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"MAYO" Double breasted Town Coat, full weight...

"MEATH" Single breasted Town Coat, medium weight...

"GWEDDOR" Men's Dressing Gown in Ulster...

"DREMPRE" Ladies Dressing Gown in Ulster...

TRAVELLING RIGGS, about the weight of a satchel...

Checks and Papers, 44 44

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ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER VII. Death of Mrs. Mellen.

The neighbors who had offered to remain, and assist the family, had been firmly and haughtily denied the privilege by Belle, who did not wish to hear the name of her wronged sister mentioned.

While she was hesitating what course to pursue, the quick jingling of sleigh bells fell upon her ear. Leaving her mother's side for a moment, she ran to the window to see Tim drive into the yard. He flourished his whip and seemed to be quite elated.

Belle ran to the back door, and exclaimed: "Oh, Tim, if ever I was thankful to see you, I am now! Thank God, you have come! Mother's dying, Tim! Go for the doctor, quick!" screamed Belle, her anger finding vent in tears.

Tim slowly led the horse across the barnyard again, and proceeded to put the harness upon him, and, having made everything ready for another start, he entered the house.

Mrs. Mellen lay as she had fallen. The dark-purple hue of her flesh had faded to a brownish red, excepting around the eyes, where it was nearly black.

"She's not a bit!" exclaimed Tim, as he gazed upon her. "Hurry, Tim!" she may die before you get back," said Belle.

An hour later Doctor Brown arrived, followed by Tim, who was allowed to put his tired horse into the barn undisturbed.

Mrs. Mellen was with great difficulty restored to consciousness, and Dr. Brown took credit to himself for his skill in her case.

At length, he departed, and Belle was alone with the invalids. Her father had given no signs of consciousness, and the few neighbors who were admitted to his room gave it as their opinion that he would pass from life without waking.

When the evening came on, Belle drew the curtains across the narrow windows, and, feeling lonely, called Tim in to sit by the fire.

"I must start bright and early in the morning to hunt up Goldie," he said, seating himself where the rays of the fire fell warmest.

"Why don't you say what you mean? What is the use of always making so much fuss about nothing? Have you not heard that father found her shawl beside the pool? Of course she is in there. Everybody says so," retorted Belle.

Footsteps were heard approaching the door, and Belle dismissed Tim. The neighbor who was to have met with Mr. Mellen during the night had arrived, and Belle soon retired to her mother's room, where she was to pass the night.

How still the house seemed! There was all the solemnity of death there without the body of the lost one over which the mourning friends might drop affection's farewell tear.

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Beneath it lay a little drawer, containing a gold chain and locket, and a plain gold wedding ring. In the bottom of the drawer was a folded paper.

Glad of anything to divert her grief, and acting with the usual curiosity of the young, Goldie prepared to examine the contents of the drawer. Pressing the spring of the locket, it opened, and the face of a woman both young and beautiful flashed into view. In the opposite was a perfect likeness of Guy Marston.

Goldie felt a great interest in the lovely picture of the woman; and wondering what she could have been to Guy Marston, opened the paper, hoping to find a clue to the mystery there.

The first words claimed her attention, and drew her thoughts from herself. She walked to the door of the apartment leading into the hall, and locked it.

Returning to the window, she took the paper and pictures, and proceeded to examine them. From the papers, she gathered that the fair original of the picture had been the victim of Guy Marston.

A few brief moments of mingled sunshine and storm had followed. Then he had grown tired of her. Another had taken her place in his affections, and stormy scenes were frequent.

Finally she wrote a letter discarding her forever, and bidding her return home. He then left the city, and upon his return had chanced to meet Goldie in the cars. Her fresh young beauty had captivated his heart, and he felt safe in taking her at once to Mrs. Felton's, as that woman had promised to get rid of Alicia before his return.

It was this woman who had destroyed the furniture, and to whom Mr. Marston had alluded when speaking to Mrs. Felton about her departure.

Goldie wondered if the woman was even then a wanderer, or if kind friends had taken her back to their hearts.

While she was thinking of the beautiful misguided stranger, and gazing on her sweet face, a hasty step came down the hall, and paused at the door of Goldie's room. She hastily thrust the paper, locket, and ring into the drawer, and the door opened.

Mrs. Felton stood there with letters. Two, each bearing a forest postmark, and addressed to "Miss Goldie Mellen."

Without a word, the trembling girl took the letters from Mrs. Felton's hand, and, returning to her room, locked the door again.

She hastily tore it open and devoured the contents of the letter. It was cold and brief, expressing polite regret that their flirtations had resulted so disastrously to Miss Mellen and advising her never to think of him any more but remain where she is, until her health would admit of her laboring for her support.

The other package contained a letter written by Guy Marston to Frank, expressing his deep infatuation and affection for Goldie, and offering to take her off his hands, and provide for her handsomely. At the close of this letter Frank Whitney had added a postscript, advising Goldie to accept the offer Mr. Marston's, and if ever she had a good offer of marriage to accept it. For himself, he should probably remain upon the Continent for three or four years.

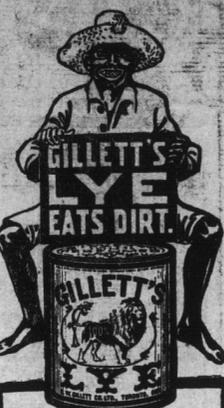
There was no word of love in the letter. It was simply a matter of business, and the entire tone of the epistle shut out every ray of hope from the bleeding and crushed young heart of the simple girl.

Poor little Goldie! What would she have thought had she known that the pretended communication from Frank was a forgery, and that both letters had been written by Guy Marston in order to the more effectually get her into his toils. Yet such was the fact. The artful villain had written both letters, and forged the forest postmark, and thus deceived the unsuspecting girl into the belief that her husband was false.

For a long time after Guy Marston had left Goldie's room, she sat thinking over his words. There seemed to her young and inexperienced mind no foundation for his words concerning Frank Whitney's course relative to her being at Mrs. Felton's house. She could not understand why he should think less of her for having accepted the shelter of that roof.

Then she remembered the insulting insinuations of Mrs. Marston, and his request to continue his proposals if Frank should write unfavorably. While she was meditating, her attention was attracted to the curiously carved back of an expensive writing desk which had been left undisturbed by the late occupant of the chamber.

We all know how the most trivial things sometimes arrest our attention when the mind is wrestling with a mighty grief. Goldie arose and went to the desk and commenced to toy with the daintily carved flowers upon the top. While she was examining the heart of a rose, it fell from beneath her fingers, and a little white knob slid into view.



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After an hour of sad thought she had decided upon her course. As she replaced the letter in the envelope, a small, folded paper fell out. It was a check for five hundred dollars, and Goldie accepted it with a sigh.

"Not for me, not for me, but for that other will I keep it; we shall need it," she murmured.

When the house was still, a quiet figure stole softly from the upper hall, down the richly carpeted stairs and two white, trembling hands attempted to unbolt the front door.

Falling in the attempt, the frightened girl was about to retrace her steps when the form of Guy Marston appeared before her.

"Whether away so fast, pretty one?" he said.

"Let me go, please," she cried.

"Softly—softly. You may go in the morning, if it pleases you to do so, but not in the night," was the reply; and Guy Marston drew her up the stairs toward her own room.

"You may leave me now," she said at the door, "but I wish to talk with you. What did Frank write?"

"He never wishes to see me again," she answered, the tears rushing to her eyes.

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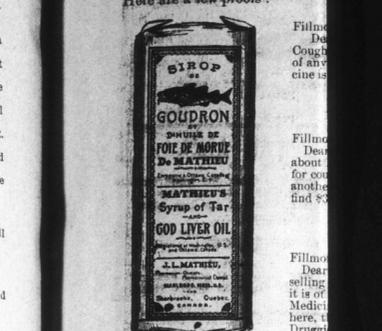
THE LONDON DIRECTORY CO. LTD. 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C. EUROPEAN AGENCY

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to Oct. 5th, 1911.

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for name, address, and recipient. Includes names like Ahl, Mrs. Chas., Adams, Mary, Andrews, Mrs. Robert, Anstey, Samuel, etc.

PERSIST

Wherever soothing syrups exhaust you, of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and definitely rid you from it. The merits of Mathieu's are Here are a few proofs:-



AGAINST HEADACHE The Nervine Powders which contain 18 powders.

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

Someone has said 'thinking' is what nobody wishes to do.

"Someone has said 'thinking' is what nobody wishes to do. The words hold the explanation of the insufficiency and mediocrity of our man existence, for truly no one wishes to reflect. How many even intelligent men and women live without ever performing this function."

How often do you think? "What a ridiculous question," you say. "Why, all the time, of course! But do you? I know you don't."

A nod before you are so conscious that you do, please to define what you mean by thinking.

Or better still, let someone else define it for me. "I am entirely convinced," says Arnold Bennett, "that what is more than anything else lacking in the life of the average, well intentioned man of to-day is the reflective mood. We do not reflect upon our genuine important things; upon what life is giving to us; upon the share which reason has in determining our actions; and upon the relation between our principle and our conduct."

Now that's the kind of thinking I mean.

And how much of it do you do? You sit in a trolley car by "you" I mean you and your next door neighbor—and I rolled into one, in a word, "the average person"—and you look out the window and dream. You see a white gown getting spattered with mud and you think you must have your white nainsook washed next week. From that your mind roves idly to a new frock you are going to have made and a letter you must write to your dressmaker; and then you think how warm it is for this time of year, and wonder in what that which makes you so sleepy, or

Remedies are Needed. Were we perfect, which we are not, we not often be needed. But since our system weakened, impaired and broken, indiscretions which have gone on from through countless generations, remedied Nature in correcting our inherited weaknesses. To reach the acquired weaknesses, the acquired weaknesses and consequent digestive troubles, nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from the roots of the golden root, which is the Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time

The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature. You can't afford to accept a secret name, holic, medicine or known compound, as thereby make a little bigger profit. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy

Whiskey from Bananas. New York, Oct. 10.—A cable from Paris announces that two Frenchmen have succeeded in making pure whiskey from bananas. For the new process they claim two qualities which will appeal to all whiskey drinkers, cheapness and delicious odor.