



Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

Supplied Under Royal Warrant of
Appointment to
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE SEVENTH HEAVEN.

"Well, dear," I say, sweetly, "although you may not think it, we had such things at Thorganby," at which he laughs, and says he forgot.

I dress early, for I expect Theo will come first to have a chat with me before the others arrive—but I am disappointed. Adrian comes down, and almost immediately the first of our guests is announced. Theo and her husband are the last of all. She comes in, and I go to meet her.

"Dear Audrey," she says, kissing me. "I congratulate you a thousand times!" But, as her eyes fall on Adrian, who has crossed the room after me, she starts violently, and a vivid, burning flush spreads itself over her face and throat, and even to the edge of the face which finishes the lode of her dress.

"Why, Theo?" I cry: "what is the matter?"

She recovers herself, with an effort. "It is nothing," she says, hurriedly: "a spasm at the heart. I am subject to them. Will you not introduce us?"

It strikes me as being excessively absurd for me to formally introduce my husband to my sister, and I accomplish the ceremony with as little stiffness as I can.

"I have talked about you so often to Adrian that he almost knows you already."

"I have never met Sir Adrian before," says Theo, coldly, and to my intense surprise, then calls, superbly graceful and calm, up to Mrs. Herbert, who is sitting on the sofa near the fire.

I shake hands with Lasselles, and at the same moment dinner is announced. Adrian gives Theo his arm, and the other guests pair off after them, I following with Lasselles. When the soup is served, my eyes wander to my husband, and I wish etiquette would allow us to sit a little nearer to each other. Lasselles is all very well as a brother-in-law, but he bores me even at this early stage of the meal. Adrian is speaking to Mrs. Herbert, who sits on his left hand, and Theo is just finishing her soup, with her usual, frozen air; she is like a statue eating her dinner, and, being very white, looks as though she had been cut out of marble. Failing to catch Adrian's eyes, I turn, with something of a sigh, to Lasselles, who is telling me that "young Derrick is just the very cleverest little beggar that ever lived."

"How could he be anything else?" I say, civilly.

"Hey? Don't understand," returns he, sharply.

"Well, with his father and mother," I begin.

"Ah, I see! Well, yes, his mother is cute enough, but I never heard of a Lasselles yet who had any brains to boast of—whole company limited, eh?" Then he laughs heartily at his little joke, and I, as is the bounden duty of his hostess, join him. I really cannot see anything to laugh at, but probably, if Adrian had said it, it might have been different.

"What are you going to call your daughter?" I say, presently.

"Got it over," is his reply. "We've called her 'Theodora Gwendoline.'"

"Why 'Gwendoline'?" I ask.

"That is my mother's name; I dare say she shall call her 'Gwen' for short. It won't do to call her 'Theo'; we should always mix her up with her mother."

"That would never do," I say, absently, for I see that Adrian's eyes are resting on my sister, while she is leaning back in her chair, looking at nothing.

While I look, he bends forward a little and speaks, but I cannot catch his words. Theo looks up for an instant, and again that painfully bright flush dyes her face and neck. I can not understand it. I can positively assert that never since her marriage have I seen Theo blush before. Yet there she sits, reddening like a silly school girl of fifteen. I am ashamed of her. I, who know Adrian's face so well, can see the laughter deepen in his eyes, and think he is setting her down as a gauche, unpolished child. My own face grows hot at the bare idea! I do not enjoy my dinner at all, and as early as possible I give the signal to rise, and go into the drawing room, in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. La Touche sink into easy chairs, and begin a conversation, in which, as I do not know the persons of whom they are speaking, I am not at all interested, so I sit down by Theo, who is fanning herself in her usual, impassive style.

"Well, and what do you think of Sir Adrian?" I begin.

"He is very handsome," she says, guardedly.

"And do you not think he is nice?" "Oh yes, very."

"I don't think you like him," I say, crossly.

"Perhaps she had a row with Lasselles coming along," suggests Adrian.

"Very likely; but she need not have brought her bad temper here," I say; "it will be a long time before I ask her again. At all events, Lasselles had more sense than that." I do not let the subject rest, but continue: "And did you see how black she looked when I put her ring straight? Really, I don't know what she wants. If she were not already married, I should think she was jealous of my being so."

Had Itching Piles For 27 Years

Often Laid Up for Days at a Time—A Wonderful Tribute to Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Few people were ever more enthusiastic in praising Dr. Chase's Ointment than the writer of this letter. When you read the description of his case you will not wonder why Mr. John Johnson, Coleman, Alta., writes: "Three years ago I was cured of blind, itching piles of 27 years' standing by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. I used to think that death would be the only relief I would ever get from the terrible misery of piles. Often I was laid up for three days at a time, and at other times worked when I should have been in bed. Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth sixty dollars a box instead of sixty cents. I am a different man since using it. I am farming all the time, and never miss a day. Words fail to express my gratitude for the cure this ointment made for me. I cannot tell half as much about it as it deserves. Anyone doubting this can write direct to me." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"My darling child, I have had no opportunity of judging," says Theo, calmly. "He seems very pleasant and agreeable."

I bawl at the idea of Adrian being classed as "seems very pleasant and agreeable." I fully expected that Theo would go into raptures, as Loys did, and this frigid indifference annoys me beyond everything. While we are still sitting side by side, I too indignantly to speak, and Theo apparently too lazy, the gentlemen enter, and Adrian comes straight up to us.

"My darling," he says, putting a paper into my hand, "I have got the majority. Won't you be the first to congratulate me?"

I forget my little vexation in this pleasure, and put my hand into his with all the pressure it is capable of exerting.

"I am glad," I say, fervently, "and so proud!"

"Audrey is very anxious for me to advance," laughs Adrian to Theo, because every step I obtain improves her condition—or she thinks so—does—which comes to the same in the end.

"Yes," says Theo, icily, laying one over the other.

I notice that the diamond ring she still wears upon her right hand is turned with the stones to the palm. Without thinking what I am doing, I turn it round.

"I think your hands are getting bigger," I remark, and wonder the next moment why she looks so black.

I look round at Adrian with such dismay in my countenance that he laughs, and goes away to tell Mrs. Herbert the news.

I am very glad when Theo and her husband go away. I do not think I care so much for Theo as I did, certainly I do not love her half so well as Loys; but, then, that is not remarkable.

"I wonder what was the matter with Theo?" I say to Adrian, when he is quite alone.

"Was there anything the matter?" "There must have been. Why, when she came in, all one gush—such as I never saw in her since she was married—as soon as she saw you, she looked as if—well, as she might have looked if I had introduced her to a sweep!" I end, wrathfully.

"Perhaps she had a row with Lasselles coming along," suggests Adrian.

"Very likely; but she need not have brought her bad temper here," I say; "it will be a long time before I ask her again. At all events, Lasselles had more sense than that." I do not let the subject rest, but continue: "And did you see how black she looked when I put her ring straight? Really, I don't know what she wants. If she were not already married, I should think she was jealous of my being so."

At this, Adrian laughs long and loudly.

"My darling, I have told you before that I never thought of marrying, but one woman beside yourself, and she fitted me—for which proceeding I cannot sufficiently thank her."

"Oh, I didn't mean, of course, that Theo was jealous of you, for she has never seen you before—but I meant

of my position, and of the different sort of man you are from Lasselles."

"Would you like me to tell you something?" says Adrian, drawing me close to him, and looking straight into my eyes with his loving, gray ones.

"Oh!" I scream, vigorously. "I do wish you were a little more short-sighted! You go through life picking up pins and needles until you are unapproachable as a porcupine. Just look!" I display my hand, from the palm of which a large drop of blood is hanging, ready to flow. Adrian, very repentant and sorry, wipes it off and kisses the place tenderly. "Poor, little hand!" he says, softly. "How many kisses will it take to cure it?" And I forget altogether that he was just going to tell me something.

CHAPTER X.

LOVE'S BEST FRIEND.

"What are we to do to-day?" I ask, on the following morning at breakfast.

"Anything you like, my dearest," answers Adrian.

"Now, that's no answer at all, as you know very well," I return, brightly. "You know very well," repeating myself, for the sake of emphasis, "that it is never what I like, but invariably what is most pleasing to your august majesty that we decide upon doing. What is the use of carrying on such an absurd sham any longer? I propose that we immediately put it upon its proper footing."

"Very well," says Adrian, listlessly.

I must say I feel surprised—nay, worse; I feel snubbed, for never since I have known him has Adrian answered me so indifferently before. For a moment I am too bewildered to speak; then I lay my hand upon his—for I am sitting next to him, having resolutely declined from the very first to occupy my proper place at the head of the table—and ask what is the matter? He covers his eyes with his hand, but does not speak. I am really frightened.

"What is it, Adrian? Do tell me, darling!"

With an impatient jerk, he draws away the hand upon which mine is resting.

"I do wish, Audrey, you would not tease so," he says, crossly.

I try to eat a piece of bread, but it will not be swallowed, for there is a great lump rising in my throat which I cannot keep down; and, finally, I jump up and rush off to my bedroom, with a bursting heart and feelings almost impossible to describe. I am absolutely appalled by this new phase in Adrian's character. When I reach the room, I fling myself down upon the bed, and sob out my grief in great, passionate, tearless anguish. Then, when that has passed a little, I try to think—to think have I said anything to annoy him. No, it cannot be that. Is it possible that he has grown tired of me? Ah, dear Heaven, my heart stands still at the thought of it, and then goes on in quick throbs, such as make me gasp for breath! I do not hear the sound of a footfall, but a moment later I am taken to the close shelter of those arms, against the heart the thought of losing which brings such keen agony, and I bury my face on his breast, and burst into tears.

Headaches and Heart Trouble

Nervous Prostration of Three Years' Standing Cured a Year Ago by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Anyone who knows the discouragement and despair which accompanies the helplessness of nervous prostration will appreciate the gratitude felt by the writer of this letter.

Mrs. H. C. Jones, Scotch Lake, C. B., writes: "I suffered from nervous prostration for nearly three years. I had frequent headaches, had no appetite and was troubled with my heart. After consulting two doctors, without obtaining satisfactory results, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and was completely cured by this treatment. It is nearly a year since I was cured, and I want others to know of this splendid medicine. I pleasure and comfort, and am glad to have the opportunity of recommending Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

At least some benefit is bound to be derived from each dose of this great food cure, as day by day it forms new blood, and builds up the system. 50 cents a box, \$ for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

9638.—A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE DESIGN.



Ladies' House or Home Dress.

White tulle, trimmed with pique embroidered with black dots is here shown. The right front crosses low over the left and the closing on waist and skirt is at the front. The short sleeve is finished with a straight cuff. The collar is shaped to form a facing over the front. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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

9640.—A CHARMING PROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



Girl's Dress.

Brown chambray with striped gingham in brown and white for trimming is here shown. Square inserts of Bulgarian embroidery finish front and sleeves, and buttons in self color add to the decoration. The waist has the drop shoulders with shaped extension forming the sleeve portions, and the skirt has panel that extends over the hips and back to form a belt. The design is suitable for any of this season's dress fabrics. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 12 year size.

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

STILL LEADING

For over thirty years we have been the Leading Tailors of the City, and we're still going some.

Just arrived, the Largest and Best selection of **SPRING SUITINGS** and **OVERCOATINGS** ever shown in the city. Personally selected in the English markets

NO TWO ALIKE.

Style, Fit and Finish the Best in the City.

English or American Cut.

CHAPLIN'S,

The Store that Pleases.

Garden Hose

Rubber & Wire Bound Hose in 25 and 50 ft. lengths. Nozzles, Couplings, etc.

Seltzogenes, Syphons, Bubs and Fittings, Hammocks & Picnic Baskets

All New Stock.

Martin Hardware Co.

This cut represents the Norwegian Jigger, which is one of the greatest fish killers in the world, and used exclusively in Norway. Can be had from all the Hardware Store in St. John's. Remember it is important to use two swivels in order to make the Jigger spin.

Not Stuck-on Itself.

The built-in—not stuck-on—tire like Dunlop Traction Tread is the only successful Anti-Skid. Manufacturers of the stuck-on type dare not make the corrugations big enough to prevent skidding without fearing to make them so big that they will destroy resiliency.

The Cheapness of Satisfaction.

The cost of the safety which you obtain by purchasing Dunlop Traction Tread tires is insignificant in comparison with the price of neglect.

Takes a Grip on the Road.

Dunlop Traction Tread grips the road. It doesn't matter where the road is or what it is made of.

Success is Always in Evidence.

We predict that Dunlop Traction Tread will become the standard Anti-Skid tire of this country. Watch the tires as the cars go by.

FRED. V. CHESMAN, Agent.

Stocked by Parsons, The Automobile Man.

Advertise in THE EVENING TELEGRAM

125
1000
A
RO
Children's New Fashionable Costumes. Owning exceptional RO
Hay
Brass
TRAYS, CLOCKS, BLOWERS, PHOTO PIPES, CANDLE SHADERS
PHOTO
LAUNDRY
This Soap is made of 244 3/4 kepers as being pure LAUNDRY SOAP CLEANSER
F. McNA