

## Happiness Secured A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER XVIII  
THE TANGLED WEB OF TROUBLE.

Still possessed by the idea that something must be the matter with Addie or Len, I spring out of bed and follow in pursuit. The door, as I reach it, stands partly open, and, throwing it back, I look out into the passage beyond.

The further extremity is lost in gloom; but the moon, that is shining as bright as day, streams down through a long, narrow window in the middle, casting a patch of white light on the floor, through which, as I reach the door, the silent figure trails its dark draperies and disappears into the obscurity beyond.

"Len! Addie! oh, why don't you speak to me?" I cry thoroughly startled now for the first time. And then, dead silence alone answering me, I fly back to the bed like a frightened child, and lie there trembling like a leaf, my heart beating enough to suffocate me, while great drops of perspiration start out from every pore.

It was neither Addie nor Len, whoever it might have been I tell myself, with a sudden and overwhelming sense of horror and fright, as my strained eyes strive in vain to penetrate the mysterious shadows lurking in the distant corners of the room. "And, oh! what if it should come back," I think with a shuddering glance at the partly open door, through which I can just distinguish that ghostly gleam of moonlight beyond; and with the thought my self-control deserts me completely.

A cry, wild, piercing, full of horror, escapes my lips, rising out on the unearthly stillness of the house, with a suddenness most startling even to myself.

Then comes the sound of opening doors, of hurrying steps, the red glimmer of a light, and I am bilaterally conscious that my brother and sister, their faces white as the night attire in which they are clad, are in the room, holding me, all bathed in perspiration as I am, in their arms, soothing and questioning me in a breath.

"Why, you poor, foolish child, it was all a dream—every bit of it," exclaims Len, with a look of relief, as I try to explain what has happened. "You went to sleep, and dreamed the whole thing! It is quite impossible for any one to have got into your room, Lesley. No creature of flesh and blood could possibly have gained access to the house without our knowing it. And as to ghosts—you don't believe in that sort of thing, you know."

"I can't doubt the evidence of my own senses," I reply, with a desperate effort to steady my quivering nerves. "I tell you I was just as wide awake as I am now, and a good deal more calm. I was not in the least frightened, for I quite took it for granted at first that it was either you or Addie coming to call me for something. Whether spirit or human, I can't pretend to say; but when I woke up just

## MRS. LEWIS OF BROOKLYN Tells How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"For one year I was miserable from a displacement, which caused a general run-down condition with headaches and pains in my side. My sister induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I found it helped me very much and such a splendid tonic that I am recommending it to any woman who has similar troubles."—Mrs. Eliza G. Lewis, 30 Vernon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Such conditions as Mrs. Lewis suffered from may be caused by a fall or a general weakened run-down condition of the system, and the most successful remedy to restore strength to muscles and tissue and bring about a normal healthy condition—has proved to be this famous root and herb medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have disturbing symptoms you do not understand write Lydia E. Pinkham, Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

now—something woke me, you know, a sound, a touch, I don't know what a figure was standing there by the side of the bed, just where you are standing now, looking at me. I spoke to it, but, instead of answering, it glided away round the foot of the bed and out at that door without speaking."

"What sort of a figure was it?" Addie inquires. "Was it anything like the wandering maniac of Ivy Cottage? Surely that poor creature cannot have escaped from her attendant again, and got in here!"

"No!" I reply, with conviction, "it was not the madwoman! I can hardly describe its appearance, the light in the room was so very dim; but the outline was quite different."

"Nonsense, Lesley, you were fast asleep and dreaming," Len persists. "I am surprised to think you can be so foolish! You were frightened at a specter of your own creation."

"It was a hideous reality," I assert. "I was not dreaming. Why, I saw the figure pass through the moonlight out there, its long draperies sweeping the floor as plainly as I see you now! Even then I spoke to it again; but when it would not answer me, I was well frightened! I own it, and nothing shall induce me to spend the remainder of the night in this room alone," I conclude, trembling from head to foot as I speak.

"You shall come to mine, dear," Addie replies. "You silly child, how can you be so ridiculously nervous?" I put on a wrapper, and a minute later Addie and I, escorted by Len, are treading the passage leading to the landing from which her own room opens, when an exclamation from Addie, and a startled "By Jove!" from Len causes me to look round; and there, at the other end of the long hall, its outline clearly defined in a flood of light filtering down through an upper window, stands the same figure that stood by my bed a moment ago.

"There it is! you see for yourselves!" I gasp, in an excited whisper.

per. "There, there! Ah! it is gone!" I add, as a cloud obscuring the moon, the light fades out, and with it the mysterious figure that seemed moving, with its slow, gliding movement, in the direction of the more distant and dimly part of the house.

CHAPTER XIX  
OVER THE TEACUPS.

BREAKFAST the following morning is a rather gloomy affair, though Len tries to laugh away my fears.

"Talk reason and common sense as long as you wish," I retort, "and offer as many suggestions about optical illusions and phenomenal appearances as you can possibly think of, but for all that I will never sleep alone again, however long we stay here—so there!"

This announcement I try to make as emphatic as I can, but Len only grins at me in a supercilious, masculine way, and Adelaide remains silent.

"I'm sorry, for my part, that we ever came to Deepdene," I add, with a sigh. "As to you, Len, I am surprised at you. I thought you were pling after the delights of London, and yet we never hear a word about going back. After all, there are worse things in life than faded carpets and stuffy little London parlors, and in spite of our hard work and poverty, we were very happy there altogether. If this sort of thing is going on much longer, I shall certainly wish myself safely back in London and Mrs. Battler's shabby-genteel lodgings."

"If this sort of thing is going on much longer I shall begin to think we must all be afflicted with premonitory symptoms of softening of the brain or incipient lunacy," replies Len evasively.

This is not the first time he has shown a decided disinclination to discuss the probable period of our departure from Deepdene; nor do I find Addie at all more eager on the point. It is all very well for them to take things so contentedly. Does not Devonshire hold Gwendolen Clitheroe and Ernest Warden for Len and Addie? But with me it is altogether different, and what, with one thing and another I am beginning to feel that I have had enough of Deepdene and the quiet country.

"I hope you are not going to be foolish, Lesley," Leonard says, lazily sipping his coffee. "It would be altogether too ridiculous if we suffered ourselves to be scared out of our own house by a lot of old woman's tales, and a mysterious shadow or two, created, no doubt, by some peculiar effect of moonlight through a—something or other. There will be plenty of time to think about going back to town when the summer is over."

"And when you have found out whether Miss Clitheroe intends to spend her winter in London or not?" I think, indignantly.

"You are desperately wise, and wonderfully practical, no doubt," I reply, at last, with a good deal of asperity.

"But all the same, the mysterious figure that stood by the side of my bed last night, and then went stalking about the house to the dismay of every one in it, was no shadow cast by a vagrant moonbeam; and you and Addie both know it as well as I do!"

"But what else could it have been, Lesley?" Addie inquires. "I don't deny that it was a very singular phenomenon, but capable, of course, of a most matter-of-fact explanation."

"Which I will leave you to discover," I reply. "Somebody wiser than I has declared that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' Still, if you and Len are anxious to remain here, well and good, I can face the ghost of Deepdene as well as you can. Only I wish it to be distinctly understood that I will never sleep in that room again; however long we stay here!"

"You shall sleep with me for the future, Lesley," Addie returns, in her soothing way, her attention rather unequally divided between the subject under discussion and an unopened note she holds in her hand.

The note is from Ernest Warden. That bold, legal-looking hand, on little notes of invitation to flower shows, athletic sports, or any other little rustic festivity that may happen to crop up, has become too familiar of late at Deepdene to leave me in very much doubt as to the name of my sister's correspondent. But there is something in her face, as she slips it out of sight, that convinces me its contents are of more importance than usual.

It is a dismal sort of morning in

## The Farmerettes.

Whether from city or country find themselves living under an unusual strain. The unusual work necessitates the use of different muscles and this development demands a good supply of pure, rich blood.

Because it goes directly to the formation of new blood, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of the greatest assistance in building up new cells and tissues and strengthening the muscles.

apite of the glorious weather of yesterday. A most depressing atmospheric change has taken place during the night. The sunny, summer days that have been gliding along one after another, with the music of birds, the hum of insects, and the fragrance of flowers, have come to an abrupt ending in a chill, depressing rain, that seems to belong to October rather than July.

Midsummer though it is, it is just one of those mornings on which one's inner longings seem to turn more naturally toward the cheery glow of a wood fire and a quiet day in the house than to anything in the shops of outdoor pursuits; and I am naturally a little surprised when Addie, whom I had supposed to be busy with her writing, comes downstairs an hour later, looking very pale and pretty in her close-fitting raincoat, and becoming little velvet toque, with the announcement that she is going to walk to Hanbury.

"I want to do a little shopping, and the rain won't hurt me. I have my umbrella, you know," she remarks, with a poor attempt at indifference, that makes my heart ache very painfully as I look at her.

Time was when not so much as a shadow of a secret existed between my sister and myself; but it is different now. Ernest Warden and his baleful influence have come between us, and the frank and careless confidence of the happy days in London is at an end.

"Your business must be very urgent, I should think, if you cannot put it off until better weather," I reply, more coldly than I have ever spoken to Addie in all my life before. "It is raining hard—is likely to rain for hours, I fancy—and it is a good walk into Hanbury."

"But I'm not afraid of the rain; I had always rather a ducklike love of puddles, you know," she laughs, doing violence to her natural love of candor by a poor little attempt at carelessness that is very far indeed from imposing upon me.

"Addie!" I exclaim, turning toward her in obedience to a sudden impulse which I cannot control; "don't go on this business to Hanbury, whatever it is; be persuaded by me for once, dear, and stay at home."

"Why, Lesley, what a tragic little appeal!" she returns, with a sudden display of interest in a refractory button on her gloves. "One would really think me a pocket of sugar or salt, the fuss you made about a drop or two of rain falling on me. Oh, my dear, don't worry me," she pleads, with a sudden change of manner. "I cannot listen to you—I must go!"

"Then good-by, and Heaven bless you, dear!" I return, and I kiss the pale, sweet lips that tremble so guiltily under my touch. "And, oh, Addie, may you never—never repent this morning's work!" I add, bursting into one of my old impulsive outbreaks. "I don't want to force your confidence, since you see fit to withhold it from me; but I cannot be quite blind to all that is going on around me! I won't ask you where you are going to-day. I think I can guess. Remember, I do not question Ernest Warden's love for you—no one could do that, I think. But why should there be all this secrecy? Why does he not woo you openly, as you have a right to be wooed? Think, dear! is he worth the sacrifice you are making for him?"

(To be continued.)

THE THERAPION NO. 1  
HINARD'S LEMBERT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

## Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns Cut. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SMART DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



2573.—This style will make a very attractive school dress. It is nice for gabardine, woolen or cotton plaids and checks, serge, corduroy and velvet.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

A STYLISH, SIMPLE ONE-PIECE MODEL.



2557.—Satin, taffeta, velvet, serge, gabardine, checked or mixed suitings, could be used for this. It will prove a serviceable model. The vest is a new style feature. It could be made of contrasting material, or the contrast could be in collar and pocket.

Braid will form a suitable decoration. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

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

## Cot Fund!

So generous have the people of Newfoundland been in every direction touching the War that it must seem almost unnecessary for the Committee of the St. John Ambulance Association to publish any reminder as to the needs of the Cot Fund. Indeed, the way in which the Districts outside the Capital are at the present time already remembering the requirements of the Fund is gratifying to the Committee. Nevertheless it may be desirable to array a few brief facts for general information.

It would seem from the report of the Committee which was published in the Press on the 27th of June, 1918, that the activities of the Association and its helpers have been, for the last two years devoted to the establishment of what is now known as the "COT FUND."

The COT FUND was established for the purpose of discharging Newfoundland's liability for the care of our wounded soldiers. Newfoundland did not, like other Dominions, establish its own Hospital, but its Cot Fund is recognized by the Military Authorities in the United Kingdom; it endows beds in hospitals already existing.

The voluntary effort of the people of Newfoundland has distinguished itself by establishing 600 beds (2 Newfoundland Wards) at Etaples, near the French front.

288 beds in various hospitals in England. 32 beds in the Convalescent Hospital, Watford Hall.

It will be seen from the report referred to that the upkeep of these beds now requires an expenditure of more than fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000) annually.

The following extract from a letter from Lord Ranfurly may be of general interest.

"I am sorry to say that the St. John Ambulance Brigade Hospital, Etaples, has been severely bombed on three consecutive nights and the Government have ordered the evacuation of the small part remaining whole."

"I am glad to say the Newfoundland Ward 'A' is not damaged, but 'K' is seriously damaged, though we may be able to erect it partially on whatever now site we reopen."

And he has since written to describe the extra expense thrown on them by the German attack on the Hospital. Further, the recent fighting clearly makes more and more of a demand upon hospital accommodation.

The Committee confidently hope that the work undertaken in the name of the people of Newfoundland and in a manner personally touching them will be carried on with undiminished vigor during the coming year and as long as the War lasts.

As Patron of the St. John Ambulance Association, Newfoundland Centre, I have pleasure in endorsing this appeal and stating that subscriptions may be sent to Mr. L. E. Emerson, Treasurer of the Cot Fund, St. John's, or to the nearest Stipendiary Magistrate.

C. ALEXANDER HARRIS, Governor.

St. John's, August 16th, 1918. aug16.81

## At the Old Price!

It may create a surprise and possibly a questioning look in these times, but it is the truth. We can now really offer you something at its pre-war price and which you may have been looking for. 'Tis

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A new dress to-day may cost you anything from \$15.00 to \$30.00 for the material alone, and ten cents may give you a new dress.

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WHOLESALE ONLY. Newfoundland Clothing Co., Ltd. W.M. WHITE, Manager. Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

## Cable News.

FRENCH MAKE FURTHER PROGRESS.

PARIS, Aug. 17. The French made further progress to-day north and south of the Avre, having taken 1,000 prisoners and numerous machine guns since yesterday. According to the War Office statement to-night, they captured the village of Canny Sur Mats and in addition took enemy positions on a front of nearly two miles to a depth of nearly a mile in the region of Autoches in the Soissons sector.

IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

WITH THE CANADIAN FORCES IN THE FIELD, Aug. 16. (Via London, Aug. 15, by J. F. Livesey, Canadian Press Correspondent.)—Following up their success to-day the Canadians pushed forward and captured the very strong position known as the "Z" wood on the Roze road so called because of its peculiar formation. This is situated on the hundred foot contour and commands the surrounding country. Around its base are numerous subterranean galleries capable of sheltering a battalion. It is in fact the key to the entire position, and of immense value to further operations by the Canadian forces.

VILLAGE OF FRAPPELLE TAKEN.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN LORRAINE, Aug. 17.—The Americans early this morning, captured the village of Frapelle, and eradicated a considerable German salient in the Allied lines. Prisoners were taken by the Americans, and the Germans evidently suffered heavy casualties in killed and wounded. This sector has been regarded a quiet one, and today's action began merely as a raid into the enemy's positions. The raid was preceded by a straight bombardment for a few minutes, followed by a box barrage that penned the Germans off from escape. When the Americans went over the top to attack at 4.30 o'clock they succeeded in sweeping all the enemy resistance before them, and the raid became an organized attack. The Germans replied heavily, and they also shelled the entire neighborhood throughout the day. The enemy fire, which included a barrage, was ineffective. The Americans have occupied the former German trenches and consolidated them against counter attacks.

ON THE OISNE-AISNE FRONT.

PARIS, Aug. 18. The text of the statement reads: There was artillery activity which was somewhat spirited between the Oise and the Aisne and on the Avre front. During the night two German surprise attacks in the Champagne area east of Ville Sur Tourbe and the other in the region of Maison de Champagne failed completely. The French took prisoners. The night was calm on the rest of the front.

ENEMY ATTACK REPULSED.

LONDON, Aug. 17. The text of the official statement issued at the war office to-day reads: Our troops improved their position slightly to the south of Bucquoy yesterday and drove off a hostile raiding party in this neighborhood. There was nothing of a special interest to report during the course of the night.

ENEMY ATTACKS BEATEN BACK.

PARIS, Aug. 17. In the region south of Roze, French troops have made further progress in the Lozes wood and have reached the outskirts of the wood on the east, says the official statement from the war office to-day. There was heavy artillery fighting west of Roze during the night. Northwest of Ribcourt the French have repulsed two strong German attacks. The enemy efforts were directed against the Monplotte and Carnoy farms. A German raid northwest of Rhelms failed.

## And the Worst is Yet to Come—

