose he had stolen them. He is cer-"He is villain enough for anything."

tress, and we met the man whom you know everything, except that when I us Jules Caspien. You know the man Merrion, I puzzled my brains to think -his shrewdness, daring, cleverness whether it could be you. I could not -and you can understand how in five let drop a word about my knowing minutes he would detect the skeleton you; neither could I do what Tom in our lives, how he would ingratiate was always asking me to do-come himself with my husband, and-but up and see you. I think-" and she it is enough. He did all this and was stopped and taking Dessie's hands in asked to stay at our house in the here, held them ,and smiled to her, "I think I was a little afraid of youafraid of what might happen if you

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recognized me, as of course you would. And do you know that is partly what a fearful blunder I was about the only thing I ever refused Tom Cheriton in all my life. I never way of his-his wheedling way; and I have had to tell terrible stories and t first it was too late, and then when | invent all sorts of excuses and plans to get out of doing what would have pulsive warning, urging me to fly given me the sweetest pleasure in bonour opening before me again at me-if only I could have made sure what you would be to me."

> heart was warming with every reference to Tom.

"But I could help you in one way all the same. Robert-his uncle Robert, you know, who is one of the kindest and best-hearted men that ever lived-would take the crotchet into his head that you were a fortune-hunter, and wished to marry Tom, not because you loved him, but because you wanted a share in the noney which Tom will have one day; and he accordingly insisted that Tom must show himself able to earn at least £200 a year in his profession. But the whole thing was merely intended to test your love for him; and day after day I used to talk to him, filling him up with implied praises

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Duffy, Thos., retd.
Dalta, Delda, Janes, S Dalton, Bridget.

George's Street Kelly, Mrs. S. Pleasant Street ' Edgar, Joseph Bassie, Mrs. Eddy, Braithwaite, Miss Evelyn, care Gen'l Delivery Escott, Miss Maggie,

Barnes, Harvey Bannister, Miss P., Ball, Albert, refd. Frampton, John, Brady, Michael, Gen'l Delivery care Jas. House, French, Miss Fannie, Cabot Street Bennett, F. P., retd.

Beddlescombe, Mr., Mr., Allandale Rd. Fitzgerald, Mary, Carter's Hill Martin, Agosto, care G care G. P. O. Fitzgerald, Mr.,

Carter's Hill

Care Gen'l P. Office

Mayer, Albert,

Carter's Hill Brien, Michael Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fred., Central Street Breene, M. J., retd. Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island Fisher, Miss L., retd., Brown, Martin,

late Botwood Froud, Philip,
Mt. Scio Rd. Care Nathaniel Froud Maywood, Miss Jenny Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Rd. Foster, Miss N., card Butt, Miss Margaret, Carter's Hill Budden, Miss L., Gower St. Grant, Miss Alice, retd. Butler, George, Long Pond Road Greene, Miss Lizzie, card,

Brushett, Miss Teresa, New Gower Street Greene, Minnie, card, Bussey, Alfred, retd. Burns, Master Wm. Butt, N. H. Butler, Azariah, card, Lion's Square Hallett, Mrs. Thos.,

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Hanlon, P. J., card
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St. John's Heart, Miss L.,
Coughlan, Bernard,
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Care Henry Blair Hiscock Miss Jessie. Bernard, care Mrs. Geo care Henry Blair Hiscock, Miss Jessie, Caldwell, Miss Jennie Costello, Fannie,
Adelaide Street Hollett, Miss E. J., card, Collins, Mrs., Military Rd.

G. P. O., May 19th, 1911.

Arnebury, H. S.,

Avers, Simeon,

Bond Street Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill Cole, Reuben, card
Carbery, Mrs. Georfige, retd Hutchings, Mrs. Minnic,
Carbery, Mrs. Georfige, retd Hussey, N., card
Cooper, Miss Mary Grace
Hamilton Street
O'Neal, John, Cooper, Edward, Scott St. Cluney, Miss Aloysius. Isaacs, Alfred, Middle Street

Guddihy, Richard, St. John's J Jacobson, N., Bond St. Dawe, Gordon, Gower St. Janes, Thomas Delaney, Miss, card Jackman, Mrs. Dyke, Hannah J., Johnson, Miss M. Moore Street Pardy, Eli

Nagle's Hill late Witless Bay Johnson, Miss B., care Mrs. Puppy. Theatre Hill Pretty, Miss Lucy die, card, George's Street Peckham, Thomas, Water Street Winnie, card, Janes, S., slip

Pearce, Mrs. Robert Padgett, Mrs. John

Pilley, Master George

Power, Miss Katie.

Reardon, Robert, retd.

Stamp, Edward, retd.

Stewart, Mrs. Albert.

Smith, Miss Dolly,

Sullivan, Nicholas

Tobin, Miss Bride

Turner, Mrs. Jas

Turpin, Wm., card

Sheehan, H. J.

Snow, Wm. H.

Seviour, Mrs.

care Miss Katie Roach

Blackmarsh Road

R

Jackson, Archibald,

Piercey, Miss Grace Pleasant Street Pynn, G. W. Power, Miss Lilian, card. St. John's Place Kirby, Charles, Water St. King, Martha, retd.

Porter, M., Duckworth St. care G. P. O. Lane, William Lainwood, George Reid, Miss G. Larder, A. C. Bond Street Lewis, Patrick, retd. Lynch, Mrs. Thos., Field St. Rilles, John, 46

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Molloy, Mrs. Mary, retd.
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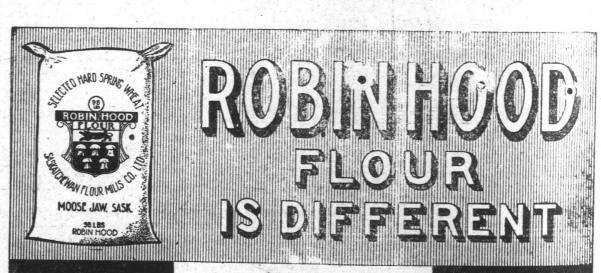
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