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The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XX.

"Come at once," she says. "Stop! These people will want their commission," and she goes to the desk, and says, quietly:

"You needn't trouble any more. I'm suited. There's the fee," and she puts a coin on the table. "Good-morning! Now, my dear," and she puts her hand on Dulcie's arm, "come outside with me and tell me all about it. Stop! Let me tell you who I am. My name is Brookley—Lady Brookley. I daresay you have heard the name before?"

A vague kind of recollection comes to Dulcie of having heard the name somewhere, but she cannot fix it definitely.

"Well, it doesn't matter," goes on her ladyship in the quick, sharp tone natural to her. "Goodness knows the society loafers have made me pretty notorious. I am the china maniac my dear."

"The what?—I beg your pardon!" says Dulcie, puzzled for a moment. "Oh, stay! you collect old china?"

"That is it; it is very foolish, ain't it? Don't ask me why I do it, because I don't know; I am not particularly fond of china—I don't think I care a pin about it; for instance, I don't go into fits like Lady Sundry when anything is broken. One must do something, you know, my dear, and one may well collect china as—indulge in gossip and scandal."

"Far better, I should think," says Dulcie.

"That's right," says her ladyship, cheerfully, as if it settled the question. "But we'd better not stand here. Will you come home with me? It's Lord Edward's lunch time, and he likes me to give him his lunch—though why, I don't know, and I don't suppose he does. Will you come?"

Dulcie hesitates a moment, then she inclines her head and follows her ladyship into the carriage.

"Take care!" exclaims her ladyship; "there are three Chinese vases and a Japanese candlestick on the seat. Push them off, my dear; they won't break!" And as Dulcie hesitates to follow this advice, her lady-

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

ship herself sweeps the costly bric-a-brac on to the floor with her own hand, and Dulcie takes her seat, feeling half dazed by the sudden turn of the wheel of fortune, feeling, indeed, very much as Cinderella felt when she stepped into the coach of her fairy godmother.

CHAPTER XXI.

The carriage stops at a large mansion in Grosvenor Square, and Lady Brookley leads Dulcie through the vast hall—in which are huge, handsome vases, china plaques, and gigantic Hindoo gods, all mixed together in the most grotesque confusion—into a drawing-room, which again is crowded with china objects, to such an extent that Dulcie is in mortal terror lest her skirts should work destruction.

Beyond this room is a smaller one, into which Lady Brookley literally winds her way, through an avenue of cabinets and curiosity receptacles and points to a chair.

"Now, my dear," she says, "sit down and tell me all about it. I've been asking you questions all the way home, but you don't appear to have heard them."

"I'm very sorry," says Dulcie, in her frank, candid way; "but I felt rather confused. It is rather sudden."

"That's my fault," says her ladyship, taking off her bonnet and lace shawl, and ringing the bell for her maid to take them away.

"I'm so sudden and sharp; suppose you have a glass of wine and a biscuit?"

"But Dulcie declines the wine, and "pulls herself together," as Sir Archie would have expressed it, as well as she can.

"It's a very short story, Lady Brookley," she says. "I am very poor and I wish to earn my living. I—her voice falters—"I have lately lost the only friend I had in the world."

"Stop a moment," says her ladyship, quickly, holding up her hand as if in alarm.

"Don't cry; don't say anything to make you cry; such a face as yours should never have a tear on it, my dear. It is like the faces they used to paint on the Sevres vases—all life, and health, and sunshine. You'll spoil it—I warn you, my dear!—you'll spoil it if you cry."

All this is said in the same sharp, little way, like a bird twittering in its cage; but notwithstanding the sharpness, there is a touch of something in the voice—a look of moisture in the eyes—that reveals the tender heart of the sharp speaker.

"I'm afraid I've asked it already!" says Dulcie, with a smile.

Lady Brookley gave a little contradictory shake of the head.

"Don't believe it for a moment, my dear. Well, you have lost your only friend, and you haven't enough to live on, and you don't know anything, and—my dear, solemnly, "it's the luckiest thing in the world that I met you. If I hadn't, you might have danced attendance in that wretched office until you became forsaken like the poor souls perched on those horse-hair chairs! It is just luck; don't believe people when they say there is no such a thing as chance. If I had gone down to the dress-makers' instead of the Registry office we should not have met—now should we?"

Dulcie shakes her head.

"Very well," goes on her ladyship, triumphantly. "And now go on."

"I'm afraid that's all," she says.

"It sounds very little, but it is a great deal!"—with a sad little smile—"to me."

Try Making Your Own Cough Remedy

You can save about \$2, and have a better remedy than the ready-made kind. Easily done.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you would hardly have in them all the curative power that lies in this simple "home-made" cough syrup which takes only a few minutes to prepare.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (20 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 55 cents and gives you 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and sugar syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and beats the sore, irritated membrane that lines the throat, chest and bronchial tubes, so gently and easily that it is really recommended for use by those who usually overcome the ordinary cough and bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma. It is splendid.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex, with full directions, and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Yes, yes, and now let's get to business. You want a situation—I want a companion. Will you come to me, my dear?"

Dulcie's eyes fill, and she is silent for a moment. She has read of such characters as the one before her in novels, and never failed to "jeer" at them.

"If you will have me," she says, "but—shall I not give you some references? Don't you want to know something more about me, Lady Brookley?" and she flushes.

The old lady's eyes gleam sharply behind the gold-rimmed glasses.

"References—perhaps," she says. "Not, mind, that I think they're worth a snap. I had a young lady whose references would have been lofty enough for a bishop; but she knocked down my china and ran off with the man who comes to tune the piano."

Dulcie laughs, not a whit offended.

"I shall probably knock down the china," she says, looking round at the motley collection of breakables.

"but I think I will promise not to run away with the music-tuner, Lady Brookley."

Her ladyship laughs—a little sharp, appreciative laugh.

"I don't think you will, my dear," she says. "Ladies usually do not commit themselves in that way. I think I know a lady when I see her."

Dulcie smiles. And yet Lady Fallow had considered her anything but a lady.

"And I think I know when I can trust anyone. My dear, your face is your fortune, like the dairy-maid's who went a-milking. As to hearing all about you, I shall leave that to you, you needn't start. Why, child, you are all nerves! Do you think I want to pry into your poor little troubles? I know your great one, you know."

Dulcie cannot speak, but she nods.

"Where are you living?" says her ladyship.

Dulcie gives her the address, then, as she does so, she thinks of Sarah, faithful Sarah, who has no suspicion of the parting which is so near.

"What's the matter now?" says her ladyship, who seems able to read the frank face as if it were a book.

"There's someone that you care for, and you don't want to leave. Who is it?"

Dulcie colors.

"I was thinking of a good, faithful soul, who calls herself my servant, but who has proved herself a true friend."

Her ladyship thinks a moment, then she says, suddenly:

"Bring her with you. Goodness knows there will be room for her. You say she is a faithful servant, my dear. We can put her amongst the curiosities," and she laughs.

But Dulcie does not laugh, she stares bewildered, and once more the keen, little old woman seems to read her.

"You are surprised at my liberality, my dear," she says, nodding. "Wait a moment, you don't know what I shall exact in return; you have only heard one part of the bargain yet."

"I wish you'd tell me the other—my part," says Dulcie.

"Prepare yourself! You will have to be the constant companion of a restless old woman with a mania for

auction-rooms and old china: you will have to go about with the old woman in her walks and drives, to eat your meals with her, to read to her, and keep her "in a good temper—"

Dulcie smiles.

"And, in short, to be her slave."

"That's what 'being a companion' means, my dear," and the keen eyes twinkle. "Aren't you frightened?"

"Not very," says Dulcie. "Is there nothing else?"

"Bless the girl!" exclaims her ladyship, "Isn't that enough? I had to startle you as much as I could."

"You have described the part of a friend, not that of a slave," says Dulcie.

"And that's what I want," declares Lady Brookley, leaning forward and patting her arm. "That is what I have been looking for ever since—over since—" she pauses suddenly, and Dulcie sees something shining behind the glasses. "My dear, I only had one child. I lost my daughter when she was just beginning to be a friend—that's my trouble, and we won't speak of it. And now what do you say?"

Dulcie hesitates.

"Oh, the references are still troubling you, are they? Well, give me one."

Dulcie gives the name of the old solicitor.

"Very well," says her ladyship, "I will go down and see him. And now about the salary. What do you say to sixty pounds a year?"

Dulcie stares.

"Not enough! You are quite right, my dear, it isn't; it wouldn't keep you in dresses—"

"Oh, but," interrupts Dulcie hastily. "I thought it was a little good too much. I—I—have a great deal of my own."

"Very well," says her ladyship, with a smile, "say—sixty pounds a year. And when will you come? Of course, with an affection of external prudence, "after I have seen your reference."

"When you wish," says Dulcie.

"Well, you know," says her ladyship, "you have to get 'rid' of your rooms, and—and things— By the way, if you like to bring anything you fancy you can do so, there is plenty of room."

"There is some old china," says Dulcie, hesitatingly. Her ladyship's eyes brighten.

"Bring it, my dear," she says. "You shall have a cabinet all to yourself. You don't happen to have a six mark tea-pot?"

(To be Continued.)

Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration—Lost Twenty Pounds—Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

St. Catherine's, Ont., October 30th.

—Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system.

When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite falls, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body.

Mrs. Geo. S. Elise, 46 Davidson street, St. Catherine's, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and, although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going down until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read advertisements in the newspapers for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them an excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

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.



2005—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with or without Yoke, and with Collar Rolled High or Low.

Linen, taffeta, satin, batiste, lawn or flannel are good for this model. It is finished with a coat closing and high or low neck outline. The sleeve has a French cuff. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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

A PRACTICAL MODEL



2013—Ladies' Apron Dress. This model may serve as a house dress. It is comfortable and easy to develop, easy to wear and easy to launder. Percale, gingham, seersucker, crepe, lawn and alpaca are good for its development.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 24, 28, 32 and 36 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a 34 inch size.

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EGG POWDER (whole) in 10-lb. Tins.

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Mince Meat.
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Jelly Powder.
Queen Olives.
Worcestershire Sauce.
Marachino Cherries.
Maple Syrup.
Moir's Cakes.

A Fresh Stock
NELSON'S CHOCOLATES—the Chocolates that are different—in fancy boxes and bulk.

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No scarcity at **Maunder's.**

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John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

Advertise in the Telegram

Do you Believe

in going straight to the weak spot in treating disease? If so, you will never use anything but Peps for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and throat and lung troubles. Listen why!

Peps are tiny tablets, which contain rich medicinal ingredients, so prepared that they turn into vapour in the mouth, and are breathed down to the throat, the breathing tubes and lungs direct.

Cough mixtures go—not to the lungs and chest at all, but to the stomach. There is absolutely no direct connection between stomach and lungs.

When you have a bad cold, your digestion is weakened. You lose appetite, and if a man, your usual smoke does not "taste good." In other words, your digestive system is lacking tone. All cough mixtures make this condition worse.

Don't ruin your stomach to heal your lungs. Take a remedy that goes right to the spot—Peps!

Surprising how they end coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, sore-throat, "derry," man's throat, asthma, and all lung troubles. Contain no poison, and are best for children.

Dr. Gordon Stables says:—"If you wish to ease and end a cough, if you desire to loosen tickling phlegm, and clear the throat and the breathing tubes, use Peps. The pine fumes and balsamic acid, and germs of disease in the mouth, on the palate, in the throat, and in the breathing tubes, are at once destroyed by their action."

Have you tried this famous remedy? If not, cut out this article, write across it the name and date of this paper, and mail it (with 1c. stamp to pay return postage) to Peps Co., Toronto. A free trial packet will then be sent you. All druggists and stores sell Peps at 50c. box.



Outpoisoning the Poisoners.

(By E. T. Hronsdon.)

During the German assault upon Armentieres recently, a strange and ghastly phenomenon was witnessed. Many of the shells which fell in the town were seemingly of very fragile construction. They scarcely dented the ground where they burst. They injured very few people with flying particles. They did not contain either cyanogen gas or chlorine. There was a slight incense-like odor, but this was attributed to a peculiar and impotent powder. The Germans were supposed to have been forced into using. There seemed to be no reason for the shells.

Six hours later the ghastly truth began to make itself known. Soldiers, male citizens, women and children began to collapse by the score. Many fell in convulsions. Some went stark, raving mad. The whole community was poisoned—poisoned by some new and terrible agent that even the German archdukes had not dreamed of using before.

For nearly a week the terrible gas did its work, although the shells at tacks ceased abruptly on the first day. Four thousand individuals died in agony greater than anything the feared chlorine ever had caused.

The agent employed was arsine, known in the laboratory as arseniured hydrogen, one of the deadliest of all fumes known to the chemist—beside which hydrogen cyanide and carbon monoxide may be trifled with in comparative safety.

This fume fury can be made quickly, easily, and in immense quantities, merely by treating any arsenical ore with hydrochloric acid. Made for demonstration purposes, where the pure gas is desired, the method is to mix arsenic with zinc shavings, and to pour over the receptacle hydrochloric

RY THEM TO-DAY

You have read letters recommending Gonorrhea Pills. Your dealer keeps them. Your sufferer from gonorrhea in the back and side, inflammation, leucorrhoea, and other troubles, get relief at once when the remedy is at hand!