

GILLETT'S LYE

HAS NO EQUAL

It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

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

CHAPTER XV.
HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

"Haven't I?" assents Olive naively, unconscious of any significance in the comment. "They have rowed the distance so often, that I have got quite to know how long they will be before they return."

"So often, yes," says Katrine; "there are very few days but Lord Heatherdene does not call."

"He seems very interested in the theater," says Olive, still looking up the stream. "Weren't you very much surprised that he should buy it of Lord Hamilton when his father died?"

"Not very," replies Katrine laconically. "I don't see why Lord Hamilton should not have kept it."

"I suppose an earl has quite enough to do with his estates, and has no time to look after so troublesome a property as a theater," says Olive.

"Lord Heatherdene is only the son of an earl, but he has several estates; yet he finds time," says Katrine who seems determined to pick some fault in Lord Heatherdene's coat.

Olive smiles.

"Yes, it must consume a great deal of his time; at least you will admit that he does take a great interest in it, even a greater than did Lord Hamilton."

"Oh, he is interested enough," says Katrine. "He attends most of the rehearsals, doesn't he? He is generally lounging about when I am there, and I suppose he is when I am not."

"Yes, he is there very often; but I don't think he lounges, Katy."

"No, I forgot. An angel—and he is noble, of course—floats about, and soars. Yes, he is very fond of the theater—very," she adds significantly. "Did he happen to mention the reason which would compel him to give up the happiness of his company today?"

"He is coming to see you about the new comedy," says Olive.

"To see me; ah!" says Katrine, with a long breath, and a smile—"to see me and talk to somebody else."

"He must talk to some one," laughs Olive, "and if you, whom he wants to talk to, will not talk, he must needs talk to me, poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoes Katrine, then she puts her arm round Olive's neck and pinches the cheek farthest from her.

"Smooth glides the stream, but the rapids are not so far as one may think. Beware!"

Olive turns her face—red and pale again.

"There are no rapids for me, Katy, fear," she says softly. "Do not be

afraid; or, if there be, I alone shall be wrecked by them."

"Do not be too sure of that!" says Katrine. "There—don't look like that, child!" she adds, with a tender, self-reproachful laugh. "Be happy while you may; I am a miserable moralist, only fit for checking butchers' bills, and I'll return to my proper avocation," and, with a parting pinch, she goes in again.

Olive stands looking at the stream, with eyes that have grown sad and wistful.

"Is there any truth in what she says?" she murmurs. "Am I drifting—drifting? No! Do I not know how impossible that I should dream of any such danger as she predicts. Is it wrong and harmful to be happy, to be glad when a friend so true and noble is near one? Why should I shun him and refuse his friendship? To do so would be to admit that I could be so lost to shame as to harbor something of the thoughts which Katy deems me capable of. Yet—she pauses and sighs—"perhaps she is right—I am too happy. I may forget that there is only one life for me—only one thing for me to live for—saving my dear Kitty—my art. Thank God, I have that! I have that!" she repeats.

So she stands looking at the stream and sauntering to and fro, and so bright is the morning, so joyous that trill of the lark, that the spirit will admit of no cloud. In a few minutes she has forgotten forebodings and forewarnings, and once more the song comes rippling from her lips.

Suddenly she stops; on her listening ear there comes the splash of oars; she springs to her feet and looks up the stream. Just turning the bend is a light boat pulled by a strong pair of arms, evidently, for it skims over the water like a swan, the sculls throwing out a silver stream of spray as the oarsman skillfully "feathers" them.

"How well he rows!" murmurs Olive. "He does everything well—and yet Katrine laughed when I said that he was clever. How happy John looks in the stern. He never seems so happy as when he is with Lord Heatherdene."

"As if in corroboration of her thought, John's childlike laugh rang out, and he had evidently told Lord Charles that Olive was on the lawn, for the oarsman rested on his stroke, and turned to wave his hand. Olive waved hers in return, and the boat seemed to redouble its speed and skim like a swallow on the stream. Presently it came alongside the steps, and Olive sat still for a moment, taking in, with admiring sense, the beautiful picture presented in the graceful figure of the beautiful girl standing on the steps above him—standing, with her fresh young face, so full of thought and soul, tinged with a blush of welcome that made her eyes look brighter than they ever were; with her graceful, supple figure upright as a dart, in its close-fitting, yet easy, serviceable morning dress of warm, soft gray. She looked like an embodied poem of youth, and loveliness, and quick, sensitive intelligence. Was it any wonder that Lord Heatherdene's eyes—being the eyes of a man quick to appreciate and sympathize with the beautiful—should light up with pleasure and satisfaction at the welcome such a picture made for him.

"You are rather late this morning," says Olive.

"Yes—confounded train," says Lord Charles, stepping out of the boat, with his jacket over his arm. "The up safely, Jack; we shall want her this afternoon, I expect."

"What a lovely morning!" says Olive, as he comes up the steps with the light spring of youth and strength his arms bare to the elbows, and already tinged by the sun; his handsome face alight with careless happiness.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he responds. "Never was so delighted to get out of town. I quite envy you your breakfast down here—"

Have you Indigestion?

Your food will continue to disagree with you, and cause distress until you strengthen your digestive organs, and tone and sweeten the stomach. You can do this quickly and surely by promptly taking a few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Their natural action relieves the stomach of undigested food, stimulates the flow of gastric juice, renews the activity of the liver and bowels, and strengthens the digestive system. Take them with confidence, for 60 years' experience prove that Beecham's Pills

Are good for the Stomach

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 50c.

"There is still luncheon," says Olive, with a laugh.

"I'm awfully glad of it!" he declares. "It seems to me that the mere sitting in a boat makes a man hungry. I haven't pulled a couple of miles, and yet I could eat a medium-sized bull. What have you got there—flowers?"

"Hyacinths, crocuses, and early jewels of the spring," says Olive. "Smell!" and she raises them slightly.

He bends down and sniffs at them as men do sniff—hard enough to blow them away.

"Ah! beautiful hyacinths. Can you spare one?"

"You shall have them all," says Olive; "there are plenty more of them."

"One will do," he says.

She takes one from the bunch and gives it to him quite naturally.

He fumbles at his buttonhole for some minutes, then asks her to fix it.

Olive hesitates a moment—scarcely so long—then, without a blush, and as naturally and composedly as if it were John's face, looking down at her—because it would be looking up—instead of the handsome face of Lord Charles Heatherdene, she fixes the flower in its place.

"Thanks," he says, with a long breath, as if he had been exercising some restraint for the last minute or two. "Thanks. And how is Miss Haldine this morning?"

"Quite well," says Olive. "She was here a few minutes ago; she is making up the bills."

Lord Heatherdene laughs.

"Lady Macbeth checking the grocer's book. How does your sister like the quiet life?"

"Sometimes I think that she likes it, and sometimes that she misses the theater."

"She has been accustomed to it for a longer time than you," he says, as if there were some pleasure to him in the thought.

"Yes," says Olive quietly.

Does he notice the sharp reserve that overhangs both of them; the heavy silence that veils their past?

They enter the drawing-room side by side, and Katrine looks up from her book with a grave smile.

"Hard at the accounts, Miss Haldine," laughs Lord Charles. "No use my offering to help you; never added a column of figures up correctly in my life—"

"How do you strike the theater accounts?" says Katrine quietly.

"Oh, they are all right," he says, with a little embarrassment.

"So you hope, and so do I," says Katrine. "Confess that you know no more about them than I do—no more!—not half so much."

"I know, thanks to you two, that the theater pays me the most enormous interest," says he. "I feel quite guilty when they tell me the amount of the takings."

"Hem! and much relieved of the feeling of guilt when they tell you—if they do—how much the expenses and outgoings are."

He laughs.

"I believe you are not perfectly happy outside of it," he says; "but don't let it worry you now. This is a holiday, you know."

"How are the new scenes getting on?"

"Oh, admirably. I should think they could be finished in a month—"

"A month!" exclaimed both the others in a breath. "Why, they were to have been a fortnight longer only."

"Yes, I know; but there is a great deal to do," he says, with a shadow of embarrassment, "and I thought we had better be on the safe side, and say a month."

"The season is just commencing; we ought to be in full swing now," says Katrine; then she looked at him, with a curious and rather troubled smile, and sat down at her desk again.

You Can't Find Any Dandruff, and Hair Stops Coming Out.

Save your hair! Make it thick, wavy, glossy, and beautiful at once.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy a first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment. A small trial bottle will double the beauty of your hair.

"Lord Heatherdene is very hungry, Katy," says Olive demurely.

"Give Lord Heatherdene some bread and cheese," retorts Katrine. "In the country one does as the country folk do."

"I could eat the fender—firebricks included," says Charlie, dropping down on a bench under the veranda just outside the door. "There's nothing like a pull at the sculls for an appetite. Hello! Jack, is that for me?" he exclaims, as John turns the corner with a huge tankard of bright October.

"Yes," says Jack; "and Addy has told them to bring in the luncheon; there's that raised pie you liked so much when you were here last. Addy made it—ah! ah!" and he chuckled.

"You should have seen her with Mary's apron on, and the flour on her nose."

"I should like to have done so, very much," murmured Lord Charles. John squats down on a mat at his feet.

"I can make pie crust—can you?"

"No, I can only eat it, Jack," says Lord Charles, putting his strong hand on the queer little figure, with a pitying tenderness. "I hope you didn't have a finger in this foreshadowed pie."

"No," says Jack, gravely; "she wouldn't let any one touch it. 'I'll make it myself, every bit of it,' she says, and she did; she burned her finger at the oven door, too. Did you ever burn your fingers?"

"Yes," responds Charlie, grimly adding, sotto voce: "It is not improbable that I'm burning them now, Jack!"

"Luncheon is on the table," says Olive, coming to the window.

"Come on Jack," says Charlie, "and let us take it off."

"I say," whispers Jack, with a slight frown, "don't say I told you about the pie, Lord Charles."

Charlie laughed, and they went in.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE UNKNOWN BARRIER.

OLIVE, with a pretty little blush, was doing the honors of the table, Katrine declaring that a biscuit and a glass of sherry was too poor an excuse for sitting on a hard chair at a hard table.

"I'll have it here, John, with my accounts."

"Will you have some pie, Lord Heatherdene?" asked Olive.

"Em, yes," says Charlie, eying it rather doubtfully. "Is—is it done?"

Olive is indignant for a moment, then cold, chilly doubt assails her. She examines it keenly.

"Yes," she says; "of course it is done."

But there is not much confidence in her tone.

"Well, I'll try a piece," says Lord Charles, with a sigh of resignation. "You said you liked 'raised pie,' said Olive, with angelic reproach.

"So I do, sometimes," he admits, a twinkle in his eye invisible to her. "This is not a bad pie—"

"Oh, don't you think so?" says Olive, flushing, with bright smiles chasing each other across her face. "Are you quite sure you like it?"

"It's the best pie I ever tasted—I'll have a piece more directly. 'Pon my word, you have a treasure of a cook."

Then Olive burst out triumphantly.

(To be Continued.)

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.

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.

Smyth's
ESTABLISHED 1875

FELT! FELT!

Just Received:
2,000 Rolls 3 and 1 Ply.
Due in a few days:
1,000 Rolls 2 Ply.

Food will win the war. Consume less. Produce more.

HARVEY & CO., Limited.
WHOLESALE.

Advertise in the Telegram.

[For the Telegram.]
Terra Nova's Pride.

HER HARDY SEALER.

They sing of seamen's bravery in the days of ancient Greece, when Jason, in the Argo, sailed to seek the Golden Fleece; and when the Scandinavians had sailed with a hand upon a rudder and the other on their swords, and we have humble fishermen who sail the frozen floe as brave as ever Jason sailed the Argo long ago.

Undaunted by the dangers where the icebergs do abound, where the blinding blizzards rage and where they toll from dawn till twilight in the cold and in the wet—And in every hour of ancient Greece or the heroes of old Rome, I they reared no men more brave, I know, than those who have at home.

May heaven watch you kindly and with luck to your pathway weave, with seek no empty titles nor no braid to bind your slender; but no truer hearts are shown in the breast of human nature than the hearts you claim your own; with a cheery smile and handshakes to the ice you sally forth to seek the precious whitecoats in the cold and stormy north.

The sweat of honest toilers now lies heavy on your brow; a Winsor, Keen, or Barbour steers the sealing ships stout prow, and no terrors of the ocean can your valiant hearts subdue. Oh, how would Terra Nova keep her head up without you? For the strong and sturdy sealers is her stoutest prop, we know, Men who tread the frozen ocean mid the blinding sleet and snow.

Oh! God bless them when they're ready to cross the briny main, and when they leave may heaven send them safely home again; to their wives who truly love them, and their little children dear; they're the truest type of heroes and of men unknown to fear; what would we do without them, men who brave and fearlessly stand on the treacherous frozen ocean seeking treasures for our land.

JAMES MURPHY.
March 4th, 1918.

The Late Captain Scott.

Captain David A. Scott, of Halifax, who commanded the ill-fated steamer Acadia, which is now known to have foundered at sea, with all on board, was well known to Newfoundlanders. For many years he was captain of the s.s. Harlow, on the Halifax, Cape Breton and West Coast service. For several springs Captain Scott, in the Harlow, made sealing voyages in the Gulf, sailing from Channel, with fair success. His many friends will regret his untimely end.

Personal.

Major R. H. James of the 7th Battalion Canadian Railway Troops, B.E.F., is now enjoying leave of absence somewhere in the South of France and writes his friends that he is feeling quite well and fit.

Mr. A. Moore, of the Telegram, received the pleasing intelligence on Saturday last that his mother, who had undergone a very serious operation in a private hospital at Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., was on the high road to recovery, having left the hospital. Her many friends will no doubt be pleased to hear this pleasing news.

T. J. EDENS.

By Steamer to-day, Feb. 28:
500 lbs. FRESH CODFISH

AMERICAN PEA BEANS,
BEECHNUT BACON,
FIDELITY HAMS,
BOLOGNA SAUSAGE,
AMBROSSE JAMES No. 1 SALMON,
No. 1 LOBSTER,
BAKEAPPLES in 2 lbs.
FRENCH
MIXED VEGETABLES—Tins.

25 cases Price's Candles, 6's.
10 cases Price's Carriage Candles,
5 cases Blue Bells Metal Polish,
3 cases Adams' Floor Polish,
CAL PURPLE GRAPES,
TABLE APPLES—Boxes,
CAL ORANGES,
LEMONS,
TOMATOES,
GRAPE FRUIT,
PEARS,
VALENCIA ONIONS.

FRY'S COCOA,
HERCHEY'S COCOA,
PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO.

SPECIAL:
2 cases Fresh Country Eggs,
Fresh Frozen Rabbit.

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