

# Won By Devotion

— BY —  
Mary A. Fleming

They did not talk much, the oppression of the atmospheric change was upon them all. But Dora kept brilliant and sparkling to the last; played a game of chess with her host, and, going to the piano afterward, sang, at his request, the old-time love ditty of Barbara Allan. Captain French did not leave his post, and the malice in the sparkling eyes of the singer gleamed laughingly out as she looked up at him: "Then slowly, slowly, she came up, and slowly she came nigh him. And all she said, when there she came young man, I think you're dying!" "It is curious," she said, and laughed, "but Nelly always puts me in mind of cruel Barbara Allan. I can fancy her walking up to the death-bed of some lovelorn swain, and calmly saying, 'Young man, I think you're dying!' Werther's Charlotte must have been of that type, pale, passionless—don't you think so? You remember Thackeray's funny version of the tragedy: 'Charlotte, when she saw his body borne past her on a shutter, like a well-conducted person, went on cutting bread and butter.' Nelly would go on cutting bread and butter, too. What do you think about it, Captain French?"

She was laughing immoderately at the young man's disgusted face, and without waiting for reply, returned to the chess table, and challenged Mr. Charlton to another game. With the streaming light of the chandelier full upon her, her gleaming prettiness looked uncanny. Mrs. Charlton watched her sourly for a while, then, complaining of the heat, arose and departed.

"Tell poor, dear Nelly how much we have missed her," called Dora, with her mocking smile; "I do so

hope her headache is better. Tomorrow, you know, Captain French and Mr. Fred Howell are to take us over to the Pine Barren. It would be such a pity if she could not go."

A malvolent glance was the elder lady's answer. Not a spark of Dora's eldritch malice was lost upon her. All evening she had been uncomfortable, Eleanor's absence and headache; Dick French's moody silence—these were alarming tokens. Can it be—in the sultriness of the airless night her blood chilled at the thought—could it be that Eleanor had carried out her reckless threat, and refused him? Refused Charlton! Refused the finest fortune in the State. Her hands clenched, her hard eyes flashed. If she had—

The gloom deepened with the morning, both within and without. All night the rain had poured in torrents, was pouring still, when Vera came down stairs. It hardly waited to pour, it drove in white, blinding sheets of water, over land and sea, it drifted furiously against the glass, it beat down flowers and trees. A high wind was blowing outside. Where she stood Vera could hear the thunder of the surf on the shore; it was no child's play down among the whitecaps, this August morning. How those white sea horses must toss their foamy manes, and churn and break and roar about Shaddeck Light. She hoped Daddy was not nervous, alone there on that lonely rock, in that shrill, whistling storm. How good of Captain Dick to have rescued that poor, half-witted lad, the butt of the town, half starved, wholly beaten, and given him a home in the little island house.

She wondered how Captain Dick felt that morning, if he had slept

last night. People crossed in love do not, as a rule, sleep overwell. Vera had understood. Who would have thought Eleanor could be so cold-hearted, so cruel, so blind to so much perfection. But, perhaps, she liked someone else; it seemed impossible though that any woman could be faithful to any man, after seeing this king among men. Surely infidelity in such a case would be a positive virtue. There must be some reason. No sane human being could do so extraordinary a thing, without a powerful motive.

Perhaps Eleanor had a clandestine husband already, down there in Louisiana—she had read of such things in novels. Vera's ideas were thrown, so to speak, on their hind legs; she was trying with all her might to account for Eleanor's folly. She found, upon consideration, that she could not hate her, that she was more disposed that morning to look upon her in sorrow than in anger; but the reason that was strong enough to make her say no to Captain Dick, was beyond all surmise of hers.

As she stood, Eleanor came down. Her face was startlingly pale, her eyes had a wild, hunted, frightened look, all the sweet and gracious calm that made her greatest charm, was gone. She looked as though she had not slept, her lips trembled, as she said good morning.

"You are sick!" Vera exclaimed. "You look as if you had been sick a week. Were you awake all night? Was it the storm?"

She made a gesture of assent, and coming close to the window, laid her forehead against the glass, with a sort of low moan. Vera's eyes filled with a great compassion. Could it be that she loved Captain Dick after all, that some reason obliged her to refuse him, and that she was suffering all this anguish on his account? She softened, the last remnant of her indignation faded away. Miss Charlton was not wholly hardened then, after all.

"Does your head ache still?" she softly asked coming close. "Poor dear Nelly! I am so sorry."

Eleanor passed her arm around the girl's slender waist, but did not otherwise reply. In her eyes there was such hopeless trouble, such dark terror, that it frightened Vera.

How was the child to know of the horrible scene enacted in Eleanor's room last night—the bitter storm



THIS STYLISH NORTHERN MUSKRAT COAT will illustrate the very special offerings from our Fashion Book. It is made full and roomy from the finest, most carefully matched Northern skins. 60 inches long, richly lined with satin. V-neck, finished with crew shawl, collar, cuffs, etc. Deep storm collar and lapels. Size 34 to 44. The MUFF to match is in smart mink shag, silk cut and wrist cord. M 708. Coat Delivered \$145.00. Muff, Muff Delivered \$17.00

It is easy, pleasant & cheaper to buy **Hallam's** Guaranteed Furs "FROM TRAPPER TO WEARER" BY MAIL

EASY—because all you have to do is write out your order for the Fur Garment you have selected from HALLAM'S Fashion Book and mail it with the money. Your fur goes sent to you at once—if you like them, keep them—if not simply send them back.

PLEASANT—because there is no necessity to go to town—no tiresome trudging through stores—no trying to buy by anxious sales clerks—no annoyances or bother.

CHEAPER—because you save the middlemen's profits and expenses—we buy the skins direct from the Trappers for cash, make them up into stylish fur garments and sell them direct to you by mail for cash.

The thousands of pleased people from all parts of Canada, who have purchased Hallam's guaranteed furs by mail, bear testimony to the wonderful values given.

Send to-day for your Copy of Hallam's **1919 FUR FASHION FREE BOOK**

A beautifully illustrated Book larger and better than ever—showing a wonderfully extensive variety of the newest Fur on real living people, over 300 articles illustrated—all reproductions of genuine photographs—also gives you a lot of valuable information about Furs and what prominent people will be wearing this season.

We are the only firm in Canada selling Furs exclusively by mail—direct from "Trapper to Wearer" and guaranteeing them.

You must be thoroughly satisfied with Hallam's Furs or send them back and your money will be returned in full at once.

The coat shown here is taken from our Fur Fashion Book and will be sent anywhere in Canada on receipt of money.

Write to-day for your copy of Hallam's 1919 Fur Fashion Book—it will save you money.

Address in full as below

**John Hallam Limited** Building Toronto No. 470 HALLAM



## The Dreaded Message

IT is the women that have suffered most in this terrible war—

"For men must work  
And women must weep."

Theirs has been the worry and anxiety. The watching and waiting in constant dread of what might happen.

Because mental suffering is far more distressing and debilitating than physical pain and discomforts women have had the greatest burden to bear.

The strain has been both severe and long, and the result is an alarming increase in diseases of the nerves. Nervous headaches, neuralgic pains, nervous prostration and exhaustion, restlessness, irritability and melancholy.

These are some of the indications of nervous breakdown.

The building up of an exhausted nervous system is oftentimes a somewhat tedious process, but with the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can be sure that restoration is both natural and lasting.

Get out into the fresh air as much as possible. Seek the companionship of healthy, cheerful people, and depend on this food cure to enrich the blood and sup-

ply to the depleted nerve cells the nourishment essential for their restoration.

Mrs. S. N. Hurst, Barrie, Ont., writes: "About thirteen years ago, owing to a shock I had received, my nerves simply got the better of me. I could not sleep at night nor work in the day time. I suffered from a trembling sensation in my stomach, which kept up continually. I doctored for about a year and a half without getting any benefit. Then someone advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I did so, and at first was nearly discouraged, but as I was finishing the first box I found I was getting a little better. I then continued the treatment until I had taken six boxes, and during this time seemed to be getting stronger and better as time went on. The trembling in my stomach ceased, and I was able to eat and sleep without any difficulty. I am very grateful for having been advised to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, as I had about given up hope of ever getting any relief. I therefore gladly recommend the use of this treatment to any one suffering from nervous trouble of any kind."

In order to be sure of getting the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food it is only necessary to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

of reproaches, of vulgar vituperation, of fierce threats, under which she shrank and cowered? She turned sick at heart now, as she recalled it. In all her mother's furious outrages, she had never seen the fury of last night equalled. She had not slept at all; her head ached, her body ached, her heart ached, she seemed one sickening ache from head to foot. And it was to go on forever, day after day, month after month, the same miserable, ceaseless scold, scold, scold, to the bitter end.

Mrs. Charlton did not appear at breakfast. The truth was, she had raged herself ill, and into a fit of blackest sulks. Eleanor was forbidden to enter her room, whether she lived or died, to speak to her no more, until she came to her senses. One of the maids fetched her up tea and buttered toast; her daughter knew her too well to dare to disobey.

Captain French was absent, also. Late last night, it seemed, after the family had retired, he went to St. Ann's, and now, of course, was storm bound. Dora tripped down, the sparkle of last night scarcely dimmed. Not all the sweeping tempest of wind and rain was able to blur one jot of her gay brightness. Mr. Charlton came, but less debonaire than usual. In point of fact, his old enemy, rheumatic gout, had been shooting warning twinges for the past two or three days, and he was barely able to hobble to breakfast. He knew what was in store for him, doubly trying now, with a household of fair guests, but it was one of the things no fine old gentleman of his years and habits could hope to escape.

Dora was full of sweetest commiseration; Eleanor had a far-away, frightened look still in her eyes, and ate nothing at all. Vera felt that in common sympathy she, too, should eat nothing, with the whole family, so to say, in extremis, but her appetite remained a painful and powerful fact, and would not be said nay. She was ashamed of herself, and consumed muffins and fresh eggs in a sneaky, apologetic fashion, and was relieved when the ordeal was over.

And now the long day began. Rain, rain, rain—oh! how it poured—it looked as if it might come down for a week. Mr. Charlton was forced to return to his study, leaning on Dora's arm which she insisted on his taking. They looked so absurd—the tall, elderly invalid, and the mite of a woman, hobbling away together, that Vera's gravity was nearly upset. Certainly she was an unfeeling little wretch, to be able to laugh with everybody else so miserable, so she sternly repressed a small grin, and heaved a sigh instead.

What should she do with herself all this long wet day. Dora did not return. Eleanor went upstairs; she was all alone in the big, silent house. What a dismal change two days had made! Perhaps Captain Dick would come back no more. It was not the rain that detained him in St. Ann's—ah, no! he was neither sugar nor salt to care for a drenching. He had been crossed in love, and was dying hard over there at the St. Ann's Hotel. Perhaps he would start for Central America, and never come back to say good-by.

Vera was absurd, but she was none

the less unhappy; she had unutterable sympathy for Captain Dick, she had a mild regret for Eleanor. She gazed forlornly at the rain; life's troubles are so much easier to bear when the weather is propitious. And then there was sickness in the house and it would seem unfeeling to sit down and practice. If one could only sleep all day! But one could not; so, with another vast sigh, Vera got up, went for a book, and prepared to devote the long hours to literature.

Evening came and brought little change. It still rained, the sky looked sullen, the black, surcharged clouds good for two days more of it. Mrs. Charlton descended to dinner, but Lot's wife, changed to a basaltic column, was never more frigid, more awful. Their host was unable to appear—he had been suffering martyrdom all day; even Dora, ministering angel that she was, could do little to assuage his anguish. The absent heir came not, but just before dinner Daddy came with a note. It was for Mr. Charlton, and was of the briefest:

My Dear Governor: Englehart came to-day, and is at the St. Ann's. He means to stay a week or two, to recruit, having been laid up lately. Knowing your prejudice, I will not, of course, bring him to Charlton, but shall remain with him here instead. Make my apologies to the

ladies. Ever yours, R.C.F.

Mr. Charlton's face darkened heavily as he read this. Naturally he was choleric, he hated to be thwarted; by temper he was imperious, although as yet his stepson had seen little of this. A man may be good humored and hot-tempered easily enough at the same time. He had never very strongly opposed himself to Richard French as yet, had been comparatively a poor man until of late, and never felt justified in coming between the lad and his whims. But now it was different. If Dick preferred this wandering Doctor Englehart to him, why, then, Dick must take the consequences. Dora had hinted something to him to-day, which he found it difficult to believe—that Eleanor Charlton had refused him. Was the girl mad? He hardly knew how, but Dora's talk had irritated him to a most unusual degree against Richard. His illness, too, had made him nervous and excitable. The line must be drawn somewhere; he was prepared to take his stand here. Dick must pay some deference to his wishes; all he had he was willing, nay anxious to give the boy. It was a noble inheritance. He loved him as he loved nothing else on earth, he wanted him with him, and he must have him. He was growing old; it was only fair his son should stay with him, that there

(to be continued)

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Thursday, Novem

**SPANISH INFLUENZA RAGES INC**

Thousands of Cases With Many De

**THOSE WHO ARE SUSCEPTIBLE**

"FRUIT-A-TIVES"—The Fruit Medicine—Given To Resist This

The epidemic of Spanish which played such havoc has reached this continent. Thousands of cases of the disease have appeared and many already reported; Surgeon-General Blue of the United States Health Service having "Spanish Influenza will spread all over the six weeks."

Practically every touches our shores from those infected disease.

Surgeon-General Blue "the individual take all tions he can against the disease by care and hygiene". Plenty of exercise; the diet should be taken; the diet should be

Spanish Influenza a severely elderly persons whose powers of resistance weakened by illness, were especially those who are or "not feeling up to the

The really great danger disease is not so much in itself, as that it often ce pneumonia.

What everyone needs general tonic like "Fruit-a-tives" fruit medicine germ-killer. It is a blood strength-maker; a blood power in protecting against disease.

"Fruit-a-tives" regulates kidneys and bowels, cleanses and naturally as nature "Fruit-a-tives" keeps the and purifies and enriches "Fruit-a-tives" tones strengthens the organs of ensuring food being properly assimilated.

Everyone can take or tions, avoid crowded places "Fruit-a-tives" ensures sound digestion, cleanses and kidneys regulate whole system in the best solution. Then we are

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold everywhere at 50c a box, size 25c or sent by post receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Ottawa, Ont.

**Palace Liv**

BUS MEETS ALL T

Single and Double on short notice

Graves & T

Bell Phone 43 Rural

**Choice M**

If it's a nice roast or Pork; a choice tender or a few nice chops prompt and cordial call

Bell Phone 67 or Rural Pho

Highest cash prices hides.

**H. Corbin &**

**DRAY**

CITY DRAY

All kinds of draying Prompt Attention Household Moving.

Pianos a Special

**W. J. WALKER**

Forest Street Phone Red Star