

No Indigestion. Stomach Feels Fine!
No Acidity, Gas, Souring, Dyspepsia



Belching gas, food souring in stomach, lumps of pain from indigestion and all distress from an upset stomach stops instantly. Yes! At once!

No more stomach-aches.
Never any indigestion pain.

Pape's Diapepsin not only relieves bad stomachs but it strengthens weak stomachs. Splendid! Works like—Any drug store.



UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

The Heir of Rosedene

OR,
The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XX.
MILITARY TACTICS.

Notwithstanding his hurry, Edna could not be made to move fast down the long line of dead-and-gone Mores; their many-expressed faces had a charm for her, and it was with a growing feeling of interest and curiosity that she gazed at that portion of the gallery at which the modern portraits commenced.

"That is my grandfather," said Bertie, pointing to a white-haired aristocrat in ruffled shirt and wristbands—"and that is grandma. And now, here is Uncle Cyril, round this corner."

Edna shaded her eyes with her hand, and, with an indescribable flutter at the heart, looked upward. As she did so, she uttered a cry that was echoed by the child, and the two shrank back as if they had seen a ghost.

In an instant the organ ceased, and the rest of the company were at her side.

"What is it?" "What have you seen?" "What is the matter?" came the questions fast and thick, as Edna, catching Aunt Martha's arm, held tightly by it, and hid her face in her hands.

"What is it?" repeated Lord Mersey, anxiously. "What has frightened you, Miss Weston?"

Edna shuddered slightly, and raised her face; it was very pale, but she smiled as she lifted her small, white hand and pointed to the portrait of Mr. Cyril.

"Look!" she said.

Every head turned, every eye was fixed on the picture, and an exclamation burst from nearly every lip, saying Mr. Burdon's.

"Good God!" ejaculated Edward More, "some one has cut the face out!"

And so some one had. But who, and for what reason? None could tell, none could even guess—they could only gaze at the picture made

ghostly by the mutilation, and then stare aghast at each other.

CHAPTER XXI.
RUMORS.

"ANOTHER cup of your delicious tea, dear Mrs. Weston. I can't think how you make it so nicely, so really invigorating—the duchess' receipt; yes, I know," ran on Mrs. Edward More, for it is scarcely necessary to say that it was that voluble lady who is speaking. "Her grace is the best tea-maker in England. And how is our dear Edna? What a triumph last night was for her!—enough to turn her head—was it not, Miss Bromley?" she asked, turning for confirmation to Grace Bromley, who stood by the window.

The scene was the drawing room of one of the best houses in Park Lane, the time was the height of the season, and the hour and occasion five o'clock. As may be inferred from Mrs. More's eulogium, Aunt Martha had brought her character for tea-making with her from the country, and, just as people liked to drop in at Rosedene about the hour of five, so they found it agreeable to go in London, and there was generally a small gathering in Aunt Martha's—or Edna's—drawing room in the afternoon.

It was the height of the season, and Edna had been in town some little time. The duchess' prophecy had been fulfilled, and the young heiress had not only made a sensation in her appearance, but had been crowned, and still reigned, the beauty and the toast of the year. If unbounded admiration and attention could have made a young girl happy, then Edna should have been the happiest of her sex. Last night the great Arleigh ball, that assemblage of hunt-ton toward which the select of the upper ten thousand regarded as the greatest gathering of the year, had been a scene of triumph for her; if there had been any doubt as to her position before, last night settled it forever, and it was rumored that before the season closed, Edna Weston would have her choice of two, if not more, coronets; one of them, it was loudly rumored, being that of the heir to Portfield.

"And how is our dear girl?" repeated Mrs. More. "Quite worn out and exhausted by last night's work, I suppose. I think she sat out only one dance, and then there was quite a feeling of disappointment."

Aunt Martha looks up rather anxiously.

"Yes, I know," she said, shaking her head; "Edna danced too much, I think. She is not strong. She would have danced through the whole of the program, if it had not been for Capt. Morton, who was kind and thoughtful enough to remark that she was doing too much."

"Edna not strong! You surprise me!" exclaimed Mrs. Edward. "I have always credited her with the constitution of a Swiss mountaineer, and I am sure," with a little sigh, "have felt inclined to envy her her robust strength. Ah, here is Lord Mersey!" she broke off, as the door opened, and Lord Mersey entered.

"I've come for my cup of tea, Mrs. Weston. How do you do, Mrs. More? Who is that behind the curtain—Miss Bromley? Still alive, after last night's work?" he asked, as Grace came forward and gave him her hand.

"Yes, I was there; I looked in after I left the house; but as there seemed to be no room for even one person, I returned."

"I don't see Miss Weston," he added, looking round the room as if he expected to see her hidden under a table or behind the curtains.

"Edna has not left her room yet," said Aunt Martha; "she is rather tired to-day."

Lord Mersey nodded once or twice, and, taking up his teacup, moved to the window. He looks straight out across the park, in his usual abstracted way, but there is something in the expression of his face that makes the heart of the girl near him beat with a sudden thrill of apprehension. The season has been one of triumph for her also—a beauty like hers could not shine unnoticed or unappreciated, but she is still true to her heart's devotion; she still loves this abstracted philosopher, who, day by day, was more surely and nearly drawn toward Edna. All the world could see at whose feet the Portfield coronet would lie; Edna alone seemed unconscious of the impending proposal.

Lord Mersey sipped his tea, and played with his spoon, looking absently across the park. Presently the dark eyes fixed on his face so attentively saw his face flush with sudden annoyance, and, looking out, Grace was just in time to see Capt. Morton coming up the steps of the house; in another minute he was in the drawing room.

The captain was as serene and nonchalant, as handsome and fresh as ever, and as confident, although the weeks had stretched into months since he had declared to Edward More his intention of marrying the heiress, and Edna was still uncaught. He, too, as he came forward, noticed the expression on Lord Mersey's face and interpreted it as Grace Bromley had done, and as he glanced round the room covertly, and ascertained that Edna had not yet made her appearance, he breathed a sigh of relief and made a sudden resolve.

Between rivals, whether in ambition, wealth or love, there must always be a certain distrust and coolness, but anyone would have said that such uncomfortable prejudices were entirely on Lord Mersey's side, for the captain's manner to his lordship was the pink of courtesy and well-bred amiability. He came up now with his teacup, and stood chatting in the window addressing Grace and Lord Mersey alternately by turns, and succeeding, as he always did, in interesting them both; then with an air of sudden recollection, he said:

"By the way, I have succeeded in getting the list of these poems, Miss Bromley, if you care to see it," and talking a she went on he walked toward a small inner room which was partially divided from the larger by curtains.

Grace turned her dark eyes on him and met a glance which seemed too insignificant to be disregarded, and with all a woman's deference to the mysterious, followed him into the other room. He had taken a piece of paper from his pocket by the time she had reached his side, and as he held it toward her, bent over it with a careless air, and said, in a low voice:

"Can you come into the window seat, out of earshot? Do not start!" but Grace had started perceptibly, though she followed him obediently and seated herself in a low chair in the window furthest from the other room. The captain seated himself beside her, paper in hand, and pointing to it as if he were saying something concerning it, murmured in his sweetest voice: "Miss Bromley, am I not

"Syrup of Figs" is Child's Laxative.

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

right when I say that there is no time for circumelection or for false delicacy? Can you look toward the other window and tell me there is time to be lost?"

A warm flush came over Grace's face, then it grew pale, and she cast down her eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a low voice. "Why do you speak to me like this?"

"What does Lord Mersey mean?" said the captain, smiling with the utmost serenity. "Don't you think he means to ask a certain young lady to become the future Countess of Portfield?"

Grace Bromley started, and clasped her hands tightly in her lap.

"Yes, I see you agree with me," continued the captain, softly. "I think you will still agree with me when I say that the intention must be thwarted—for his own sake and for ours."

"His own—ours!" echoed Grace, almost inaudibly.

The captain stroked his mustache with an admirable assumption of easy nonchalance—no one looking on from the other room would have imagined that he was engaged in anything more important than the smallest of small talk.

"His—because the future Countess of Portfield should, like Caesar's wife, be beyond suspicion—do not misunderstand me"—the dark eyes were lifted to his—"should have no secret in her life—should be as free from any under-current as the virgin mountain rill. Ours—because—"

He paused significantly. The dark eyes were lifted to his questioningly.

"You love her—you would marry her yourself?"

The captain inclined his head with a sudden lowering of his lids.

"Why do you not—why do you conceal it?"

"Because I am not a viscount with an earldom in the future. Because I am not certain of my ground as yet—because to tread on ice half frozen means destruction. So much for myself—for others—shall we say for you?"

"No—no!" breathed Grace, turning pale and shrinking.

"The captain smiled.

"I was right—you would do something to save an old friend like Lord Mersey from a great mistake. If I tell you, you can do something to save him."

Grace Bromley looked irresolute.

"How do you know that—that she would accept him?"

The captain smiled.

"Are you content to leave it to that thin chance?—so be it—"

"No—no—tell me!" she said, with a sudden determination. "I do not see my way—what can I do?"

(To be Continued.)

IMPORTANT LINKS
Hygiene, rest, pure air, sunshine and a well-balanced diet, plus **SCOTT'S EMULSION** to improve the blood-quality, increase body-weight and build up resistance, are important links in the logical treatment of incipient pulmonary affections. To a child or adult with a tendency to weak lungs or tender throat, Scott's brings a wealth of rich tonic-nourishment.

A little of Scott's Emulsion today may do you a world of good tomorrow.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 19-15

Fashion Plates.

A NEAT DRESS FOR THE LITTLE GIRL.

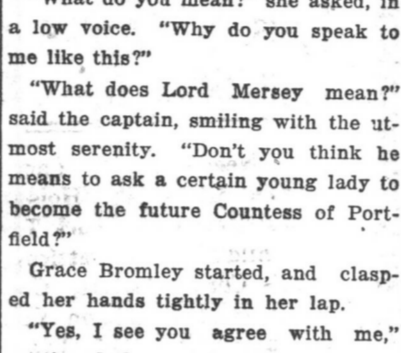


2732—This dainty little model could be made of percale, gingham or seersucker, with facings of pique or drill. The model is also good for lawn, batiste, repp, poplin, serge and gabardine. The sleeve may be finished with a cuff at wrist length, or loose in elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

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

AN ATTRACTIVE PROCK FOR SCHOOL OR HOME WEAR.



2682—This will be good for plaid or check suiting, combined with serge or Jersey cloth. It is also nice for velvet, duvety or silk. The closing is effected in front, under the collar, at the left side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 4 yards of 36-inch material.

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

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Size

Address in full:—

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Spring Openings.

It may seem a bit early, but the Buying Season has started somewhat earlier of late years, and this year, we understand, we are going to have an Early Spring. We have opened the following goods during the past few days:

LADIES' SHOWER & COVERT COATS in the Newest and Smartest Trench Styles.

These are priced from \$12.00 each upwards. Those that we were advertising a week ago are practically all sold. Styles plus value was what did it.

Children's and Misses' SHOWER and COVERT COATS.

We have only received a few of these, as well as a few Ladies' and Misses' Mackintoshes.

We have received fairly large assortments of **Ladies' Costume Skirts** in Navys, Blacks and Tweeds.

Ladies' Moire Underskirts in Black and Coloured.

Ladies' Blouses in Blacks, Whites & Col'd.

Ladies' and Misses' Straw Hats.

Millinery Flowers and Ornaments.

Black Veilings in Plain & Fancy Makes.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALL DRESS is a Good Corset.

The Best Corset is the "W. B." CORSET.

We have just received a further shipment of these famous and popular Corsets.

HENRY BLAIR

We are still showing a splendid selection of

Tweeds and Serges.

No scarcity at

Maunder's.

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced, at the same price.

John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

Fishermen, Buy Your Engine Now.

Lathrop Marine Engines for immediate delivery.

Prices will be higher in the spring. We have a full line of

STATIONARY ENGINES. SAW MILL MACHINERY. COOPERAGE MACHINERY. HEAD ROUNDERS, ETC., ETC.

A. H. MURRAY & CO., Limited.

Forty Years in the public service—The Evening Telegram

German Govt Helpless to the

Martial Law in Death Lists

ions---Big Red Army.

THE LIST OF DEAD.

WASHINGTON, March 1. Battle deaths during the war among all participants as far as available statistics show, were given to-day by the General Staff, Paris, as follows: France 1,385,000, England 1,067,000, Italy 460,000, Turkey 400,000, Belgium 102,200, Rumania, 100,000, Serbia and Montenegro 100,000, Austria-Hungary 450,000, Bulgaria, 100,000.

BRITISH ARMY BEING REDUCED

LONDON, March 1. The British Army at home in England, exclusive of the force in India, now numbers 7,500,000 men, according to a White Paper issued by the Government to-day. The Army on the Rhine, including troops in France and Belgium, will consist after demobilization, of 28,600 officers and 380,000 men.

SITUATION GRAVE IN GERMANY

LONDON, Feb. 28. Several of this morning's newspapers feature articles on the international demoralization of Germany and the dangerous growth of Bolshevism as a result of lack of food and an increase of unemployment.

Here

Mod

One of a half

now in use.

Beautiful in

in performance

on rough roads

rear springs smooth

the road. Big

going.

There is plenty

both driver and

control from the

to operate. Work

Light, but easy

but easy driving

for the roughest

Completely equi

ing extra to buy

The price make

value.

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