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

Love in the Abbey

OR,

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XX.
A RUSTIC REPEAT.

"What does it matter? Who got the best of the bargain? King Cophetua! What were all the gold and the power, a kingdom and a scepter—weighed against the love of his sweet, lovely, and loving little maiden? Her heart was the gold, and the gem, the rest dress, and of no value. Kitty!"—with a sudden flush—"I wish I were poor!"

She turns her eyes; they are dim with the unshed tears his preceding words had called up.

"You do?" she says, smiling. "It is very easy, isn't it? Can't you give it all away, say to—Mr. Calthrop?"

He laughs carelessly.

"I'm half inclined to think that Sydney wouldn't accept it; he is a philosopher, you know."

"No, I don't," says Kitty, rather curtly. "He never brought his tub with him. But why do you wish that you were poor?"

"Because," he says, "I picture the delight, the joy it would bring me to work and labor for you! Kitty, how sweet would be the day's toil if it earned the very roof over your head, the very bread you ate! Think! You and I in one little cottage, out of the way of the world, free from its turmoil, its ambitions, its weary treadmill of pleasureless pleasure; alone with our love, sufficient to ourselves, all in all to each other! You in that dainty cotton dress, like a picture of Gainsborough—"

"And in a smock frock worked in an elaborate pattern down the front and pleated down the back, with a billycock hat, a red necktie, and a hose all ways on your shoulder as if it grew there. Yes, it is a sweet picture. I see myself, like Style's, the gardener's wife, cotton dress, and all. Of course you'd spend your leisure hours at the 'Pig and Whistle,' and equally, of course, you'd beat me—with the hoe, no doubt—when you came home! Yes, we should be happy; but,"—with a smile that lights up her face bewitchingly, "I have a weak and inartistic preference for the six mansions and appointments to match."

"They are yours, then," he says, laughing at her naive confession.

"Kitty," with an eager precipitancy, "I am a lonely, miserable man; how soon will you take pity on me?"

"I think papa must have finished his luncheon."

"You won't keep me too long, my darling. Kitty, if you knew how I shall count the days until you are mine, my very own! It shall not be long, shall it?" He takes her hand and presses it to his lips.

Kitty, crimson and downcast, struggles for a smile, and tries to look indignant.

"Soon! Not for years. Why, how can you? Only this afternoon, too!"

"You are standing at the meadow gate, side by side, the bell which summons the awful Tapley to the solemn task of dressing his master, has rung and startled them into the realization of the fact that their day is done. They are standing at the gate—the very gate at which honest James Ainsley had stammered his few last love words on that morning, never to be forgotten by him—and on Kitty's face is already the shadow of the coming parting."

"Yes," he says, "I must call at the Hall; they will ask me to stay to dinner and I must, but I know with whom I would rather dine. Never mind!"

"And they will be glad to see you," says Kitty meditatively, anxiously, wickedly, enviously; "they will all crowd round you as they did that

night, as they always do, and—with a sudden tightening of the lips—"you will see Ethel."

He nods, his whole thoughts bent on her.

"Ethel will be dressed to perfection; she is beautiful when she lights up, and she will be at her best—for you."

"Eh? Lady Ethel! what absurd nonsense is my darling's sweet little head musing on?"

"Elliot!"—how sweetly she breathes his name, with a little unfamiliar shyness and a tiny blush—"don't—don't—sit next her at dinner!"

He looks puzzled and laughs.

"Very well, I'll sit under the table if you like."

"I wish she could," mumbles Kitty, very wisely, inaudibly.

"Any other commands?" he says, getting her little hand into his.

"Yes; don't stay late—and—and— you will not say that you have seen me!"

"No, unless I am asked, little conspirator!" he says, laughing gayly.

"Anything more?"

Kitty shakes her head wistfully, as if there were volumes more.

"Then," he says, with the most palpable reluctance, with the long-drawn-out sigh of a man going to execution, "I suppose I must go! To-morrow I shall see you again."

Kitty lowers her head.

"To-morrow is soon here," he says.

"Good-by, my darling! my own sweet little Kitty!" and as he speaks he presses her hand and draws her to him longingly.

"Good-by," says Kitty, with a very little smile, "good-by!" Then, as he looks down at her wistfully, she puts up a face flushed suddenly like a rose, and kisses him.

The next moment he has gone, and she is left with her lips burning from his kiss, her eyes watching his stewart form passing swiftly down the valley. Then, as he turns and waves his hand to her, ere he disappears among the trees, her whole heart seems to leave her and follow him, and in the deep, painful ecstasy of the passion that has sprung full-grown within her, she stretches out her arms after him, and sobs:

"Oh, my love! my king! If you knew—if you could but know—how I love you!"

If he could but know!

And so ends one day of Kitty's life.

CHAPTER XXI.
A WOMAN'S WILES.

KITTY had made a shrewd guess. Her lover scarcely crosses the threshold of the Abbey when his valet meets him.

"Lady Rosedale and the Countess of Ellesford have called, my lord; and Lady Rosedale hoped you would be well enough to dine at the Hall."

Lord Sterne looks rather blankly into the respectful face.

"Did you tell them that I had gone out?"

"No, my lord—your lordship did not leave instructions with me," answers the staid and by no means unobsequious servant.

"Quite right," says my lord. "Yes, I will go, I think," he adds.

"Very good, my lord; I will give the necessary orders to the coachman." A brougham had been placed at Lord Sterne's disposal, and a coachman was always in attendance. "They dine at six, my lord," hints the discreet valet, too well acquainted with his master's absence of mind.

"Right, Saunders," replies Lord Sterne, who seems in the best of humors. "Come up to me at once."

And he runs up the stairs, humming an air, like a boy.

Saunders, the observant, throws a glance behind him, and goes out, with a knowing grin, to the coachman.

"Something put him in a good humor; it's—how many years since I've seen him look like that? Wonder what it is? Catch him dropping a clew to the enigma! Well, it will be ask and have to-night, and I couldn't have a better opportunity of getting that last shooting suit."

When Mr. Saunders came back, he found his master leaning on the sill of the open window staring dreamily outward as if there was nothing else to be done.

"But, by dint of bustling in a well-bred way, and shaking out a dress coat close at his absent-minded master's side, Saunders succeeds in recalling his wandering thoughts.

"Eh? Oh, ah, yes. Come on!" says Lord Sterne, with a sigh.

And Saunders proceeds to remove

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2624—In organdie, net, dotted swiss or batiste, this model will be very attractive. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edging, or, the free edges of bolero and sleeve, and the tucks may be finished with hemstitching. If desired, the bolero may be omitted. Voile, gabardine, gingham, poplin and repp are nice, too, for this design. As illustrated, the neck edge may be high or low, and the sleeve in bishop, bell or puff style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 1/2 yard for the bolero.

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

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2348—This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, for satin, serge, gabardine or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

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John Maunder,

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

Correspondence

Nfld. Board of Trade, St. John's, Dec. 13, 1918; in pursuance of the correspondence which has been taken place between this Board and the Chamber of Commerce, London, in regard to the big advance in the freight rates of the Furness-Wilby Company, which took effect early in the year.

I am directed by the Council to ask you to kindly give some publication for the benefit of those interested. I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient servant, for and on behalf of the Nfld. Board of Trade, ERNEST A. PAYN, Secretary-Treas.

Nfld. Board of Trade, July 27, 1918. President Chamber of Commerce, London, England.

Dear Sir—The Tonnage Question has reached such a crisis with the Newfoundland Trade that for months we have been endeavouring in every way possible to show the seriousness of the situation to the responsible authorities of the British Government, notwithstanding all our efforts the result shows no success.

Under these conditions, we beg to place before you the following facts, with a view to asking for your assistance. When the War started we had the Allan and Furness-Wilby Lines making weekly communication direct with Liverpool and Glasgow, and a monthly steamer to London.

The Allan Line was discontinued after the first year, and until February last we had the Furness-Wilby Company's steamers calling here occasionally, and taking freight for England and the Mediterranean.

Since April the 4th, we have had no opportunity of shipping anything to England, notwithstanding the arrival here of several steamers from England, which, after discharging salt and general cargo returned again to England via Halifax and Montreal without taking a ton of our produce.

It is needless for us to say that England is a most important market, and that the present food shortage in the Home land, we are ready to ship anything we have, irrespective of our customers elsewhere.

ANNUAL EXPORT TO ENGLAND ENDED JUNE 30, 1918. FROM CUSTOM HOUSE RECORDS.

	1914	1915
Codfish (tons)	618	1421
Cod Oil (tons)	1026	1289
Seal Oil (tons)	3129	1320
Cod Liver Oil (tons)	23	44
	4796	4074

Rates of Freight per Furness Wilby Line, St. John's to Liverpool:

1914.	1915.
2s. per 112lb.	2s. 9d. per 112lb.
4s. 6d. per brl.	9s. per brl.
4s. per gal.	4d. per gal.

From the above it will be seen that an advance of 1700 p.c. on Codfish and 200 per cent on Oil has taken place in the Rates of Freight since 1914, and the last advance in April of this year is practically prohibitive.

It will also be seen that the figures for 1918 are by far the largest, but we would especially point out that this freight was all shipped previous to April 4th on which date the new rates came into force.

The Furness Wilby Company tell us they are absolutely controlled by the Minister of Shipping for the British Government, both for freight space and freight rates.

We cannot understand why the freight rate has been forced up to such an extent this year, as the War Risk Insurance on value of these steamers has not advanced, but been reduced from—

5% in May, 1917.
6% in August, 1917.
3% in April, 1918.
3 1/2% in June, 1918.

It is hard to understand the action of responsible Government authorities in advancing the freight rates on articles that are absolutely needed, and for which there is practically no substitute obtainable, as it only means increased cost to consumer and Government alike.

The Liverpool, London and Bristol merchants working with the Newfoundland merchants have had meetings and passed resolutions asking Lord Morris, now residing in London, to place this matter before the British Minister of Shipping.

Our Board has already taken up this matter with the Minister of Shipping here, who has informed us that the Premier, Hon. W. F. Lloyd, who is now in England, is working in consultation with Lord Morris, and has promised the matter strongly before the British Minister of Shipping.

Canadian wheat and other foodstuffs are being forwarded to the British Government from Canada at the