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Why Not Now?

Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER II.
THE COUNT DE MONTALT
(Continued.)

Her imagination was morbidly busy as she sat and watched him, sitting close to the woman he was deliberately deceiving; and on his face, held as it was in the shadow of the soft lamplight, Dèssie pictured a smile of cynical triumph, at the ease which he had found and won this last victim, and of contempt for that side of Dora's character which alone he could have seen.

The qualities which counterbalanced the little surface vanities of the widow would be sealed fountains to him. He could not appreciate her real love of truth for truth's sake; her ready devotion in nursing Dèssie through her illness; her instinctive impulses to use her money to stay any plea of want and misery. These things to such a man would be but so many proofs that a woman was weak and a fool. They might almost give him cause for a chuckle that they made her the reader dupe for him, and promised him an easier life with her in the future. And as the

girl thought this her cheek flushed with anger and indignation.

Then another fancy took possession of her. As she gazed intently at the man's hard, clear profile, and thought of his past as it was known to her, the room seemed to fade, the jingle of the piano died away, and the scene changed to the low-roofed kitchen parlour of a Pyrenean homestead. The hard, grim face was still the central figure, a look of keen murderous determination lighting the eyes, which were fixed on the face of a second figure in the square room—that of an old and feeble man asleep on a high-backed wooden settle, by the side of the broad hearth, where a log was alternately smouldering and burning into thin, licking tongues of flame.

The old man's slumber was accompanied by heavy guttural breathing and wheezing gasps, with an occasional snore, as the head got into an uncomfortable position. And at every sound, denoting that the man's sleep was getting deeper, the dark, heavy face of the watcher across the hearth seemed to grow more set and pitiless, as though some half-formed but wholly deadly purpose was ripening into instant resolve.

Presently the watcher rose stealthily from his chair, and moving slowly and silently across the floor, stood by the sleeper, and bending down, looked intently into the white, rugged, deeply-lined, old face. Then he touched a hand, lifted it, and let it fall. It was nerveless and limp, but the jerk made the sleeper stir uneasily, and draw a breath deeper and longer than usual.

The man by his side stood as still as death itself.

Then, after a pause, he put his own hand, with its finite care and deftness of touch, into the other's pocket, and took out a key. He looked at it in the leap of a fire flame, and turned and stole with silent steps from the room.

Soon he was back again, holding a paper which he had evidently fetched

from some locked place of which he had taken the key.

It was a will, and holding it near the fire he read it by the light of the leaping flames. What he read angered him, and his eyes seemed to grow red and bloodshot with passion, while the even, regular, comely features looked evil and venomous as he glanced from the paper to the sleeper.

Then he went again from the room, and after a time returned, this time carrying a bundle of small papers and a bag. The bag he unfastened. It contained gold coins. Among the papers was a large bundle of soiled bank notes. These and the bag he put on the table, and then after hurried search among the other papers he went away, for the third time, and returned with the key in his hand. His face now wore a devil's smile.

He made no attempt to put the key back, but crept with quite silent tread to the settle. Next he poured the contents of a small bottle into a teacup, putting the bottle back in his pocket. From a shelf by the side of the hearth he took a large medicine bottle, from which he poured some of the dark contents into the cup, and, clinking the bottle and cup together, as if clumsily, he put his hand on the old man's shoulder and shook him.

"Uncle, uncle, here's your medicine," he cried, holding the big bottle so that the flickering flame fell on it. The old man moved sleepily, mumbled some incoherent words, stretched out his arms stiffly, and

opening his eyes lazily swore at the other for having woke him. He was as evil-looking as his companion—a wizened, cunning animal face, all cruelty, greed and hardness. He looked hideous, half asleep, he held out his hand for the medicine. He took it, drank it off at a gulp, started, made a wry face, patted again, swore that it was nastier than ever, and settled himself down to renew his broken nap.

In another minute he was asleep again. The dark, glittering eyes had never left his face for a moment, and the young man, seemingly so passive, had been all vigilance, ready to pounce on his victim and finish the work by violence if he showed the least sign of resistance.

As the old man let his head fall again in sleep, his companion smiled and heaved a heavy sigh of relief. He first examined the cup to see that it was empty, smelt it, smiling more broadly than ever as he did so, and then, having washed it out with water, he smashed it and put the pieces into his pocket. He next took another cup of just the same pattern, poured into it a dose of the medicine, threw half of it into the fire, and drank the remainder, putting down the empty cup close by the old man's hand. Then he put the key back in the sleeper's pocket, but without care, knowing there was no fear of any awakening. That done, he bent over the old man, listened to his breathing, which was more stertorous than before, and then he craned up his head to see the time by the little clock that stood on the mantelshelf, shaded from the firelight.

"He'll be dead in an hour—by nine, say. I must get back at you, then." And with that he swept the money into his pocket, and went away, leaving the sleeper alone to breathe out his remaining life in the stertorous gasps which were growing more and more irregular every moment, while the leaping shadows that danced on wall and ceiling were shooting up in long, grotesque, fantastic, ghoulish shapes, and stretching out their hands, as if already claiming the doomed man for shadowland.

Stiltness brooded in the room, broken only by the choking, heavy breathing of the fast dying man. About an hour later, the sounds

of footsteps and voices and laughter were heard outside the homestead. (To be continued.)

Household Notes.

A good remedy for cold in the chest is vasoline and turpentine well rubbed into the chest and between the shoulders in the back.

To prevent potatoes from becoming discolored when boiled peel them and let them lie in cold water at least an hour before boiling.

When cutting cookies have a dish of flour at hand into which the cutter may be frequently dipped; then the dough will not stick.

If one has the opportunity to get red cedar chips do not fail to obtain a supply. They are excellent for keeping moths from clothing.

Sometimes dishes become badly stained from tea; a vigorous rubbing with salt will probably remove every vestige of discoloration.

If a garment is faded and one wishes to bleach it white boil it in water to which a goodly amount of cream of tartar is added.

Before putting skates away for the summer soak them in sour milk whey. Then give them a coat of kerosene and wrap them in tissue paper.

Try stuffing squabs with very tender celery cut fine and seasoned highly with pepper, salt and butter. The stuffing will be found delicious.

By sprinkling a goodly amount of salt over a carpet five or ten minutes before sweeping there will be little dust raised when the sweeping is done.

When boiling cabbage cut the cabbage into small pieces.

RETURNED TO WORK IN A WEEK
Mr. P. M. Shannon Cured of Cataract by one Single Treatment of "Father Morriscy's No. 26."

Dalhousie, N.B., Nov. 23, 1908. FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD. For three years I had suffered from Cataract in the head until March, 1908, when I had to leave my work, then in shingle mills, after trying a different doctor called cataract cures, and two doctors who claimed there was no cure. One single treatment of Father Morriscy's prescription cured me and I returned to work in a week after starting to take the treatment, and have never had so much as a cold in the head since.

P. M. SHANNON. We have plenty of letters like this proving positively that "Father Morriscy's No. 26" Combined Treatment has cured hundreds of cases of Cataract, generally after other treatments had failed. Why shouldn't it cure you? In justice to yourself give it a trial. Combined Treatment (Tablets and Salve) 50c. At your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

bage in quarters and slip each quarter into a separate cheesecloth bag. Then, when it is cooked it comes out intact.

To mend an umbrella take a small piece of black sticking plaster and soak it in water until quite soft. Place this carefully under the hole inside and let dry.

If there are stains from machine oil on a white garment, rub on the spots well with a cloth wet in ammonia before washing with soap, and they will disappear.

Few people seem to know, when preparing dried peaches, the skins can be easily peeled off if the peaches are allowed to stand in cold water for several hours.

If a loaf of bread has become stale hold it under the water for one second; then place in a brisk oven for a quarter of an hour. It will taste like new bread.

An excellent way of keeping a black leather hand-bag or travelling bag in condition is to rub it well occasionally with milk. Wipe with a chamois until perfectly dry.

To dry parsley, wash the parsley and shake it well. Then set in a warm oven, and when it becomes crisp let it cool. Put into tins or bottles and exclude the air from it.

If there is danger of color running in a garment, soak it well in solution of turpentine and water for 12 hours, half a pint of turpentine being used to three gallons of water.

When you are ironing any dark material do not put a linen cloth underneath, as the lint will come off on the stuff, and you will have great difficulty in brushing it off again.

Olympic's New Dock.

Completing the Largest Vessel in the World.

The White Star Liner Olympic, the largest vessel in the world, now approaching completion at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipyard at Belfast, will be dry-docked to-day in the new basin constructed at a cost of about £350,000 by the Belfast Harbour Commissioners and rushed forward at express speed in order to be ready to receive the leviathan.

The liner as she lies at her place at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard has during the last few weeks made giant strides towards completion. To the casual observer she seems practically ready for sea. Her funnels are in place, her boats aboard, and she has from the water line up received her final coat of paint, but there is a scene of great activity inside the hull. Over a thousand hands are still at work completing her fittings and furnishing.

The new dock in which the Olympic will be installed to-day is a remarkable achievement. It has been some seven years under construction and is the largest of its kind in the world. It has a total available length of 886 feet 6 inches (the Olympic is 840 feet long). The width of the dock at floor level is 100 feet clear and at the coping 128 feet. The entrance has a width of 96 feet. The depth from floor to high-water level is 37 feet 6 inches and to the copings 43 feet 6 inches.—Daily Mail, April 1.

IS MUCH IMPROVED.—The young man Ring who was one of the crew of the S. S. Newfoundland taken to Hospital Hill of smallpox, and who it is thought was very ill and in danger from the disease, is greatly improved and there is now hope for his speedy recovery.

Bovril

Comprises all that is good in beef and that only.

It has for many years been used as a beverage or pick-me-up by the traveller, the athlete, the business man and housewife; on the principle that it is wise to take it and keep well rather than to wait until you are ill. Supplies may be had from

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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.

8915.—A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.



There is always a certain charm about a dainty white house apron. This one is easily made and is very becoming and serviceable as well. The Princess front adds greatly to the dressy character of the garment and the frills that form the trimming give the wide shoulder effect so essential to the present styles. It would also be suitable as a maid's apron. Crossbar muslin, linen, gingham and percale are all suitable to the design. The pattern is cut in 2 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. The Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYR & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

8918.—A SIMPLE BUT BECOMING MODEL.



Girl's Dress With Yoke.
Blue gingham, with blue and white striped gingham for trimming, is shown in this model. The fronts are crossed below the yoke, which may be of contrasting material. Deep Gibson tucks give breadth over the shoulders. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the 8 year size.

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

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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Size

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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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