

Time to Think of Your Fall and Winter Needs.

Price is Important

We have marked down our entire stock of MEN'S & BOYS' SUITS, OVERCOATS, PANTS, SHIRTS AND OVERALLS regardless of cost, to meet existing conditions.

You are sure of getting the best of satisfaction in wear and workmanship and better value for your money, when you buy clothing made by our skilled workers.

Custom Tailoring a Specialty

NEWFOUNDLAND CLOTHING CO., Limited

231-233-235 DUCKWORTH ST.



Her Reward OR Love's Recompense

CHAPTER II.

The Dawn of a Better Life.

Audrey regarded her inquiringly. She did not believe that his name was Fox at all; for had not the woman told her that he was "neither kith nor kin" of hers?

She began to believe that a strange romance might be locked up within the few years of his life, and she had a great desire to learn more about him.

"But you told me he was not a relative of yours," she said. "Won't you tell me something of the little fellow's history?"

"No; I will tell you nothing. If I accept your offer, you will have to be content to bestow your charity upon him as simple Richmond Fox. If your aim is merely to do good and to surround an unfortunate child with the influence of your 'love' and 'kindness,' it need not matter to you what his name is, nor what his antecedents are."

Audrey colored and arose to take her leave.

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "I cannot of course compel you to tell me anything about him; but indeed I have become strangely interested in the boy, and I really desire to befriend him; and, as you added, with great kindness, 'if you need anything for yourself at any time, I hope you will make it known to me. Good-morning.'"

"Good-day," curiously replied Margaret Fox, as she followed her visitor to the door of her poverty-stricken cottage, and stood there with a sullen scowl upon her face, and watched the heiress of half a million enter her carriage and drive away.

"Blue blood!" she muttered, almost fiercely, as she turned and went back into the house.

She threw herself into a chair, where she remained sitting in deep thought for a long time.

"I wonder if I dare do it?" she said, at last; and her face was very pale, a wild look in her eyes. "Why not? She is rich; she never would feel it, and it will end that business forever!"

The next morning Audrey Waldemar was sitting upon a little veranda, which had been erected for summer use on the north side of her beautiful home.

She was very lovely in her dainty wrapper of spotless white, her golden hair gathered into a simple knot at the back of her finely shaped head, and with a faint tinge of pink on her smooth, fair cheeks.

She was reclining in a great willow rocker, into which, around the edge, a broad blue satin ribbon had been woven, and it seemed almost like a fanciful frame inclosing a beautiful picture.

She had been reading, but just now her book lay closed in her lap, her hands idly folded upon it, while she gazed absently toward the green hills whose heads seemed to almost touch the blue vault of heaven.

All at once, however, a slight sound attracted her attention and turning toward it, she found little Richmond Fox standing beside her.

She smiled, showing two rows of gleaming teeth, as his eyes met hers, and an answering smile flitted over her sweet lips.

"Why, Rich! how did you manage to get here so quietly?" she asked, holding out her hand to him.

He glanced down upon his bare feet, as if to tell her how; then he said, simply:

"Madge sent me."

"Madge sent you, did she?" Audrey repeated, while she lifted his worn cap from his curly black head and cast it upon the floor, as if she could not bear to see him disfigured by so unsightly an object; for his face was as bright as the day itself, and his eyes were shining with delight at beholding her.

ASK FOR ALVINA

The Improved Tasteless Preparation of an Extract of Cod Liver Oil

Especially Recommended for Persistent Coughs, Bronchitis, Anemia

A Splendid Tonic for Delicate Women and Children

Prepared by D. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal

repeated, while she lifted his worn cap from his curly black head and cast it upon the floor, as if she could not bear to see him disfigured by so unsightly an object; for his face was as bright as the day itself, and his eyes were shining with delight at beholding her.

"Does Madge wish anything particularly?" she added, after a moment.

"She told me to give you this," and he produced a letter which until then he had held behind him, and laid it upon Audrey's lap.

"A letter," she said, somewhat surprised. "Well, you may sit down there upon the step while I read it."

She opened the missive and began to peruse it. She had not read more than two or three lines when she gave a violent start while her face grew anxious and troubled.

The letter was brief, but fairly worded and fairly written.

"Miss Waldemar," it began, "I send you the boy this morning—you may have him and welcome, and 'take care of him' to your heart's content. He is nothing but a burden to me, and when you read this, I shall have left the place and the child in your hands, to do with as you may see fit. This much I will tell you of his history. He is of honorable parentage, and of good blood—that he shows in his make up. His name is not 'Fox'; the 'Richmond' belongs to him, and you can call him whatever else you like. This is all that I shall tell you, and you can make the most of it. Perhaps your heart is so large, and so full of the 'milk of human kindness,' that you may be prompted to adopt him, and surround him with that 'love and care' of which you discoursed so sweetly yesterday, but of which, as a general principle, I know nothing, and have no faith in."

Margaret Fox.

"What a queer letter! What a 'strange creature!' murmured Audrey, after she had read it through twice.

"Poor thing!" she added, with a sigh; "her lot must have been hard indeed, to have made her so faithless regarding human charity; but her heart must be adamant if she can thus thrust this lovely child upon an utter stranger without a regret, or a thought of anxiety regarding his future. I had not thought of anything like this. I wonder if I am capable of rearing him. Poor child! I believe I have not the heart to put aside the duty which has been so strangely assigned to me. I will do the best I can for the little waif."

Her eyes rested tenderly upon the child.

She drew him gently to her, an increasing tenderness for him filling her heart—a sort of mother-love, as it were, thrilling her.

With her own dainty perfumed handkerchief she wiped the hot tears from his face, talking in a fond low tone to him, picturing to him the good times which she meant to make for him; telling him of the school where he was to learn to read; of the books he was to study; of the play hours he was to have with bats and balls and marbles, and perhaps, by and by when he got older, a pony, all his

boy who was sitting so quietly at her feet looking off upon those distant hills which so lately had held her own rapt gaze.

"Rich!" she said, softly, and the child's black eyes were fixed upon her lovely face with an almost adoring expression. "Come here, Rich," she added.

He instantly arose and went to her side.

"Do you know what Madge wrote in her letter?"

"No!" a wondering look coming into his face.

"Say 'no, ma'am,' Rich."

"No'm," he repeated, obediently.

"Did you expect to go back to her again to-day?"

"Yes."

"Say, 'yes, ma'am.' Always when I ask you a question, I wish you to say either 'yes, ma'am,' or 'no, ma'am.'"

"Yes'm," he answered.

"Rich, how would you like it if Madge should give you to me?" Audrey asked, reading his face earnestly.

"To be your little boy always?" he cried, eagerly.

"Yes, for always."

"Would she?—would she do it?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"Yes," she says in this letter that I may have you," Audrey answered, moved almost to tears by the wistful longing in the little face upraised to her.

"And you will never, never let her have me back again?—I may stay with you all the time?—live here?—see you every day?"

The child's face was quivering with intense excitement, and his eyes rested upon her with a grateful expression that thrilled her through and through.

Her heart warmed more and more toward him.

Surely this was no ordinary child! "Good blood" there was, without doubt, in him, as that strange creature, Margaret Fox, had written her; he betrayed it in every word and gesture.

"Yes, dear, you are to be my little boy," Audrey answered. "I will never give you back to Madge, and you are to stay with me always, if you are good, until you grow to be a man and wish to go away from me. Madge has gone away," she continued, "she will never come back to the cottage any more. She says your name is not Richmond Fox, but something else, which she will not tell me. So I am going to name you Richmond Waldemar, and you are to call me auntie, or Aunt Audrey, whichever you please. How will such an arrangement suit you?" and Miss Waldemar held out her hand invitingly to her small protégé.

The child stood a moment with downcast eyes and crimson cheeks, while he dug his little bare toes nervously into the floor of the veranda.

The next instant he seized her delicate hand in both of his plump ones, and threw himself upon his knees beside her, burying his curly head among the folds of her dress, while the hot tears rained over his face.

Such wealth of happiness, coming to him all at once, was more than his sensitive little heart could bear with composure.

"Dear little Rich," Audrey said, softly, a choking sensation in her throat. "are you so glad to come to me? Poor child! I fear that your life, short though it has been, has not known much of sunshine; but we will see if we cannot make it up to you in the future."

She drew him gently to her, an increasing tenderness for him filling her heart—a sort of mother-love, as it were, thrilling her.

With her own dainty perfumed handkerchief she wiped the hot tears from his face, talking in a fond low tone to him, picturing to him the good times which she meant to make for him; telling him of the school where he was to learn to read; of the books he was to study; of the play hours he was to have with bats and balls and marbles, and perhaps, by and by when he got older, a pony, all his

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative in the world to physic your liver and bowels when you have Dizzy Headache, Colds, Biliousness, Indigestion, or Upset, Acid Stomach is candy-like "Cascarets." One or two tonight will empty your bowels completely by morning,

and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

own, to ride upon all over the country.

She talked until his sobs gradually ceased, and he had in a measure overcome his childish excitement, and began to listen to her with true boyish interest and eagerness, while his dark little face flushed with gladness and gratitude.

All at once a happy laugh burst from his red lips, and lifting her hand to them he kissed it lovingly.

"I love you," he cried; "I love you dearly, and I will never, never do anything to make you sorry."

Audrey bent and kissed his brow, while she smiled at him fondly. Love was fast begetting love between this beautiful woman and this interesting boy who had been so strangely thrown upon her tender mercies, a love which was to last unmarred throughout their lives and to linger a fragrant

memory in the heart of the boy, long after his noble benefactress had gone to her eternal rest and reward.

CHAPTER III.

Cupid's Conquest.

In order to make our story complete, we must turn our glance backward and scan the history of a few years previous to its opening.

Audrey Waldemar was the youngest of five children. Four noble boys had been given to the Hon. Dudley Waldemar, but one after another had drooped and died in early life, thus blighting the hopes of the fond parents, and steeping their hearts in such sorrow as only those can know who have watched in like manner the light fade out of the faces of idolized little ones, and then laid the loved forms away from their sight forever.

(To be continued)

NOTICE!

Manufacturers, Millmen, Contractors and Trades in general "please note" when giving your machinery its annual overhauling, remember there are two things to carry out, namely:—The quality and the price paid for all parts required to replace the worn out ones, therefore write, 'phone or call before purchasing elsewhere.

—("Agents for Goulds Pumps")—

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

'Phone 453

P.O. Box 944.

REID-NEWFOUNDLAND COMPY
WATER STREET STORES DEPARTMENT.

NATIONAL OIL PRODUCTS, CO.
New York.

We buy COD OIL, SEAL OIL, POT-HEAD OIL.

OFFICE: SMYTH BUILDING, CORNER WATER STREET and BECKS COVE, ST. JOHN'S.

Phone 1167

P.O. Box 402

A. EBSARY, Manager for Nfld.

tues,thur,sat

C. A. Maguire New Mayor of Toronto

Election by Acclamation Through Withdrawal of Present Incumbent

TORONTO, Dec 21—Charles Alfred Maguire was elected Mayor of Toronto by acclamation at the nomination proceedings for mayor and board of control in the council chamber, at the city hall to-day. City Clerk Littlejohn declared Maguire duly elected mayor for the ensuing year, following Mayor Church's announcement that he would

not be a candidate after he had secured from Mr. Maguire a pledge that he would see that any enemies of public ownership who were on outside boards were removed from office. While Mayor Church will step out of office at the end of the year, it is said he will be associated closely with public service in another capacity in future years. The story is that he is to be appointed as advisory counsel to the Transportation Commission with a retainer of \$3,000 a year.

Do you want to tell the Fishermen what you have for sale? Well, then, put your ad in THE FISHERMEN'S PAPER.

This Time Of Year

Means Much Money Out of Pocket For Clothes.

If there are three, five or six in the family the outlay is really serious and a problem to many people, particularly this fall. But there is a way to save a great deal of money if you will but use it. For instance, last year's garments are not outworn—perhaps three out of four are worth doing something with in the way of our Dry Cleaning and Dyeing. People are surprised at the splendid results we get. It is because we use every precaution. Our prices are reasonable and results are absolutely the best, and each garment is treated according to the particular fabric of which it is made. Our services will enable you to have entire new wardrobes for the family at very little cost. Let us demonstrate with one garment what we can do for you. We also do Altering, Turning, Repairing. Curtains, Tablecloths, etc., dyed at shortest notice.

DOMINION Dry Cleaning and Dye Works

63 LONG'S HILL.

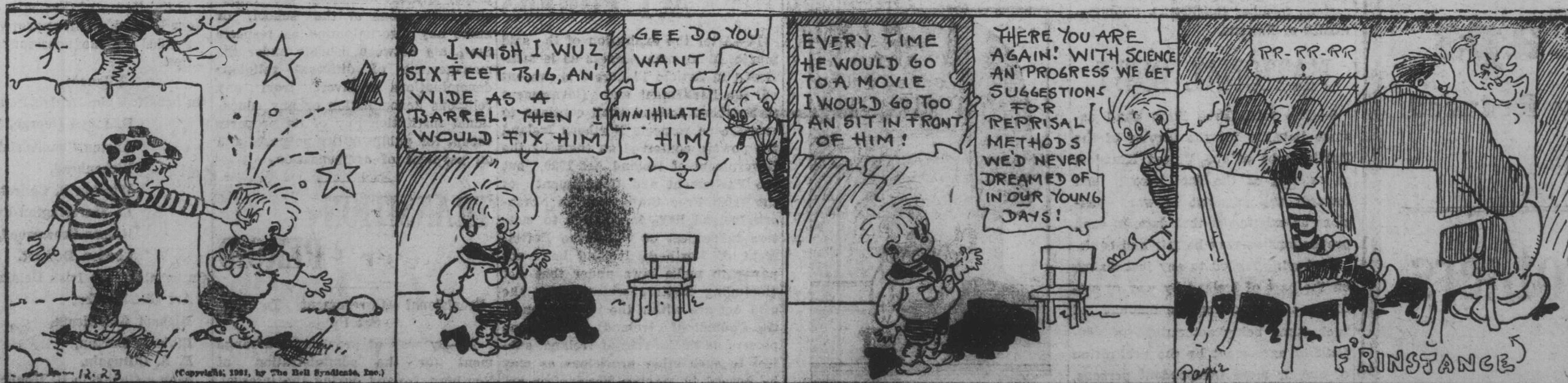
P. J. O'KEEFE.

ADVERTISE IN THE EVENING ADVOCATE.

S' MATTER POP

A Convincing Argument.

By C. M. PAYNE



Mrs. McGrath

is about to open on Water Street an up-to-date Tea Room which for efficient service and for the convenience of her many customers is being equipped with the latest Gas appliances by

The St. John's Gas Light Comp'y.