

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE UNKNOWN BARRIER.

"Always, I think," she says quietly. "I have every reason to love it, and to be grateful to the art that has done so much for me. Should not one love the only thing one has to live for?"

The question slipped from her almost unconsciously, and she, looking down into the valley, did not see the effect it had upon the man by her side.

He looked pained and wounded. "I should not have thought that you—you, of all women—would have been so fond of excitement and applause."

She looked at him, with a quick flush.

"It is not that," she said eagerly; "you do not understand—ah, how should you? You who have so much to live for, a happy past to look back upon, a bright future stretching before you! You have so much, Lord Heatherdene, while I have only one thing beside my love for Katrine—my art."

"Katrine—is the only one being in the world you love?" he says eagerly. Olive moved her lips.

"Let us go down," she says. "Jack will be waiting."

"Stop!" he says, putting his hand on her arm pleadingly. "Not yet, Addy. Are you sure that there is nothing in the world—in the future before you—than devotion to your art? Addy, there is something better than that, if you will have it—there is love!"

He sees her start beneath his hand and turn a white face to him—a face in which there is mingling of dread, weakness, and supplication. She tries to speak, but, though her lips move, not a word comes.

"Yes—love!" he says, his voice quick and impetuous, his frank eyes bright and eager with emotion. "Listen, Addy—listen to me! Do not look so frightened. Is it so wonderful, so terrible, that I should love you? Who that had seen you as much as I have would not have learned to love you? I love you with all my heart and soul, Addy! Tell me that you will try and



love me a little in return—that you will be my wife!"

With a cry, she breaks from him, and covers her face with her hands. Distressed, tortured by her emotion, Charlie stands speechless.

"Tell me, Addy, you don't dislike, hate me too much to be my wife!"

"Your wife!" she says at last, turning her white face toward him. "No, no—that can never be; you do not know what you ask!"

He turns pale, and bites at his lip. "Then, you do not love me, Addy?"

At the wistful sadness in his deep voice, her lip quivers and her eyes fill with tears. She turns her head away, as if to hide them from him, but he sees them, and eagerly seizes her hand.

"Addy, what does it mean? Am I to think that you might learn to love me, but that you will not?"

"I cannot—I dare not!" she says; "it is impossible. Oh, do not ask me—do not speak to me! Let me go!"

He draws himself up to his full height, and, with his hand still grasping hers tightly, so tightly that she feels as if it were held in a vise, he looks down at her.

"Is—it impossible?" he asks, and his voice is thick and husky. "Are you sure—quite sure?"

She pants.

"Quite sure," she says, looking at him with wild, despairing eyes; "it is impossible, and can never be. Lord Heatherdene, we—we must part!"

Her lips quiver, but she compels them into a smile, a smile that is sadder than a storm of tears. "Will you forgive me! I—I—do not know, I did

not think that you—you—would ever bestow a thought on me!" Oh, the humility, the self-scorn in that last word! "Forgive me!" she pleads, struggling for calm and putting out one hand to him, "forgive me, and forget me!"

He struggles for composure, and seems hardly able to speak. "To forgive is as easy as to love you, Addy!" he says hoarsely; "but to forget! That is another thing. I do not know what secret barrier stands between us—"

A gleam of mournful, despairing satisfaction rests for a moment on her face.

"I will not ask—" He pauses, but she does not speak. "One thing more. Can it not be removed?"

"No," she says, in a low voice, "nothing can break down the barrier between Lord Heatherdene and Adrienne Haldine. Between us stretches a gulf which nothing can bridge. Good-by!" she says faintly, holding out her hand. "Do not come back—good-by!"

He takes her hand for a moment, then drops it, and turns away, his face white and haggard as an old man's.

CHAPTER XVII. A PAINFUL CONFESSION.

LORD CHARLES turned away his head that she might not see his face. It seemed to him that all the joy and happiness of his life had gone forever, smitten unto death by those few resolute, despairing words of hers.

As he heard the rustle of her dress among the undergrowth he turned and looked after her, and, as he did so, his heart rose in revolt against the sentence of banishment which he had pronounced.

Why should he let her go? Why should he not take the sudden pallor of her sweet face, the all-confessing misery in her dark, burning eyes, in lieu of the few broken words with which she had refused him?

If she did not love him, what was the meaning of the look of troubled anguish which wrung the soft, girlish lips, and brought down the dark lashes upon her cheek? Yes, she loved him! He knew it! His heart could not be deceived. Why should he let her go?

He looked after her hungrily. Even as she went, the exquisite grace of her lithe figure, swaying quietly down the slope, the suggestive drop of the dear little head, with its wealth of stiklen hair bound closely round it, and shining among the green buds, seemed to call to him.

With half a dozen strides, he had caught her up and laid his hand upon her arm.

She had heard his swift footsteps behind her, and turned to face him, her body swaying slightly back, her hand outstretched, as if to keep him off—and yet—and yet! with such a storm of conflicting, miserable pleasure and pain upon her face.

He took her hand and held it, looking down at her, with a face as pale as her own, his eyes brilliant with passion, his mouth set sternly under the thick, tawny mustache; all the face, in its set, steadfast purpose, so unlike the careless, good-natured of him whom men called Charlie Heatherdene.

For a moment they were silent, then, with a gesture, he drew nearer to her, and, looking down at her, said: "I cannot let you go, Adrienne! I cannot let you go—"

She shook her head, but did not attempt to withdraw her hand, any such attempt would have been useless. Her eyes met his burning ones with a steadfast, miserable pity, that covered both herself and him.

"You must!" she said at last, very quietly, very sadly.

He threw up his head, with a certain fiery hauteur which she—who knew every look, every manner of him—had never seen before.

"Must!" he said, as quietly, but with an echo of passionate obstinacy behind the word. "That remains to be seen. Let us see!"

As he spoke, he pressed her arm gently, and she sank on the trunk of a felled oak, and, with hands clasped in front of her, looked straight before her into the valley, trembling visibly, but waiting for him in silence, as if summoning all her strength.

The attitude was one peculiar to her; he had often seen her so seated; the exquisite face, slight with sensitiveness and intelligence, bent forward, the little white hands knitted closely, the figure delicate in its

Had Piles for Ten Years

And Tried Nearly Everything Except a Surgical Operation Without Obtaining Relief—Tells How Complete Cure Was Effected.

There are reported here three cures of chronic cases of piles. In all three cases many treatments were tried before it was discovered that Dr. Chase's Ointment is about the only real cure for this distressing ailment.

Mrs. A. Gates, 22 Gillinson street, Brantford, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment as a household remedy for ever so long, and am particularly indebted to it for a cure from Piles. I had suffered from this annoying trouble for ten years, and tried nearly everything I heard of. After using Dr. Chase's Ointment a short while I was completely cured."

Mrs. Wm. Shantz, 155 Albert street, Kitchener, Ont., writes: "For several years I was troubled with bleeding piles. I tried different remedies for relief without success. I read in Dr. Chase's Almanac of the benefits other people were receiving from Dr. Chase's Ointment, so I sent to your office for a sample box. I found it gave me such relief that I went to a drug store and purchased a full-sized box. I have used several boxes since, and have derived more benefit from its use than any remedy I have ever used."

Mrs. F. Cussons, Victoria street, Ingersoll, Ont., writes: "About two years and a half ago I was suffering from Piles. I had tried many different remedies for this distressing trouble, but nothing helped me. Finally I got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and after using it found that I was completely cured and have not been bothered in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to anyone suffering as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. There are no rivals to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a treatment for Piles.

curves as a Grecian marble thrown into statuesque relief.

He thought, as he looked down at her, that if indeed it must be farewell, that forever, while he lived, that face and form, that attitude would haunt him.

"I cannot let you go forever, with the few words that have been spoken. Do you know that you were taking all the peace and happiness of my life with you?"

His voice, low and deep, rings mournfully; she does not speak, but a gleam of ineffable tenderness and passion beams in the dark eyes, and the heavy brows shorten over them.

"Do you know what I lose when I give you up for a few words? Adrienne, I am no lovesick schoolboy, ignorant of the world and his own mind. I have not learned to love you in a few hours; I cannot forget you in a day! I know now what you have been to me since I first saw you. I know now what drew me to your side all these past months, why I was restless and dissatisfied unless I was near you; unless I was sitting at your feet in the quiet room in the square or watching your every movement in the theater. Adrienne, I loved you the first night I saw you. I loved you as you lay in my arms—so willingly because so unconsciously! Good heavens!" he breaks off hoarsely; "has there been any moment of my waking life since that hour but has been filled with you? And now—now you tell me that we must part never to meet again! I am to throw away the most precious part of my life without a word. Adrienne, men do not give up so much so easily. Think of my love—be just! be merciful! Think of my future, utterly wrecked if I have not you!"

She looks up at him with a constrained glance.

"I think of your future, which will be utterly wrecked if you have me."

"No!" he says, passionately.

"Yes!" she responds, so quietly, so sadly, that the word is more pitiful than a burst of tears. "Yes, when you are so forgetful of that which all the world cannot be got to forget—or forgive—it is for me to remember. You asked me if—I loved you," she says, looking up at him, with a sudden flush that is gone in a moment, but renders her beauty for that moment maddening to him. "I do love you; I love you too well to harm you, Lord Heatherdene."

His face glows hotly at her confession, but at the title he grinds his teeth.

"Curse Lord Heatherdene!" he groans. "Can you not forget the miserable accident that made me Lord Heatherdene, or Lord anything else? Do you punish me because I am my father's son, whether I would or no? Adrienne, this—this meanness is not worthy of you."

She shakes her head.

"Listen!" he says fervently, his hands clasped on his knees as his feet rests on the tree, his breath stirring the hair that has blown loose from her thick coils. "You turn my love away from you because I happen to be the son of a marquis—an earl."

(To be Continued.)

MEN'S WINTER UNDERWEAR UNDER-PRICED!



JUST IN TIME FOR THE COLD SPURT.
Two particularly good lines of
Men's Winter-Weight Underwear.

Our stock of these is a bit heavier than we like it to be, and to hasten its reduction we make two very special price cuts. The garments are just what you would expect to find at this Store—shapely, easy-fitting and warm.

Drop in! We are more than eager that you should see these. Two special prices await you—

\$3.00 per suit and **\$5.75.**



NEW Furniture.

We have just received another shipment of New Furniture, Bought at Last Year's Prices, which we will offer at Old Prices to clear,

as prices will positively be much higher. Those intending to buy Furniture within the next three months, will do well to see same. It consists of—

Sideboards, Extension Tables, Bureaus & Stands, Chairs, Rockers

in various sizes and prices. Also, a small shipment of

BEDS,

we offer with our Springs and Mattresses, at special prices.

The C. L. MARCH CO., Ltd.,
Corner Water and Springdale Streets.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY, (Published Annually)

ENABLES traders throughout the English World to communicate direct with MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs the Directory contains lists of EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply; STEAMSHIP LINES arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings; PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the leading provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom. A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Orders for 25s. Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for £1, or larger advertisements from £5.

The London Directory, Company, Ltd.,
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

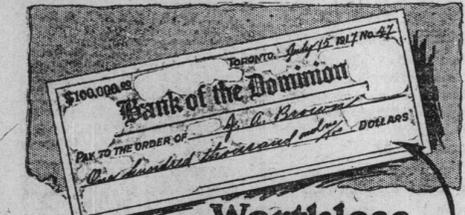
Just Received by the last English Steamer:

- Whitaker's Almanac, cloth \$1.25, paper . . . 65c.
- Daily Mail's Year Book, 1918 27c.
- Brown's Nautical Almanac, 1918 90c.
- The Nautical Almanac, 1918-19 90c. each
- Abridged Nautical Almanac, 1918 65c.
- Ainsley's Nautical Almanac, 1918 70c.

We are also taking orders for the Newfoundland Year Book which is to be published shortly.

S. E. GARLAND,
Leading Bookseller, 177-9 Water Street.

Advertise in the Telegram



Worthless Without the Name.

WRIGLEY'S

on the package is the mark of quality.

It brands WRIGLEY'S as the clean, wholesome, beneficial product of the largest chewing gum factories in the Dominion.

The delicious, refreshing, comforting confection that costs so little but lasts so long.

It helps teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.



MADE IN CANADA
Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

Mr. Grace Notes.

Mr. Dexter Stroud, a prominent man of Alexander Bay, was here yesterday on a short business

Mr. A. Tetman, late of Cochrane has accepted charge of the building Co's Staff House, a most modern building just completed.

The storm on Monday was the worst of the season. During the forenoon a few of our citizens were about the city. No train left Carbonar on the morning, and we were fearing some days would elapse without communication from St. John's, when at 11 p.m. the whistle of the locomotive told us that the snow banks had been conquered by the plows and the road again opened up. The Comm. are to be congratulated on their promptness in clearing the road.

The harbor is now frozen over and in a couple of days we will have an ice bridge across.

Mr. Mark Beckham passed away on Monday morning after a rather long illness of heart trouble. He had been working as a cutter in the factory & Monroe Factory, St. John's, and owing to his illness was forced to return about eight weeks ago. He was a widow and one child to whom his loss. The deceased was 65 years of age.

—COR.
St. John's, March 6, 1918.

10 Cent Cascarets Best Laxative for Liver and Bowels

stay constipated, headachy, bilious, with breath bad or stomach sour.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from a cold, constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggishness—you always get relief with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, bad cold, offensive breath, and other distress; cleanse your insides of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. Druggists sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a gentle cleansing, too.

Gerry St. John.

Amongst those believed to have died on the ill-fated Florizel, was Gerry St. John, of St. Mary's College. His home was in St. John's, Nfld.

Gerry was to have returned to the college last month, but, for some reason or other, postponed his trip. The college authorities have received no word from Gerry, and all hopes for his safety have been given up.

The students at St. Mary's had had this morning at roll call, as Gerry St. John was one of the most popular students at the college. As Gerry St. John had very few relatives in local school circles, and he was considered by many hockey experts as the best schoolboy goalie to be seen in local circles, and his team were waiting anxiously for his return to the school to take his place.

A few nights after the expedition I met Gerry on his way to the home, which he was going to take to his home, and he informed me that he would see me when he returned to

and the Worst is

