

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

9642.—A SIMPLE STYLE FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



Girl's One Piece Box Plaited Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve and in High or Round Dutch Neck.

Blue linen embroidered in white is here shown. The design would also be effective in brown gingham piped with white or green. The round neck and short sleeves are attractive for summer. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

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

9645.—A SPLENDID STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Girl's Dress with or without Added Yoke Portions.

White linene with a contrasting color on collar, cuffs and belt will develop this model effectively and inexpensively. It is also attractive in gingham, chambray, or linen, and will look equally well in voile, cashmere or serge. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 10 year size.

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

No.
Size
Name
Address in full:

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

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Now Landing, Ex S. S. "Wasis."

MULLALY & Co.

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER VII.
"EAST LYNNE."

"I have heard flirtation defined as 'attention without intention'; but I consider that but a very poor way of putting it. Why, a man might pay a great deal of attention to his grandmother, you know?"

"Yes, of course."

"So you don't flirt?" I say, wickedly. "I could hardly have believed it."

"Fact, all the same," he answers, in a low voice. "I was once in love—awfully in love; but the lady jilted me, and married someone else."

"Poor thing!" I say, softly, for I feel he is not speaking in jest, his tone is so bitter.

"But I got over it in time," he continues. "One couldn't bemoan one's self forever; and, when I found she had married some one else, that went

a long way toward curing me."

"Naturally," I say, sympathetically. "And who was she? Oh, I beg your pardon! I quite forgot. What a very rude question to ask! You must forgive me; it is a family failing—at least, Loys and I are alike in that unfortunate failing."

He laughs, but he does not tell me who the lady is; and yet I almost expect that he will do so. We talk about other things—the Yeomanry ball next week, and the old verger, who seems to find the service too long, for he comes out three times for a little promenade, looking exactly like an old black beetle crawling along the white marble floor. Then we watch the people stream out in the wake of the white-robed procession, and it is time for us to go. Sir Adrian walks home with us again, and comes in for a cup of tea of which he drinks only half; and when he cannot in decency stay any longer, he asks Loys if we are thinking of going to the theatre to-night.

"We had not thought of it," says Loys; "but, if there is anything good—"

"East Lynne"—always worth hearing. I'll send down my man for seats; but, as it's not a bespeak night, I suppose we needn't dress."

"Stay and have some dinner, and we'll risk the seats," puts in Teddy. "What's the use of going back to barracks for nothing?"

Sir Adrian wants no pressing; and he agrees to the plan so readily that I cannot help thinking this is what he has been fishing for.

Sir Adrian wants to walk to the theatre, but Loys tells him she really cannot do it; so we have a cab, and arrive soon after the piece has begun. On the stage a youngish lady, in a very extensive blue and white dress, is holding forth, and I perceive that she is Lady Isabel. I am disappointed, for she is not at all my idea of what Lady Isabel ought to be. Joyce is a much nicer-looking and better spoken girl, and not so terribly haggard.

"Oh, who's William Carlyle?" I whisper to Sir Adrian.

"Archibald," he says, referring to

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Irritable, Hysterical, Sleepless, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Health.

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Mrs. W. J. May, 88 Annette street, Toronto, writes: "Some years ago I suffered from nervous trouble, and took Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which completely cured me. About six months ago I received a shock which again shattered my nervous system to such an extent that I was irritable and hysterical, and could not sleep nights. I began to use the Nerve Food again and was not disappointed. Improvement was apparent from the first box, and now I am entirely well." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 9 for \$2.50, all dealers.



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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

READ THE LABEL

CONTAINS NO ALUMINA

"I was thinking about Sir Adrian," says Loys, meekly.

"Then let me recommend you, my dear," I say, lightly, "to think no more about that young gentleman."

"Why not?"

"Because you are building castles in the air which will fall ere long, and overwhelm you with disappointment."

"Why, I thought you liked him!" cries she, in dismay.

"So I do; but, because I think him amusing and nice, that is no reason why you should immediately place him in comparison with Lasselles, and imagine you are going to have him for a brother-in-law."

"What a tongue you have, Audrey!"—with a soft, complacent laugh. "If you should marry him, you will wear his life out in no time."

"Poor man!" I say, mockingly. "Why are you so anxious for it, then?"

"In my heart of hearts I feel that Loys is right, and that Sir Adrian's intentions are serious; and yet I tell myself it is absurd, because I have known him only a few days. Wherever we go during the week which follow we meet him. He is my constant shadow. But I little guess what misery such devotion is to bring me."

I have no objection, for I find an

inexpressible charm in listening to

his mellow voice and his smooth, graceful compliments.

"This is almost as jolly as the cathedral," he observes; "only one cannot stretch out one's legs in safety."

"Sir Adrian!" I say.

"Well, what's the matter? Oh, I see, you are shocked at my calling

him 'cathedral jolly.' And why not? 'm sure, I enjoyed it immensely, didn't you?"

It does not suit me to answer his

last question, so I tell him I wish he would attend to the performance. At

this he laughs aloud.

"Listen to that far-fetched trash," he exclaims, "and watch that haggard old woman, when, by turning

his head, I can look at you and hear you speak? No, no, Miss Luttrell; I'm not quite a fool!"

"I didn't know," I say, a little overwhelmed by his tirade; and he

laughs once more.

"What's the use of coming here to

laugh?" says Loys. "You'll be finding out in the next scene, that you are something in your eye. At least that's what Teddy invariably

says when there's anything affecting."

But none of us have to resort to

that humiliating subterfuge; and Sir

Adrian and I laugh on to the end.

"I suppose you'll be going to the

atheatre to-morrow?" says Sir

Adrian, when he takes his farewell; but

shake my head, and tell him that I

am not the very smallest idea what

Loys' plans may be.

"Perhaps you'll be driving?" he

suggests.

I shake my head again.

"I think not. One horse got a little

brushed; so I fancy we shall have

to walk."

"Mrs. Vincent," says he, turning to

Loys, who is a little on in front of

us, "to-morrow is the great day at

the Rink. Are you going?"

"Is the band going?"

"I think so."

"Then we may very likely go," is

her response.

"That's all right!" he says, heartily.

"I shall go down and look after

you." And then my hand rests for

an instant in his firm, strong grasp,

and he is gone.

"Audrey," says Loys, sapiently,

when we are alone in the drawing

room on the following afternoon,

"you are going to make the best

match of any of us."

"Whatever do you mean?" I ask,

laying down my lace-work and staring

at her with open-mouthed amazement.

"Well, of course," she goes on,

gravely, "Thee will take precedence

of you; but, when one compares the

men, you have the advantage completely."

"My dear Loys!" I exclaim, "you

must have suddenly taken leave of

your senses! Here, I am, sitting

calmly working, when all at once, a

propos of nothing, you break into a

wild-admiration for some man in

comparison with Lasselles."

first?" he says, the instant he comes

up to us.

"Did I?"

"You know you did"—with grave

reproach—"and the supper, and the

fourth, and, after supper, unlimited."

"I don't think I did."

"Perhaps not; but I am perfectly

certain," answers he, lightly. "I

believe the first, which, is a waltz,

begins in two minutes. May I offer

you my arm?"

So I take it, and we walk down

the room, I in spite of my brave at-

titude, feeling very small and insignif-

icant beside him in all the glory of

full dress.

"I have never seen you in uniform

before," I remark, for I know a lot of

people are watching us, and it does

look so stupid to stalk down the mid-

dle of a room as if neither of us have

a word to say.

"Haven't you, darling?" he says,

the last word coming out quite nat-

urally and unconsciously. "Hope

you like it. It's a handsome dress, is

it not?"

"Yes," I say, readily. "How do

you like mine?"

"I always like everything you

have," he answers, scanning me with

admiring eyes.

"And how am I to thank you for

the flowers?" I ask. "They are

simply lovely."

"If you think so, I am more than

rewarded."

Then the first sounds strike up,

and we glide away together, before

the floor is crowded.

I dance several times with him

again, and many other men are in-

troduced to me, one of whom, a young

"sub" of not more than six months'

service, makes me an offer, and

begs humbly for a flower. But I am

not minded to spoil Sir Adrian's

bouquet for all the subalterns in the

Cutrassiers, and I decline firmly but

gently.

(To be Continued.)

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