

THE shoes of a fellow named Wicks,  
Mud had put in a terrible fix;  
But the dirt gave 'way fine  
To a quick POLO shine—  
Thus his shoes did Wicks fix in six dicks.

# POLO

## SHOE POLISH

A "MINUTE-POLO-SHINE" will keep your shoes black for a week—if they do dull a trifle, a couple of quick rubs will make them as bright as ever. Ask your grocer or shoeman for Polo—the polish in the BIG box—black or tan. The tan both cleans and polishes. 16 "Good for Leather—Stands the Weather" **10c**

# Tale of Mystery

## PROLOGUE. THE HERITAGE.

As she looked at them she almost held her breath in mingled astonishment, admiration and bewilderment. Her first thought was of the temptation which such a possession constituted. She had but to discontinue her journey, turn back, and take the jewels where she knew well they could be disposed of, and they would bring enough money to keep her beyond the reach of trouble all her life. The druggery to which she was willingly and intentionally going would be unnecessary; and in its place, ease, comfort, and independence would be within her reach. Moreover, she could do it with almost absolute safety. She was going in an assumed name to a place where not a soul knew her by sight; and the trail could be cut without the least difficulty, and with only the remotest chance of her being found. But the temptation never held her for a moment. She hated crime and wrong-doing in every shape, and would as soon have leaped out of the train as have turned back to the life

which had always been so hateful to her. That could have but one effect. The moment the jewels got into the hands of the police, they would question her closely, and in such an examination there was no chance whatever of escaping an inquiry into her antecedents and past life. That would mean absolute ruin, so far as concerned her present chance, which she had obtained with the greatest difficulty. Come what might, she shut that course out, therefore, as impossible. Another possible course was to sell the jewels anonymously to the police, say at Birmingham, through the post. But from that she was cut off by the fact that the owner of the bag could trace her easily; and the result of such a step by her, if the woman made a fuss, would be worse than the first. Thus the irksome heritage of the jewels thrust her upon this dilemma. She must either keep them for the

## The Best Spring Tonic

liver, clean the stomach, cool the blood, and bounce in the system. ABBEY'S SALT does all this as nothing else will. For young and old alike, it is the best spring tonic. 25c and 60c a bottle. 3

When you drag yourself out of bed these mornings, feeling just about as badly as a human being can feel—that's "Spring Fever." Now, what you need is something to stir up the blood, and put some vim

# Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Then the temptation took a subtler form. It might be all but impossible for Dessie to get rid of the jewels. She could give them back, of course, into the hands of the woman in whose bag they were; but would this be possible? She could read part of the middle she thought. Whatever might be the nature of the companionship of the strange couple whose path she had crossed that day, the man was a scoundrel, probably a thief, and these jewels were no doubt the proceeds of some robbery which he dared not get rid of for a while. Possibly he had anticipated the arrest which had taken place, and had put the cigar case into the woman's bag for safety; and it would depend upon their relations whether the woman herself knew they were there. So far as that was concerned, Dessie could only wait for some communication. Meanwhile, her own position was one of extreme perplexity. The woman who had her bag had her address also, and thus could trace her if she went on to Mrs. Barker's. If she gave up the rubies, therefore, to anyone but her, she must have some kind of proof in writing of what she had done with them. She knew quite well what she ought to do: Call the station master at the next station, give him the bag, and tell him what has happened. But

present or by returning them, face exposure and the probability of ruin. She chose the former course, and having chosen, she put back the rubies in their hiding-place, and covering up the cigar case so that no chance prying eye should see that she possessed so strange a piece of ungit property, she set herself to think out her best course. She calculated that she could not hear from the owner of the bag in less than two days at least; perhaps she would come in person in search of the rubies; and until then the best way was the simplest—just to let everything go on as it would have gone, had she not unexpectedly succeeded to this most embarrassing heritage of probably stolen property. When she knew more, she could lay further plans. It was not, however, until the fourth day that she heard anything; and then her own bag was returned with the contents intact and a letter. But the letter had neither address nor name, and it was moreover, most curiously and vaguely worded. It ran as follows: "No words that I can write can tell you what I owe you for what you did. You can have no knowledge of what

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You won't feel exhausted when you take  
**EPPS'S COCOA** FOR BREAKFAST!  
It will sustain you as nothing else will—there is strength in every particle of it. As a supper beverage it is perfect.

you saved me from. I shall treasure your name as a holy thing, and teach my child to love it. But the reason I cannot tell you. Save for the accident of the changed bags—for which I am more thankful than I can say—I should never have known your name. I send your bag back to you as I found it. Destroy that which you have. Of the contents, your own instincts will tell you what I should like to have again some day, if ever I can dare to make myself known to you and claim them. Till then keep them, if you can; if not, destroy them, or do with them as you will. May God forever bless you and send you such a friend as I would love to be to you if I dared. One kindness do me—forget all you saw when we meet."



**DR. BOVEL'S MENTHOL INHALER**  
Cures Coughs & Catarrh.

Dessie read this letter over and over again, each time with some fresh cause of bewilderment as to the meaning which lay behind its extraordinary wording, and she spent many hours in trying to unravel the skin which seemed to form so completely tangled a web. Then on the third day she made her decision. She had left one connecting link with the past. No one knew where she had gone nor what name she had adopted; but there remained one means by which a letter could reach her. In her own name she had taken a safe at one of the Safe Deposit Companies in London, in order that she might have a perfectly secret address. She had had this hint from what she knew her father had done some years before.

Her resolve now was to destroy nothing, but to use the safe for the deposit of the handbag and all its contents; and thus bury the secret where no one would ever think to look for it, and where both secret and jewels would be absolutely safe. She did more than this. Being a clever practical girl, she wrote out at considerable length all the circumstances of the adventure while they were fresh in her memory, and she enclosed the statement with the bag, and its strangely assorted contents. While doing this another idea occurred to her—to get together the fullest possible report of the trial of the man she had seen arrested, and then judge whether in what transpired she could see a way to rid herself of the jewels without danger.

In this again she acted with practical common-sense. She sent for copies of the Birmingham papers of the days following the arrest, and having in that way traced the case from its earliest stage, she followed it to the end. It was a much more serious one than she had anticipated. The man's crime was a murder committed in France—the murder of an old relative named Duvivier, under circumstances of considerable cowardice and great cunning. The arrest had been made under an extradition warrant, and it appeared to have been the result of a purely chance meeting. The detectives being at Birmingham on another matter, had seen and recognized their prisoner, whose name was Rolande Lespard, and they had taken him on the spot.

The proceedings first in England and then in France, dragged on for several months; but the girl followed them closely, and at length read that the man was sentenced, not to death as he deserved, but to a term of four years at the galleys—the jury finding in the ill temper of the murdered man those extenuating circumstances which only a French jury know how to discover. But throughout the whole proceedings from first to last not a syllable was said by anyone which could possibly lead to the jewels.

Dessie Merrion collected the papers, made a careful selection of the best reports, in English and French, and then added them to what she had already deposited in the safe. She resolved to preserve silence on her side too, and merely to wait, lest she should ever be questioned about her strange and embarrassing possession. For over three years she heard nothing. Then one day a letter came. She had left Mrs. Barker's and was living in rooms in London, and the letter followed her. Again there was no date, nor address, nor signature. "I want to warn you. I cannot yet make myself known to you, but you are in my thoughts every day. When I last wrote, I did not know what my bag contained, and what you will have found. The villain who put it there, and whose trial you have probably seen, is free, and has been to

see me, thinking that what it contained would be in my possession. I told him how the change of bags had occurred; but he does not remember your looks in the least; and your name has never passed my lips, and never shall. Pray Heaven you may never meet. If you do, shun him as you would, and do, sin. He is an utterly reckless, vicious, desperate, dangerous man. God help the woman who falls into his hands. If you love your life or your honour, do not be that woman. I and my child pray for you always: I, as for a dear sister."

"We can never meet," she thought. "Beside, if we were to, I know him and could keep out of his way; I could not know me, and could have no motive in pursuing me. The secret is fast locked in the safe; and as far as I am concerned, shall never come out while I live. I will never use the jewels; but I will never give them up while there is the remotest chance that in doing so I shall bring trouble on myself. I may be able to give them up safely perhaps if the writer of the letter should make her self known to me—if ever. But I will never tell the secret. I shall never forget that man; and I believe should know him among ten thousand, however disguised. The bare memory of his face sets me shuddering with loathing and fear. I am with the writer—I would not be in his power for all the world. No, we shall never meet. Though if we did, and I recognized him—she paused and shivered—"those jewels would be in all truth a heritage of peril. But it is impossible. I'll go to the safe tomorrow and put this letter with the other papers; and this is probably the last I shall ever hear of the whole matter."

She carried out her intention, and on the following day added the letter to the papers, some of which she took out and re-read with engrossing interest and curiosity. Then they were locked up again in the safe, as she then believed, not to be disturbed for the rest of her life. To be continued.

## AFTER DOCTOR'S FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

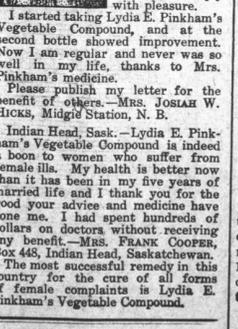
Midgie Station, N. B.—One can hardly believe this as it is not natural, but it was my case. For ten months I suffered from suppression. I had tried different doctors, tried different medicines, but none helped me. My friends told me I would go into a decline. One day a lady friend told me what your medicine had done for her, so I wrote you for advice and received your reply with pleasure.

I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and at the second bottle showed improvement. Now I am regular and never was so well in my life, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.

Please publish my letter for the benefit of others.—MRS. JOSIAH W. HICKS, Midgie Station, N. B.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DAN-DRUFF.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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Girl's Dress With Panel Front.

The frock representing a design that requires little trimming is always popular. The dress here shown may be made with a finish of braid or stitching and a bit of lace or embroidery for the yoke facings. The fronts are outlined by a panel that is overlaid at the upper part to simulate a yoke skirt in front. The sleeve has a deep cuff. Cashmere, challie, serge, gingham, chambray, dimity, linen or other materials now in vogue may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the 12 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYRE & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

8798.—A SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE MODEL.



Ladies' Shirt Waist.

The prominent features of this design is the long shoulder and the "mannish" finish of the sleeve which is set into the arm's eye without any fullness. The waist is plain over its upper part, and closes under a box plait in front. It may be finished with a bow or high collar. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below

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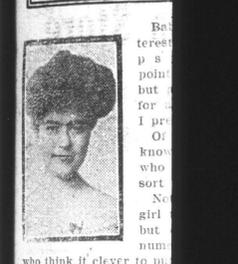
The Only Baker Great

## Safeguards

aga

Chemists' tests have biscuit made with the stomach, and read the label powder

## The Ex



who think it clever to put of disliking babies and giving such remarks. Of course, there are whom this maternal instinct usually fleeter than in of girl I mean, the girl I the one who deliberately tendency, regards it to be proud of, and tries off.

When this type of girl some young married, ready to welcome the first bird into her nest, she to up scornfully, or say "Poor Clara—and she's married two years. Now tied down all the time, think she would feel too bad."

Of course "poor Clara" happens to be of this girl herself, isn't "poor Clara" and doesn't need pity, ceases it just the same.

Then when the little has finally fluttered down waiting nest and the obliged by courtesy to to go and see it, she come her call and tells every

It spec was was not an c self regardless of digestion grows "weak" the action and the man suffers the

To strengthen the Sans of digestion use Dr. Pierce's falling remedy, as well as the praise In the strictest sense fine. It contains neither opium, cocaine or its outside wrapper. Don't let a dealer delude stomach, liver and blood

## Fads and Fashion

Wash heads are used the waists, and the design ed out in Japanese, French and embroideries. Amazingly novel and v of their own are black v

Only One "BROMO QUIN Laxative Bromo Cures a Cold in One Day, G