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New York

**IN THE TOILS;
But Happiness
Comes at Last.**

CHAPTER XXII.
THE DREADED VISIT.

"Yes, I will go to-morrow," she said, then, with a little flickering blush, and that drawing together of the dark, expressive eyebrows. "I am afraid the earl will be very angry with me. Do you think he will—will scold me much, Charlie?"

"I think," he replied warmly; "never mind what I think. You go to sleep again—you look tired. I'm glad this excitement is over for a while. But it's your own fault," he said laughingly, looking back at her admiringly as he went out. "If you will be the most beautiful and charming woman in London, you must pay the penalty."

Charlie telegraphed there and then, and on the following day the old earl sat in his room alone—he would not have even his constant shadow, the doctor, to witness the meeting between his daughter-in-law and himself—awaiting their arrival.

The household had been informed of her visit, and a suite of rooms had been prepared for Lord Heatherdene and his wife. They were the best in the house; for, having consented to receive her, the old earl would do nothing by halves.

The carriage, a huge affair, with the Livermore armorials on the panels, and a full complement of footmen attending it, had been sent to the station.

The old man, his high-bred face set calmly and composedly, sat looking at the chronometer on the table beside him, a conflicting storm of emotions raging within his bosom.

He knew what he expected to see—a tall, "fino" woman, gayly, not to say gaudily dressed, a woman with stage manners and a staccato voice. The sort of woman the earl had always detested; but she was his son's wife, and he had consented to receive her; and his valet had been told to invest him in his suit of ceremony in place of the long, easy, dressing gown, which he wore during the early part of the day.

He sat with his thin hands, upon the knuckles of which the gout had set its mark, crossed over his ivory-headed stick, and his brows bent. Presently there rose that stir which an expectant arrival always produces, and a footman announced that Lord and Lady Heatherdene had arrived.

The old earl nodded, and a few min-

utes afterward Lord Heatherdene entered the room with his bride upon his arm.

The earl grasped his son's hand, then struggled to his feet and made the old courtly bow—alas! that old graceful salutation has gone with a great many other good things! Then, without a word, he held out his hand.

He was too surprised, too astonished to speak.

Before him stood a tall girl, graceful in every line of her slim figure, with a face not only innocent of rouge but delicately pale. Not only beautiful, but aristocratic and noble in every feature. Instead of the gay, not to say gaudy, colors which he had dreaded, was a rich but simple traveling dress of a modest, quiet, neutral tint, the whole in its exquisite modesty setting off the patrician figure and face to perfection. The silken hair was plaited in tight, classic coils; the dark intellectual eyes met his searching and yet half-ashamed stare, with gentle deprecation, almost reproach.

Olive put her hand in his, and he held it, held it looking up at her with a curious look.

CHAPTER XXIII.
ON THE HEIGHTS.

"YOU are a little late, are you not?" said the earl.

And he waited eagerly to hear her voice.

"I think we are," said Olive softly.

And the old man silently breathed a sigh of relief.

"Better late than never," he said; and then—oh, wonderful to relate!—he said, with a smile, the old, courtly smile, "Welcome to your future home;" and, after a pause, he added as if in full explanation, "I am an old man, my dear, and—I did not know!"

At the deep paths of his apology, Olive's heart melted, her eyes grew moist, and she bent with a graceful, natural gesture and kissed his hand.

The old earl bit his lip, and waved his hand hurriedly.

"Go—and rest," he said, almost inaudibly.

Charlie drew Olive's arm within his own, and turned away.

When they had reached the door, the earl called after them, in his low, distinct voice:

"Don't be long."

Outside the door Charlie looked at her, with his face working.

"Are you satisfied?" he said.

Olive did not answer, and in silence they went to their room.

Olive's conquest was complete. Before a week had elapsed, the earl had entirely lost his heart.

He was never happy unless he had her near him, and it was noticed by

the servants and those about him that when she was in the room his eyes followed her every movement.

The morning after their arrival the whole household was plainly and emphatically given to understand that my lady was to be absolute mistress, and that her will was to be absolute law.

It was curious and amusing to remark the anxiety with which the old man tried to make up and atone, for his past conduct toward his son's wife.

He had determined, before he had seen her, to come to an explanation with his self-willed son and to elicit all the information he could respecting "the woman's" antecedents, but after that one searching glance, he had not asked, nor looked, a single question.

Olive's conquest was complete.

The whole resources of the castle were requisitioned to do her honor and give her pleasure.

"Don't you think, my dear," said the earl one morning—the third only of her visit!—as she sat by his side in his study, "that the furniture and appointments of the old place are rather shabby—hem, eh?"

Olive looked up from her work—she generally had some dainty piece of embroidery or rather fancy work at hand, and the old man loved to watch her white fingers at their task. Olive looked up with a smile.

"Dinky," she said. "No, indeed, my lord, I think they are delightful.

"Oh, you do," he said. "Hem, you are quite sure? I was thinking of having the whole place redecorated and furnished—it seems a dull, heavy kind of nest for such a dainty little bird," and he looked at her from under his brows with a fond smile.

Olive laughed.

"It all seems so shaming to me," she said simply. "I don't like gay colors, and would not exchange, for instance, this quaint old cabinet for the most finished specimen of French marqueterie."

The old man nodded approvingly.

"Very well, then, we'll let the old place alone," he said. "But if there is anything—no matter what, much or little—that you would like altered, say so, and it shall be done."

"I want nothing altered," said Olive, putting her hand in his hurriedly—she was still a little afraid of him.

"I am happy—perfectly happy."

He nodded and smiled.

"I believe you are," he said—"I believe you are. You are a good girl, and have always been, child, I can see; you deserve to be happy. I don't wonder at Heatherdene's infatuation. I always said the boy would find his heart at last, and go mad about a woman when he did find it. We Livermores are all alike. Where has he gone this morning?"

"I don't know," said Olive.

"Oh, I remember," said the earl. "He has gone over to the Pelroints."

"To the Pelroints?" said Olive, questioningly.

"Yes, about that horse—the horse you admired."

Olive laughed, a little puzzled laugh.

"Why has he gone over about that?"

"Why to buy it," said the old earl, "as a matter of course. Did not you say you admired it? I am sure you said so."

"I admired it," admitted Olive.

"Well, then," said the old man, "he is gone to get it. I sent him over this morning to tell Lord Pelpoint I would be obliged if he would sell it to me, as you had fancied it."

"Oh, my lord!" remonstrated Olive. "What is the matter, child?" he asked, with genuine astonishment.

"Do you suppose that I would let you want a thing and not try to get it for you? You shall have the horse, my dear; you shall have the moon if you want it, and I can get it."

The old despot spoke quite seriously. Anything short of the moon he would have got for her, if power and money could purchase it.

Charlie came back with the horse, and no one knew—or knows—how much he had paid for it, and certainly neither he nor the earl cared.

The county families, as soon as they were aware of Lady Heatherdene's presence at the castle, made due haste to pay their visits, and the earl decided to give a great dinner.

"I have been neglecting my duties," he said, wagging his white head; "the castle has been like that one in the fairy tale; all asleep and midwiving with disuse. You have come to wake us up, my child. Let us have a gathering of the clans."

"Won't it be too much for you, my

lord?" said Charlie, looking up from his paper.

"No," said the old man decisively. "I am not worn out yet, and I can stand Pryne and all his nostrums for another dozen of years. We'll have a gathering, eh?"

And he looked at Olive, who sat at the bottom of the table. They were at luncheon.

"If you are sure that the excitement and bustle will not be too much for you."

"I shall enjoy it," he said.

Then he looked down for a few moments.

"The people may as well have a change at the same time, Charlie. There hasn't been a tenants' ball since—oh, gad! I can't remember when. Tell Foster—that was the steward—that I want to do the thing thoroughly."

Olive knew that he wanted to celebrate his son's marriage, and her heart swelled within her.

"All right, sir," said Charlie, in his free-and-easy way; "you want a regular fare-up. I'll see Foster about it."

"Yes, yes," said the earl; "and see Mrs. Hawkes, the housekeeper, will you, Addy? We'll have some people down from town. Gad! I expect they have forgotten old Charlie Livermore, but, by the lud, I'll show them that I'm not dead yet!" And he chuckled.

"See to it, Charlie, and don't let that idiot, Foster, set about it in his usual nigardly fashion. I want it done well—you understand?"

"I understand, sir," said Charlie, laughing, but with a heightened color or nevertheless, for he read the old man's thoughts. "Oxen roasted whole, and all that sort of thing. I know."

The earl nodded, and presently Charlie got up and sauntered out—possibly to smoke a cigar, tobacco being an article tabooed at the castle.

The earl was not satisfied with giving these instructions to Charlie, but had an interview with the steward himself, and told him, in his usual plain and imperious manner, what he wanted.

"And hark you, Foster, I want no cheese-paring, no milk-and-buns affair. Spend what you like—or rather what you don't like," he added grimly. "If you haven't got what is necessary, get it. And, mind! if Lady Heatherdene wants any particular thing got or done, see that it is got and done to her orders. You understand?"

Similar instructions were given to Mrs. Hawk. Forty rooms were to be ready within the castle "with all speed"; a batch of extra servants were to be engaged; no expense or trouble was to be spared.

So also with the head groom.

A really superb equipage had been procured for Olive, and a pair of grays second to none in the kingdom; but additional carriages and horses were to be got for this occasion and the stable thoroughly overhauled.

(To be Continued.)

Eczema Cured Five Years Ago.

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Mrs. Stephen G. Thwaites, Box 205, Jordan, Ont., writes: "My brother had a bad case of eczema on his legs. He was troubled nearly all one fall and winter with it, and could not work for days at a time. He tried different salves and ointments, but none cured him. One day he tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it gave almost instant relief. He continued its use, but had not quite finished the second box when he was cured. It is now about five years since then, and it has never returned. We certainly can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment, and are very grateful for my brother's cure."

(Rev. S. F. Coffman, Vineland, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Thwaites and the party to whom she refers, and her statements are correct.")

Dr. J. E. Jones, 228 University Avenue, Kingston, Ont., writes: "I had eczema in my hand for about five years. I tried a great many remedies, but found that while some of them checked it, none cured it permanently. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in six weeks my hand was completely better. I would not do without a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house if it cost \$2 a box. I am giving my name to this firm so that it will get to those who suffer as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint you. Insist on getting what you ask for.

Some fat is always needed by hard-working people.

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.

A SIMPLE, POPULAR MODEL.



2225—The simple gown is the gown of the season. In this model, the lines are pleasing and the development is easy. The pockets may be omitted. The sleeve is smart in either wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 7/8 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2 3/4 yards at the lower edge, with platts drawn out.

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

A STYLE VERY BECOMING TO GROWING GIRL.



2367—Black satin with braid trimming, navy blue charmeuse with facings of white satin, brown serge with plumes of burnt orange, or green gabardine with trimming of tan fallow, would be nice for this model. The dress is loose fitting, so that it slips easily over the head. The front is closed at the left side.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 12, 14, 16 and 18 years. Size 14 will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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

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We have now to offer a special selection of Dress Goods lately to hand. As these goods were booked some time ago,

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We have a limited amount of **COLOURED ALPACAS and CASHMEREES at Old Prices.**

We can still offer a limited amount of our last year's stock of **OUR CELEBRATED SILK CORDUROY VELVETEENS at \$1.70 yard.** We have cheaper ones which are good, but this one will make you look like a Princess.

We have a couple of pieces of **WHITE CORDUROY VELVETEENS, which are fine for Summer or Spring Costume Skirts, as they wash well, and nothing wears better than Corduroys.**

We have at the moment a few pieces left of our last year's stock of **AWNING STRIPED DRILLS, only 40c. yd.** We don't know that we can get any this season, and if so, they will be high.

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Scott & Bowne, T.

The 'Florizel'

(Wednesday's Proceedings.)

CAPT. JAMES' CAREER.

Chief Officer William James, sworn and on being examined by Mr. Dunfield, said: I was first officer on the Florizel on her last voyage. I am a master mariner. My certificate is No. 376. I have been in her on different occasions since 1911. I went to sea when 17 years old. In Dec. 1900 I came out to Newfoundland. I am a native of Greenwick, Scotland. I am 35 years of age. I was sent out by Baine, Johnston & Co., and I then served my apprenticeship on the Lavinia, which lasted 5 years and 3 months. I passed as ordinary mate and got my certificate in 1906. I then went to sea in the s.s. Stord, owned by Revillon Bros, which voyage lasted a little over a month. I went to Hudson Bay and was chief officer. I next sailed as mate in the Clementine, owned by A. Goodridge & Sons; from her I went to the Corbella as chief officer. I next joined the Adventure as chief officer in 1909. I remained on her for one and a half years. I was at the ice in her. She is an ice-breaker. She had a cut-away bow and was specially strengthened. I had a lot of experience in stob ice in her. I was sometime in Goodridge's Bella Rose, and the Attila owned by Baine Johnston. I went across in the s.s. Aurora to London when she was sold. I went as chief officer. I joined the Red Cross Line and came out in the s.s. Stephano when she was new. I had experience in her in ice coming from Halifax and New York. I was appointed as third officer in 1911 to the Florizel. I was next transferred to the Rosalind. I was in her nine months, till navigation closed on the St. Lawrence. I was again transferred to the Stephano as 3rd officer but after one trip she was again transferred to the Rosalind and remained on her till she was sold in 1912. I was again sent back to the Florizel as third officer and remained on her till 1914. I was then transferred as second on the Stephano and was on her till she was torpedoed in October, 1916. I was on the Stephano for two winters. I was put in charge of the Neptune in Dec. 1916 for one voyage. In February, 1917 I was in charge of the s.s. Ranger. I was in charge of her till I was transferred to the Florizel on her last trip. The Neptune and Ranger were wooden ice-breaking ships. I had experience in the ice with the Neptune.

HIS LAST VOYAGE.

I was on watch at 4 o'clock till 8 p.m. on Feb. 23rd. I was off watch from 8 till 4 o'clock in the morning. I was on watch when she left the harbor. The Captain and 3rd Officer came on the bridge. It was mild weather, soft and very light S.W. wind blowing. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon (Feb. 23rd), the glass stood at 29.50. I didn't notice any storm signals. We left the wharf at 7.30

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